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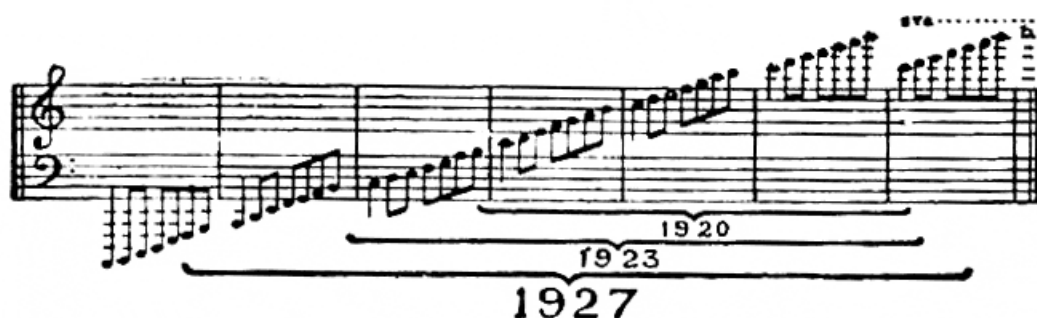
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Victoria University College Review

JUNE, 1927

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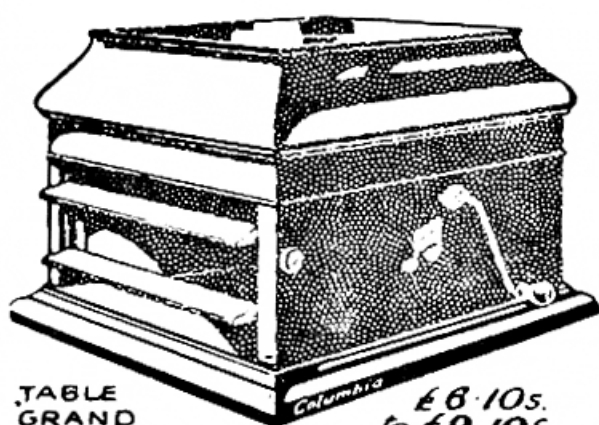


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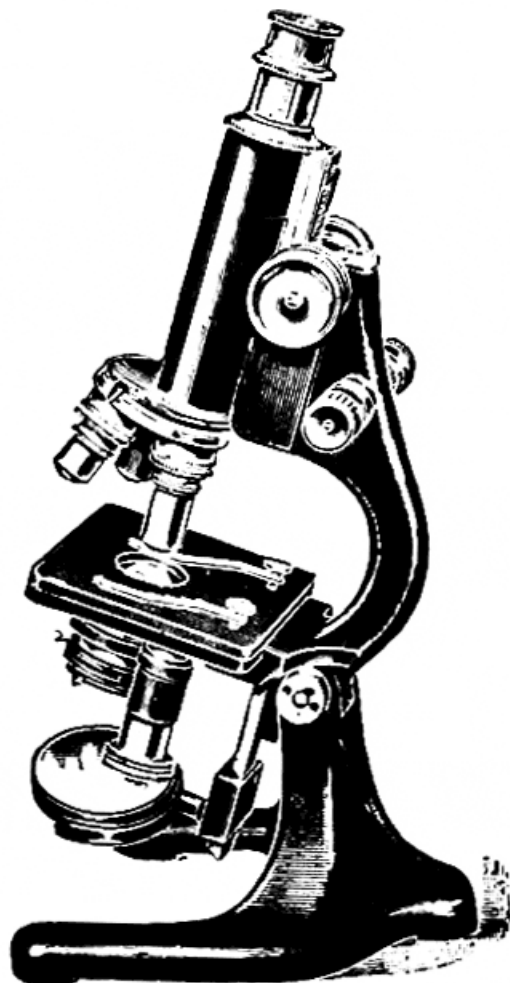
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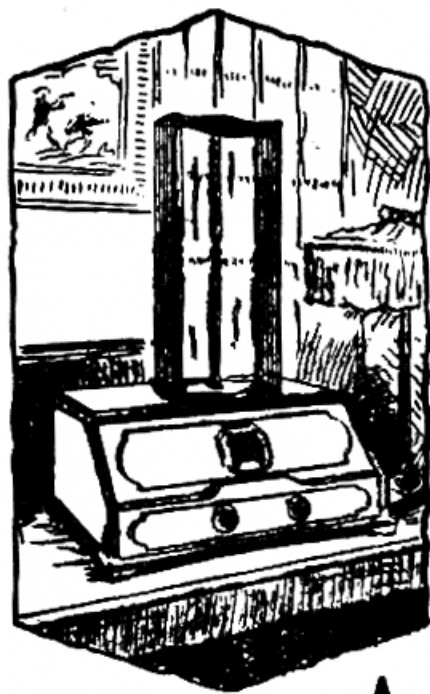
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Contents

	Page
Editorial	1
Maraka Hill	3
Drunkenness in the Theatre	3
Group Spirit	5
Bristol Impressions	6
Regrets	8
The Vision Unspeakable	9
Eric Lee Palmer	13
Chemistry	15
Soldier's Song	15
Verses	17
Fairy Tales	17
An Exhortation	20
A note on "The Rumour"	20
Did You Know This?	21
Immune	22
Boys Who Have Become Famous	22
Entrance of Neptune	24
Ave Atque Vale	25
College Notes	26
Casualties	28
Letters to The Editor	29
Answers to Correspondents	32
Twenty-third Annual Inter-'Varsity Tournament	33
Athletics	37
Basketball	37
Boxing	38
Tennis	39
Debate	41
Haslam Shield—Shooting	43
V.U.C. Graduates and Past Students' Association	45
Club Notes	46
University Club	46
Free Discussions Club	46
Dramatic Club	48
Tramping Club	49
Athletic Club	50
The Christian Union	51
Haeremai Club	52
Boxing Club	52
Basketball Club	53
Mathematical and Physical Society	53
Cricket Club	54
Debating Society	55

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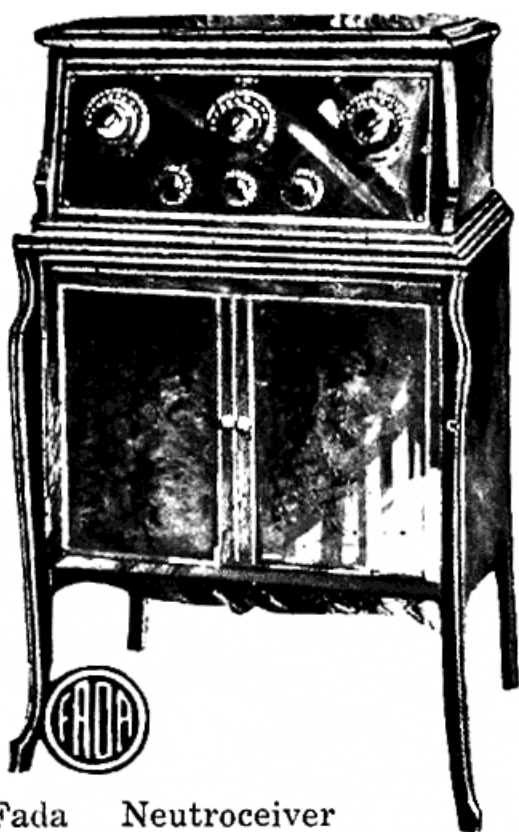
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(Published Twice in the Session)

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VOL. ~~XXVII~~ XXVI

No. 1

Editorial



FREE THOUGHT AND THE UNIVERSITY

"It is the fundamental right and highest duty of man to think his own thoughts and to act his own acts; independent self-determination is the royal prerogative of the mind. Nothing will avail here but free, unbiassed thought."

—Paulsen.

Those whose sincere convictions are not, like Babbitt's, fashioned from the editorials of our leading newspapers, can hardly have failed to hear with some perplexity the vast, insistent roar that continually swells throughout the land, deafening everyone with the proclamation that this is a "free country." It is the voice of our self-satisfied conservatism. But stop your ears for a moment against it, or try to lift your own voice in a feeble protest that we might be a good deal freer, and notice the change in that tone! It becomes at once more insistent, more menacing; it reminds you that you are not only "free," but that you must be content to enjoy just this one particular kind of freedom; that any other kind of freedom is not in the interests of the State. You simply **must** be "free," and free in the way that authority, conservatism, and convention demand.

This sort of thing is, in one way, good: by disapproving of the dissentient voice, it throws the dissenter upon his own inner resources, and—rare phenomenon!—he begins to think! The thought processes may not, from the view of logic, be called

clear or systematic; there are too many interruptions for that! But they come rather as a slow awakening, a gradual approach to full consciousness, with here and there a sharp jolt to speed the revelation. Is this, then, an age of tolerance? What is "this freedom"? The absence of the political and industrial tyrant, of the fat parasite who would flourish at the expense of the weak; a semblance of friendship between employer and man; equal recognition by the law of both the rich and the humble; these alone, even if they were realised, would not and do not constitute true freedom. A free people is one in which the highest energies of all have full expression—energies not merely physical, but mental. Man is not free until thought—his essential and particular power—is unrepressed; until every individual in every group may not only act freely, but may speak and think in perfect freedom.

How far is this freedom existent now? Suggest that the provision of the Singapore Base is an inevitable step toward the alienation of a fine people, and your very loyalty is frequently suspect. Speak in purely disinterested terms of the superstitious origin of all religions, and their almost universal opposition to the spread of scientific knowledge, and, more often than not, you find your morality questioned!

Thought repressed becomes either mechanical or malcontent. We do not want either. We do not want a society whose thought goes no farther than what it shall eat and drink and wear, or how it may conform with least difficulty to what people have been thinking and saying and doing for a hundred years. Nor, on the other hand, do we want thought that emerges in shallow vindictiveness or purely destructive criticism; thought that fails to realise that what is required is not destruction from without but improvement from within; that lauds the principle of evolution to the sky in every other sphere, yet fails to take cognisance of the fact of evolution in the very institutions which it is attempting to undermine. We want what is common to Shelley and Goethe and Mill, to Darwin and Ghandi and Fosdick—minds unconfined by tradition and custom and prejudice. We want not only the highest, freest thought, but the power and the opportunity to express it.

The University must range itself definitely on the side of true freedom. It is the one spot in the community where there is a chance of our learning to think for ourselves. It must be the centre of the new freedom; it must teach us to express the finest kind of power—the free power of the mind. It has not always failed here in the past. It has been to the everlasting credit of not a few Universities, branded in time of war as "hotbeds of sedition," that they were the only institutions which remained unafraid to preach the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man.

Can we not learn in all departments of the University, instead of in one or two alone, to think for ourselves? The school and the Church have taught men to remember and to believe, but not to think. The task of the University must be to aid us in the liberation and development of the mind. That is the only path to true freedom, the only means of spreading abroad in

society this spirit of "broad-minded tolerance," which we are so very weary of hearing our newspapers praising as something really and truly realised.

For the age of tolerance is not yet.

Maraka Hill

Dust on the bracken—
How our steps slacken,
Lagging and dragging up Makara Hill!
Dim now and dimmer
Pale foxgloves glimmer,
Dusk from the valley steals star-eyed and still.

West winds that bluster
Scarce now can muster
Breath to set swaying the leaf on the tree;
Past all re-kindling
The sunset fires, dwindling,
Die on the ashen-gray hearth of the sea.

Stilled is our chatter,
Only the clatter
Of hob-nails on metal rings out on the night;
Just one more turn now—
See where there burn now
Lights of Karori—the end is in sight!

Drunkenness in the Theatre

I can never gaze on a "drunk" scene in the theatre without marvelling first at the rapidity of effect of alcohol on the stage, and secondly at the pooriness of the average actor's attempt to imitate a tipsy man. The blonde flapper of forty, who after two glasses of Penfold's, or one reasonable bumper of Moët & Chandon, gets recurrent attacks of the giggles, slaps the scion of a noble house in a spot between the cervical and lumbar vertebrae, and has to be carried off blowing kisses to the dress circle boxes, is, off the stage, a nice thing who can remain demure and appreciably young after helping a friend to finish a bottle of the brew of the ancient and honourable firm of Haig. The actor who, after three rapid-fire whiskies, knocks the hat-stand sideways, talks into the ear-piece of the telephone, and starts to pocket a string of onions, is the same man who has been to a commercial travellers' dinner and has seen them snoozing under the board when he found the right hat without trouble and went home. Which makes it all the more amazing is that people skilled in the art of imbibing should be as clumsy in a line in which they are as experienced as are these two. Yet there it is. Never

a hiccough, never a manufactured stagger do I witness on the stage, but I feel that not only is the man not drunk, but that he has never been drunk, and that a subscription on the part of the Association for the Protection of the Public from Bad Acting to provide the mummer with a thimbleful of rum and a bottle of Apollinaris would be thoroughly justified. And that I should like to head it myself.

So have I felt when watching the drunk scene in "White Cargo," where Wallis Clark, after reeling round the stage for minutes at a stretch and being uncertain by a yard of the position of the table, made a dash for the door on his homeward way and negotiated three difficult steps with the tread of a toe-dancer. So have I felt when, at the beginning of "Is Zat So?" Barry Livesey laboriously removed his coat to fight Richard Taber, and then picked it up and donned it with the rapidity of a sixteen-year-old on a holiday on the farm, and up at six o'clock to see the sights. So have I felt when Richard Webster, as the Zouzou of "Trilby," delivered a drunken speech from a table at the wedding party in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, meantime performing feats of backward bending which it would take an acrobat to equal. So have I felt when Nat Madison, in "The Fake," tried to suggest the result of years of drinking by an intense clutch of the table-edge in a sitting-room at St. Margaret's Bay. And so have I felt when the hard-hearted Hamilton J. Power (Augustus Neville), completely befuddled by the unaccustomed load of two drinks in ten minutes, was swept into matrimony by Muriel Starr in "The Goldfish."

The only intelligent imitation of an imbiber which I have seen in the last ten years came from Cecil Kelleway. Setting aside Arthur Stigant's frolics in "The Boy," which were pure Stigant and inimitable, Kelleway's idea of the diner-out who has had a drink or two too many has been the only possible one. And it is so because Kelleway never represents any man as unable to carry his liquor. He does not try our patience with reels and lurches because he realises that by the time a man has reached that stage he is well-nigh incoherent and that it is an actor's business to be coherent. He does not hiccough because he knows that no one save a beer-drinker ever hiccoughs. Kelleway as a stage inebriate gives a good imitation of the man who is suffering from the aphasia induced by alcohol. His brain is clear enough, maybe; he knows perfectly well what he wishes to say, but the words die in his mouth and the instruments of pronunciation, ordinarily tractable enough, become enemies to be wrestled with. But apparently there is not the slightest likelihood of Kelleway's example being followed. The average actor, entrusted with a part which calls for an appearance of drinking, allows the fumes to mount to his head in less time than it would take to get him under an anaesthetic and thereafter talks at the top of his voice, pounds every piece of furniture in sight and zig-zags from the footlights trough to the back-drop, clutching wildly at the scenery and threatening to demolish the whole set. Whereas he is probably so constituted

that he could duplicate Barrett-Lennard's "Frasquita" feat with real liquor and swallow whole glasses of whisky neat without turning to ask for a chaser.

Now there are many things which must be borne in the theatre, but this is not one of them. Worse than a chorus with curvature of the legs, worse than a soprano whose top-notes cause nervous people to leave hurriedly before the first act is over, is an actor who is inefficient in the art of being drunk. And the position is so easily remedied. The mending of it will be expensive, it is true, but in the cause of art and truth the matter must be faced. The remedy is this: if Aristodemus and Neoptolemus have not the wit to play drunkenness satisfactorily let them be made drunk. And let them be made drunk in the manner of gentlemen so that they may know the difference between the feeling of that drunkenness and the sort of inebriety for which their favourite brand of rye whisky is responsible.—C.Q.P.

Group Spirit.

We love you, Mr. Chinaman,
 Because we feel it right.
 What though your skin is yellow,
 While our's is nice and white?
 God, who created all men,
 Embraced you in his plan;
 He first made market gardens,
 And then—the Chinaman!

We love you, Mr. Chinaman,
 For lofty mental powers.
 God did not make you savage;
 He gave you brains like our's.
 He meant that you should use them,
 And so he scattered round
 Bananas—by the dozen,
 And apples—by the pound!

We love you, Mr. Chinaman,
 For what is in your heart.
 Though in our creeds divided,
 We are not far apart.
 We may be bound for heaven,
 You may be bound for hell;
 But still, dear Mr. Chinaman,
 We'll always love you well!

But really, Mr. Chinaman,
 When all is said and done,
 You've still to learn one lesson:
 You mustn't touch a gun!
 You want to have a rifle,
 And throw away your fan!
 We really can't allow it,
 You wicked Chinaman! —D.J.D.

Bristol Impressions.

The following is an account of the National Union of Students' Congress held at Bristol at the end of last March, taken from a letter sent by J.C.B., now at King's College—Univ. of London, to relatives in Wellington. It is interesting, not only as an unorthodox description of the Congress and its speakers, but it is significant also in the insight it gives of the reaction of a colonial student to English ways and customs.—Ed. Spike.

Well, as for Bristol, we put in a week over that business. From the point of view of intellectual stir-up it was a sheer washout. The ostensible purpose of the thing—the National Union of Students' Congress—was to discuss the Art of Life, and D. and I, in our poor benighted colonial ignorance, and thinking we'd be up against mighty men if it came to a row, put in all the time we could mugging up Havelock Ellis, and the Bertrand Russells. But jingo! a milder mannered, more conventional, stick in the mud, thoroughly respectable English gathering you never saw. Three hundred and fifty of them there were, of whom perhaps ten had any life in them. I must say these ten or so were pretty good in a way; spoke very well, and had cheerful grins, had travelled a good bit, and could clap at the right time in a speech in French or German, but I didn't hear a single new idea there. I got the impression that the average English student is no more bright nor brainy, nor throbbing with modernity, and unplumbed depths of agonising thought than the average New Zealand student; though that, of course, is not to be taken as a compliment to the New Zealand student.

Bristol itself is an interesting enough place, and I spent a cheerful afternoon with a select party of highbrows wandering around looking at St. Mary Redcliffe, old houses, etc., while the lowbrows inspected Wills' tobacco factory and collected free samples of Golden Flake, and tins of Navy Cut. St. Mary Redcliffe is one of the best churches I have seen; some of the stained glass is magnificent, and a kindly vergger or some such-like, took us up to the Muniment room where the late Chatterton sought ideas for his forgeries, and showed us the rib of a whale which Cabot brought back from America (also said to be the rib of the dun cow killed by the great Guy of Warwick); and a statue of Queen Elizabeth, who visited the Church once, and said something about it which the lad took as a personal compliment to himself.

Where Bristol is extraordinarily lucky is in the University buildings. The main part of them has only been up for two years—the Wills family has spent one and a half million on the University altogether (so you see that all smoking is not waste). It is a gorgeous sort of Gothic affair with a great entrance hall seventy feet high, and a tower two hundred and fifty feet high, from which you can see the coast of Wales and the Channel; and which has the best toned bell I have ever heard, and a most magnificent main hall with a splendid

beam roof and carved out pannelling, with a place for an organ, a council room which no council on earth could possibly deserve, and the finest art library I have ever seen. Then one of the Wills bought a big building called the Victoria Rooms, had it altered to suit, and then handed it over to the Students' Union for club rooms. This is where the Congress had its meetings.

They had an imposing list of speakers down on the programme—Bertrand Russell, Lady Astor, and Margaret Bondfield, a sculptor by the name of Alec Mills, J. H. Hadfield, the psychologist, and an assorted collection of foreign students from France, Germany, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Switzerland. Russell was pretty good, but said nothing new, really only giving us a chapter from his *Prospects of Industrial Civilization*. It was interesting to hear him speak though. Hadfield wasn't bad, though I understand from D. that he obtained all his psychology second-hand from McDougall and Tansley, and that it was pretty rocky anyhow. Margaret Bondfield was very good; she speaks well and knows what she's talking about. Lady Astor was a great disappointment. She has a sort of charm, and a hearty laugh, and a slangy sort of talk (she drops all her g's), but a perfectly hopelessly muddled mind. She was supposed to be talking about the use of leisure; but she seemed to spend most of her time slanging the socialists (to which one would have no objection in the world if it was in the least to the point or if she knew anything about socialism), and preaching the necessity of overcoming the body with the spirit. . . . The sculptor bird, Miller, was very good on Art and Decoration; indeed, he gave quite an admirable address, working in both Oscar Wilde and St. Paul with equal felicity. I was nearly forgetting to mention one horror—the inaugural address by Sir John Reith, the director of the B.B.C. Have you ever heard one of the most successful of British business men describe how he got there? Thank heaven I shall never have the chance of treating a crowd of innocent people like that. On and on he droned, in a parsonical monotone—qualities of successful men—self-analysis—self-control—self-knowledge (why not self-reverence?) convinced from his broadcasting experiences that British people are profoundly religious—God as a business asset—you young men and women—drone, drone, drone. And then all at once he stopped and the President of the N.S.U. thanked him for his inspiring address. Well, if you ever want to get the real dinkum brand of business-success talk, you couldn't apply to a better man than Sir J. Reith. The astonishing thing was the number of people it went down with. Truly, the British are a wonderful race.

Finally, there were two or three excursions I went; one to the Cheddar Gorge, which wasn't bad, though it was blowing and hailing too hard to see anything much, and to the Cheddar Caves, which were highly over-rated, and to Cheddar itself, which is hopelessly vulgarised, like every other village in this hopeless country, by yellow signs and advertisements on all the houses for Pratt's motor spirit, and other curses of civilization. Then

the whole three hundred and fifty of us piled into charabancs, a repulsive debauch of touristism, to spend a whole day going to Wills', Glastonbury and Bath. Wills Cathedral is very fine, and the Bishop's Palace, with its old walls and gardens and moat complete with ducks and a swan on its nest; some architecture is frozen music all right. Somewhere the thorn still blooms which Joseph of Arimathea brought over, and an interminable woman insisted on explaining at ungodly length all about the sacred well, etc., etc. At Bath we saw the Roman baths, and so forth; most perfect and comprehensive Roman remains in Britain, and a lot of other things. We were to have been shown over the town, but being three-quarters of an hour behind schedule, we had to go straight along to meet the Mayor, Alderman Cedric Chivers—a gentleman of almost incredible generosity, who entertained us all to a tea of traditional Bath delicacies, and was entertained himself in return by speeches and songs in three different languages. I must go there again some day and have a look at the Abbey, and look up the Mayor also if possible. On the whole a fairly satisfactory week.

—J.C.B.

Regrets.

We three have trod the joyous road
 In wind and sun, in storm and rain,
 And still have held, as on we strode,
 That happy days would come again.
 "There will be other hearts as gay
 (We said) as these that laugh to-day."

We knew the deep content that lies
 In turning from the windswept sea
 To find, ashine in other eyes,
 Our own unspoken ecstasy.
 Earth was more green, the sky more blue,
 Beholding it with you, and you.

To-day I take the road again,
 And alien feet keep pace with mine;
 The morning skies are washed with rain,
 The gorse-sweet air is strong as wine;
 But somehow Spring is not so fair
 As then, when you and you were there.

The Vision Unspeakable !

Being an entirely imaginary glimpse of Capping in 1937.

(Scene—the Dominion Museum. Seated on a dais, protected with iron bars and furnished with peep-holes, are the Identities of Long Standing, now, however, sitting: Mr. May-call-'em, Mr. Leave-me, Mr. Affair, Prof. Rank-and-green, Prof. Efflorescence, Prof. Hinter, Prof. Influenzie, Prof. Turfy, and others so well known that we had rather not enumerate them. To right and left, more fossils. The latter, however, are in glass cases.)

May-call-'em: I must congratulate you, Rank-and-green, on the painstaking way in which you have endeavoured to secure the preservation of the peace. Iron bars—peep-holes—Capping Machine—they do you great credit.

Leave-me: Capping Machine? Is that your latest, Professor?

Rank-and-green (modestly): Well, it has not previously made its appearance. The mechanism is really very simple. It is operated by clock-work, and one wind-up does two hundred and fifty students. One arm of the machine proffers the certificate to the graduate, while the other automatically shakes his hand.

Hinter: So that the thing can be operated from the dais without any exposure of either Professors or Council?

Rank-and-green (not deigning to notice the interruption): The idea, I am proud to say, is entirely my own. The machine was designed by Professor Efflorescence. Nothing, you know, is a Physical impossibility to him.

Affair: Don't leave me altogether out of the picture, Rank-and-green. I, too, have been toiling for the elevation to a loftier sphere of this ceremony.

Rank-and-green: I apologise. I am bound to say, Mr. Leave-me, that the credit for the idea of holding the Capping Ceremony in the Museum this year goes entirely to Mr. Affair. Next year he thinks of advocating the Terrace Gaol.

Efflorescence: Gentlemen, if you will pardon me, I should like to point out that the selected students have arrived.

(Enter, carefully watched and marshalled by eleven policemen, the ten selected students. They are chosen by the Professorial Board to represent the Undergraduate body at the ceremony. Nine of them have been here before. They enter on tiptoe, with shamelessly sullen faces. The tenth is an innocent lamb whose feet seem to shuffle a lot better because his mouth is open.)

Police Sergeant: Come on 'ere, young feller! Up on your toes! Mind the rules, now. (The ten are herded into their special enclosure.)

Rank-and-green: Professor Efflorescence, will you kindly read aloud to the students the rules relating to the possession of missiles and weapons?

Efflorescence (reading): Students are hereby warned that the bringing into the ceremony of any object, thing, fragment, or particle—

Rank-and-green: Including fowls and tomatoes!

Efflorescence: Including tomatoes and fowls—

Rank-and-green: You had better say, "White leghorns not excepted."

Efflorescence (frowning): Including white leghorns; or any other conceivable substance or article whatsoever, that may be thrown, fired, released, dropped, exploded, or in any conceivable way brought into contact with any member, or any conceivable part of any member, or any conceivable garment covering any part of any member of the Council or of the Professorial Board,—er—is strictly forbidden.

Rank-and-green: Are you sure they heard the clause relating to white leghorns and tomatoes?

Efflorescence (sulkily): Shall I include Indian Runner ducks and water-melons?

May-call-'em: Professor Hinter, will you kindly search the students in accordance with the regulations?

(Prof. Hinter descends.)

Affair: How **can** he do it? He must be very rash. They are a desperate looking lot of young anarchists, too. Very rash!

Rank-and-green: It is not rashness, Mr. Affair; it is socialism. (Hinter searches the students' pockets.)

Green student (in a hurt whisper): Why do they search us, Professor? Anyone would think they were frightened of us.

Hinter (in a guarded undertone): Quite, quite! Of course, I believe there's an element of truth in that. But—you know (shaking his head significantly)—narrow! Narrow!

Rank-and-green: What is that bulge in that student's pocket, Professor Hinter? It looks to me suspiciously like the outline of a white leghorn.

Hinter: That's the student's pocket handkerchief.

Rank-and-green: You are sure there are no tomatoes wrapped up in it?

Hinter: Not **one** tomato. (He returns to his seat.)

(Enter the graduates, looking like a line of sheep traveling by single ticket to Ngahauranga, or the Free Discussions Club coming before the Inquisition. The Inquisition is there, without a doubt, and the graduates sit nervously down in front of it. An uproarious silence falls. You could hear a pin drop now, if one of the undergraduates dared to drop it—if!)

(We pass over the speech of the Chairman and others of the Council as matters too deep for words, and come to the real thing. Professor Rank-and-green rises.)

Rank-and-green: Mr. Chairman, Members of the Council and Professorial Board, and graduates—oh! and students of Victoria College!—I think it most fitting, on this joyous occasion—(A groan bursts from the green student. The others have learned by now to hide their suffering; he hasn't. A bitter tear surges down his cheek and lands with a deafening splash on the floor.)

Rank-and-green: I beg your pardon! Who spoke?

Hinter: One of the students dropped his false teeth, professor.

Rank-and-green (continuing):—to say a few words relating to the ideals of the University. For a young Greek or Roman student, those ideals might have been summed up in our modern word, "self-realization."

(A muffled exclamation from one of the professors. It sounds suspiciously like "Bosh!")

Rank-and-green: I beg your pardon? Someone interrupted me.

Hinter: Professor Turfy was merely ejaculating "Hear, hear!"

Rank-and-green: Pliny tells us the significant story of a young Greek— (He continues. The time is 3.15 p.m.)

* * *

(He continues. The time is 3.35 p.m.)

* * *

(He continues. The time is 3.55 p.m.)

* * *

(He concludes. The time is 4 o'clock. The green student is seen to be sleeping peacefully, his mouth wide open, and upon his face the smile of one who has found in death what life and the Professorial Board couldn't give him. The others are asleep, too, but after years of practice in lectures, they look astonishingly wide awake.)

Rank-and-green (outraged): Is that—is that student—asleep, sergeant?

Sergeant (waking up himself at once, with a skill born of long experience in the Police Force): Asleep, is he? (Prodding the green student remorselessly)—'Ere, wake up, you young villain! Fancy goin' to sleep in the middle of the perfesser's nice talk! Why, I ain't educated, and he's had me that worked up I couldn't 'ave stood 'im another minute! (His connection with the law has taught him that there are about four occasions when a lie isn't justified, and he clearly sees that this isn't one of them.)

(One by one everybody wakes up. You can see they are experts at this sort of thing; they look so **painfully** interested.)

May-call-'em: We shall now proceed with the business of Capping. Will you kindly set your machine in motion, Professor Efflorescence?

(The Capping Machine is set in motion. It works beautifully. One by one the graduates have their certificates handed them, and their right hands heartily wrung, and return to their seats. The machine does exactly sixty-seven to the minute. What is more, it doesn't make any distinctions between women and men!)

Influenzie (quoting Goethe): "How greatly it is all planned!"

Efflorescence: There is not much likelihood of the "Kiss Grandpa" episode of 1926 being repeated, is there?

Rank-and-green (with modest pride): Our motto, gentlemen—
"Not touched by human hands."

Green Student (overhearing him): Why, that's what it says on the packets of "Kornies," isn't it? Breakfast food, I mean.

Sergeant (cuffing his ear): Hold your tongue, will you, young feller?

Green Student (bursting into tears): But—but it isn't original!

Sergeant: And why should it be? Just because there's three kisses on the end of a lot of barrels, there ain't no reason why you shouldn't put 'em at the end of a letter, is there, stoopid?

(The Capping has concluded. The machine, fit as a fiddle after pumping scores of hands, and still itching for more, is shut off. The graduates gather their belongings and prepare for a speedy exit. The professors and Council nudge one another significantly and talk hurriedly in low tones. You can see they are up to some devilment. The Green Student takes out his handkerchief. He is not noticed in the bustle. He proceeds to unfold it. He is still not noticed. He extracts two tomatoes. And eats them!) (At length the Chairman comes nervously forward. The graduates have slipped modestly out. A back door is opened behind the dais. In fact, the stage is set for a get-away—but not by the students.)

May-call-'em (displaying extreme emotion): Students are—students are reminded—(he backs a step or two, then out it comes with a rush)—that a retiring collection will be taken up to defray expenses!

(Exeunt all the professors and Members of the Council within three seconds! The students rise like ten famished wolves. The policemen rise with them, like eleven unfamished ones. The students see that their case is hopeless. As one man, they fall in a dead faint.)

(Enter the caretaker, broom in hand, and carrying a sack. He gazes all round him in bewilderment.)

Caretaker: Why, where's the blooming mess?

Sergeant: What blooming mess, matey?

Caretaker: Old Rank-and-green told me the place 'd be a reg'lar garbage 'eap of white leghorns and tomatoes.

(The caretaker looks at the sergeant; the sergeant looks at the caretaker; they look at one another, in fact, and tap their foreheads understandingly.)

Sergeant (eloquently): These perfessers!

(For the first time in many years, the Museum resounds with uproarious laughter.)

—D.J.D.



The late E. L. PALMER, M.A.

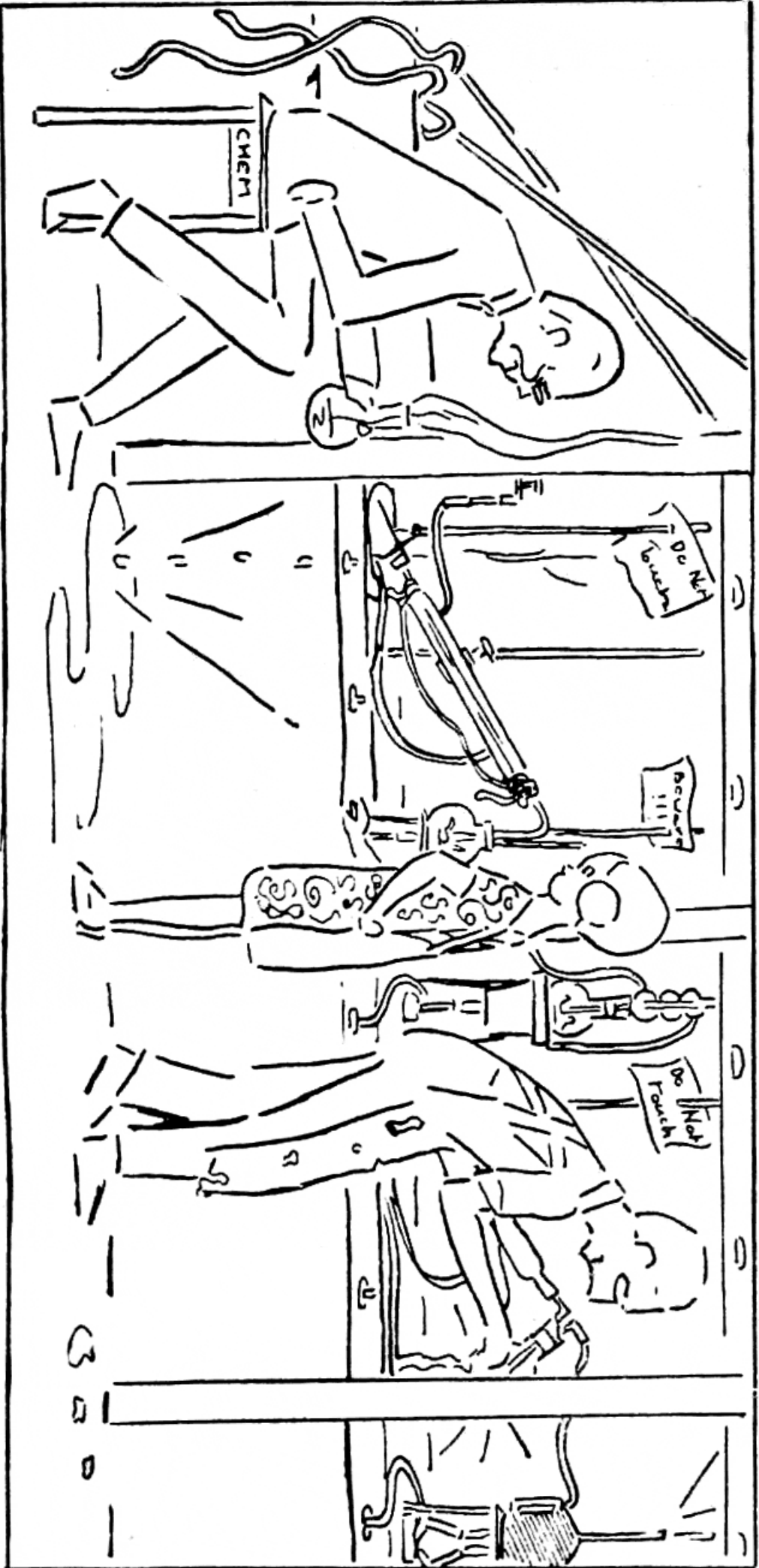
Eric Lee Palmer

Born 1902. Died 1927.

At the end of the Long Vacation, when we were all looking forward to the time when we should meet old friends once more, those of us who knew Eric Palmer—"Sammy" he always was to us—were shocked to hear of his death under tragic circumstances on the slopes of Benmore, one of the most treacherous peaks in the Marlborough district. He had been teaching at the Wharenui School, had gone out shooting, was overtaken by the mist—and that was the end. Eric Palmer was a scholar through and through; an Honours graduate in French, equally at home in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Maori; above all things, a poet and a dreamer. His College interests were wide and various. He was an enthusiastic member of the Football, Dramatic, and Tramping Clubs and a frequent contributor to the pages of "The Spike." Tramping, however, was the outdoor activity he loved best; and in communion with Nature, the dreamer in him seemed to find that refuge of peace denied him by the ordinary humdrum world. In death "he lies where he longed to be," high up on the mountaintops at rest. He showed extraordinary promise of a distinguished literary career; and in this connection we can do no better than set forth the considered opinion of the British Drama League's reader upon some of his work. It speaks for itself: "There is a great deal to commend in this play. The author has succeeded in getting a wonderful atmosphere of the period, his sense of character is good, and there are moments of intense and true drama. Unfortunately, since Sir Henry Irving's and Sir Herbert Tree's deaths, there are no managements to undertake a big spectacular production, except perhaps Cochran, and one doubts whether 'The Black Ship' would appeal to him. There are wonderful stage pictures to be visualized mentally, but the spoken words are few. Of course, this story would make a magnificent film scenario. The stage is really too small for it. Can Mr. Palmer use his real sense of drama on a smaller canvas?"

Through his death Victoria has lost one who was destined to become one of her most famous sons. But we have lost a friend. And our loss is the greater.

Science v. Arts.



Who would not prefer the faint odour of aliphatic and . . .

Chemistry.

A classical student is wanting to know
The reason why any to chemistry go,
With bottles and beakers and flasks in a row,
With acids and salts
Of synthesised malts,
And ice chests located in family vaults,
Especially designed, on a floor down below.

If perchance round the door an outsider should peep,
The sights and the sounds there will make his flesh creep,
Or volumes of ether will send him to sleep;
Preparations organic,
With vapours volcanic,
The heart of the stoutest would soon turn to panic,
And the fruits of his daring would fifty-fold reap.

The floor is aflood from pumps that all leak,
To cut through the air a tomahawk seek,
The windows and ceiling are lost in the reek
Of Butylene oxide,
Or Ethyl hydroxide,
Or some preparation involving peroxide—
Produced in a morning, but lasting a week.

Let Ethics, and Classics, and Law have their run,
To Chemistry they will return one by one,
And stick to it, too, when once they've begun.
Whether contracts or proses,
Or a discourse on Moses,
Or a method of ripening fruit by osmosis,
Chemical Science is second to none.

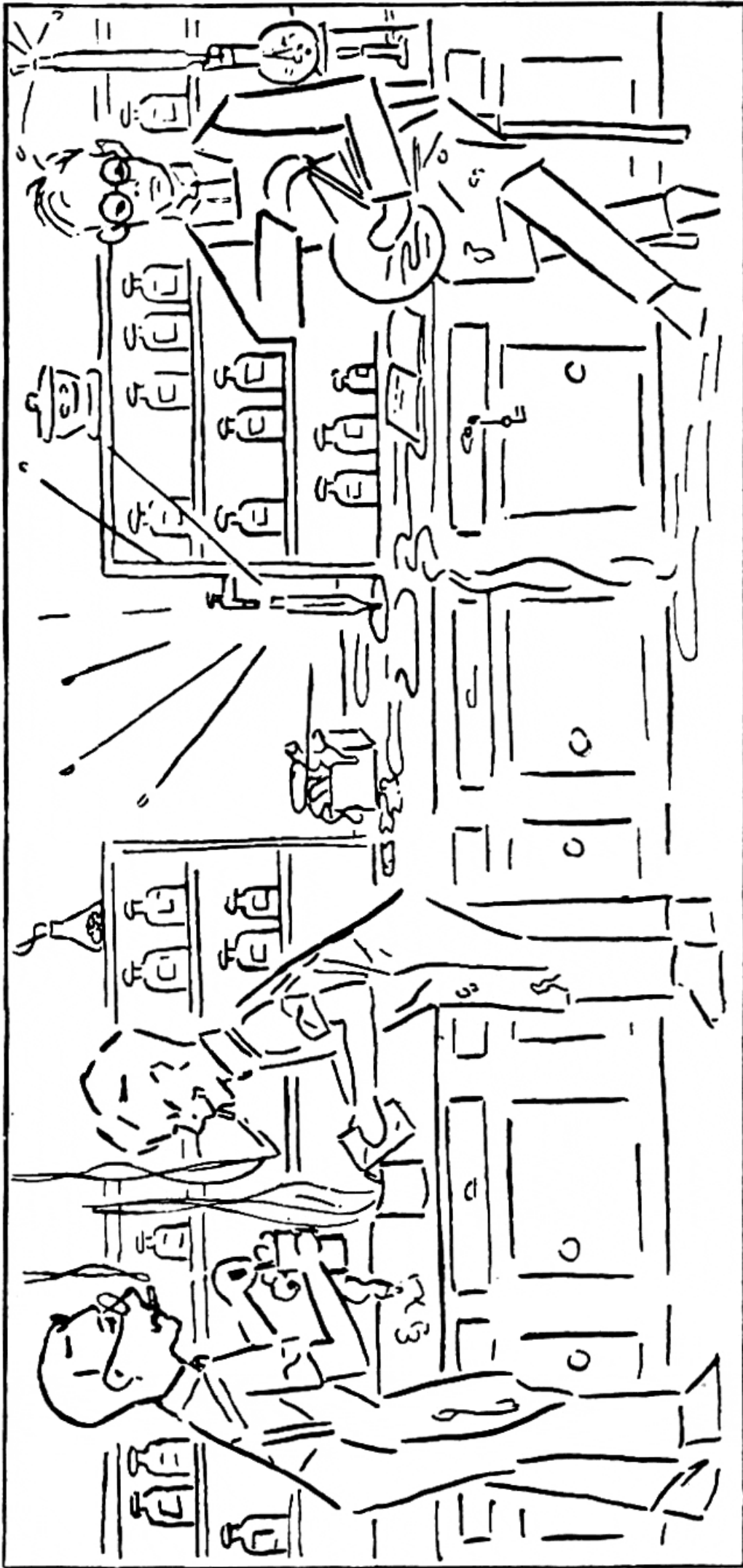
—Alpha.

Soldier's Song.

Happy the day when Chance is lord,
And careless ease keeps watch and ward
O'er woe and fear;
There's nought on earth to mar or mend,
But still we snatch what heaven may send
In full career.

Happy the day of careless joys,
When still the heady trumpet's noise
Clangs out pale gloom!
For life and luck are very fair,
And he doth rule the very air
Who laughs at doom.

—E.L.P.



Aromatic compounds, occasionally relieved by
a sprinkling of H_2O

Verses

(Supposed to have been written by J. —, during his solitary abode in a higher plane. With apologies to the poet Cowper.)

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute,
 From the tennis courts up to C3,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 Oh, Executive! great are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face!
 In spite of extrav. and alarms,
 I shall reign in this comfortable place.

The freshers that frisk where they can
 My form with indifference see,
 They are so unacquainted with man
 Their tameness is shocking to me.
 I shall move from humanity's reach
 And go to my armchair alone,
 To ponder upon my next speech
 Till it rivals Prof. Florance's own.

I am rather a dog with the girls—
 They adore me for being what I am;
 You should see them arranging their curls
 Before we go forth in my pram.
 My sorrows I oft thus assuage,
 For my melancholy search after truth
 Has taught me the wisdom of age,
 With contempt for the sallies of youth.

I have banished the roughs from my door,
 And the key is fast turned in the lock,
 The mob shall not trample my floor—
 Only those in my own little flock.
 Each student has gone to his rest,
 Each professor is off to his lair,
 I feel I am not at my best—
 I shall to the Austin repair.

—Hephaestus

Fairy Tales.

There was an old fellow named F * * r,
 Who said, "You may think I don't care,
 But I'm stricken with grief,
 And I shake like a leaf
 When I hear the Vice-Chancellor swear."

There was an old fidget namer F * * r,
 Who said, "These darn students won't dare
 To utter a sound
 With Horace around—
 Horace and me make a pair."



*Is the dry, musty and crusty atmosphere
of the Arts Building ???*

There was an old fossil named F * * r,
 Who sat in the Library chair;
 And said, "Little boys
 Make a horrid loud noise—
 Let 'em make it outside in the air."

There was an old fungus named F * * r,
 Who said, "I have under my hair
 The most wonderful mind
 That the Lord has designed,
 But the Lord only knows why it's there."

There was an old foghorn named F * * r,
 Who opened a meeting with prayer;
 When they said, "You're a saint,"
 He replied, "No, I ain't—
 I'm giving the students a scare."

There was an old fogey named F * * r,
 Who shaved off the top of his hair;
 Said he, "When it rains
 It will cool off my brains—
 They're a little bit out of repair."

There was an old fakir named F * * r,
 Who fastened two horns in his hair;
 Said he, "On the level,
 I'm not a bad devil—
 I just want to look debonair."

There was an old faddist named F * * r,
 Who sat upside down in his chair;
 When they asked, "Do you drink?"
 He replied, "No, I think
 All my thoughts with my feet in the air."

There was an old—

(This is over the odds. Does our contributor seriously expect us to make space for his endless variations upon an impossible theme? There is a—and it's a basket of admirable capaciousness. Into it go the remaining ninety—Plop!—Ed., "Spike.")



An Exhortation.

While we are glad to find a fairly respectable number of old contributors again helping to fill our pages, we cannot but characterise the increasing scarcity of new contributors as lamentable. It is with a blush of shame that we record the fact that less than half a dozen "freshers" have appeared this year on the literary horizon. Only one reason for this state of affairs can possibly exist, and we are not going to mention it, for fear of getting ourselves disliked. It will be sufficient to say that if every student whose head is something better than a hatpeg were to give himself up to half-an-hour's introspection on the subject, we should have such an influx of contributions that "The Spike" would become almost a success. But as long as fifteen or sixteen people, out of a total of seven or eight hundred, are compelled to take on their shoulders the whole burden of its production, so long will "The Spike" go on not being, in any true sense, the organ and mouthpiece of Victoria College.

A Note on "The Rumour."*

By writing this play, Mr. Munro has laid modern literature under a twofold obligation. On the one hand he has produced a play which must rank high as a work of art; and on the other hand, in so doing he has brought into the light of day the dark and secret methods whereby the modern commercial war is engineered and carried to an all too successful conclusion.

We are shown, in the opening scenes, several gentlemen "interested in financial operations" discussing the possibilities by which they hope to stir up a conflict between two small States in Middle Europe, and then to step in when both sides are exhausted, and thus secure a commercial strangle-hold over the rich resources of both States. From this unsavoury beginning the action surges to and fro across Europe, from a squalid cabaret to a Prime Minister's room, from the signing of a Peace Treaty to a glimpse of suburbia, from a conference of armament officials to the desperate meeting of plotting patriots. And from all this we gain some inkling of the technique which is used to build up a public opinion favourable to the fighting of a war by a democratic state—the arousal of mutual suspicion, distortion of news by the newspaper press, the use of atrocity stories, of high-pitched idealism, and the rest—and the culmination of it all in the usual "knock-out" Peace Conference, where representatives of the Great Powers divide the spoils of war and pose as the saviours of the Universe.

In general plan and in detailed technique it is possible to connect "The Rumour" with some of Shakespeare's plays. We find, for instance, that "The Rumour" has this in common with "Henry V": That it shows us war from all sides, from the point of view of statesman and city clerk, of friend and foe. Further-

more, there is the technique of those extraordinarily pitiful and poignant scenes where two clerks, in their discussions of cucumber frames and of the war, are shown to be reiterating, parrot fashion, the sentiments expressed on the newspaper boy's bill sheet—pitiful and poignant in the ignorance thus displayed of the political intrigues, the squabbings, the sordid machinations, which are the true reasons for Jones losing his son, "fighting in a holy war." Here we are reminded of that device of linking prince and clown which Shakespeare used with such effect in "Hamlet," for instance, to bring his audience back to everyday affairs.

And the general effect of this canvas which Mr. Munro paints with such bold sweeps of the brush, is overwhelming, and sometimes, when we realize the power of backstairs financial intrigue, terrifying. For "The Rumour," as a war play, is relentlessly realistic, and bitterly satirical of certain aspects of twentieth century civilisation. And because this satire is fashioned into magnificent art, "The Rumour" deserves to take its place beside "St. Joan" as one of the outstanding plays of modern literature.

—B.E.

*"The Rumour," by C. K. Munro: A Play in Two Parts.

Did You Know This ?

That when the wireless masts on Mt. Victoria are completed they will be perpendicular?

That one of the reasons why the Duke and Duchess left England was to tour the Empire?

That millions now living will keep on living till they die?

That lots of men still drink beer?

That the College Council objects to Capping Processions?

That there are milkmen in New Zealand who are prepared to swear in any court of law that one gallon of milk and one gallon of water make two gallons of milk?

That to act the goat successfully requires no previous experience?

That fossil remains have been found deeply embedded in the Professorial Board?

That it is now known definitely that there are no professors in New Zealand over ninety years of age?

That it was necessary for the professors to put their heads together in the first place to form the Professorial Board?

Immune.

It is no use to sing me these sad songs—
 I cannot care.
 No use to tell of sorrows nor of wrongs,
 Nor wild despair.
 There is no fount of tears within my heart
 Thou canst release.
 Go, therefore! Thou canst not, by any art,
 Disturb my peace.

What is the world, the dreary world, to me,
 With all its pains?
 I cannot free the slaves of Destiny,
 Nor loose their chains;
 I have no love to which thou canst appeal,
 Thy pleas are vain.
 My heart is hard as iron, cold as steel;
 Come not again.

And tell me not of joy, of song and mirth;
 I stand apart.
 No grief nor happiness in all the earth
 Can touch my heart.
 I have no proud ambition thou canst fire,
 No woes to bear,
 No vanity, no interest, no desire;
 I cannot care.

—J.M.

Boys Who Have Become Famous

1.—MR. ARTHUR FAIR, K.C.

Mr. Arthur Fair is New Zealand's reason for existence. At a very early age he determined to make this fair Dominion the land of his birth, a circumstance to which is surely due the proud position of the British Empire to-day. The information in our possession does not reveal whether Mr. Fair passed through the customary periods of infancy, childhood, and youth. If, during any phase of his career, appearances may have lent colour to the opinion that he did suffer some such immaturity, we may be sure that in reality it was but an example of the versatility of the man. It is more reasonable to believe that the exemplary powers of judgment which distinguish Mr. Fair to-day were present in him from the very outset of his career.

In due course Victoria College was privileged to receive the patronage of this great man. How much the College is indebted to this patronage it were impossible to estimate. The discerning mind cannot escape the conviction that it was this unique student, with his steady hand and balanced brain, who made

possible the transition of the infant institution to a maturity which may be described as triumphant. This conviction is reinforced by the spectacle of the readiness of Mr. Fair to impose a curb upon any recrudescence of the barbaric behaviour which must have gravely disedified him when it occurred among students contemporary with him. Many of the alumni gratefully attribute their chaste conservatism in public affairs to the reverence which the influence of Mr. Fair led them to yield to the utterances of wise, witty, and learned men at the annual capping ceremonies.

It is with some reluctance that we treat of the part our hero played during the period of the Great War. This reluctance is not due to a sense of any deficiency in the noble service rendered by him; far from it. But Homer nodded; Caesar slept; and captious criticism, the more malignant because of its recognition of the remarkable prestige of Mr. Fair, attributes the outbreak of the disorder in Europe in 1914 to inactivity on his part. One word from him, it is suggested, and the Kaiser would have slunk home abashed, or perhaps have confined his warlike proclivities within the walls of the library of some Prussian University. While we cannot resist a feeling of pity for the chagrin which the authors of this criticism must have experienced through their inability to penetrate the inscrutable designs of Mr. Fair, it is none the less impossible to restrain our indignation at their deplorable lack of confidence in the unfailing wisdom of this great man. If there is one sure principle to hold to in this disturbed age, surely it is that, whatever happens, Mr. Fair knows best. In the case of Europe, Mr. Fair's clear eye saw that the only cure for the militarism which distracted the nations lay in the salutary discipline of war. Indeed, it is this zeal for discipline, as we of Victoria College are well aware, that most reveals the genius of our hero. When the sword of justice had been sufficiently loosened upon earth (Kipling), Mr. Fair saw fit to restrain the hostilities, lest greater disorders should arise; and for this merciful act future generations of students, whom a long, protracted war would have deprived of ancestors, will call him blessed.

The most remarkable achievement of this remarkable career was yet to come. Lest it be thought that the change from Europe to New Zealand meant translation to a less important sphere, let it be remembered that the land hallowed by the choice of this great man became, by reason of that choice, the hub of the Universe. It was essential, therefore, that law and order should prevail within it. Most essential was it that in the hub of the hub, namely, here in Victoria College, "where once the feet of Arthur gravely trod" (Tennyson), the insidious forces of disruption should be suppressed. For years a tide of lawlessness had been swelling. Year after year, at the festival of capping, the most eloquent speakers of the land had poured out a devoted stream of wit and wisdom upon the altar of higher education—without avail, for irresponsible students, afflicted with the modern spirit of unrest, and amply supplied, beyond

doubt, with Russian gold, refused the respectful silence which is the sign of loyalty in a student. The situation became a crisis; the crisis demanded a man; and the man came. With one bold, yet simple stroke of legal genius, Mr. Arthur Fair changed the venue of the proceedings, and the howling mob, drunk with capping spirit, shrank back in silence before the grim barricade of the Library Card. Thrilled by the event, the world awoke into action. The British authorities immediately raided Arcos House, the Australians opened Canberra, Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic, dreadnoughts sailed for Egypt, and the waters of the Mississippi receded. It may confidently be asserted that the history of the future will simply be a record of the repercussions of the brave voice which, in a time of turbulence, suddenly shouted, "Silence!"

Here we will close this all too inadequate account of the opening chapters of a tale of might. The earnest student should ponder them well and keep always in mind that —

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints all over Victoria College."

—Longfellow.

The remaining chapters will be written in the histories of the future.

Entrance of Neptune.

Hail to the lord of seas,
That doth inherit
The storm wind and the breeze,
So full his merit,
For whom the thunder rolled
Out from the western gold,
Wealth without measure,
Storm-driven treasure,
Unreckoned legacies of kings of old!
Hail, thou for whom the foam
His plumed mane bendeth!
Whom time his ruin home
For hoarding sendeth!
For whom the stormy sky
Mirrors a panoply:
Lord of gulls crying,
King of winds dying,
Whom the sun's hieing,
Neptune, on thee, uncrowned his crowns shall
lie! —E.L.P.

Ave Atque Vale.

A funeral oration which was not delivered by the Commissioner of Police at the obsequies of the Capping Ceremony, 16/6/27.

"Be Kent unmannerly, when Lear is mad?"—Shakespeare.

Friends, Robots, Countrymen, lend me your ears. We have come here to-day not to call a general strike, or to proclaim a republic, or even to bury Caesar. We have come rather to bury the victim of Caesar's cruelty. It is my duty to say a kind word concerning the corpse whom we are about to plant. It will be the first kind word that has ever been spoken of him—at any rate, by respectable people. These poor, sobbing students are not respectable people. Consider the company they keep. Consider the opinion which Mr. Arthur Fair holds regarding them. If they had not fallen out with their Vice-Chancellor, our beloved comrade would not have received his due.

But, in the midst of our indignation at the heartless manner in which Capping was done to death, let us not close our hearts to the sufferings of these unfortunate students. Such lamentations must indeed be genuine. It may be that we misjudge them. The most enlightened citizens of this fair Dominion—I mean, of course, the citizens of Auckland—do not misjudge them. Has not their most brilliant editor declared that the students of Victoria College are shining examples of sanctimonious rectitude? There is no one among the citizens of this Capital City but will enthusiastically agree that whatever Auckland says, Auckland is right. Let us, therefore, dismiss from our thoughts the unutterable wickedness of these vicious students. Let us charitably pass over the unbridled excesses and revolting orgies with which they outrage the sensibilities of all right-thinking people. With bleeding hearts and streaming eyes, let us be one with them in their grief at the loss of their loved companion. We also loved him.

For a quarter of a century the deceased gave of his best to the University. Some honourable, high-minded men will say that this is not the truth. With the cold, clammy corpse of Capping lying here before us, ready to be committed to his final resting-place for 1927, it were grievous disrespect to say anything that sounded like the truth. What use have we, the citizens of a great and glorious Empire, for the truth? Did our comrade ever dally with the truth? To his lasting credit, never.

Sufficient it was for him to guide the infant steps of these poor mourners through the harrowing paths of youth, to free their struggling intellects from the poisonous errors poured into their ears nightly by abandoned professors, to keep them unspotted from the world of presumptuous public men. His devoted purpose was to give to Victoria College a tone. And what a tone that was! Still in our ears it rings, as the pale shade stalks through the glooms of Hades, with a cowbell in one hand and a watchman's rattle in the other, calling College Councillors from their infernal slumbers.

Is it right to think of him as having gone to the place to which College Councillors can go? "Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom. . . ." Wherever he has gone, let us echo a wish which we know would be nearest the heart of our beloved friend: May he never rest in peace.



There is not much to report during the first session, save for the scholarship results. Firstly, another 1851 Science Scholarship has been awarded to a student of V.U.C. The last award to one of our number was in 1924, when Dr. J. G. Myers was successful. Now Mr. G. M. Richardson, M.Sc., has carried it off. He has distinguished himself here as a keen tramper and tennis player, and for the past year has held the position of assistant demonstrator in Chemistry. He leaves in August for Cambridge or London. We wish him every success.

The Sarah Ann Rhodes Scholarship in Home Science has been won by Miss Copping. She is fortunate in going to study biochemistry under Professor Drummond at London University. We offer our warmest congratulations.

Victoria College has three Senior Scholarships to its credit this year. The winners are Miss E. Smith (Education), Mr. E. Beaglehole (Philosophy), and Mr. W. R. B. Oliver (Zoology). Incidentally, this is the third consecutive year in which the Zoology Scholarship has come to V.U.C. We hope that the successful scholars will accept our congratulations.

We regret to have to report that Miss Marwick is soon to leave us for London University. Miss Marwick has been here for several years, and leaves many friends behind her. We are very sorry to lose her, but glad that she is fortunate enough to be one of those lucky travellers to London.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. R. M. Campbell on gaining the Post Graduate Travelling Scholarship in Arts. Victoria College loses in him one who was unsparing in time and energy during his all too short time as President of the V.U.C.S.A. He was a keen supporter of the Free Discussions and Debating Clubs, and an ardent member of the Graduates' Association. We can ill afford to lose his unflagging enthusiasm, especially this year, when the student body is so utterly devoid of interest in College activities; vide the results of the Easter Tournament, as is shown elsewhere in our pages; the apathy with which they regarded the production of an extravaganza and, last but not least, the indifference in which they hold "The Spike"—which last is so appalling that less than 2 per cent. bother to send in any contributions at all.

The memory of Eric Lee Palmer is being perpetuated by a Trust Fund for annual grants of books to the Library. The Trust Fund has been organised under Professor Boyd Wilson's able guidance, and we are pleased to be in a position to state

that the subscriptions, together with the Government subsidy, amount to £200.

Dr. J. S. Yeates is leaving Cambridge in June on his return home.

It is not often that an Oriental potentate honours the College with his august presence, but Professor C. S. Allan has done so this year, "With rings on his fingers and bells on his toes," so goes the old adage, and rumour reports that the Chairman of the Professorial Board on rolling down to the wharf to do the honours was confronted by a dazzling display of gold and ribbons. Somehow or other the official reception under the capable catering of Mrs. Brook did not eventuate. We trust, however, that a favourable report of V.U.C. activities will be laid at the Sultan's feet.

Mr. H. D. Skinner is at present on leave of absence from Otago University in order to take up a travelling scholarship awarded by the Carnegie Institute of U.S.A. The scholarship was awarded on the recommendation of Prof. Clark Wissler, of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and Dr. Embree, of the Rockefeller Institute, in recognition of the work done by Mr. Skinner at the Otago Museum. These gentlemen, after a visit to Otago, thus indicated their appreciation of what had been done there.

The scholarship is for eighteen months, and requires Mr. Skinner to visit all the important museums and ethnological collections in U.S.A., and many in the U.K., and also to conduct a practical investigation, excavating in Arizona.

Mrs. Skinner will join him in the latter part of his work, and they expect to return to New Zealand early in 1928.

Mr. W. H. Balham, M.A., has succeeded Mademoiselle d'Ery as Professor Boyd Wilson's assistant. We extend a welcome to him and hope that he will enjoy his sojourn at V.U.C.

We received a copy of "The University" from England last session. It was well arranged and printed, and though there was not very much subject matter, what there was proved to be very interesting. It included notes on the programme arranged for the National Union of Students' Conference at Bristol—an account of the actual proceedings is given elsewhere—and articles on different aspects of University life.

One article stated that the University men and women of to-day were dull and uninspired. Educational results are to be judged by the way in which we use our leisure hours. This certainly seems true, and one wonders whether those who have done the greatest work for this country have been those with the fullest University education. The Rhodes scholars are a gloomy contradiction. Surely their opportunities are unlimited, yet do any to-day hold leading, influential positions in this country? I think not. It is obvious that there is some grave reason for this; what is it?

Other articles were equally pessimistic, they stated that European civilisation was rapidly declining, its golden summer had blossomed in mediaeval times; another writer dealt contemptuously with the travellers of to-day, an empty vainglorious occupation is travelling; far better it is to stay at home and meditate, even if it is only on the rate at which the pigs and calves are fattening.

A more cheerful tone pervaded the extremely interesting accounts of the student tours through Europe, and the return visits to England of bands of German students, and also those of other nationalities. Folk dancing, student songs, and the warm hospitality met with everywhere by the visiting students must surely do something to bring about a better understanding between the nations.

"The Challenge" has reached us from Otago. This is a weekly paper consisting of four large, closely printed pages. The number we have received, May 19th, is good and has some excellent line drawings as an added attraction. "The Challenge" is brought out for the large sum of threepence. It will be interesting to see whether the standard set by this number will be achieved by subsequent issues. The mere fact of its appearance denotes that the students of Otago take a very active interest in college affairs.

Mr. C. H. Hain, LL.B., who gained his degree here in 1924, has been appointed assistant to Professor Adamson.

History students are fortunate in their new lecturer, Miss Duggan. Miss Duggan is a former student of Victoria College, and while she was here she gained a first-class M.A. in history. She also has unusual literary talent, and her poems are of international repute.

CASUALTIES.

Mild.—Engagements: Ella Newton, M.A., to William A. Sheat B.A., LL.B.

Severe.—Marriages: Mary E. Joyce, M.A., to Percival Martin-Smith, B.A., LL.B.
Bessie Norris to A. D. McKinlay.

Missing.—On Scholarship: J. C. Beaglehole, J. O. J. Malfroy, R. F. Fortune.

A Bad Penny.—Dr. J. S. Yeates.

For the following letter, partly because of its primitive sentiments, and partly on account of the still more primitive language in which they are expressed, we refuse to accept any responsibility whatsoever.—Ed. "Spike."

Letters to the Editor.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

Although by the time "The Spike" comes out, capping in the library will probably have become an accomplished fact, yet sir, I would like, on behalf of the undergraduates of the V.U. College, to enter, through your kindly columns, a decided protest against such a condition of affairs.

I regard such conditions as a betrayal of the undergraduate interests in the College. Let me explain my position. We are all aware of course, that the recently passed University Act forbids the University to confer degrees in public. Degrees are now to be conferred, we understand, by the Council sitting around the afternoon tea cup, i.e. in private. But power is still left for the various colleges to have some form of congratulatory ceremony to welcome into the fold the graduates of the year.

Now Victoria College proposes to hold some such ceremony this year. The only place which is capable of holding the graduates, the undergraduates, parents and friends, the staff, and the Council, is the Town Hall. But the College Council, forsooth, in its all-seeing, benevolent wisdom, decides to hold the ceremony in the College Library. And what are its reasons for this absurd step, a step which means the exclusion of the majority of undergraduates from any participation in the proceedings? Why, simply and solely these: that the undergraduates are a noisy, rowdy, repulsive lot of mannerless children, who ought to know better than to poke ridicule at gentlemen on a public platform, and to make a certain amount of noise. Apparently the gentlemen responsible consider that undergraduates would be far better chasing the almighty pound-note than enjoying themselves at the Town Hall.

Moreover the Professorial Board decides to forbid the students holding a capping procession. This is another unjustifiable invasion of students' rights. The procession last year was conducted in a fashion that could give offence to none, but those who take offence at everything. Now, Sir, the capping celebrations are found in every university the world over. They are a traditional part of the undergraduates' year; he has a hard enough row to hoe without the College authorities interfering with his harmless amusements. If some of our College councillors saw the capping carnivals at Glasgow or Oxford or London they would probably die of shame or epilepsy, after the performance.

Admittedly, the Professorial Board has very kindly left us our undergraduates supper. Yes, but for how long? They will probably decide in the near future that undergraduates are ruining their delicate digestions by eating between meals, or ruining their constitutions by staying up after 9 p.m. and then—away goes the undergraduates supper. From this it is a step to the

Capping Ball being swept away. And by this time we will all be a soulless lot of grab and grafting commercial men. May I, for one, be spared this fate! I am, etc.,

Laudator Temporis Acti

Dear Sir,

I wonder whether you will be good enough to allow me some small space in your columns to comment upon a matter I have deeply at heart?

It has always been said that V.U.C. is a night school, but some of us here have never really grasped the fact. With what a horrible thud it is brought home to us then, when we hear that the extravaganza, and an excellent extravaganza at that, has been turned down by those past students of V.U.C. who were good enough to give their valuable time towards its production; turned down because the present day students participating are apparently only doing so for their own amusement and cannot exert themselves to turn up regularly for rehearsals.

It was obvious from the tournament results—with the exception, of course, of the athletics—that our students were not vitally interested in the welfare of this college, but when it comes to the Extravaganza not arousing enough interest among the seven or eight hundred students at V.U.C. for a working number to be present at each rehearsal something is very, very wrong.

To begin with, the Executive is to blame. The Extravaganza according to the latest ruling is to be handed in on October 20th. It was not completed then, but the polished product beautifully manicured and faultlessly attired, was handed in on March 23rd. Days passed and still more days and nothing was done. The Opera House bookings were not investigated, and when at last someone moved in the matter, it was found that the Opera House was booked until June 9th. Consequently interest waned and the Extravaganza about which we had heard so much, died a lingering death in its very infancy; performers attended irregularly, the producers threw it up in disgust, and who is to blame them?

If it had been a case of rushing it through in the first term I believe that even our apathetic students of 1927 would have buckled to, but they certainly had not enough interest to bring them to rehearsals of a play which would not be produced till mid-June.

We are hopelessly floundering in the mire and unless our present day students arouse themselves and devote a little of their leisure to V.U.C. affairs, as a university college we shall be wiped from the face of the earth.

I must apologise for taking up so much of your valuable space.

Yours faithfully,

DESPERATUS

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I should like to ascertain the exact position with regard to the extra ten and sixpenny levy about which there have been sundry notices scattered around. The payment of the first ten and sixpence is compulsory unless special exemption is granted by the Professorial Board. What are the privileges obtained by payment of this sum? One formerly was admitted to all affili-

ated college clubs upon written application. Now we are told that the first levy only permits us the privilege of applying for admission; we are not members of any club until the second levy has been paid. I have not come into contact with anyone who has paid the second levy, though doubtless the college contains a few honest souls who have done so. Such a system appears to be very unsatisfactory and I should be very grateful if anyone will tell me that the above statements are hopelessly incorrect, and will set out the whole situation clearly for many puzzled students.

Yours faithfully,
M.L.

(We would draw our correspondent's attention to the fact that, the Constitution of the Students' Association lays down the following:—

“Every student attending lectures shall each year on enrolment pay to the Registrar of the Victoria University College the sum of 10/6 for transmission to the Association. Upon payment of this sum, the student shall ipso facto become a member of the Association.

Upon payment of a further sum of 10/6 to the Secretary every member of the Association shall be entitled to become on written application and without any further payment a member of all affiliated college clubs and societies, provided he agrees in writing, to abide by their constitution and rules.”

As our correspondent is probably aware, the Professorial Board ruled that the second levy of 10/6, as laid down in the last of the above clauses, should not be collected. Hence the second levy has in no case been paid.—Ed. “Spike.”)

To the Editor,

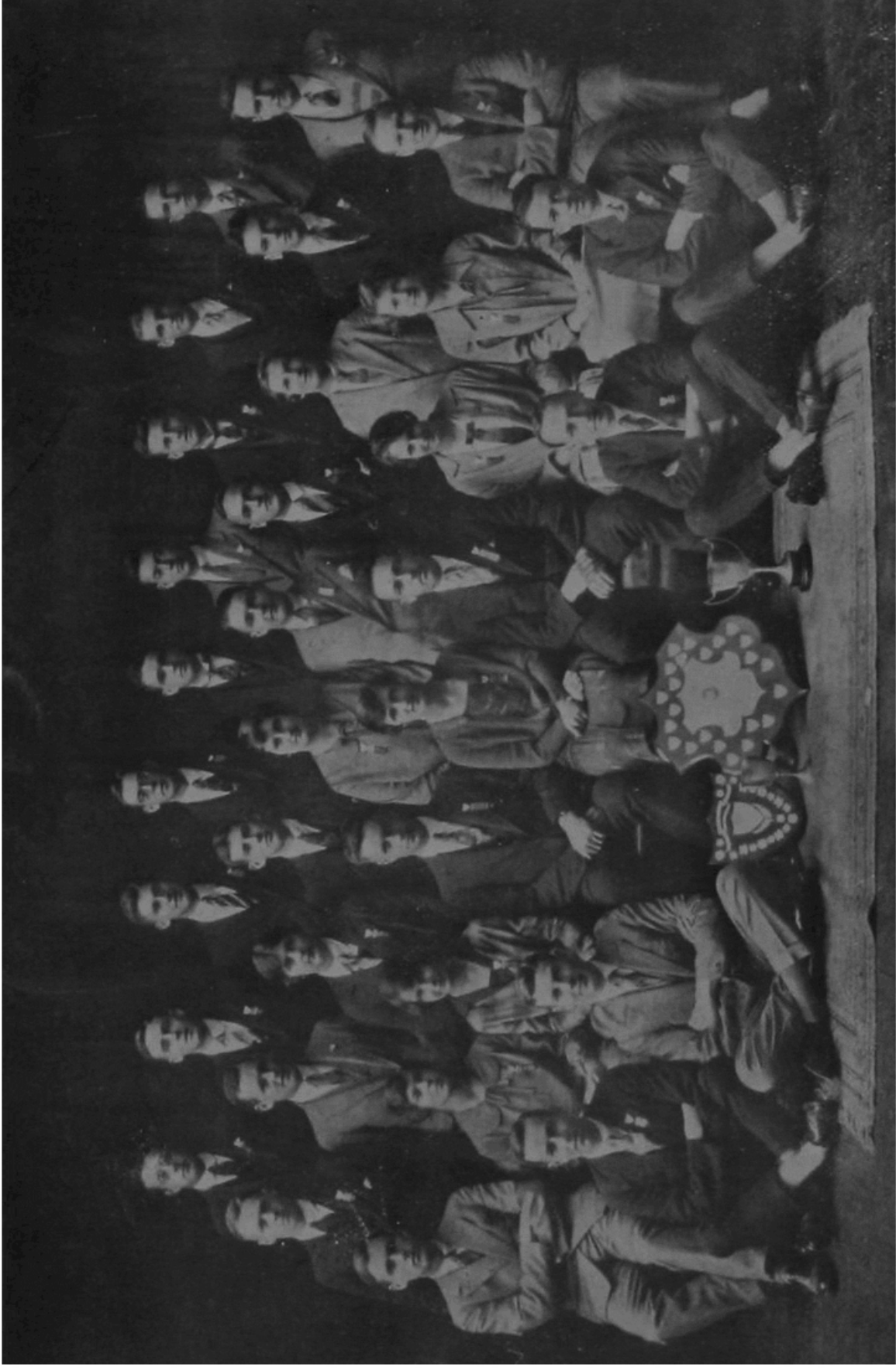
Sir,

I wish to protest against the scandalous reply*received from the manager of Gamble and Creed's regarding our application to hold the Undergraduates Supper in their tea-rooms. Does he indeed only cater for gentlemen! Then it is our bounden duty never again to darken his doorstep. Let us all fall upon our knees and swear that under no circumstances whatever shall we call for a chop beneath his roof. In deference to his wishes it is all we can do. Perhaps the secretary of the Students' Association will pen an epistle to that effect, and let him know that he will no longer be troubled with any person, male or female, from these halls of learning. I close with the following lines from Shakespeare (revised edition).

Starving student slinking by,
Longing for a hot meat pie,
Turn away that rolling eye;
In your slow and hungry amble,
Never glance with greed at Gamble,
But pursue your empty ramble
Unto “Iris” groves or “Barns”;
For your socks are full of darns,
And your head is stuffed with yarns,
You are NOT a gentleman!
Gamble henceforth all must ban,
Lap no more from his milk pan!—P.P.



- R. D—dr—h: "More tea, more toast, Auntie." Yes, that is the book.
- G. E. P—rk—r and Sc—t:
 And life seems green
 And life seems vast
 When thinking of Otago.
- P. W. R—b—ts—n: No we agree, the exec. is miserly; after all, eighteen pence is not much pro bono publico. Try the engineering lab., they have the latest cross cut saw.
- W. J. H—yt—g: Altogether too childish and disconnected. We suggest a course of highland dancing. Kilts would suit you admirably.
- W. S. Br—k: "What did the sparrow say when the Ford car ran over him?" "Chestnut, chestnut laddie, anyway isn't it a Chev?"
- W. P. R—ll—ngs: We are ashamed of you. If you use Palmolive you will find washing quite a recreation.
- J. H. D—n: Yes, knee-breeches, even if they are khaki, give one an air of distinction, but we certainly agree that an eyeglass is needed to complete the outfit.
- I—n Fr—s—r: No, we agree that acting the goat at college debates is something altogether out of harmony with a high spiritual nature.
- H. Iv—ry: Don't be discouraged. If you provide yourself with a portable step-ladder you should be able to watch without much trouble. We doubt, however, whether you can secure one to accomodate more than two.
- J. N—ch—ls: Yes, we have heard of the song which your club wishes to secure, but we regret to say that its introduction into New Zealand is strictly prohibited.



V.U.C. Tournament Representatives, 1927.

Photo by Vinsen.

Twenty-Third Annual Inter-'Varsity Tournament.

Held at Auckland, 1927.

OUR TEAM.

Athletics:

100 Yards	F. S. Hill, J. D. Mackay,
220 Yards	F. S. Hill, J. D. Mackay.
440 Yards	C. B. Allan, E. B. Smith.
880 Yards	C. B. Allan, A. D. Priestley
1 Mile	A. D. Priestley, G. W. Gilchrist.
3 Miles	A. D. Priestley, G. W. Gilchrist.
1 Mile Walk	T. P. Rollings, J. F. Platts-Mills.
120 Yards Hurdles ..	W. G. Kalaugher, R. I. M. Sutherland.
440 Yards Hurdles	G. J. Sceats, R. I. M. Sutherland.
Long Jump	W. G. Kalaugher, J. D. Mackay.
High Jump	G. J. Sceats, W. G. Kalaugher,
Putting the Shot ..	J. F. Platts-Mills, R. I. M. Sutherland
Throwing the Hammer.	No representative.

Tennis:

Men's Singles: R. Mc L. Ferkins, B. R. O'Brien.
 Men's Doubles: R. Mc L. Ferkins and B. R. O'Brien; C. E. Scott
 and F. H. Paul.
 Ladies' Singles: Misses O. M. Sheppard, M. Cameron.
 Ladies' Doubles: Misses O. M. Sheppard and M. Cameron; M.
 Goodwin and M. Briggs.
 Combined Doubles: Miss Sheppard and Ferkins; Miss Cameron
 and Scott.

Boxing:

Featherweight:	W. E. Wilson.
Lightweight:	C. B. Richardson.
Welterweight:	W. S. Harris.
Middleweight:	E. E. Chamberlain.
Heavyweight:	J. F. Platts-Mills.

Basketball:

Misses M. Maclaurin, E. C. J. Park, I. Scarfe, M. Thew, M. Carty,
 Z. Ramsay, D. Roberts, N. Page, and O. M. Sheppard.

Debating:

J. F. Platts-Mills and W. P. Rollings.

Shooting:

G. E. Parker, C. Walpole, H. V. Scott, I. Macarthur, H. F. Bollard,
 C. Wylie, R. Grant, O. J. Richardson.

Tournament Delegates:

L. A. Tracy and F. H. Paul.

The Southern Teams arrived in Wellington per S.S. "Maori" on Thursday morning, April 14th. Their advent was very quiet as also was their welcome. The reason for this quietness was good in each case. The travellers had had a very rough trip, and quite a few experienced considerable difficulty in getting up to see Wellington. Therefore, as has already been said, their advent was quiet. Their welcome was quiet because there were but four from "Wikitoria" to greet them. One wonders if this might not have been an opportunity for the "Haeremai" Club. If it was it was not accepted.

The lack of guides caused some inconvenience in transporting the visitors to breakfast, and some of Canterbury University College's Basketball players were lost for a short time before they finally enjoyed the hospitality of the "Trocadero." Having enjoyed (we hope) their breakfast, the members of the Otago and Canterbury teams were left to their own resources. In this respect we are indebted to the officials of the University Club for placing the use of their rooms at the disposal of the male members of these teams.

At 3.30 p.m. the Otago and Canterbury representatives, together with the Victoria Team departed in the Express for Auckland. The journey was much like other train journeys, the only consolation being the longer you had been in the train, the nearer you were to the end. At the various stops on the way up, members of the teams alighted, either to imbibe refreshment or to entertain the inhabitants with song and dance. Otherwise nothing occurred to break the monotony of the journey. Of course, most people attempted to sleep for at least part of the time; some succeeded, most did not, and consequently when the train reached Auckland about 10 o'clock next day, the travellers all looked pretty tired. The Aucklanders had made splendid arrangements, and in a very short time the visitors were allotted to their billets.

On Friday afternoon the visitors were welcomed to Auckland by the Mayor of that City. The ceremony took place after the photograph of the representatives had been taken, and as it was held in the Hall of the New Auckland University College, members of the Southern Teams had an opportunity of inspecting the Auckland Students' new quarters. The more one saw of the new College, the more one liked it. The Students' block in particular, took the fancy. One could not help but think that if the Auckland University College Profesorial Board should ever deem it necessary to "punish" the students by closing the Common Room, their action would at least have the virtue of being a punishment, and not almost a relief. Saturday saw the commencement of the Tournament proper. The Tennis and Boxing preliminaries were held in the morning, some of the Tennis semi-finals in the afternoon and the Boxing finals in the evening. On Sunday afternoon a fleet of cars conveyed members of the Tournament Teams through the Domain Drive and Ellerslie Gardens to One Tree Hill, where afternoon tea was indulged in, and sundry songs and "hakas" given. Victoria as usual failed in the "Hakas" but her representatives and supporters made

up in other varieties of noise. This is still another chance for the Haeremai Club. Victoria University College does want a "Haka."

On Monday the Basketball, Athletics and Debate all took place, the last named, however, only after the Auckland Town Hall Concert Chamber had been cleared of students. It is most unfortunate that students look on the Debate, not as a "Contest," but as an opportunity for a display of alleged "wit" and noise. This year some would be "humourist" even went to the length of bombarding the judges with tomatoes. We are pleased to be able to report that this "gentleman" does not belong to Victoria.

On Tuesday the finals of the Tennis, and the Ball in the evening brought the Tournament to a close, and then on Wednesday night came the sad farewells. The Auckland students are certainly to be congratulated upon the way they conducted the Tournament. Aided by good behaviour on the part of the weather, everything went splendidly and all members of the visiting teams were sorry to leave Auckland.

Before setting out the detailed results of the Tournament, Victoria University College's congratulations are extended to Auckland University College on winning the Tournament Shield, the shield of the Tournament. The following are the details of the points for the Tournament Shield:—

	Auckland	Otago	Victoria	Canterbury
Athletics	3	4	7	1
Boxing	3½	3½	0	0
Tennis	4	1	0	1
Shooting	4	1	0	0
Debating	0	1	0	1
Basketball	1	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—
	15½	10½	7	3

It is to be hoped that students will carefully consider the above results and realise that it is time that Victoria University College did something in **all the sports** and not leave it to the Athletic Team to save the College Reputation. The Tournament Shield Competition was inaugurated in 1923, with the following results:—

1923	won by	Otago University
1924	" "	Otago "
1925	" "	Otago "
1926	" "	Canterbury University College
1927	" "	Auckland " "

Students should make up their minds that 1928 will read "Won by Victoria University College." To do this, the College Clubs should get busy **now** and not leave the whole matter to be arranged three or four weeks before Easter. The Boxing and

Basketball Teams should from now onward be training and receiving good coaching. There are plenty of past students of the College still interested in the College, and they would, if approached, be only too willing to give every assistance. The Debating team should be elected shortly, when they would no doubt be able to receive the name of the subject for Debate next year. The Tennis and Shooting teams should be practising every Saturday, so that when Easter comes round, every representative will be in good form.

RESULT SHEET.

ATHLETICS.

	1st.	2nd	Time
100 Yds.	L. C. Williams (A), J. J. Brownlee (O),		10 1/5 sec.
220 Yds.	L. C. Williams (A), J. J. Brownlee (O),		22 4/5 sec.
440 Yds.	C. B. Allan (V), E. B. Smith (V),		53 sec.
880 Yds.	C. B. Allan (V), A. D. Priestley (V),		2min. 2 4/5 sec.
1 Mile	A. D. Priestley (V), E. B. Taylor (C),		4 m. 26 4/5 s. (Rec.)-
3 Miles	E. B. Taylor (C), R. Tizard (A),		15 min. 41 sec.
120 Yds. H.	W. G. Kalaugher (V), H. D. Morgan (O),		16 2/5 sec.
440 Yds. H.	H. D. Morgan (O), L. Douglas (O),		61 3/5 sec.
High Jump	G. J. Sceats (V), W. Kalaugher (V),		5ft. 11in. (Record)-
Long Jump	W. Kalaugher (V), J. H. Tetley (C),		21ft. 9 1/2 in.
Shot	H. L. Grey (A), H. D. Morgan (O),		35ft. 8 1/2 in.
Hammer	J. L. Dimond (O), G. P. Wilson (O),		116ft. 5 1/2 in.
1 Mile Walk	G. S. Cabot (O), J. Platts-Mills (V),		7 min. 12 sec.
Relay	Otago, Victoria,		3min. 48 1/5 sec.

BASKETBALL.

Auckland v. Otago	Auckland	50—9
Victoria v. Canterbury	Victoria	36—18
Auckland v. Victoria	Auckland	78—38

DEBATING.

Joynt Scroll—Otago.
Beat Speaker—A. L. Haslam (C).

TENNIS.

Men's Singles:	F. R. Chisholm (O).
Men's Doubles:	V. Hubble and A. Nicholson (A).
Ladies' Singles:	Miss E. E. Miller (A).
Ladies' Doubles:	Miss E. E. Miller and J. M. Mueller (A).
Combined Doubles:	Miss E. Scott and C. J. M. Hunter (C)

BOXING.

Bantamweight.....	C. V. Rickard (A)
Featherweight.....	D. N. Ferguson (O)
Lightweight.....	L. T. Henderson (A)
Welterweight.....	L. Cotter (O)
Middleweight.....	J. C. Willis (A)
Heavyweight.....	J. S. Batchelor (O)

SHOOTING.

Practice	Auckland	Otago	Canterbury
200 Yds. App.	178	171	171
200 Yds. Snap	136	123	131
300 Yds. Rapid	296	259	240
500 Yds. App.	216	224	210
Total	826	777	761

Athletic Shield: Victoria. Tournament Shield, Auckland.
Tennis Cup: Auckland. Athol Hudson Cup: E. B. Taylor.
Boxing Shield: (Auckland). Ladies Cup: W. G. Kalaugher.
Boxing Shield: (Otago). Trevor Hull Mem. Sd., G. J. Sceats.
Shooting Shield: Auckland. De La Mere Cup. A. D. Priestley.
Joynt Scroll: (Otago). Sievwright Cup: G. S. Cabot.

Athletics.

Last year Victoria University College left home with a very strong team, with the intention of wresting the Athletic Shield from Otago. This was duly accomplished, the team scoring a record number of points.

This year with a slightly weaker team, we travelled North to defend it, but with the determination that we would not be beaten.

The competition was of the keenest and some sterling performances were witnessed. At the end of the day's sport, the score sheet showed the points as follows:—

Victoria, 17; Otago, 15; Auckland, 6; Canterbury, 3.

Easter Monday dawned a day to delight the heart of every athlete. There was a very light southerly breeze blowing across a warm and cloudless sky, and the track was in the best of condition. It was predicted that some of the records would be bettered and so it proved.

In the morning the mile record was lowered by Priestly, who ran a great race. In the sprint home, he had Taylor of Canterbury, who was a hot favourite, beaten all the way. The time, 4 mins. 26 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds should stand for some considerable time unless he himself lowers it again next year.

Sceats, as was expected showed his true form in the high jump with the magnificent jump of 5 feet 11 inches, just failing at a subsequent attempt, to clear 6 feet 1in. He was jumping long after the other competitors had finished and ever and anon he drank from a bottle. The spectators speculated what it contained and as to whether it was the drink that made him jump or the jump that made him drink. None solved the problem.

Kalaugher was second in this event, while he won the long jump. In the 120 yards hurdles he ran well to defeat Morgan and gain an easy win.

Rollings and Platts-Mills did well in the mile walk but unfortunately in the excitement of the last lap, Rollings was disqualified; however Platts-Mills gained second place.

We filled all places in both the half and quarter mile events. Allan won both with characteristic dash; Priestly coming second in the former and Smith second in the latter.

In the relay race, as last year, we were disappointed, and the result goes to prove that it is essential to have a fresh man to run the half-mile. Otago established a big lead in this distance, and although we recovered a lot of ground in the other distances, we could only finish second about ten yards behind.

In conclusion a word of praise is due to Mr. E. V. Dunbar for his excellent advice which assisted in no small measure in the winning of the Shield.

BASKETBALL

On Easter Monday morning Basketball matches commenced by a game between Auckland and Otago. From the very first, the Auckland team showed their superiority in every department of the game. Strong combination and quick passing were too much for the Southern girls who were defeated by 50—9.

The next match was between Canterbury and Victoria. In the first spell Victoria played well, proving to Canterbury that combination and quick passing are more successful than their long slow throws which were too easily intercepted by the Victoria girls. Although the second spell was less scientific and rather too much of a scramble, Victoria continued to keep the lead. The score was Victoria 36, Canterbury 18.

The final was then played between Auckland and Victoria. Victoria opened brilliantly, scoring two goals in quick succession, but Auckland soon rallied, and from then on, their marvellous combination and science—the result of good training—showed up clearly. Towards the end, Victoria played up well with a determined effort, but failed to make up the score sufficiently, and the match finished with Auckland leading 78 to 38.

BOXING

The boxers who represented Victoria University College this year, all gave sterling exhibitions—sterling considering the time they have been at the game and their experience in open boxing.

There was one disappointing feature, however, and that was the obvious lack of training in most cases. In boxing as in all things athletic, championship honours come only to those who desire to be champions. On the surface this may appear a mere truism. It is. But the point is that a man must put training before other pleasures. He must make time for it. The more he does, the more fascinating it will become. There is no pleasure more pleasing than being perfectly fit. There is an excuse for lack of skill. There is none for lack of training.

The Otago team was a model of fitness for the other colleges. We must remedy this fault of ours before next Tournament.

WILSON. (Featherweight) won his preliminary from Stubbs as a result of a good straight left, and the occasional use of a right cross. In the final his opponent was too clever—and too fit—for him and he lost, despite an improved showing on his morning's performance.

RICHARDSON. (Lightweight) won his preliminary in attractive style. The final saw him evading beautifully in the first two rounds in which the only blemish was failure to go into his man and make the fight. Round three saw this failure corrected and he landed some telling left-rights. Round four saw this repeated and his opponent was floored by a nicely timed right swing, after which he was very groggy. Richardson stood off, not wishing to pummel his much distressed opponent—true 'Varsity spirit. The decision in the Auckland man's favour was inexplicable and met with an unfavourable reception.

HARRIS. (Welterweight) lost his preliminary after a close and well-fought contest.

CHAMBERLAIN. (Middleweight) lost to a more experienced boxer, but gave a good exhibition and was by no means disgraced.

PLATTS-MILLS, (Heavyweight), was too slow on his feet and with his punch, and lost, but only by a small margin.

After a little retrospection we may say that the Tournament bouts provided our new men with excellent experience and the benefit of this should see them very close in at the death next year.

TENNIS

Though none of last year's champions were in Auckland this year to defend their titles yet the matches which were played on Saturday and Tuesday at the Stanley Street Courts, produced Tennis of a very high standard. The control of the Tournament was good and the weather behaved itself, so everything went without a hitch.

Early on Saturday morning a start was made with the singles matches, and Victoria's main hope in the men's event—namely R. Ferkins had a stern struggle with Nicholson of Auckland. Nicholson is one of those disconcerting players who never know when they are beaten, and by means of his speed in covering the court, and an awkward looking push stroke, he returns many seemingly impossible balls. During the first set Nicholson made some wonderful recoveries and as Ferkins did not, during this set, finish off the rallies with his customary accuracy, the Auckland player pressed him all the way. However, the first set went to Ferkins, 8-6, and in the second set Nicholson began to tire. The Wellington player had by this time played himself in, and was finding the side lines and corners with remarkable consistency. Consequently Ferkins had very little difficulty in winning this set 6-2.

In the second round Ferkins had to meet Hunter of Canterbury. This player who is one of the hard hitting type, plays a very pretty game, but the Victoria man was too consistent for him. Ferkins contented himself with playing a defensive game and really allowed Hunter to beat himself. The score were 6-3; 6-2.

Victoria's second string, B. R. O'Brien met Chisholm of Otago in the first round, and, not finding his true form went down rather easily 6-4; 6-1. Chisholm, however, is a very much improved player, as was evidenced by his defeat of Ferkins in the final. His chief assets are a good service, a steady drive of good length, with which he finds the side lines with splendid accuracy and a severe smash.

At the commencement of the final on Tuesday afternoon the hopes of Victoria's supporters were high, for last thing in the morning, Ferkins had shown brilliant form in winning the Combined Doubles semi-final against Hardy and Miss Mueller of Auckland. Chisholm, however, quickly settled on to his game, and by good services and steady driving he won the first set 6-3. Ferkins was unable to make his first service function and the length and consistency of Chisholm's drives prevented him from gaining the net, from which position he usually makes his winning shots.

In the second set Ferkins rallied and as Chisholm went off slightly, the second set went to the Wellington man 6-3. In the third set, however, Chisholm again steadied, and by sound tennis outplayed Ferkins and won the third set 6-2.

In the women's singles, Miss Cameron of Victoria put up a sterling performance against Miss Miller of Auckland. In the first set Miss Miller played nearly everything to Miss Cameron's backhand, but in this department Miss Cameron showed wonderful steadiness and on several occasions scored clean aces with her backhand. The Wellington girl seized every opportunity of going for aces and won the first set 6-2 with good tennis. In the second and third sets, however, Miss Miller's well-known steadiness prevailed, the Auckland player winning both, the scores being 6-3; 6-1. Miss Cameron however, gained the distinction of being the only player in the Tournament to take a set from Miss Miller, who eventually won the Women's Singles' Championship for Auckland.

Miss Sheppard who was Victoria's first string was defeated by Miss Whitelaw of Auckland 6-4; 6-1.

In the Men's Doubles both Victoria's pairs were eliminated in the first round; Ferkins and O'Brien met Watson and Earle, who though classed as the second Otago pair, were probably a stronger combination than Chisholm and Mercer. A good contest resulted with the issue in doubt right up to the finish. The brilliance of Earl's play was probably the deciding factor in this match which was won by the Otago pair 6-1; 5-7; 7-5.

Scott and Paul were put out by the first Otago pair, Chisholm and Mercer, a match which was devoid of interest since the issue was never in doubt. Scott played well, but Paul failed to strike form, save in patches. The Otago pair won 6-3; 6-1.

The Ladies Doubles saw two Auckland pairs fight out the final. Misses Sheppard and Cameron won their first match against Misses Richards and Armstrong (Canterbury University College) 6-2; 6-5, but were defeated in the semi-final by Misses Whitelaw and Brownlee (Auckland University College) 6-4; 6-1. Misses Goodwin and Briggs, our second pair were defeated by Misses Scott and Jones (Canterbury University College) 6-1; 5-6; 6-2 after a good fight.

In the Combined Doubles, a Victoria pair, Miss Sheppard and Ferkins were runners-up. They won the first match against the second Canterbury pair fairly easily 6-3; 6-2, and after losing the first set to Hardy and Miss Mueller 1-6, by brilliant play on the part of Ferkins they won the second and third sets 7-5; 6-1.

In the final they were defeated by Hunter and Miss Scott of Canterbury 6-3; 6-2 after a good game. This Canterbury pair met and defeated Scott and Miss Cameron, 6-4; 6-1 in the first round.

So the conclusion of the Tennis found Otago with the Men's Singles Championship and Canterbury with the Combined Doubles Championship while Auckland with both the Women's and Men's Doubles, and also the Women's Singles Championships, were the winners of the Tennis Cup.



V.U.C. Athletic Team, Winners Athletic Shield, 1927 Tournament.

Photo by Vinsen.

One point stands out, Victoria's Doubles representatives must get more practice together. It is useless for a doubles pair to go to a Championship Tournament having had little or no practice together, and yet that is what Victoria's representatives try to do. It is little wonder that our doubles teams meet with such scant success.

DEBATE

This year's debate took place in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall before two successive audiences. The usual uproar and catcalling greeted Mr. E. H. Northcroft, the Chairman, when he took the platform and explained in brief lulls between rounds of applause, that if the competitors were not given a fair field, the contest would be called off "just as any other sporting event would be."

In the next pause the Chairman said "the subject of the debate is 'that the British Empire is in danger of disintegration'." The applause shook the building and there was sobbing and screaming.

Otago and Canterbury debated first, Mr. F. M. Hanan leading off for Otago. "The sacred duty of the British Commonwealth" and the "facts of the economic situation" engaged his earnest attention, and his fluency seemed undeterred by the general racket.

Miss Molly Carrington opened for Canterbury. Her clear soprano made splendid headway against the noise, and several of her remarks were quite easily heard in the audience. Cutting reference to "what all educated people of the Colleges learn" was drowned by cries of "all Canterbury tales."

At about this stage the usual comic turn with rolls of toilet-paper was reproduced, and the disorderly element gained the upper hand. The Chairman's vigorous appeal for order met with thunderous applause and voluminous laughter, but very little success, which all goes to prove that nobody is capable of handling a crowd of students out for an evening's entertainment, as a firmer and more tactful chairman than Mr. Northcroft, the Tournament Committee could not have discovered.

Mr. M. W. Wilson, Otago's second string seemed unable to make himself heard, according to the complaints of the newspapers the next day. "The Sun" confided to its readers that he was "evidently labouring over carefully thought out periods." We are not in a position either to contradict or to confirm this happy suggestion.

The last speaker for Canterbury, Mr. A. L. Haslam of 1926 fame, was getting into his stride when the hall-doors opened and the crowning scene of the piece began. A crocodile entered and marched steadily and silently down the aisle. At the Chairman's peremptory command to halt, it wavered for an instant; but its morale was good and it kept bravely on. As it passed the stage three or four dazed hens were adroitly flung up amidst the Chairman and speakers, and fluttered and squawked about in high confusion. The whole audience sat back and drank in the scene.

This achievement, however, completely outdid the performances to date of the gallery, and not to be easily disposed of, the gentlemen up aloft produced matured tomatoes from their hats and commenced a bombardment at the procession. The Judges suffered. Messrs. J. Stanton and H. J. D. McMahon and Rev. W. G. Monckton, the Judges, hastily gathered together their papers, and retreated swiftly to the wings, but not before several direct hits had been recorded.

At this unfortunate episode, Mr. Northcroft immediately closed down the debate and asked students and audience to leave the Hall. Ten minutes passed in confused clamour, and the students noisily departed. Most of the audience seemed to have had their evening's enjoyment and put on their hats and disappeared into Queen Street. But a subdued few were re-admitted to the Hall and the debate continued.

The transformation was rather startling and neither speakers nor judges seemed quite to recover from the shock of the preceding events. The hush that greeted Messrs. N. A. Leonard and S. Black for Auckland, and Messrs. J. F. Platts-Mills and W. P. Rollings for Victoria gave the proceedings the air of a religious ceremony of the highest degree of solemnity. It was probably rivalled in point of uniqueness as accompaniment to a Tournament Debate only by the shameful discourtesy which had been accorded to the Judges.

The expected arguments appeared on each side. Victoria's opponents did not in the smallest measure desire the downfall of the Empire; but there were certain disquieting features: Bolshevism, Ireland, disruptive definitions of Empire produced by Imperial Conferences, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald—one could not venture to prophesy, of course, but still—there was "a danger," undoubtedly there was "a danger."

The Victoria University College claimed that the Empire had always been in danger according to the Cassandras, but their forebodings were not better founded to-day than they were this time a hundred years ago. The Dominions were substantially independent (authority: Lord Balfour) and had nothing further to gain by departing from the Commonwealth of British Nations. London was still the financial centre of the world and Imperial preference was a firm tie.

Somewhat ruffled and with one of their number besmattered with fragments of tomato, the Judges announced that Otago had won the Joynt Scroll, Auckland was second, and Mr. Haslam of Canterbury was the best speaker.

Of the happy little dinner party at Milne & Choyce's on Tuesday, of the coffee and sandwiches after the debate, we need not tell here; but the utmost credit is due to Mr. A. B. Thompson and his band of helpers for the most complete arrangements within recent memory, and we join with them in regretting the single unfortunate incident that marred the effect of their efforts.

HASLAM SHIELD — SHOOTING

Although a part of the Tournament it is to be very much regretted that Victoria's team this year was disqualified. In fairness to all the members of the shooting team and especially to H. V. Scott it is only right that the position should be recorded in the "Spike."

Five days before the date fixed for the firing of the match by the Victoria University College Team, the Tournament Delegates were informed that H. V. Scott was over age. This student however, had four years war service to his credit, and the delegates considered that for Tournament purposes Scott should be allowed to deduct the period of his war service from his age. There had been several cases similar to Scott's in which this procedure had been followed. V.U.C.'s delegates wrote to the delegates of the other Colleges giving full particulars and requesting them to admit H. V. Scott as eligible, at the same time pointing out that an early reply was desired since the date for the firing of the Haslam Shield Match by the V.U.C. Team was Saturday, 9th April. Replies were received from Auckland and Canterbury agreeing to Scott's inclusion in the team, but by the morning of the firing of the match, no reply had been received from Otago, though it would have been quite possible for them to have replied. Under the circumstances V.U.C.'s delegates interpreted Otago's silence as giving consent and instructed the Rifle Club to include Scott in the team. Later Otago intimated, by a letter written in Dunedin on the 8th, the day before the date fixed for the shooting, and with hardly a possibility of reaching Wellington before the 10th, that they would not agree to Scott, and though the V.U.C.'s delegates brought the matter up again at the Delegates' meeting, Otago adhered to their original decision, and consequently the V.U.C. Haslam Shield Team was disqualified. It should be remembered that the Otago Delegates had received V.U.C.'s letter on the Wednesday, but did not have the courtesy to reply until the Friday, although they were expressly asked in the letter for an urgent reply. Even if they had sent a telegram on the Friday that would have been sufficient; V.U.C.'s delegates would not have objected to paying for the telegram if Otago had sent it "Collect," but to adhere to their decision when they realised, that is if they did realise it, that the disqualification of our Team was due to **their neglect**, is scarcely believable—but there it is. The disqualification was particularly regrettable because one member of our Team, G. E. Parker top scored in the Competition and was consequently entitled to a New Zealand University Blue for shooting, until the team was disqualified, when to make matters worse, an Otago man was granted the Blue, as he gained **second** top score. V.U.C.'s delegates wish to make it quite clear that they do not blame anybody but the Otago delegates for the most unfortunate position. V.U.C.'s delegates cannot under the circumstances follow the Otago delegates reasoning in coming to such a decision, (perhaps our delegates are dense), especially as the decision seems to penalise a student for having served in the war.

P.S. (V.U.C.'s Tournament delegates have been informed since the above was written that O.U.'s Haslam Shield Team has also been disqualified, the reason being that O.U.'s Tournament Delegate failed to obtain the required eligibility certificate for one of their team. This means that C.U.C. win practice 4, while G. E. Watt, (A.U.C.) with a total of 110 is deemed to be Highest Scorer, and thus qualifies for N.Z. University Blue).

The performance of the Rifle Club in the Haslam Shield Competition can hardly be called a creditable one. The poorness of the shooting may be put down to the fact that the Trentham range could not be obtained for practice prior to the match, and also to the fact that all through the past season the Club was financially poor. The coming season, however, should be a good one, as the Club is on a sound financial footing, and there are a number of young shots who show great promise.

The day of the match was good with a slight wind coming from the South. Shooting commenced at 200 yards, where good scores were produced. Snap shooting at the disc followed at 200 yards, and here the scores on the whole were not good. After that came 10 rounds rapid in 45 seconds at 300 yards, followed by deliberate at 500 yards.

The scores of the teams were as follows:—

	200 Delib.	200 Snap	300 Rapid	500 Delib.	Totals.
Parker, G. E.	22	23	38	32	115
Walpole, C.	24	16	36	29	105
Scott, H. V.	22	19	30	31	102
Macarthur, I.	24	16	36	26	102
Bollard, H. F.	20	18	39	21	98
Wylie, C.	22	21	28	26	97
Grant, R.	24	0	34	24	82
Richardson, O. J.	20	5	28	21	74

The possible in this Match was 135, and in scoring 115 G. E. Parker made an excellent score, and well deserved to obtain the highest individual score in New Zealand. His scores of 23 and 36 at 200 yards and 500 yards respectively were excellent, and he is to be congratulated on his fine performance. His score card reads as follows:—

200 yards deliberate	44455	22
200 yards snap	55553	23
300 yards rapid	5555444330	38
500 yards deliberate	5555525	32
		115

The Match was supervised by Lieutenant E. W. Clough and Sergeant-Major C. H. Kidman, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for the efficient and courteous manner in which they conducted the shooting.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE GRADUATES' AND PAST STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

By the time this issue of the "Spike" has seen the light of day, the first of the Association's social activities for this year—the welcome to new graduates—will be well, and we hope successfully, over. Three much enjoyed social functions were held last year, and it is hoped to hold at least as many during the coming months. Last year's record shows that the Association has been by no means idle. The movement for a University Club, which was inaugurated by the Association, has been brought to a successful conclusion, and, with the assistance of the International Federation of University Women, efforts are now being made through which the dream of a similar club for University women will become, we hope, a reality. The latest move of the committee is in the direction of the compilation of a Victoria College song book, and the co-operation of the College Council and of the Students' Association has already been solicited and promised.

The Association has indeed justified its existence, but how much more might yet be accomplished were more enthusiastic support forthcoming from our graduates and past students. Every year the list of graduates grows rapidly longer and longer, but not so the roll of the Graduates' and Past Students' Association whose total membership numbers but one hundred and eight. What has happened to all those students who have passed through V.U.C. during the twenty eight years of its life? Has all interest in their Alma Mater vanished when they themselves have vanished from the lecture rooms? Have they no concern for the College of to-day, or of the days that are to be?

Perhaps they have not yet realized that for the trifling sum of One Guinea they can keep in touch with V.U.C. ad infinitum.

Graduates—new and old! Past Students—near and far! If you have never thought about it before, think about it now. It is never too late to join the Graduates' and Past Students' Association, but the best time to do it is NOW.



Club Notes.

UNIVERSITY CLUB.

This Club, membership of which is open to any man of the age of 23 years or over who is either a Graduate or a Past Student or a present student of the University of N.Z. or of any recognised University, is continuing its activities and is filling a long felt want and a very useful purpose by bringing together University men of all various walks of life. The membership is steadily increasing and the Club numbers among its members, Graduates and Past Students of very many different Universities in this and other countries.

The main activity of the Club up to the present, apart from the provision of very comfortable Club rooms at 98 Customhouse Quay, has been the holding of periodical luncheons, at each of which some distinguished member is asked to speak. In this way the Club has entertained (among others) Sir Robert Stout, Sir James Allen, Sir Francis Bell (all of whom are now members of the Club) and Mr. W. L. Lowrie, the American Consul. In future luncheons will be held monthly on the last Thursday of the month.

Recently Mr. J. M. A. Ilott, a Vice-President of the Club, delivered a most interesting and enjoyable lecture in the Club Rooms on "Etchings." The lecture was illustrated by a large number of very fine slides and by examples of famous etchings from Mr. Ilott's own collection. It is the intention of the Club to hold similar gatherings in the Club Rooms during the winter months.

When the membership of the Club increases sufficiently, it is intended to provide further facilities, such as Luncheon Rooms, Billiard Table, etc.

Any members of the College who desire to join the Club should get in touch with the Hon. Sec., Mr. H. McCormick, 131 Featherston Street, (Phone 45-978).

FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB.

"Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"
—Milton.

This year, the relentless pursuit of Truth seems to be going on with all the vigour and enthusiasm so characteristic of the Club. All shades and types of opinion have come to tarry, though perhaps, not to rest, under our stormy wings, and the general discussion after each meeting has usually been fast and furious. There is one observation, however, which we would like to make, and it is this: That although a goodly proportion of club members are women students, it is but rarely that they take any part in the discussions, seeming for the most part content to leave all the argument to the men. Surely this is a regrettable state of affairs. Are the women too shy or too nervous to voice their opinions? Or perhaps they have no opinions at all? Anyhow, whatever be the cause of this modesty, we would urge all the women members (and more of the men, too, for that matter) to come forward, (in both a literal and metaphorical sense) and enter freely into the discussions.

On so many subjects there is room for more points of view than one only, so that it is a pity not to have a strong presentation of the "other side." After all, most people have opinions about most things. Well, the Club exists for your fellow students to hear yours. Don't disappoint him.

As to the meetings: The annual general meeting was held on March 29th. After rushing through the business part of the programme, the election of officers, perusal of balance-sheet, presentation of annual report—in a style which would earn us high praise from American efficiency experts, we composed ourselves for the meat and drink of the evening, namely, the presidential address by Prof. Hunter on "The influence of the Church on Society." Taking for his text, Tawney's recent book on Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, and Graham Wallas, "Our Social Heritage," Prof. Hunter first showed that the attitude of the Church to business in mediæval times was one of interaction. The Church had its finger in the

business pie, and kept the level of business consistently high. The rules of trading, for instance, formulated by Calvin and applied throughout Calvinistic Churches (Tawney p. 129) would probably be conceived as idealistic nonsense by twentieth century captains of industry. Then the speaker proceeded to trace the decay of this old standard, and the substitution for it among the churches, of an attitude, which is perhaps consciously, perhaps unconsciously, recognised to-day as being more or less hypocritical. This was illustrated by several examples from Graham Wallas. An interesting and illuminating discussion followed.

On Thursday, April 21st, a symposium was held on "the University Teaching System." The first speaker, Mr. F. F. Miles, discussed the question of Lectures in the University, drawing upon his experiences at Oxford and elsewhere to elucidate his points. Mr. R. M. Campbell impartially considered the problem of "Day and Night Lectures," showing, with the aid of a host of figures and statistical batteries, that although a system of day lectures was ideally perfect, yet in this important world, V.U.C. to wit, night lectures constituted the only possible way of providing mental pabulum for would-be-teachers, budding lawyers, and other seekers after the light, without imposing undue hardships upon them. Incidentally we would wish Mr. Campbell to explain the appositeness or otherwise of the figures which he brought forward to show the incidence of births among University graduates in America. Quite reliable information doubtless, but just where did they come in? Mr. W. H. Gould followed with a witty utterance on "Compulsory Attendance at Lectures." His position, as we understood him, was, that though not entirely in favour of lectures qua lectures, yet he thought some measure of compulsion necessary to secure attendance, even though some lectures were not worth attending. Among those who explained views later, were Prof. Hunter, Dr. Sutherland, and Mr. I. Frazer. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the principals.

The third meeting for the term was held on Thursday, May 5th, when Mr. C. F. Prael, a student of the Leland Stanford University, California, at present taking lectures at V.U.C., gave us something to chew over in his bright, breezy, unorthodox, provocative defence of the question—"Is America headed for Heaven or Hell?" Mr Prael took up one by one the charges levelled by critics against America, viz., her money making, her worship of applied science, her irreverence, her moral chaos, her failure to produce art and literature, her standardisation of industry; and showed that from his point of view, these features of American life, though he admitted and deplored many of them, were but symptomatic of America's struggling youth. All youth is crude and ignorant and dissatisfied, with tendencies to revolt against accepted standards. Just so is America rebelling against European culture, striving to evolve a new civilization, climbing upwards to what the speaker hoped would be something bigger and better, or, in the words of the old creed, "upwards and onwards for ever." In the following discussion Mr. E. Beaglehole pointed out that although some might say America was climbing up, others might say she was sliding down, but personally he was out of sympathy with many American ideas. Mr. A. E. Campbell gave his opinion of American literature which was possibly destined to become great, not because of America, but in spite of America. Mr. S. Wilson mentioned some of the things he admired and also some of the things he deplored in America. Miss Lysaght asked a pertinent question about the study of Evolution in America. Mr. W. Hall praised American efficiency. Dr. Sutherland held that America was instituting a new phase of civilization, which was gaining ground where tradition was weak, and, features of which were distasteful to those brought up under the old regime; Capele, Huxley, Stella Benson, and Shaw for example, were in violent reaction against this grab and graft stage of culture. Finally Mr. Roy Smith, although he gave America credit for such institutions as organised charity, arbitration and mass production, declared that he disliked America's mechanistic outlook on life. The hour being now late, the meeting adjourned after passing a vote of thanks to Mr. Prael for his address.

Finally on June 2nd, we had the opportunity of listening to the Rev. J. R. Blanchard, B.A., minister of St. John's Church, Wellington, on the somewhat controversial subject of "Re-reading the New Testament in the Light of Modern Psychology." The speaker first laid down the essentials

for a discussion of this subject, viz., an adequate knowledge of the New Testament and of Psychology; the necessity for consistently interpreting the evidence from the point of view of one and only one psychic theory; and lastly a freedom from prejudice in the examination of religious evidence. He then went on to consider specifically some more important facts, as, for example, faith-healing by Jesus, demon possession and Pentecost, which might be capable of explanation in terms of psychological concepts, but, which, in the opinion of the speaker, required for a complete and satisfying explanation the postulation of a theistic philosophy. Mr. Blanchard went on to give an outline of Jung's theory as set forth in his work on the "Psychology of the Unconscious"—the theory, that it, that Christianity is a myth, which, as a product of the dreaming of the race in the days of long ago, serves the biological salvation of the race through its providing a socially safe outlet for what would otherwise be the repressed libido of the individual. If such be the case, Jung would sweep away the Christ myth in modern times and substitute for it the virtue of self knowledge. With Jung's statement of the problem, the speaker disagreed, preferring to nail his colours to the mast of the good ship, Literal New Testament Interpretation.

The discussion which followed was keen and more or less to the point. Mr. Beaglehole held that though Freud and Jung might be more artistic than scientific in some matters, yet their psychology provided a fairly substantial basis for the consideration of biblical happenings; he also mentioned the case with regard to the historicity of Jesus himself. Mr. Sutch wondered why Jesus was worshipped and not Coue, when both were faith-healers. The answer from Dr. Sutherland was that Jesus was a supreme spiritual genius and this gave him the advantage over Coue. Mr. R. M. Campbell and Mr. W. P. Rollings now made a determined attack upon the validity or otherwise of New Testament miracles, both of them appearing to us to be rank disbelievers in such miracles as the Virgin birth, the Resurrection, the turning of Wine into water. This led on to a discussion of admissible evidence. Dr. Sutherland gave it as his opinion that the Resurrection was the outcome of the desire of the early Christians to make their religion as marvellous and as important as possible in a psychological reaction against their own feelings of inferiority. He also briefly mentioned the questions of demon possession and of the historical reality of Jesus. Mr. Grieg wondered whether the divinity of Jesus was an essential plank in Christianity's platform. From his point of view it was not so; this was essentially the position of Middleton Murray on this question. In conclusion Dr. Sutherland called upon members to pass a vote of thanks to Mr. Blanchard for so patiently and so courteously standing up to the vigorous cross-examination to which he had been subjected by club members. It was carried in the usual manner.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Since the last appearance of the "Spike" the Dramatic Club, which was then showing signs of renewed life, has once again firmly established itself as an active College Club. We have an increased membership; readings are being held with reasonable regularity, and, in general, everything is, if not rosy, an unmistakable and encouraging pink.

Two plays were read during the first term—"If" by Lord Dunsany and "Quality Street" by Sir J. M. Barrie. Both readings were extremely successful and the attendance of members was particularly good.

Our first public performance for some years will take place in the Town Hall Concert Chamber on June 17th and 18th, when the Society will produce A. A. Milne's clever and amusing comedy, "To have the Honour." The cast includes the following:—

Misses R. Bullen, M. Cooley, D. Hadfield, E. Purdie, and M. Watson, and Messrs. D. Edwards, R. J. Mayne, R. E. Pope, D. Priestly and A. Watson.

Rehearsals are proceeding under the very capable direction of Mrs. John Hannah, and everything promises well for a most enjoyable entertainment.

We have a fairly full programme of readings for the remainder of the year. We have still two sets of plays unread:— Ashley Duke's "The Man with a Load of Mischief" and "Shakespeare" by Rubenstein and Bax. A One-Act Play Evening and a Shakespearean Evening have also been mooted. All we need for a very successful year is the enthusiastic co-operation of every member.

TRAMPING CLUB

Jog on, Jog on, the footpath way,
 And merrily bent the stile-a;
 The merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad heart tires in a mile-a.

For a young country, it is astonishing what a great amount of prejudice there exists against tramping. Not always openly expressed of course, but still existing in a half veiled fashion, welling up from underground pools occasionally and bubbling forth in significant nods, vague looks, insinuating tapping of the head and so forth. It is tacitly believed by many people that trampers are all mad, cracked, cranky, to go walking off the beaten track, when there are paved footpaths along which to amble, cheap picture houses to amuse, and speedy trams and trains to carry one swiftly from one place to another. Mad, absolutely mad; that's the first and the last word. And the trumper is at a disadvantage in defending himself. For how can he explain to anyone, or try to convey by use of such a poor instrument as language, the freedom, the beauty, and the peace of open spaces, or of bush clad hills? In what words can he describe the grandeur of snow-crowned Mount Arthur, the dark blue depths of the Diamond Lakes, tucked away 5,000 feet above the busy world? Or quiet reaches of the Whakatiki, drenched in the noon-day sun, or the glowing red of a dying campfire with the Hutt murmuring softly by? In a way, perhaps, it is better that he cannot describe such scenes, for they can only live in memory, keeping for him there "a sleep full of sweet dreams."

But now to more prosaic business. The club has several enjoyable tramps to its credit during the Long Vacation, and the practice of tramping through the long summer days is certainly commendable in our opinion. The Christmas trip to the Mount Arthur district, under the capable leadership of Mr. K. Griffin, was a most excellent success; the club, besides striking new ground, has now ascents of Mount Arthur and Mount Peel to its credit. Later on in the summer a party followed down the Whakatiki river, starting at its source just below Wainui Trig, and only leaving the river when it became impassably gorgy, about half a mile above the Hutt—a notable trip in more ways than one. To compensate for it, however, we spent a glorious week-end encamped on the Hutt River above Maymorn. Blackberries in super-abundance, sunshine likewise, much swimming, a fine camp fire, now hallow Maymorn for us. After this, and just before the session, a party went up the Narrow Neck, on to the ridge behind and down into the Wainui, where our leader proved an able victor over the caretaker after a wordy argument. Finally we ought to mention a trip to the Butterfly when it rained, hailed, and blew great guns all day—wet, very wet.

The session itself opened in gloom for us; since just before its commencement we were all shocked to hear of the death of E. L. (Sammy) Palmer through exposure and exhaustion on the slopes of Ben More, one of the highest peaks in Marlborough. We all miss Sammy's little eccentricities, his cheerfulness, his unfailing enthusiasms. Elsewhere we pay tribute to him.

Among the trips made this first term, we number Belmont Trig, where we lost our wandering Willie; Mt. Climie, which provided the paradox of the blind leading the blind, and finally finding the way—a great trip this; Fitzroy Bay, chiefly notable for welcome watermelon, and a magnificent, but somewhat smoky (at times) camp-fire; the great, and now historical Mangahao Easter trip, enjoyable in every respect save for misadventures to two of the party—the club's first trip to become the copyright of the Associated Press; Colonial Knob, remarkable for a cold day; Semple's Tunnel, remarkable for two brilliantly fine days, some slight argument with

typical Orongorongo ruffians about the possession of a hut for the night, very little water in the Orongorongo itself, and a plethora of sausages—both cooked and uncooked; the Tararua trip which did not come off; and finally the Mount Hawkins trip yet to come off.

The Anzac Day week-end to the Wairongomai failed to eventuate chiefly because members of the club were out searching the Otaki River and environs for the two missing Tararua trampers. It was chiefly characterised, we understand, by water, water, water, and yet more water, a high mortality in boot heels, and a fair amount of forceful language. For one member of the search party, it will go down to glorious memory as the trip where one shaved not, nor washed, for five whole days. Apparently the old adage, every cloud has its silver lining, is proven true once more.

Altogether quite a memorable term.

ATHLETIC CLUB

Since its formation the Athletic Club can record in this issue of the "Spike" its most successful season. The Club is stronger now than it has ever been and it is hoped that next season it will be stronger than ever. The material is there and with consistent scientific training, new champions should arise.

It is with much regret that we must record the loss of Leadbetter. His services were of the greatest value to the Club. We are also shortly to lose another of our best performers in the person of Kalaugher who seeks honour abroad. We will miss him, but we wish him all success at Home.

Difficulty is always experienced in obtaining a suitable date on which to hold the Inter-Faculty Tournament and this season the Club was forced to join with the Wellington Centre in an Electric Light meeting. In this, to a large extent we lost our identity, but in the circumstances it was unavoidable. The meeting was however a great success and some of the old records were beaten. Sceats broke the high jump record, clearing the bar at 5ft. 8in. This is a particularly good performance especially as electric light makes judgment difficult. In an excellently judged race, C. B. Allan again demonstrated his powers as a half-miler, winning the event in the record time of 2 minutes 1 second.

Owing to the absence of a jumping pit at the Basin Reserve, it was necessary to postpone the long jump. It was held at Wellington College the following Saturday, and W. G. Kalaugher topped the list with a leap of 21 feet, this also being a record performance.

The Oram Cup for the most points gained in the Tournament was won by F. S. Ramson, a new acquisition to the Club who will no doubt make his mark before next season is finished. The Graduates' Cup for the best individual performance was awarded to G. J. Sceats for his high jump.

The following members represented the Club at the University Tournament in Auckland:—

100 yards, F. S. Hill, J. D. Mackay; 220 yards, F. S. Hill, J. D. Mackay; 440 yards, C. B. Allan, E. B. Smith; 880 yards, C. B. Allan, A. D. Priestly; 1 mile, A. D. Priestly, W. Gilchrist; 3 miles, A. D. Priestly, W. Gilchrist; 120 yards Hurdles, W. G. Kalaugher, R. I. M. Sutherland; 440 Yards Hurdles, R. I. M. Sutherland, G. J. Sceats; 1 Mile Walk, T. P. Rollings, J. Platts-Mills; High Jump, G. J. Sceats, W. G. Kalaugher; Long Jump, W. G. Kalaugher, J. D. Mackay; Putting the Shot, J. Platts-Mills; Relay Team, Allan, Smith, Mackay, Hill.

Every member of the team acquitted himself with credit but as the Tournament is dealt with elsewhere in this issue, it is not proposed to give details here.

In open competition the Club, with its limited membership, did remarkably well. In the McVilly Shield competition the Club gained second place to the Wellington Amateur Athletic Club. Leaving aside the shot, hammer and discus throwing events we had a lead in points but in these we gained no points, and Wellington gained sufficient to give them the Shield.

In the Dewar Shield competition which is run on a handicap basis we were also second. In this we were very fortunate as with our small membership and with all members being "back markers" it is difficult to win many handicap events.

In the relay races the Club regained the laurels it lost the previous season. The Oates Baton for the most points in these events over the whole season was won from Wellington Club after many exciting contests by the narrow margin of one point. The Club has had this trophy three out of four years of its existence. The Heenan Baton for the mile relay was won from Wellington Club after an entertaining triangular encounter with that and the Canterbury Club. Our team consisted of Allan, Smith, Hill and Ramson. At the commencement of the first sprint we had a short lead but the fumbling of the baton by the Wellington Club robbed the race of some of its excitement and our team won comfortably.

The thanks of the Club are due to that small band who trained and coached members during the season. In this connection the services of Mr. E. V. Dunbar, (himself a performer for the Club a season or two back), were particularly valuable. It is the unselfish manner in which these men give up their time that has placed the Club in the position in which it finds itself to-day.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Our activities opened this year with a retreat at Hutt Park, Petone. For the entertainment of those present a few eager enthusiasts took upon themselves the burden of producing a short play entitled, "Winnie, Walter and Waiter." Scene—Restaurant. The exact effect that the play produced on the audience would be hard to describe, but the actors came through the ordeal feeling well pleased with themselves. Indeed Winnie made "herself" very popular. This does not mean that Walter and the Waiter did not acquit themselves nobly. The Waiter, a dashing fellow, handled "wun whopper whale" in a manner which would have done credit to Sadow. As for the "wusty" Walter, he showed himself well versed in the part he played. Taking everything into consideration the week-end was a great success.

The Executive decided on a new venture when it held a "Campaign" in the first term. The Campaign took the form of four addresses given respectively by Miss E. A. Sewell, Mr. John Allen, Miss Moncrieff and Mr. W. H. P. Mackenzie. The address of Mr. Mackenzie in particular gave a great stimulus to our religious thinking, giving us as it did a very modern view of Christianity.

The majority of our circles had made a good start by the end of the first term. We are pursuing several different studies this year, the one on "Social Problems" being the most popular. The social problem being studied is that of the Maoris. It is intended to get several persons interested in this study to give short addresses on it. It is rumoured that the circle on "Theological and Doctrinal Questions" have entered their study with enthusiasm and have had some long and weighty discussions on the questions under consideration.

Shortly after the first term commenced we held an "Opening Rally" down the South Karori Road. Old Father Sun gave us his best smile all day, so there was a good attendance of members. During the afternoon, four of our members entertained us with a short play. After tea we all gathered round the camp fire and entertained ourselves with songs, reading, etc. The proceedings were enlivened by smoking on the part of the fire.

News of the postponement of the Pan Pacific Conference was received with regret at the end of the first term. Delegates of students from nearly every country bordering the Pacific were to have been present. It was originally intended to hold the conference at Peking but owing to the unsettled state of affairs in China it was decided to change the place of the Conference to Honolulu. Plans to hold the conference at Honolulu failed also so it will not be held until a later date. The presence of Mahatma Ghandi at the conference was practically assured. When we realize that men like him were to be present we can gather some idea of the importance of such a conference. The chairman was to have been T. Z. Koo, a former travelling secretary of the W.S.C.F. and representative of China at the Geneva Opium Conference. Our disappointment at the postponement of this conference from which we hoped so much can easily be imagined.

Towards the end of the first term, a Student service was held at St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, the preacher being the Rev. J. Howie. Two

of our students and two from Training College took part in the service, which was broadcasted. Members of the Auxiliary, and representatives from various secondary schools, were also present.

We are at present looking forward to a week-end at Hutt Park. By attending these camps anyone interested will be well rewarded as there are many opportunities for frank discussion and happy friendships with members of other faculties at College and in other pursuits of life.

HAEREMAI CLUB.

At a meeting of men students held early in the year the Haeremai Club was revived in the hope that a much needed shake up would be given to those social activities in which we are still permitted to take part. The Committee was faced with the awful problem "where to start." So far the Club has assisted several theatrical performances from the "family circle" and has provided a "Haeremai" social evening in the Gymnasium, at which about a hundred men were present. Musical and other doubtful items were contributed and the evening wound up with the traditional pie and coffee supper. We congratulate the Club cooks on their pastry. We propose to have several more such evenings during the year, and the Committee will welcome suggestions for variation of the procedure in order that monotony may be avoided. We hope to form a Jazz Band and, for the purpose of having a suitable repertoire on ceremonial occasions, to compile a small book of popular choruses, both original and parodied. Will members and others reading these notes please write out the words of any one popular song or parody on the same, and leave it in the rack addressed to the Secretary. We have arranged for the rack to be enlarged for the purpose, and trust that no further invitation than this will be necessary.

The objects of the Club are primarily to promote and increase the interest of students in the social side of College life and to provide social entertainment where possible. A Haeremai Club haka has been developed, and this will satisfy a much needed want.

In conclusion, we desire to record our emphatic protest against the curtailment of our traditional functions, the Capping Procession and the Capping Ceremony.

BOXING CLUB.

The Boxing Club continued its activities from the beginning of the first term. There was not much time to work up to concert pitch by Easter, but those who took an active part worked strenuously for the short time at their disposal.

The trials to select a team for Tournament were rather uninspiring. Some of Tim Tracy's pupils came along, however, and gave bright exhibitions. Messrs Loveridge and Papps came up often to the classes to assist by sparring with our men, who were very grateful for the opportunity to spar with such good boxers.

The standard of our boxing leaves much to be desired. More particularly is fitness lacking. A tightening up in the allocation of Blues might remedy this. In no other branch of V.U.C. sport have Blues been won so easily. Those who previously have won their Boxing Blue will in most cases surely endorse these sentiments.

It is to be recommended to those boxers who aspire to higher honours in 'Varsity boxing, to avail themselves of the opportunities which will be provided by a series of competitions which the Executive has arranged with Wellington College, Training College, Community Club, and Star Boat-club.

The performances of our team at Tournament are chronicled elsewhere.

BASKETBALL CLUB.

President: Mrs. Florance.

Vice-Presidents: Miss J. Park, Miss Hind.

Club Captain: Miss L. Gray.

Vice-Captain: Miss M. Maclaurin.

Secretary and Treasurer: Miss E. Park.

Committee: Misses M. Briggs, W. Downes.

Selection Committee: Misses L. Gray, M. Maclaurin, and E. Park.

Club Notes.

The Basketball Club opened this year with a membership of forty players, from which three teams were selected to take part in the Saturday Competitions—two Senior grade teams and one Intermediate. Up to date the teams have not met with a great many victories, but the season has just begun and the girls are not yet in good training. It is hoped that they will take it up seriously and that the teams will become more successful as the games continue.

In the Easter Tournament this year, the basketball team did very well considering the little time available for practice before the departure for Auckland. Victoria in the first game defeated Canterbury by 36 to 18 points, thus reaching the final with Auckland.

In this game, although our girls played very well and put up a hard fight, the Auckland girls showed their superiority in combination and ease in scoring.

Now that basketball has become an official event in the Annual Tournaments, it is hoped that someone interested in the game will offer to coach the team. The girls would be most grateful to anyone who could help them to be a better match for their Auckland opponents next year.

With proper training and constant practice, this should not be a difficult task, as the Club has very good material in some of the Senior grade players.

The Tournament team which played at Auckland this year was as follows:—Misses M. Maclaurin (captain), E. Park, M. Thew, I. Scarfe, O. Sheppard, D. Roberts, M. Carty, N. Page, and Z. Ramsay.

 MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The Seventh Session of the Society's activities was commenced on 22nd March, 1927, when the general meeting was held. There was a good attendance of members, and the business of the meeting was promptly disposed of. Supper was kindly provided by Miss Marwick.

A programme of lectures for the year was drawn up by the Committee, and in accordance with this programme the first lecture was given by Professor Sommerville on 12th April, the subject being "Space-filling Solids."

The lecturer first described the simpler problem in two dimensions and showed which plane figures could, by constant repetition of themselves, completely occupy a plane. Carrying the problem into three dimensions—"the simplest space-filling solid is the cube and an assemblage of cubes built together forms the simplest regular division of space." The complete problem of space-filling solids was explained in such a straightforward and interesting manner that the lecture was understood and enjoyed by everyone. After a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker the meeting adjourned to supper, which was kindly provided by Mrs. Sommerville.

The second lecture of the series was given by Professor Florance on the "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," which is an appropriate subject for 1927, as this year is the bicentenary of the death of Newton.

Professor Florance gave a very interesting account of Newton's life and work. He began by a review of scientific men who lived before and about the same time as Newton, and of the progress science had made up till Newton's time. With this introduction Professor Florance described Newton's youth and early life at Cambridge and at his home during the Plague, a time when he was most vigorously engaged on the work which has made him so famous.

At the conclusion of the lecture the society was entertained at supper by Mrs. Florance.

On 10th May, Mr. R. M. Dolby and Miss E. M. Mason explained the phenomena connected with Osmosis. Mr. Dolby took the first part of the subject "Theories of Osmotic Pressure" and gave some of the modern ideas brought forward to explain osmosis. He also showed how osmotic pressure was measured and gave mathematical expressions for the results obtained.

Miss Mason discussed the applications of "Osmosis in Nature" and showed how osmosis played a wide part in the life of animals and plants. After the lecture supper was kindly provided by Miss Marwick.

During the second term there are to be nine lectures as follows:—

"Map Construction." Mr. W. G. Kalaugher, M.A. B. Sc.

"Piezo—Electric Crystal Resonators." Mr. F. W. G. White.

"Nomography." Miss A. M. Downes, M.A. Mr. G. A. Peddie, B.A.

"A Short History of the Aether." Mr. J. W. Harding. Father B.
A. Kingan.

"The Theory of Probability." Mr. F. F. Miles, M.A.

"Radiology." Miss T. C. Marwick.

New students are specially invited to attend these meetings.

CRICKET.

The present season has been a most successful one for the Club. Four teams were entered in the Competitions, and did well in each grade. The first VI. in the senior grade, was particularly successful in the first part of the season, and Hollings achieved the notable feat of scoring three successive centuries. At the commencement of the season practice games were organised on Kelburn Park in order to give the Selection Committee some idea of the form displayed, and these matches proved eminently satisfactory.

The Annual match against Auckland University College was played this year at Auckland during the Easter Tournament, and resulted in a win for V.U.C. by 60 runs, the outstanding feature of the game being the batting of Hollings and Mackenzie, and fine bowling by Hollings and A. C. Tripe.

"Blues" have been awarded to R. H. C. Mackenzie, W. J. Hall, A. M. Hollings, E. T. Leys, J. W. Mackay, A. M. McGavin, A. C. Tripe, and W. Veitmeijer. A full report of the Club's activities for the past season will appear in the next number of the "Spike."



The activities of the Society were commenced this year in the customary manner by an annual general meeting—the 28th of its kind, since the inception of the Society. The evening was cold, the attendance meagre, but the enthusiasm of those present entirely satisfactory. The Chairman nearly omitted to confirm the minutes of the previous annual general meeting, but otherwise the proceedings were orthodox. The election of officers despite a valiant attempt to unseat His Ex. the Governor Gen., resulted as follows:—

Patron: H. E. the Governor General.

President: Dr. Sutherland.

Chairman: Mr. W. P. Rollings.

Vice Chairman: Mr. W. G. Davidson.

Secretary: Mr. J. Platts-Mills.

Treasurer: Mr. A. E. Campbell.

Committee: Misses M. Cook and J. Moncrieff.

Messrs. C. G. R. James and R. E. Johns.

Auditor: Mr. S. C. W. Watkins.

During the unavoidable lapses in proceedings caused by slow but otherwise efficient scrutineering of votes the meeting spent its time very profitably electing life members. Those elected were Messrs. G. G. Watson, R. M. Campbell, F. P. Martin-Smith, and W. A. Sheat.

The meeting concluded its proceedings by very righteously recording its protest against the holding of the Capping Ceremony (if it deserves such a name) in the College Library. The motion embodying such protest did not meet with a single dissentient voice.

The Society was ably represented at the Easter Tournament Debate by Messrs. J. Platts-Mills and W. P. Rollings, whose very commendable efforts were somewhat harrassed by a stormy audience. The Joynt Scroll went to Otago. This Society congratulates the Otago Debating Society on its success.

The first ordinary meeting of the Society this year (although the 296th of its kind held by the Society) was held on 9th April, 1927, when the subject for the Tournament Debate was discussed, namely, "That the British Empire is in danger of Disintegration." The affirmative was taken

by Messrs. C. Q. Pope and J. W. G. Davidson, while the negative was supported by Messrs. J. Platts-Mills and R. S. Tripe. The following speakers also took part in the discussion. Messrs. R. Powles, C. H. Arndt, C. G. R. James, A. E. Hurley, Zohrab, A. W. Free, and W. P. Rollings. The motion was defeated on both votes while the judge, Mr. G. G. Watson, after a very sound criticism placed the speakers in the following order:—

(1) Davidson; (2) Hurley; (3) Rollings; (4) Platts-Mills and Tripe; (5) James; (6) C. Q. Pope.

The next meeting and of course the 297th of its kind held by the Society was held on 7th May, 1927, when Mr. R. E. Pope, seconded by Mr. H. E. Moore moved that "the U.S.A. exercises a detrimental influence on western civilization," and Messrs. C. Prael and W. J. Hall opposed such a motion. The subject aroused the enthusiasm of the following, who also took part in the discussion. Messrs. A. E. Hurley, G. R. Powles, C. Q. Pope, I. W. Fraser, A. C. Zohrab, W. P. Rollings, and R. C. McKenzie. The audience apparently with hesitation rejected the motion. The judge, Mr. H. F. Johnstone during the course of a very instructive criticism placed the speakers in the following order:—

(1) Hall; (2) C. Q. Pope; (3) G. R. Powles and A. E. Hunter; (4) R. E. Pope

Again on the 22nd May, 1927, a further meeting of the Society was held, and during the course of the evening Miss M. Cooley supported by Mr. W. P. Rollings contended that Christian Missions to the heathen should be discontinued. Mr. C. G. R. James, and with him Mr. I. W. Fraser supported the opposite contention. The following were also sufficiently interested to speak on the motion. Messrs. R. Smith, G. R. Powles, A. H. Ivory, E. Beaglehole, J. Platt-Mills, and Miss Patterson. The votes seemed to indicate that the audience as a whole was quite satisfied with the efforts of Christian missions, although the members of the Society were less definite on the point. The judge on this occasion, Mr. E. P. Hay, indicated the relative merits of the speakers by placing them in the following order:—

(1) Platts-Mills; (2) Rollings; (3) I. W. Fraser; (4) Miss M. Cooley; (5) C. G. R. James; (6) G. R. Powles.





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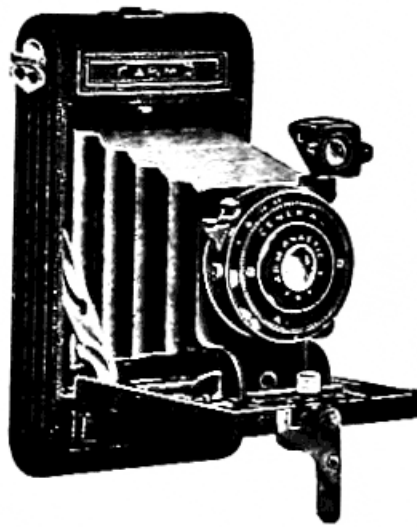
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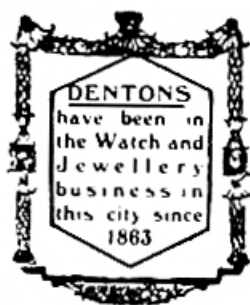
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