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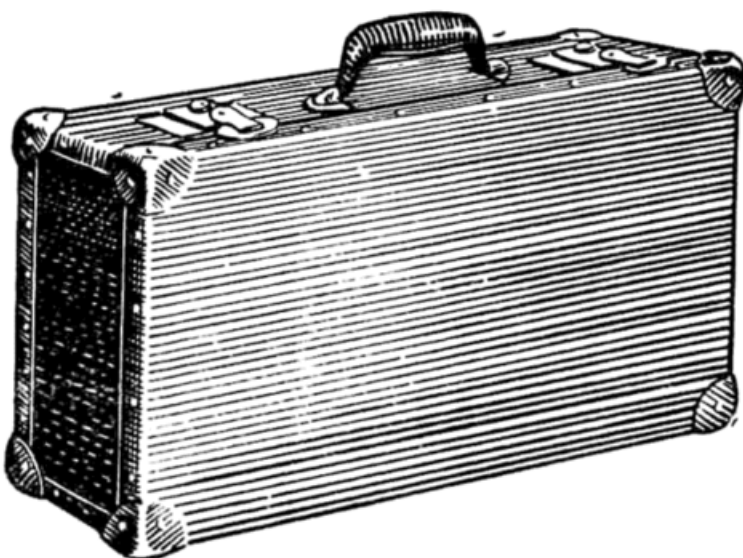
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Review

JUNE, 1928

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— or —

Victoria University College Review

(Published Twice in the Session)

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No. 1

(No. 53)



EDITORIAL

"If the history of civilization has any lesson to teach us, it is this: There is one supreme condition of mental and moral progress which it is completely within the power of man himself to secure, and that is perfect liberty of thought and discussion." —J. B. BURY.

WE have hesitated for some time over the matter of choosing a subject suitable for an editorial. Quite a number suggested themselves. There is for instance the case of Samoa, an editorial on which would no doubt make interesting reading. But we refuse to be drawn into a political argument, specially where the trouble lies, we believe, in the stupid policy which appoints military officers—with all the failings associated with the military caste and the military mentality—to govern native races and not civil administrators skilled in more peaceful pursuits and in the sciences of anthropology and ethnology. At a long call from Samoa, there is the consideration of those recent events constituting Capping, 1928. This again, however, has been treated elsewhere in "Spike,"

THE SPIKE

and we would avoid duplication. A final problem suggested itself: the attitude of the Government, acting through its magistrates, towards students seeking exemption from military service on grounds of conscience. We have thought it might be worth while to set forth in as brief a fashion as possible what we conceive should be the attitude of the University towards such a problem.

Leaving on one side as strictly unimportant to our argument the ultimate grounds—theological, social or what not—on which those students at Auckland are basing their claim for exemption from military service, it is evident that the question at issue between them and Mr. Magistrate Hunt is one involving the principle of freedom of thought, freedom of conscience and freedom of action. Mr. Hunt is apparently one who, priding himself on his wit, has few brains, and fewer powers still, of using what brains he has. As such, his humour is feeble and his bullying quite absurdly magisterial. As such again, he takes up a totally uncompromising attitude in regard to granting exemptions from military service, and in result, has entirely disregarded taking into account in any of his rulings, the implications of all that freedom of conscience means.

In this connection we are not arguing for or against the value or necessity of compulsory military training. In our opinion such training is futile for any other purpose than that of bringing nearer and nearer the next war—the way to get war is to prepare for war—but this, as we have said, is beside the point. The question is as to how far people in New Zealand, and students in particular, are prepared to stand by the principle of freedom of thought and conscience. In the past innumerable battles have been fought about the validity or otherwise of such freedom, and it is only in comparatively recent times that this principle has received full conscious recognition as one of the foundations on which civilization must build. We may justify liberty of thought as J. S. Mill did, not on abstract rights, but on "utility, in the largest sense, grounded on the permanent interests of man as a progressive being." Or we may justify it on somewhat wider grounds; on the fact that the progress of civilization, though partly conditioned by circumstances beyond man's control, depends more, and in an increasing measure, on things, such as advancement of knowledge, deliberate adaptation of institutions to new conditions, which are within his own power. To advance knowledge and to correct errors, unrestricted freedom of thought, discussion and action is required. As Bury wrote from this point of view: "The establishment of this liberty may be considered the most valuable achievement of modern civilization and as a condition of social progress it should be deemed fundamental. The considerations of permanent utility on which it rests must outweigh any calculations of present advantages which from time to time might be thought to demand its violation."

Such being the importance of the principle which we think to be at stake between Mr. Hunt and his student conscientious objectors, what attitude should the University take up in regard to it? It is almost a platitude to say that the University should be the home of free thought within a community. It should be its task to tend the flame of freedom of belief unhampered by the distractions, the sophisms and the cynicism of everyday life. It should hand on the torch from one generation of students to another, so that when his student days are over, the young man or woman sets out to make his way in the world, he should

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carry with him not a little of that tolerance, that freedom from prejudice, that faith in the power of creative thought, that belief in the value of detachment, which is one of the Universities' most precious gifts to her students. Thus the University should recognise that though freedom of conscience is now taken for granted, nevertheless, just because it has been won only in arduous conflict and bitter struggle, it is always in danger of being attacked by ignorant opponents.

Thus we still have in Auckland, A.D. 1928, Mr. Magistrate Hunt refusing to recognise a clear claim to freedom of belief and action on behalf of earnest and sincere students; we have also the criminal immorality of a wholesale Bible in Schools campaign against freedom of education; we have the enchainment of men's minds that comes from an unscrupulous use of propaganda. And while we have these among us—three among many—it is the task of the University, as the guardian of wisdom and freedom, to wage a ceaseless war against the foes of that fundamental condition of social progress—freedom of thought.

Polperro

*The Devil he danced on a hill-top wall
Under the harvest moon:
The folk in the village below the hill
All stood there agape while their blood froze still,
And half the girls did swoon.
But I doubt if the Devil was there at all
And I know who was walking the hill-top wall.*

*Throw a molten bridge to the gleaming moon
Over the sea away;
Behind and below see the houses pale—
Luminous flakes in the shadowed vale:
What wonder I was fey,
A-dance on the flat-topped wall in tune
With the splendid night and a harvest moon.*

—R.

Vale!

THE HONOURABLE O. T. J. ALPERS, M.A., L.L.B.

*"Though we are justices . . . we have some salt of
our youth in us."*—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

BY force of precedent, it has become traditional for "*Spike*" to honour in its pages those distinguished sons of Victoria College who have lifted themselves above the level of ordinary men. But we of Salamanca cannot forget that we are, after all, graduates and undergraduates of that young University of which

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our college is but a part. Thus, if apology be needed for dealing in these pages with one whose student days were passed in the halls of Canterbury College, I would make it this—that we have a direct share in the glory which any distinguished son of the University of New Zealand reflects upon his *Alma Mater*. And in this particular case departure from precedent has a further justification, for the late Mr. Justice Alpers spent his last years in Wellington, where he was one of the most interesting figures on the Supreme Court bench.

It is for jurists to speak of the achievements of the late Mr. Alpers as a judge, and to surmise as to what extent his decisions will leave their mark upon the annals of New Zealand law. Consequently, I would speak of him as he appeared from the Press table of the Supreme Court.

That the Honourable Oscar Thorwald Johan Alpers was a great man none will deny. When one remembers that he came to New Zealand from Denmark before he had entered his 'teens, knowing no tongue other than that of his native land, and that he reached a very high position in a very learned profession, one wonders at the industry and courage that must have been his. When one adds to this that he had a distinguished University career, taking the Tinline Scholarship for excellence in the English language and literature, and later a Master's degree with first-class honours—and also that he met success as teacher, university lecturer, and journalist—wonder is joined by admiration and a profound respect.

There is no doubt that such a man would have done great things in whatever profession he eventually adopted. For some years the young Alpers hemmed himself in with the irksome restrictions of the teaching profession, and was also a lecturer at Canterbury College. Had he chosen a path of academic ease, he would have made a delightfully original professor, and one who would have won the love of all his students. But he chose a more adventurous path, and that he chose wisely who will deny?

There are many men to-day who cherish the memory of having passed some of their school-days under the kindly eye of Mr. Alpers. Of those early days one hears many stories, one of which suggests that he must have found the discipline of the profession rather narrowing. The tale is told of how, when a master at the Christchurch Boys' High School, the young Mr. Alpers arrived one morning rather late for prayers. In his haste he must have forgotten to extinguish his morning pipe, for it was not long before many youthful spirits were delighted to see a thin wisp of smoke ascending from his coat pocket. He observed it also, and devised the naive remedy of tumultuously removing the offending garment, and of relieving his feelings by a satisfying expletive, later stamping upon the coat until the miniature Vesuvius was extinct. And this in the middle of an eloquent prayer! Surely, to the discerning, this episode held out some promise of future greatness.

Gilbert's Lord High Executioner, it will be remembered, had upon his list of society offenders who never would be missed a person whom he called "the judicial humorist." And at least one judge has expressed satisfaction that the word "laughter" (in brackets) has never appeared in any press report of utterances made by him. But to the layman a little humour, as distinct from malicious wit, is welcome in the rather oppressive atmosphere of a court of law. To the

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psychologist, at any rate, it is to be commended, and in this respect Mr. Justice Alpers did some service to the State.

There were, however, few judges who could be more cutting when occasion demanded, and, for that matter, who were greater masters of the use of words. Many a prisoner has writhed under the biting lash of his tongue, but many another must have felt grateful for the kind words of encouragement which fell from his lips. The same man who at the end of a dramatic trial could tell the prisoner—condemned of the grossest of crimes—that "I regard you as an Untamed Beast, and the Law must put you in a Cage," could be the very essence of charity and of human sympathy when called upon to deal with a prisoner who was more to be pitied than condemned.

It has been said that the late Mr. Justice Alpers liked nothing better than to bring something of the easy atmosphere of the smoking-room into the precincts of the Supreme Court. Certainly the Court was never a less oppressive place than when he was on the Bench. To his last days, he had indeed some salt of his youth in him.

He disliked publicity, however, as the following incident testifies. One Saturday morning, when the Press table was unoccupied, its frequenters, I suppose, being busy discussing morning tea, His Honour remarked on the fact that the Press was not represented. "Ah, gentlemen," he solemnly assured counsel, "we shall be able to say what we like this morning!"

The subject of these remarks is now a memory—and be it said, a memory much loved and greatly revered. Although in his younger days he was no mean teacher, and incidentally a journalist of outstanding ability, and though all his life he was a great scholar, most of his days were passed among his fellow lawyers. But surely we who are passing through this University, with those who have already done so, can echo the words of Lord Birkenhead, when, as F. E. Smith, he moved at the Oxford Union that the House should adjourn on account of Mr. Gladstone's death:

"We cannot forget that if the splendid maturity of his life was theirs, ours and ours alone was its brilliant dawn, and our claim to mourn over its pathetic end is not less."

That he has passed beyond our ken we must all regret; that he has shown us to what heights we may reach by force of endeavour, we must be grateful; and that he was a son of our University we of Salamanca may well be proud.

—C.G.R.J.

A Fragment

THE house in which Antony was born stood in a rural Hampstead Street, where to-day still survive some of those old almond trees whose blossoms so excited him as a child. An old brick wall topped here and there by scrambling ivy hid the house from the passer-by, who would catch a glimpse of it, however, beyond the rhododendrons on the lawn, through the lofty wrought iron gates.

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When he entered the sensitive visitor would be immediately surprised by the number and variety of the trees in that narrow strip of garden. Trees were to have always for Antony a special significance, recurring interwoven with the years, in a pattern which was pleasing yet not without a sombre implication. In one of his earliest dreams, which with slight variation repeated itself more than once, he was watching a ceremony before an upright pillar in an ancient grove. Curious symbols were engraved upon the pillar, and after the departure of the worshippers he crept forward to examine them. Whereupon there arose a sudden tempest of wind, and a fierce mutter stirred among the trees. The very earth seemed to quake as the tall column tottered and fell towards him. In vain he attempted to extricate his arm from its fragments. Shuddering and weeping with terror and pain, he would call for his mother; knowing that in her arms he would slip past the dark shadows of the trees to a sunlit meadow, where the flowers were white and the music of a little stream would lull him to sleep.

But certainly less ill-omened were the trees that flourished in that Georgian garden, and Antony wondered at the regular procession of leaf and flower: the almond blossom, the laburnum, the lilac, and the lime, and the dear funny fig-tree. When the sun was hot it was possible actually to watch the chestnut leaves as they unfolded, and later when he was about to set off on his summer holiday the foreign catalpa would decorate itself in an amazing manner. On those English summer evenings a warm sweet air would stir through his open window, reminding him of the bright colours of the garden below, and also, with a pang of anticipation, of the fields out yonder, the whirr of the haycutter, and the long lazy twilights.

The porch of the house had columns of weathered Portland stone, the bricks were small and rich in colour, the proportion of the windows to the facade was harmonious. It was pleasant to look up at it through the weeping ash, beneath which they had tea on summer afternoons; and on from returning from his walk in the dying daylight of an autumn evening, to see the lighted windows, somehow inextricably mingled with the scent of burning leaves and the soft gleam of the Michaelmas daisies, as his little footsteps tiredly stirred the gravel.

In the hall was an old map of London, which had an effect of picturesqueness in conjunction with the brass ornaments and candlesticks on the table below it. When the front door was open and the sunlight had concentrated on the red geraniums, the scene called to mind one of those old Dutch paintings, in which the decorative value of the map on the wall is insisted upon with such delicate assurance. To the young Antony that map had a very important meaning. It corresponded with, was the secret seal of the great town, which lay out yonder far-flung beneath his nursery window, in its varying moods, weeping in the rain, smiling in the sun. On that buoyant river he had gone bravely with his mother to Kew, in lilac time; and once, an even greater adventure, down past the incoming ships to Greenwich, where they had played among the long green shadows in the elm-studded park. The streets in that map were actually those through which he drove or walked. They were the streets whose long misty perspective would allure him in winter time, although he was terrified by the staring dark rimmed windows of their endless houses. In one of those streets, on a spring morning, from some narrow patch of garden, a pear tree had dripped its fragrance upon him, fulfilling

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its mysterious destiny. And that sense of soft recurrent inevitability, right in amidst the harshness of things, was to be the lyrical element, the leit-motif of his days.

Opposite the map on the other side of the hall rose two Corinthian columns, through which was a pleasant vista to the Adams chimney-piece in the reception-room. Two corresponding columns lent the place an air of dignity, and gave colour to the belief that at one time it had been used as a courthouse. The anteroom beyond the archway was tall and grave and dark, yet it could be gay enough on a midsummer day from the flashes of sunlight through the stirring leaves. By the side of its narrow window was a doorway with a fanlight of quite unexpected beauty. The short passage into which it opened served as a landing to a narrow spiral stair, which communicated with the cellars and ascended to a spacious linen cupboard near Antony's nursery. And how much more entrancing it was, with its lurking shadows and mysterious creakings, than the formal staircase in the hall! The door in the passage beyond the spiral stair opened into the dining-room, on whose well-proportioned panels the candle-light would gleam fantastically on party nights. The central plaque in the Adams chimney-piece depicted a procession in honour of Venus, the participants holding aloft torches and emblems of love; in one of the two side panels the goddess was represented rising from the sea-foam, and in the other at play with the sacred doves. The ceiling paintings, dating from the period of Angelica Kauffman, contained flowers pleasantly dimmed by age.

His mother's drawing-room was reached from the reception-room by a door to the left of the fireplace. It was delicately soft and gray with bright patches from the china and coloured stipples, and fragrant with lavender and the scent of brightly burning wood fires. It happened that the trees before the house, in particular the tall copper-beech, tended to make the room over dark, so that a deep projecting window had been built out to the east, and on gloomy days this seemed actually to thrust in a shaft of light. There as in a sentient focus would seem to mingle the dancing light, the sweet scent of the room and the sound of his mother's voice.

Just before this window, on the lawn that sloped to the lower garden, was a blackthorn tree, for which he cherished a deep affection. It was for him the herald of the spring, proclaiming its advent with a shrill call of triumph. Thus early in life he was impressed by the miracle of its reappearance; in spite of the utter rigour of winter the green leaves would burst forth again, and the black-birds once more whistle fiercely to one another. One year when he had been confined to the house by some childish ailment, and the long winter never seemed to end, his mother pointed out to him the blackthorn blossoming there amid the snow: even in the winter of our discontent, the radiance of hope might not be utterly dispelled. Out of this incident, and the fairy tales which stirred his boyish imagination, he elaborated on those long days a story which would seem to possess a deeper significance.

A knight clad in black armour rode forth to cut down that tree, whilst he, all in white, galloped to do battle with him; yet never might slay him, until he should guess his name. So that the attacker proceeded unharmed, and he must

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ever be on the watch. With such naive symbolism he regarded then the forces, as they say, of good and evil, that clash of interests without which life would be a drab and savourless thing: the conflict which the artist, in his turn, modulates into a new and more finely ordered frenzy. It was to happen, in the springtime of his days, that a woman, wild and sweet and keen, would bring into his life a love that was not to come to fruition. But such a love could not be thus destroyed, out of hand. It intertwined itself in his consciousness, became the perfume of his dreams, the colour of his reveries, and each year in spring when the kestrel-like note of the wryneck proclaimed that the sap was rising in the trees, it was to achieve a delicate efflorescence.

The long winter of which I had been speaking ended at last in a fierce gale, which came raging up from the south-west and dropped as suddenly as it had begun. In the golden sunshine the air was like liquid amber, and across the blueness of the sky billowy clouds jostled their way. A few days later, Antony noticed from his nursery window that the wild cherry-tree was a mass of pinkish blossom, and he rushed down to greet it. Never had he felt such rapturous excitement; it seemed that the song of the blackbird had never expressed so wild a longing. That same morning as he was playing in the garden, he heard over the high wall the sound of a barrel-organ. It was a quick tripping tune with little sobs in it, like laughing and crying at once, he thought. Clambering up the ivy he looked over at the organ-grinder in the street below. With him was a little girl of about his own age. When he saw her tattered dress and noticed that her toe was peering through her boot, he had a sudden choking feeling of pity, and ran into the house for the half-crown that he had been keeping for some special purpose. On his return he found that they had departed, and imagining that he heard the strains of music, he rushed down the hill that led to the Heath. At intervals through his life the emotional memory of this event was to recur: the sunlit distance, the sense of the wind in his hair, the gradually awakening realisation that his search was in vain, the persistence of the melody which saddened him yet gave him a kind of consolation, the fact that the cherry-tree was still so beautiful in spite of the heaviness of his heart, and through it all, somehow, somewhere, a feeling of reassurance.

From the drawing-room a second door opened on to a passage which communicated with the garden. The wrought iron work of the little entrance porch, which achieved an effect of *chinoiserie* in that so English setting, excited his childish admiration, especially in autumn time, when the lacquer-red leaves of the Virginia creeper fluttered about it. Many years later, suddenly conscious of the sheer beauty of a strip of Chinese characters in a Limehouse shop, Antony remembered such an autumn day and saw again with an unnatural distinctness the beady eyes of a little lizard peering at a tiny red leaf which swayed in a spider's web. Close to the porch were two leaden tanks, on which the inscription 1727 in the decorative figuring of the period, bore witness to the actual date of the house. In these tanks his mother had planted irises, which gave a fabulous display of purple in the early summer; the mourning iris, she informed him, for the Greeks believed that the Goddess Iris acted as guide to the souls of the departed. And she related how King Thotmes had brought back the flower from Syria, and enamoured of it, caused it to be depicted on his tomb.

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A path with Korean moss between the flags and wallflowers at its edges led to the lower garden, in which flourished all manner of summer flowers; columbine, love-in-a-mist, bleeding-heart, tall hollyhocks, and clumps of delphiniums, sky-blue, violet-blue and indigo. How intensely thrilling it was to gaze into the immeasurable depth of that colour until the dizzy flight of the bees became a wavy pattern in blue, and the summer afternoon itself was a bowl of Delft, abrim with the intoxicating honey of romance! As he lay on the grass he would sink into some ancient tale of chivalry: strangely disturbing was the beauty of those fair ladies; the reward for a valour which seemed beyond computation was the red rose of a smile; if he might only kiss those pale hands, the knight would endure incredible ardours, and seek no greater boon.

White hands, fleur-de-lys, the white iris, whose roots rested on the lips of the buried knight, his imperfectibility! Yet, so the story concluded, he had been faithful to their memory in the winters of his discontent, returning each year when the fruit trees blossomed to pay them homage, until the very end. He had sought that perfection beyond perfection, he had delved into a mystery so deep that to ease the pain and smart of it, man must delude himself with ever more intricate symbolism: the white shell on which Venus rose from the blue-green sea; the robe disclosing Helen's breast; the holy grail which gleamed in the darkness and had an odour surpassing the rarest spiceries. This passionate search for the unattainable was the law of life, and he that lulled himself to other knowledge was a fool or a coxcomb. Such dim feelings flickered in the mind of the boy on those summer afternoons. And looking up he would see the faint bubble of the dome of St. Paul's, and the vague outline of the Surrey Hills beyond the intricate streets of the pulsing town. —P. W. ROBERTSON.

Fairyland

*The gates are open at the dawn
Nor are they closed at night,
That lead me from a world forlorn
To one where all is bright.*

*And when the world without is cold
With hate and selfish greed,
When hope is hard (how hard!) to hold,
Though hope is most in need,*

*And when men will not understand
That I am wrought with pain,
I creep into my fairyland
And there take heart again.*

More Interviews

(With Apologies to the Cub Reporter).

I.—THE SECRETARY OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

AT the muffled shout "Come in!" I timidly turned the door handle and sidled gently into his room, found the nearest chair, promptly subsided therein and waited expectantly, with pencil poised, for the great man to speak.

"What," I asked "are your views on modern literature"?

"Ah! modern literature," he said, in a meditative fashion, as he leant back in his armchair. While he thus thought I had time to notice his deeply set eyes, his fine pointed fingers, his roughly brushed hair, his new pearl-gray double-breasted suit (price £4 4s. 0d. with extra pair of trousers, as advertised) and the Chinese cigarette which he negligently smoked. Here, I thought, was a man of powerful personality yet withal genially humane, one capable of savouring the supreme triumphs of the actor's art yet steadfast in his allegiance to high ideals. I had known him of old when we were both undergraduates at V.U.C. together, laying down the law to our elders in the Free Discussions Club or even in the Common Room, with the usual youthful inconsistency. Now, however, he had become a great man—no mean actor, a connoisseur of books, of wine, and, might one add, of women?—while I had become a mere drudge, the cub reporter to "*Spike*." Although, therefore, my erstwhile friend remembered me only distantly, nevertheless I still retained for him much of my old admiration.

"Well," he said at last, in tones of dramatic mastery, "I don't know. Outside the pages of "*Spike*" and perhaps those of "*Truth*," I find very little of real interest in modern literature. Of course," he added quickly, "we still have such old favourites as Ethel M. Dell—I must lend you her beautiful book: "*The Rosary*"; Bertha Ruck—I find her '*What Happened Behind the Billets*' one of the most essentially artistic productions of our age, and, last but not least, that prince of novelists, Wadgar Ellis. But beyond the work of these acknowledged masters, I find the outlook black; inky black, in fact. So that when now I wish for serious reading I always turn to the pages of '*Truth*.' At present," he added brightly, "I am studying the exploits of the Kewpie Club. They make very interesting reading, I assure you, and help to relieve the monotony of over-much concentration upon academic works."

"Thank you," I said. "I am sure your remarks will be of great interest to readers of '*Spike*,' many of whom are just of the age when guidance, other than that provided by our worthy Professor of English Literature at V.U.C., can be of the utmost service and value in forming their youthful minds on right lines."

"But tell me further," I went on. "I understand that you are contemplating some small piece of research work on the nature of laughter. Would it be possible for you to give me some particulars that might be of interest?"

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"Ah! Laughter," the great man replied. "A very deep subject, I assure you, full of metaphysical subtleties and practical problems. Now if I could discover what the Absolute laughed at I would have the key of the problem in my—"

"Quite so," I hastily assured him, "but your methods of work?"

"Oh, quite simple," was the reply. "I have been studying the inmates of such institutions as the Ohiro Home, the Home for the Aged Needy, the Condemned Cell—one of my most pleasant experiences was a few minutes' chat with a man who was hanged for getting rid of seven wives—his excuse was that they bored him—and also the Karitane Home. I don't know which institution provided me with the hardest work. At the latter, I played tigers and trains and quite spoiled the crease in my trousers. At the two former, I told funny stories and acted the drunken man. Quite exhausting work, but it gives me data; also practice . . . Unfortunately, however, the babies do not think me funny and have refused me admittance at the Home again."

Just then I had a brain wave.

"I have two small nieces," I said. "Perhaps you would like to experiment with them? I am sure their mothers would be only too pleased to sacrifice their future happiness at the altar of science."

Our hero's face lightened. A smile flashed across his countenance and chased away the gloom. "You are indeed a true friend," he said. "Come and celebrate."

It was just a few minutes to six. Together we raced neck for neck down into town, only to find that my watch was exactly sixty minutes slow

II.—THE PRESIDENT OF THE STUD ASS.

He welcomed me gladly into his little room which served the purpose of study—*cum*—laboratory—*cum*—ticket office. With a careless hand he knocked a pile of books and apparatus off a chair, with a backward flick of his elbow he roughly dusted it and then finally presented it to me. I sat down; so did he. We lighted cigarettes and hesitatingly I cleared my throat.

"I come from '*Spike*' " I said. "The Editor thought that you might wish to favour the students with some few remarks. Coming from a man of your importance and holding such an honoured and worthy position as you do, he is sure that your opinion on such subjects as the Prof. Board, the College Council, or the Science Society would be listened to with respectful attention."

"*Spike*?" he answered. "Oh yes, I have been expecting you along ever since my election. As a matter of fact, I think you have been rather long in coming, but we will let that pass," he added in a sudden burst of magnanimity.

"Would you let us know what made you stand for election to the Presidential Chair?" I suggested.

"Well it was an unexpected honour, I must admit," he replied, "although I will not say altogether unexpected. The fact is I always was a few seconds late in getting up to decline nomination, owing to mal-development of my joints while young, and this time I forgot to entirely. However, now I do hold the proud position of President I assure you I will do all that is in my power to uphold the ancient traditions and glories—"

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"Yes, yes," I said, hastily endeavouring to stem the rushing tide of eloquence, "but would you care to amplify the statement you made at the last Haeremai pie supper that the girls of Otago are far prettier than those of V.U.C.?"

"To that statement I can only give an emphatic denial," was the indignant reply. "Can you expect a man in my position, and a man who has always been worshipped by the women; can you, I say, expect me to endanger my reputation by agreeing with such a statement as that? I hold in reality that there are more women wearing silk stockings and using powder puffs at V.U.C. than at Otago, or any other university college in New Zealand——"

On the matter of College Politics he refused to commit himself. "I am now occupying a responsible position and cannot let '*Spike*' know my opinions about the Profs., the coming election, what is wrong with the world, or the failure of democracy. In any case I am extremely busy now. If you wish for a considered opinion upon the price of wool next season, the value of the chemicals stored in this room or the possibility of me resigning my Presidency within the next few months, my fee is five guineas paid in advance. Otherwise I would consider it a favour if you would leave me alone to solve the problem as to why the Haeremai did not receive a grant of £5 last year."

We both rose from our chairs, clasped hands vigorously; then he opened the door and pushed me out. The last sounds I heard were his muttered curses as he tripped over the books he had so carelessly flung on the floor half an hour before.

III.—THE SECRETARY OF THE TRAMPING CLUB.

He was somewhat roughly attired when I met him—indeed one might go so far as to say, exceedingly roughly dressed in an old grey shirt open at the neck, a pair of repulsive looking trousers, once navy blue, but now rapidly going the colour of old copper, and an old coat very much the worse for wear. On his feet were a pair of the biggest boots I had seen for many a long year (size 12-13 at a guess); on his back a large green bag arrangement with an axe sticking out of one pocket and a coil of rope out of the other. He was quite unashamed of his inelegant sartorial garb. In fact he was apparently unaware that his clothes would put many a hardened navy to shame; he was wholly cheerful and radiating unlimited amounts of bonhomie and good fellowship.

I explained to him my purpose. Would he grant "*Spike*" an interview? Yes, surely. If, that is, it would be of any interest, he added, with a touch of characteristic modesty.

We were soon seated in front of a cosy fire with tea things handy. The trumper's swag and boots were pitched into the corner, and while we browsed and sluiced, he told me of his week-end adventures—for apparently, when I met him he was just returning from a two days' tramp. As soon as tea was over I got out my pencil and notebook.

"I understand you have been successful as a trumper?" was my first query.

"Oh, a little success has come my way," he answered with a modest blush. "I occasionally lead the Tramping Club for a slight jaunt of thirty or forty miles or so. My greatest successes, however, have been my record ascents of Mt. Victoria, the Wireless Hill and up to V.U.C. when late for a lecture. You see the notches on this axe handle?" he said dragging the object from his swag. "Each

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of those notches represent a successful climb of 500 feet or more. The first is for Mt. Victoria; the second, the Wireless; the third—er-er—I forget the rest but there you are."

After expressing my admiration for his skill and indomitable courage, I interrogated him again. "Could you give me any indication of your hobbies or amusements?"

Again that modest blush suffused his cheek.

"Once upon a time I did a little harrier running," he replied. "After that I took up marbles, then ludo and now it is snakes and ladders and ping pong. When I want a little excitement I go to the pictures. Now I assure you," he went on, "there are some batty people up at V.U.C. who will go to such lengths as to imagine that there is an art of the cinema. None of that highbrow stuff for me though. I like the good meaty films; plenty of stabbing and red blood flowing and fair damsels and husky he-men. You see," he added apologetically, "it is so thrilling to see such people after long contact with highbrows at V.U.C. The star I like best is Ruddy Valentino. You know that picture where he rushes into a Chinese restaurant, shoots two Chinamen, kicks a third in the stomach and punches the fourth on the chin and then—"

"Quite, quite," I interrupted, "I know that one well. But tell me what you—"

This time it was my turn to break off, for the great man was looking at me closely, watching my every movement, and making notes in a small black book.

"Ever been psycho-analysed?" he flung at me. I answered in the negative.

"Or been mentally tested?" again I answered no.

"Or been behaviouristically examined?" I shook my head.

"Or visited a clinic for mental cases?" I shook my head more vigorously still.

"Then it's time you came with me up to the Psychological laboratory," he said with an air of pleasant anticipation, very much like a professional torturer beginning to gloat over his victim

I threw a glance at the open door. We both raced across the room for it. I got there first, tore straight through, down three flights of stairs and into the open air. Behind me echoed that peculiarly malevolent snarl of a psychologist cheated of his prey . . .

CAPPING

IN GENERAL.

BEFORE coming to our task of setting forth in an orderly fashion our impressions of the events which constituted Capping 1928, there are several matters of general interest which we would touch upon. In the first place, no official ceremony of any kind—no ceremony, that is, run under the auspices of either the Prof. Board or the College Council—was held this year. The Prof. Board discussed the pros and cons of holding an official congratulatory ceremony at which to welcome the graduates of the year, but then in its far-seeing and

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truly professional wisdom decided to recommend that no such ceremony should be held. The College Council likewise discussed the matter, received the recommendation of the Prof. Board, and then, to avoid coming to a decision, quietly went into committee over the whole business. The result was inevitable. Nobody was in the least surprised when the Council also decided to take no steps. So much for the Prof. Board and the College Council. The outcome was entirely in line with that strange inertia, that incomprehensible aversion to taking the lead in matters affecting student interests, which has of late become only too common in the deliberations of both bodies.

Be this as it may, however, the executive of the Students' Association, when they realized that no lead was to be expected from the College authorities in regard to Capping, boldly took on themselves the arrangement of a Public Congratulatory Ceremony to the graduates of the year. For their boldness, the executive was rewarded with an almost unqualified success. And "*Spike*" wishes to congratulate all those concerned in the organisation of the Undergrads Supper, the congratulatory ceremony, and the Capping Ball, for the able manner in which they so satisfactorily and efficiently carried through what was in its very nature, a task of no little difficulty, one involving not only initiative and foresight, but courage and good organisation. We sincerely and devoutly hope that both the Prof. Board and the College Council will take the lesson of Capping 1928 to heart, learn it carefully and, when the times comes again, be prepared to take that initiative in such matters which one expects from College authorities.

Speaking of the Prof. Board reminds us further that "*Spike*" wishes to enter a decided protest against the action of the Prof. Board which, at one period in its lengthy deliberations over Capping, demanded from the Students' Association guarantees as to the good conduct and exemplary behaviour of students, before it (the Prof. Board) would consider holding a ceremony. The Students' Association replied—and, in our opinion, quite rightly,—that it was in no position to give such guarantees. In effect, what the Prof. Board required was that the Students' Association should turn itself into a private detective agency and, in that capacity, should attempt the impossible task of keeping an eye on the every action of each individual student—which, of course, was absurd, as the Prof. Board should have had the wisdom to recognise in the first place; and we congratulate once again, the executive for the firm stand they took over the matter.

All this, of course, is not to say that there are no several minor criticisms which we think could be directed against the Congratulatory Ceremony in particular; for instance, since the official programme issued is of the nature of a record, we think that it would have been advisable to print thereon a record of those graduates who were successful in carrying off the various University scholarships for the year. We think, too, that it may be of use to reiterate again the absolute necessity—when a ceremony is held in the Town Hall—of those responsible securing speakers who can make themselves heard, not only to members of the audience in the first few rows of seats, but to those students and others occupying the rear of the hall. Just as long as undergraduates at the back are unable to hear speakers on the platform, just so long will they have an excuse to make a senseless din. Thirdly "*Spike*" notes with disapproval that although—as we understand—all the members of the staff, both professors and lecturers,

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were the recipients of formal invitations to be present at the Congratulatory Ceremony, only a bare half dozen thought it worth their while to attend. Not a single apology for absence was read out by the chairman—whether any were received we know not at the time of writing—and none of the staff but one were present at the Ball. If this is the interest that the staff in general takes in college activities—strictly “unofficial” though they be—can it wonder that at times there may be a certain lack of interest in the College on the part of the students themselves?

Finally, in connection with Capping as a whole, we were sorry to see that no extravaganza was forthcoming. The Executive is supposed to have hopes of one for the next year. Whether this is so or not, we sincerely trust that adequate steps will be taken next year to revive once again that now almost defunct glory of former Capping celebrations—the Extravaganza.

But this is more than sufficient in the way of a general review of Capping 1928. Let us now consider the events in order.

THE UNDERGRADUATES' SUPPER.

In spite of Mr. Gamble's somewhat unjust comparison between students and gentlemen—a comparison expressed to the Students' Association when the latter approached him in regard to a supper last year,—the said Mr. Gamble was by some miracle—a quite unmysterious miracle we believe—prevailed upon to accommodate a horde of students in his rooms in Willis Street on the night of June 7th when the undergrads' sedate festivity took place. Prof. Boyd-Wilson presided in his usual happy manner. Into the details of the affair we will not go. Sufficient to say that the food was good, but rather remarkable, we thought, for its absence than for its presence in quantities ample enough to sustain all those present; we were entertained by song, recitation, violin and flute; we drank numerous toasts; we listened to speeches by Prof. Von. Zedlitz, Prof. Boyd-Wilson, Mr. Forde, Mr. Rollings, Mr. Platts Mills, and several others whose names we forget, though not their eloquence; we sang the College songs with a praiseworthy amount of *joie de vivre*; finally those who so felt inclined adjourned up the hill to the College gymnasium where dancing was indulged in to a late hour. Altogether quite a bright function.

THE PROCESSION.

Strictly speaking there was no procession. As a matter of fact, however, some bright spark conceived of the idea of holding a student procession in aid of street day being held on the Friday in aid of the Citizen's Carillon Fund. This idea was taken up. The citizens of Wellington were thus entertained by a motley crew who paraded the streets, some on lorries, some on derelict old cars tied to the aforesaid lorries, some on City Council dust carts, some on foot. In this manner the citizens were presented with burlesques on the Kewpie Club, the City Ambulance, Gordon Coats' Junior Reform League, the evolution of the Ford Car, the N.Z. Health Department, Scotland Yard up-to-date, and several other features which we have forgotten. Speeches were made in the Post Office Square, collections were taken up en route, and everything went off in an amicable and irreproachable fashion. A good procession.

THE CONGRATULATORY CEREMONY.

This was held in the Town Hall on Friday, June 8th, at 7.30 p.m. The hall was well filled with fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, undergraduates and others attracted by the chance of seeing something for sixpence. About 7.45 p.m. the imposing procession of graduates, preceded by His Worship the Mayor and Mayoress of Wellington, the Hon. F. T. Rolleston, Mr. G. G. G. Watson and our late worthy president of the Students' Association—filed into the hall and took their places either on the platform or in the choir seats. We rose and sang the National Anthem. We also remained standing and sang *Gaudeamus*—or at least those of us in front did. There was only a half-hearted attempt on the part of the horde at the rear of the hall to sing anything that evening, except their own rather idiotic songs.

Then the Mayor, in his capacity of chairman, spoke. He was commendably brief and we trust all present took to heart Dr. Butler's five evidences of education. The Hon. F. J. Rolleston next addressed the meeting. We understand that his remarks were inaudible to those at the back. The burden of them, however, was the importance of a broad and liberal education, the value of the classics in fostering sane and accurate thought, and the speaker's congratulations extended to the graduates of the year. The last speaker was Mr. G. G. G. Watson, representing, so we understand, the past students of V.U.C. Here, again, the remarks were, we believe, inaudible at the rear. But those who could hear had impressed upon them, the necessity of students taking part in general college activities besides mere study, etc., etc.

The graduates then filed down from their seats and passed in front of those on the platform, shaking hands as they passed with all and sundry. When this was over, we stood and sang "The Song of Victoria College," "Absent Friends," both of which were spoiled by those at the back either singing some rubbish of their own, or else singing a line behind everyone else—for both examples of bad manners there was no excuse—and finally another robust rendering of the National Anthem. It was all over once again.

THE BALL.

Hardly was the last of the audience out of the hall when salvage gangs set to work to sweep up the floor, shift the chairs, and generally make things ready for the Ball. Just after 10 p.m. the orchestra commenced the first dance, just after — a.m. they played the last. The hall was cheerfully and brightly decorated with blue streamers, and roses, and lycopodium and greenery, and not a little of the success of the evening was due to those who worked with such infinite labour and patience, both making the decorations at College and fixing up those same decorations in the hall. The floor was smooth, the music adequate, the partners delightful, the supper excellent, the conversation witty, the silence expressive, the walk home afterwards perfect. In a word, the Ball was a great success. We omit—frankly through general incompetence in this line—all reference to the charming evening gowns worn, and refer all interested in this important matter to back numbers of the "Evening Post" and "The Dominion."

We were almost forgetting the Haeremai Club Smoke Concert tendered, we believe, to the men graduates. Though not present ourselves, we gather that

it was an unqualified success. Prof. Murphy was in the chair. The usual toasts were honoured. The room was knee deep in floods of eloquence. It was like most smoke concerts, in fact, and that is all we need to say about it.

Capping has come and gone once again. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. All eyes are turned now towards 1929.

Wine of the Moon

*Down in the darkness, azalea trees
Stand with the starlight awash at their knees—
Lady, tread softly! the cold silver moon
Has drowned your bright buckles and laps at your shoon.*

*For earth is a bowl with the stars on its rim,
The night-gods have filled it with wine to the brim,
A faun in the grasses lies piping a tune—
"Come drink, pretty lady! The wine of the moon!"*

*'Tis nymph-feet have trodden your draught out of flowers
That opened strange petals in perilous hours—
The hot perfumes quiver, the bright bubbles shine—
Come drink, pretty lady! of Arcady's wine.*

*As moths of the night wander close to the bowers,
And honey-sweet lips of carnivorous flowers
Your dreams flutter seeking the dangerous draught—
Ah, hear! In the thicket, the faun-music laughed.*

*The earth is a chalice with stars on its rim
The wine of the moon sparkles bright at the brim—
Lady, beware! Lest your gay-winged soul
Fall and be drowned in the blind silver bowl.*

ROBIN HYDE.

A Night in Neustadt

[*The following letter appeared in a Wellington paper just previous to last Christmas. Because of the fact that it is written by one well known to readers of "Spike," and because we think that many will endorse the ideas which it so clearly and so ably expresses, we make no apology—indeed none is needed—for reprinting it in full. The whole letter is self explanatory and needs no further introduction.—ED. "Spike."*]

DEAR "Spike,"—

I have lately had the somewhat depressing experience of seeing in the New Zealand "Parliamentary Debates" the report of the debate (if it can be called such) in the Legislative Council on the second reading of the War Disabilities

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Removal Bill—a Bill which, I understand, was subsequently thrown out. The Legislative Council presumably includes within its membership all that is most admirable in mature and experienced political wisdom, in prudent and considered action, a model to youth and a pattern to posterity; and on this point I for one have no desire to exhibit scepticism. It is all the more painful therefore to read the report of this debate, with the details of which your readers are doubtless thoroughly familiar. The Hon. Mr. McIntyre, I note, is thoroughly content with home-grown teachers; the Hon. Mr. Malcolm would deprive those who venture to differ from him on an important point of his political philosophy, of civil rights "for all time," and the tolerant remarks of Sir Francis Bell, Sir James Allen, and the Hon. Mr. Barr make little headway against the general wave of feeling. I say nothing on the subject of conscientious objection, not so simple a matter to all students of politics as it appears to be, for instance, to the Hon. Mr. Hanan. The heart of the side of the question that concerns me is apparently revealed in the speech of the Hon. Mr. Garland: "Sir, I think the principle is wrong. As a whole, Germany to-day is hostile to us, and is only bending the knee just as far as circumstances compel her, and there never has been any open expression of repentance on the part of that nation, which was responsible for the dread war brought about on this earth. The leaders of Germany to-day are in entire revolt against the rest of Europe, and it is only because of her circumstances that Germany is not at our throats. This namby-pamby talk of offering the other cheek is only courting further disaster." Now, I do not wish to over-estimate the representative nature of this specimen of legislative oratory—the Hon. Mr. Garland, for all I know, may be a relatively unimportant member of the distinguished body to which he belongs—nor am I concerned directly to rebut it. On the question of the immediate or remote causes of the war it would ill become a mere historian to argue with a Legislative Councillor. And on the psychology of present-day Germany a Dominion politician is doubtless the repository of ultimate wisdom. But I may perhaps, thus gratuitously, be allowed to give a short account of what I have myself seen and known.

One evening last July, in the middle of a European summer, three of my friends—a Canadian, an American, and a South African—and I came to the little town of Neustadt, in the Black Forest. There are hills all round Neustadt, green and beautiful, and the streams that fall down the slopes between them are not unlike the more turbulent torrents of my own country. A deeper green crowns their crests, where the tall, straight, close-packed firs seem forever to be marching like dark armies upon the valleys below. One imagines that the sky can at times be wild and lowering. And yet the whole country has an air of quiet kindness and peace, a mixture of New Zealand and rural England. We had been unable to get rooms at Titisee, further down the steep mountain railway—the Germans, like us, are hardened week-enders, and Titisee is a great resort for the Baden business man with a car, for trampers, bathers, and ordinary persons, who merely sit on seats and look at the lake—and came up to Neustadt with hope, but very little certainty. And it seemed for a time that hope would be defeated. There were no rooms in the hotels. We dropped our bags in the street and discussed the matter without joy, and even (I regret to say on my part) with some impatience, for it had been a long day. An old lady, who seemed to me to have the light of lunacy in her eye, had for some time been following us with a wildly

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interested gaze; she now came forward—she had a friend—ja! ja! The friend was appealed to. Alas! he could do nothing. Another friend—her house was full up since the last hour! A small boy came—a small girl—in an instant the square seemed to be full of flying figures of small boys and girls, dashing to apprise their parents of the parlous state of four tourists, obviously unhappy foreigners, stranded in the main street of Neustadt at 8 o'clock in the evening. And in ten minutes more we were safely housed, two on one side of the square, two on the other. A sleeping baby, implicit trust and luxurious warmth, was cleared out of one room to make way for the intruders; the South African and the New Zealander, neither of whose faith was very strong, found themselves in a low cheerful room hung round with religious texts and a benevolent little Christ in blue and white china. The South Germans are strongly Catholic and their houses show it. Two charming old ladies waited on us, all smiles and attention; their beds were soft, their breakfast rolls were fresh, their coffee was nectar. We came and went and maltreated their house as if we had been their sons.

We liked Neustadt. It had all been burnt to the ground a hundred years ago, so they told us; but even as it was, rebuilt, it looked timeless and immortal. The houses were set about the steep-hung streets in the familiar and friendly way one never sees in a new country. They seem to grow out of the land, rather than to be set down upon it by the alien hands of a builder; they were as much a part of the hills as the great black forest itself. In the sun-bathed square, beneath the church with the bold shapely spire, oxen came dragging their complaining timber-laden carts, or a motor-lorry, all thunderous and unimpressive modernity, startled the air with its transient noise, threw up the dust, and passed away. The end of the streets ran naturally into fields stretching up the whole slope of a hill, where women, sunburnt, old, ageless, beautiful with an inbred unconscious beauty, turned the new sweet hay. We climbed those hills one evening and felt the dark descend and saw the stars come out—it was difficult to believe that this country was foreign. We tramped the hilly roads and called at a village store for food—how like the universal emporiums at Paekakariki or Otaki station. One late Sunday afternoon we came back from a walk; the square was crowded with people. There was a band, and two separate male choirs performed in turn, standing on the steps of the bigger buildings. There were flags hung out and everybody was very jolly, like the better kind of English crowd. It was an outing for permanently-injured soldiers, who sat maimed, smiling, and flower-bedecked with their crutches in big cars, just like ordinary human wounded soldiers. We stood in a room above the square with a number of German women—they had no reason to withhold their views on the war and tactlessly intrusive foreigners. They might have displayed some animosity; they might at least have shown coldness. And yet of this there was no least indication. They even pulled us forward to get a better view.

We went to the inn for supper, and the good Frau Hoffmeyer, widow, was a smiling mother to us. One of us was even asked to play the piano, and, greatly daring, ventured. After supper a village youth, solemn, intent, otherwise silent, produced an accordion and played wonderful tunes, while a graceful girl, smiling gravely, danced with the other sunburnt young men in turn. We left to the sound of many "gut nachts," and it was pleasant to walk for a while under the deep midnight summer sky before sleeping. It would have been pleasant

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indeed to have stayed longer at Neustadt, with its hills and cheerful companionable people; but Vienna called us, and Munich, with her numberless trampers—how refreshing to one who loved the Wellington hills and the familiar solitudes of the Tararua's—with her treasuries of pictures, her magnificence and loveliness of music—and we left. Our two charming old ladies were desolated to see us go; with many smiles and a sort of ancient demure roguishness they produced (besides the absurdly diminutive bill) two magnificent posies of carnations, duly wired and wrapped in silver paper, and fastened them maternally in our button holes. Come back, they said, and we will teach you the Schwarzwald accent! There is nothing, we said, that we want to do in this world so much as to come back to Neustadt! Auf wiedersehen! said our charming old ladies. Auf wiedersehen! said we, wringing their hands, and set off down the hill to the station. Neither they nor the thousands of other hard-working, modest, friendly people we met in Germany, in trains, on the streets, in parks, in galleries, in third and fourth-class railway carriages, seemed to nourish any insatiate desire to fly at our quite defenceless throats. Perhaps their leaders—those sinister leaders to whose indubitable, to whose outrageous revolt against the rest of Europe, the Hon. Mr. Garland so thrillingly refers—had not yet whipped up their sluggish Teutonic passions to the right pitch. Or perhaps, in their gross materialism, they refrained from murder only to make a profit out of us, at whatever cost to the national shame. Who knows? We at least passed unharmed and friended, courteously treated, without let or hindrance—and at least one passport in our four was dangerously out of order.

I do not wish to lengthen unconscionably an already long letter. But I cannot help thinking of the young Prussian scholar at whose side I have been working lately in the Public Record Office. He is a medievalist of peculiarly acute sensibility, a man with the historical imagination, a musician, a student of contemporary European politics as well as of the 13th century London records. He wears a watch chain of iron, engraved with the date 1916, and the words, "I gave gold and received iron." "In eiserner Zeit"—they were iron times, when Germany suffered not less than New Zealand. He naturally feels the national predicament keenly; yet I have heard no word of bitterness from him—despair for muddled thought and foolish blundering no doubt he experiences deeply, as every man must who has the scholar's detachment and the thinker's clarity of vision. It is perhaps easier to experience it here, where history is being made, than in New Zealand, where Legislative Councillors merely talk. I think of the other German students I have known in London, clear-headed, unaffected, passionately interested in a more adequately organised world. I find in them no hostility. They would, I feel certain, be as blankly puzzled as I am at that trenchant opinion of the Hon. Mr. Garland's, that "this namby-pamby talk of offering the other cheek is only courting further disaster." I think, finally, of the Armistice which silent London crowds commemorated yesterday, and of the wreath that was laid on the Cenotaph, a wreath, "very small and modest, with the label inscribed, 'to the Great Unknown Soldier of all Nations from a German girl.'"

Sir, this will reach you about Christmas. I am far from thinking that any season of the year more than another is suitable for thoughts of tolerance and amity, but it may induce you to find room for a letter which has in spite of myself attained the size of a lengthy article. And I am far from wishing to idealise

Germans any more than I do Frenchmen, or Eskimos, or New Zealanders. I do not doubt that their Nationalist Die-Hards are irritating enough. And I cannot feel any great indignation at the thought of such speeches in our Legislative Council—wise and farseeing, statesmanlike as it is, it is after all a Legislative Council. But I do feel, very keenly, sorrow at what, in this respect as well as in the treatment of those who are conveniently lumped together as "shirkers," may perhaps be described as the moral inadequacy of my fellow-countrymen—a lack of understanding and imagination, a deadness of great issues and a fine generosity—which to any travelled New Zealander who has observed with candour, who has thought sincerely and dispassionately, makes any country rather than New Zealand his spiritual home.—I am, etc. J.C.B.

Poppies

*I think of all flowers
Scarlet poppies are the bravest,
Flaunting silken petals in the holiest of holies,
See how that haughty rose hangs her crimson head in shame,
For the reckless riot round her of scarlet and of flame;
And that bank of pale hydrangeas, faintest pink and softest blue
Drop their heavy heads in sorrow at the flaring wanton hue
Of the garden interlopers.*

*But through the gold hours,
While the white rose looks her gravest,
And draws her green leaves back from these lowliest of lowlies,
The poppies swing their gaudy heads and kiss the rose's cheek;
Nor hang their silken slimness with the lowly and the meek;
They whisper with the wanton wind and scatter at his breath
Scarlet petals on the pathway, bright insignia of death
From the garden interlopers.*

—K.Z.

Peace

*This evening, saw I o'er the town
A mist, lovely and frail
As a cloud of incense.
And stars, in pity pale
Looked dimly down
Sagacious eyes
Of paradise,
Calm as benediction.*

—S.G.M.

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Common Sense About the Movies

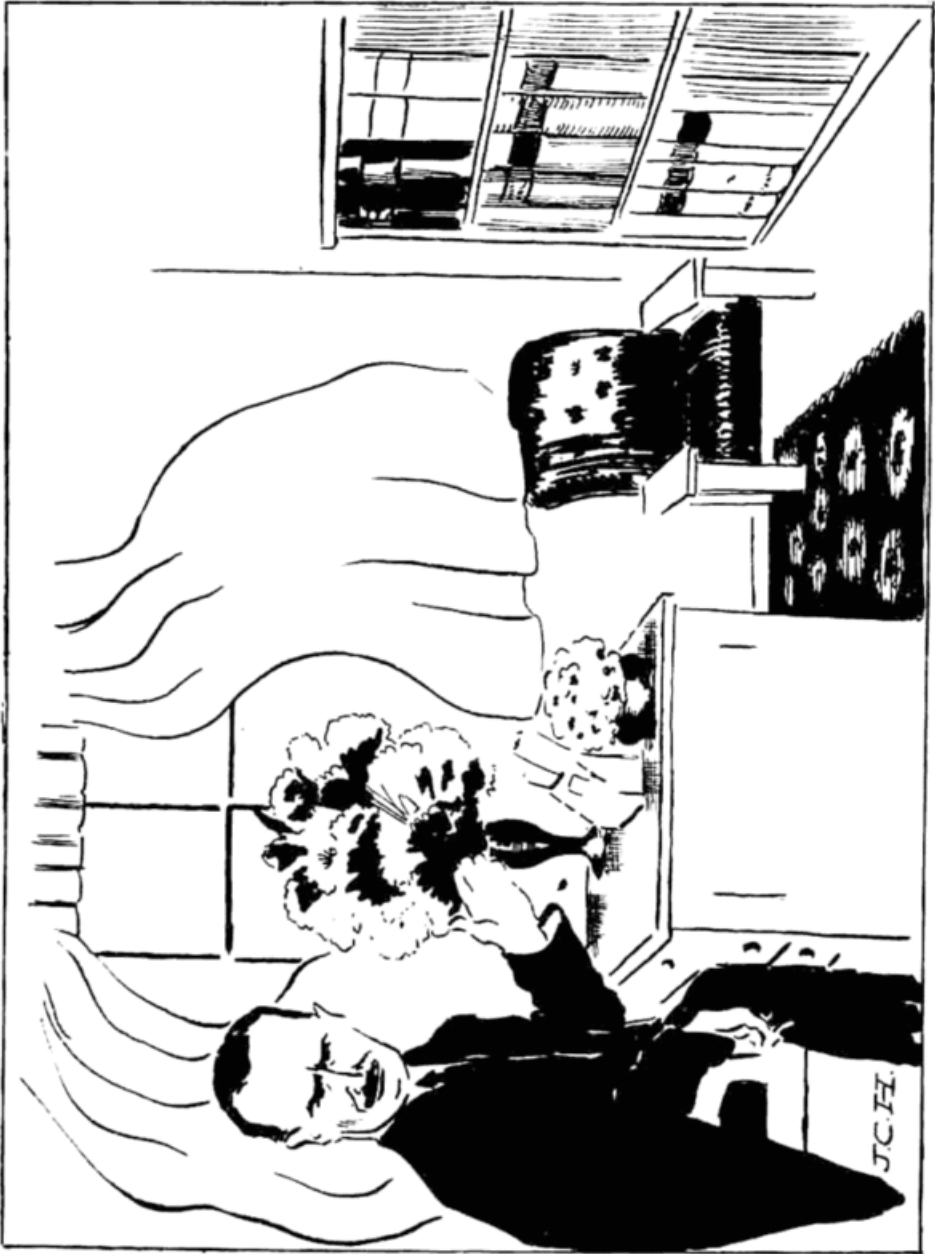
WHEN they selected "The Man Who Fights Alone" as the "starring vehicle" which was to bring William Farnum back to the screen they chose a picture which showed that athletic gentleman as the victim of hallucinations, his pet hallucination being that his friend (Edward Everett Horton) and his wife (Lois Wilson) were given to the difficult delight of embracing in a birch bark canoe. The canoe was in a lake, and, the movies being what they are, Horton, Lois, canoe, lake and embrace had to be transferred to the film.

Now, there is a lake in Hollywood which is the most filmed lake in the world. It is in the centre of the park in which, from the earliest Mack Sennet days, pie-throwing comedians in odd clothes have pursued willing cuties and later have played mulberry bush games with burly husbands and film policemen. There is another lake in the Busch gardens of Pasadena which has also received much attention from directors and cameramen. Either of these lakes would have done. Each of them can be gained in half-an-hour from the Lasky Hollywood studio. But for this hallucination Lasky's decided that sixty people and some tons of equipment must travel by special train for a day and a night to Huntingdon Lake, which is 7,000 feet above sea-level in the High Sierras. And when they got there the episode was not shot for the excellent reason that the lake was dry. There had been no water in it for three years.

It is some years since, perforce, I commenced to study the movies. Up to the time when I left my teens and started to observe my surroundings for the capitalist press, at a liberal estimate, I had seen 150 feature films. During the seven years which have elapsed I have attended at least 45 movies a year, not from choice, but because the management of various popular houses which had advertising contracts with the capitalist press deemed that my presence was part of the contract, and, indeed, manifested hurt surprise if ever I did not appear. That management left nothing to chance. It had to pay high rates for its pictures, it owned theatres which were highly expensive, it engaged orchestras of the very best musicians to be found. So it was not bashful in its opinions of the class of entertainment which it had to offer. Double column splurges in the dailies announced the draw of the moment which was guaranteed to carry a wallop in both hands. Beautifully blurry blocks, on the weekly entertainment page (subsequently purchased by the management and sent to provincial dailies) showed the lovely Dorothy Darling in an appealing attitude. Young libraries of publicity matter containing plots, hints for "tie-ups" with book-stores, department stores, candy-stores, fire brigades, police forces and undertakers (I have actually seen this), biographies of the stars, "teasers," reproductions of lobby sheets, costs of production, description of frocks, or jewels, or wines, or special sets, little incidents connected with the shooting, snappy headlines, prepared reviews and even full musical scores with cues, were sent to me. On top of which, the management requested my presence and remonstrated with me when I stayed away.

That total of 450 to 500 films, which represents my movie going, has included all sorts of pictures. Before the devastating wave of society drama, which swung upwards about three years ago, one used to see a few amusing

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"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW ROOM?"

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things. Latterly it is all the same. At 9.30 things are at their worst, there is the comfortable assurance that the film will be no different from any other and one settles in the seat for a merited snooze. At 9.59 one opens half-an-eye for the final hug. The interval may be safely passed over.

In the September "*Spike*" there was published the conclusions which I have drawn after these years of moviedom. This postscript, drawn forth by a footnote written by one E.B., is intended as explanatory, not biographical. However, since my movie experience has been called into question, perhaps it is as well to know where we stand. Let me admit that when I wrote "The New Art," I had not seen that undoubtedly striking production "Variety." This film, I declared the night I saw it, holds more ideas than the entire American film industry has produced since its birth. It caused no end of a flutter in the States. The first move was a rush for Lya de Putti and Jannings and the second an endeavour to obtain something of the effects gained in "Variety" by pitching the camera at every conceivable angle and altitude. But "Variety" no more proved that the film is capable of greatness than the fact that Gershwin wrote a "Rhapsody in Blue" proves that that form of orchestra is the form of the future. To begin with, "Variety" was very much of a gamble for the gentlemen who handled it. In New Zealand it had a very spotted history. In one town it would break all records, in another it would not be looked at. And E.B.'s wide knowledge of block booking and of the ways of exhibitors should tell him what that means. Next, let me permit myself a privy chuckle at the innocence which rates de Putti as a great actress after seeing her in one picture under very able direction. Once away from that direction (in "Rash Privates," for instance), she showed herself a very ordinary little jade. Which is only in line with what we know, that the great actors of the screen will sometimes jump through the hoops very well when the director's curses are long and loud enough. But let us leave such trifles as the merits or demerits of the acting of Lon Chaney and Pauline Frederick, which after all are beside the point, and further consider the masterly way in which the new art is managed.

First, let me introduce the great Eric Von Stroheim, master producer. One day this genius told Patrick Powers that he wanted to make a picture from "The Wedding March" and that he could do it for 300,000 dollars. He would direct and appear in the leading role and the picture would be shot in four months. Powers told him to go ahead. The shooting began on June 2nd, 1926, and by September 1st von Stroheim had shot away a mere matter of 680,000 dollars belonging to Powers. Also, as far as they could figure, the picture was about half done. They thought about it for a fortnight and then Pat told him to go ahead again. By the end of January the total expenditure was 1,000,000 dollars. "The Wedding March" is to be seen here as an eight-reel picture. After the first cut had been made (the "first cut" is the first editing, the first elimination of the superfluous) von Stroheim found that he had taken 60 reels and that there were still a few more sequences that he would like to film.

One day, Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer decided that it would be a good plan to film Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" in techni-colour, with elaborate sets and a de luxe cast. There would also be a story, of course, but that was a detail. When they had gone ahead sufficiently far to have debited the film with 500,000 dollars they discovered that there was no story and the undertaking had to be

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scrapped. Next take the effort of Joseph M. Schenck to produce a film version of "Dulcy," with Constance Talmadge as star. Schenck was dissatisfied with the first script, made by John Emerson and Anita Loos, and turned over the matter to Frances Marion and C. Gardner Sullivan. Frances Marion, at this time, was the bright particular star on the literary side of the films and it needed a cheque of at least 20,000 dollars before she would even think of starting on a story. With Sullivan, she formed the strongest team to be found in Hollywood. When the script was turned over it was handed to the biggest collection of production stars that could be got together. "Dulcy" was to be released in seven reels. And nobody realised that the script contained at least twenty reels of action! After a couple of months Franklin, the director, refused to shoot another foot. His first cut reduced the picture to sixteen reels. Superhuman efforts cut it down to twelve reels, but at that stage Franklin informed Schenck that he was finished with the film.

These are not the biggest instances of foolishness. "Ben Hur," as all the world knows, had cost 500,000 pounds sterling, and was a failure, when Metro-Goldwyn bought it over and forthwith scrapped the catacombs which had been rebuilt for the purposes of the picture. "The King of Kings" contains fourteen reels that Cecil de Mille chopped out of sixty-four reels which he shot while working on this, his biggest inspiration. Nobody has yet computed how much was left on the editing-room floor when "The Ten Commandments" went under the scissors. The thing is ridiculous. If art has any meaning at all it is allied with economy. Playwrights seeking performance do not turn out plays which it would take five or six hours to present. Yet any movie director is delighted if his first cut reveals that his film is reduced to twelve reels—just about twice as long as is needed for presentation.

The movies, I have said, have no future. There have been moments in films, the lights of the moving train passing over the waiting figure of the woman in "A Woman of Paris," the jerking rifle-muzzle in "Beverley of Graustark," the sudden introduction of low-ceilinged sets in "Variety" when the climax was reached, which resulted in everyone feeling depressed without knowing why, the trudging feet in "The Big Parade." Sometimes melodrama has been effective, as in "Beau Geste," sometimes pseudo-historic stuff, as in the Fairbanks "Robin Hood" or the Arliss "Disraeli" (which, incidentally, was a failure for New Zealand exhibitors). But, in the main, pie-throwing is the domain of the film, and it is forever an answer to those who impugn the intelligence of the House of Lords that by the recent questionnaire on film matters it was established that Chaplin was their favourite film actor. I have no patience with those who imagine (as E.B.) that when Mo. falls upon his middle it is low comedy, but that when Falstaff falls upon his it is art. In this domain—which is a great domain and one which I relish—the movies may revel. Pantomimic comedy is their forte. Beyond that they should not venture and to argue that the results which they achieve are comparable with the theatre is to argue that the Frenchmen weeping at the posturing and grimacing of David Garrick during the "King Lear" scene were obtaining as much aesthetic appreciation as they would had they understood English. It is to argue that gesture is more eloquent than language, that Connie Talmadge's eyelid is more absorbing than Mercutio. But the whole position has been summed up by O. N. Gillespie, who, be it mentioned, was

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the arbiter of the destinies of "Variety" and "The Waltz Dream" in New Zealand. This is what Gillespie says at the close of a recent "Bulletin" article on the film: "This is not to say that the possibility of an art of the film is hopeless. Certain European producers, notably in Germany, have registered some forward movement towards an aesthete of the film. The beauty and intelligent handling of a film panoramic-play such as "Faust" is very comforting. Maybe from Europe (unlikely from U.S.A.) will come composers for the film who will disregard literary sources, novels, dramas and written stories, and compose for the new visual art as painters and musicians do. When that happens, the cinema may take its place, find its own metier, and possibly do something towards enlarging the mind, stimulating the interest, and creating a new beauty for eyes to see. Meantime it is blundering along, increasing mental laziness, dissolving good and bad novels and plays into hopeless messes, and dimming and rendering still more helpless the imaginations of millions of folk who can ill afford any further loss of their feeble powers."

—C.Q.P.

Why Not Common Sense?

ONE might be slightly amused at C.Q.P.'s further attack on the cinema—amused that is, if one were not also more than slightly bored as his unintelligent strictures about what he seems to have very little critical knowledge. He gives us what to some might be interesting, but what to others are totally irrelevant, details concerning the parks at Hollywood, further details of a biographical nature concerning his own exploits as a film reviewer for the capitalist press, and finally more details still, considering the manner in which films are produced. This together with "such trifles as the merits or demerits" of the art of various cinema actors, together again with much talk about "ordinary little jades," "willing cuties," "waiters who use scent," "pie throwing comedians," "slap stick comedy," fallacious comparisons between the stage and the cinema—all this leads C.Q.P. to the foregone conclusion that the cinema is in no manner an art, and has no future but that of pantomimic comedy.

Now those who attack the cinema may be grouped, I think, into two main classes. First come the professional or amateur moralists, the general busibodies and those who feel that there must be some single cause responsible for present unrest and therefore fasten upon the movies as this cause. By this class the movies are condemned as the immoral, anti-social force in modern civilization. These people cover up their lack of knowledge of the cinema by loud talk and much dust throwing, but for all their sincerity—and we may grant them that at least—they are hopelessly misguided. Equally misguided, however, are the second class. This class consists of journalists, editors, popular orators, "arty" people. Either they make no attempt to understand the art of the cinema and therefore condemn it blindly, absurdly, blatantly, psittaciously, or else they attempt to make capital from the cinema by sensational write-up, smart copy, disquisitions on the morals of Hollywood, or polemics against a misunderstood art, quite confident

that their sensation or their smartness or what not, will hide their ultimate prejudice and profound ignorance. C.Q.P., I believe, has his close affiliations with this second class. By careful selection of his facts, omitting all those that are contrary to his own opinions, by dexterous manipulation of such facts, he is led on from one statement to another, until finally, like Little Jack Horner, he triumphantly produces his plum, and concludes that all this talk about the movies as art is absurdity. All of which might be amusing and clever, were it not, as I said before, a little unintelligent and therefore, boring.

I have neither the time nor would the editor allow me the space, to criticise C.Q.P. in any detail. Passing over that extraordinary comparison between the greatness of the German film "Variety" and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (I am sure that only misguided enthusiasts would imagine for a moment that an orchestra of saxophones is going to be the orchestra of the future)—a comparison which seems to me quite meaningless, C.Q.P. will probably not grudge me also my privy chuckle at the innocence and naivety of a critic who judges of the final worth of an art by misleading consideration of its genesis. C.Q.P. gives us elaborate details (date, year, number of feet of film used, all complete) of the filming of "The Wedding March," "Dulcy," "Ben Hur," "The King of Kings," etc., and then tells us that because art is allied with economy, therefore the film, which may be cut down from its first "shoot" of sixty-four reels to a final presentation of fourteen reels, is not art.

Surely, however, C.Q.P. realises that art is allied with economy only in the final presentation of a work of art; and that to condemn the cinema because of lack of economy, not in final presentation, but in its origin, is just as sublimely futile as it would be to condemn a presentation of Shakespeare's King Lear on the stage just because the cast had to be rearranged time and time again, or the play rehearsed innumerable times before the producer was satisfied; just as futile and illogical again as it would be to judge the literary work of Mr. George Moore or Joseph Conrad as not satisfying the canons of art, because it is, and was, their custom—so I understand—to write and re-write, alter and change, a piece of creative writing before perfection of form resulted. One could make endless comparisons, but the two I have given should be enough to convince C.Q.P. that if he wishes to use economy as one of his criteria for judging a work of art, let him at least apply it suitably and not fall into the ancient trap of confusing validity with origins.

In all his strictures against the cinema, C.Q.P. does not as yet seem to have realised that the practice of comparing the stage with the cinema to the disadvantage of one art or the other is a more or less fruitless procedure. For in the first place, the stage has such advantages as the impress of the personality of the actors, intensity and confinement of action, colour and what is in fact a difference, not an advantage, the stage has the spoken word. But on the other hand, the cinema gives vivid visual imagery, increased intimacy, an infinite variety of scenes, endless angles of vision and of focuses, it brings out the enormous dramatic significance of natural objects—and thus Desdemona's handkerchief becomes a protagonist, not a mere piece of stage property—and finally, space and time as limitations and conventions are banished, they become real factors in building up an artistic unity. One might say perhaps that whereas to go to the movies is to purchase a dream, to go to the theatre is to buy an experience. Between the ex-

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perience and the dream there lies a vast difference. That is why, as I say, it is ultimately and inherently unfair to both the stage and the cinema to compare the two, and from such comparison to talk contemptuously of the "silent drama"; and it is as idle to insist in the manner of C.Q.P. that the cinema is inferior to the stage artistically, as idle since the difference is one of medium, as it is to claim that Tchekov is a greater artist than Van Gogh, Hardy greater than Sargeant, Beethoven greater than Rembrandt. Inartistic films there may be, but what about "White Cargo," "The Ringer," Fuller's Vaudeville, and productions of that kind?

If C.Q.P. wishes to know something of the art of the cinema, I might direct his attention to the recent Studio publication—*Films of the Year*—or to the cinema criticism in the *London Observer*, *The New York Nation*, *Drawing and Design*, or the *London Spectator*. In case he is not familiar with such criticism—and his own imperfect pseudo-criticism makes such a possibility seem likely—perhaps he will forgive my impertinence if I point out to him some of its most important premises.

I think it may be said that in general terms, life, both spiritual and physical life, is movement, and conversely, movement is life. Now the cinema is the only art that can preserve this movement in its expression. In doing this, it suffers of course in a greater or less degree from certain difficulties—but what art has not its inherent disadvantages? In the new art there are two co-ordinate functions. The one function is to tell a story well, the other to connect the story by a flow of images. Since its invention thirty years ago the cinema has been preoccupied over much with dramatic fleshpots. Now, however, it is being realized that just as it is foolish to presume that all poetry should be narrative, all music, programme music—and the cinema is nearer to these arts than to the stage—so is it foolish to imagine that the whole of the cinema is bound up with its dramatic function. The film must place its images so as to create a train of thought. This may be set free by telling a story. But just as, for example, the art of the ballet, besides its dramatic quality, presents us with an harmonious succession of moments of free motion bound into a total configuration or design, so likewise must the cinema, in its ultimate art, present us with the beauty of images shifting from pattern to pattern all the time in harmony of relation to a total rhythmical design.

Some films there are, such as the film "Faust," which are almost wholly the development of theme; other films, for instance, "Beau Geste," are purely straight out, photographic representations of action. But, I would suggest, that film reaches nearest to the pinnacles of art which combines the development of both theme and story in one balanced design. Further, I think it not in the least absurd to say that in the cinema—if comparisons are needed—there is an art like music, flowing and rhythmical, but which contains within itself at once sculpture in motion, painting in motion, and, often, architecture in motion.

In conclusion then, I might state that while agreeing in part with the utterances of C.Q.P.'s prophet, O. N. Gillespie, I certainly think the latter presents in no possible manner a final summary of the influence and art of the cinema. I think, moreover, that it is utterly ridiculous to even attempt to maintain that the sole domain of the film is "pie throwing" comedy. I would suggest finally that though C.Q.P. is dissatisfied with the films shown in Wellington, nevertheless, he should read—and study—some of the newer criticism of the best German, Russian, American and other Continental films now being produced, but rarely being

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screened in New Zealand. Should he do so, he might not in future make his present facile sacrifice of critical truth at the altar of journalistic smartness. And opposed to the words of O. N. Gillespie I would be content to place this vision of that great French critic, Elie Faure, when he writes of the movies as becoming in future "the art of the crowd, the powerful centre of communion in which new symphonic forms will be born in the tumult of passion and utilized for fine and elevating aesthetic ends." Is it not time for C.Q.P. to apply to the movies some of that commonsense of which, like all sciologists, he makes such great parade?

—E.B.

[We think that C.Q.P. and E.B. have both had sufficient opportunity to place before readers of the "Spike" the merits and demerits of the cinema. We ourselves do not profess the capacity to judge the issue, preferring to abide by the pragmatic test, and wait for another twenty-five years before giving our opinion. Meanwhile the controversy is definitely closed.—ED.]

Escape

*Visioned faintly—O, but faintly—Constantine:
Mosque and fortress on a rocky eyrie seen,
Cliffly perching, outward searching, eagle-keen,
Over burnt Algerian uplands
(Wide, far-reaching, painted grainlands)
To enchanted, chasméd, mountains; cloud-enchanted, bringing rain . . .
Constantine!*

—R.

Rock Gardens, Kew

*Flat, dripping, scrub; and drifting, misty, rain;
Bare rocks that climb—climb from a falling stream,
A little lone cascade, as friendly as a dream.
O, singing waters on an upland plain,
Tough, wind-blown scrub, and muddy path, and pain
(Dear pain) of feet grown tired in walking; gleam
Of Tama's water, under clouds that seem
Eternal: friends, I would be friends again!*

*There's music on the Waihothonu plain
Of falling waters; Tongariro's chain
Knows hope of sun beyond the rain, and time
For climbing, with the wildest rock to climb.
But here: the rocks are grouped and plants are named
And every lonely, wiry shrub is tamed.*

—R.

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Dream Castle

*There is a castle veiled in silver cloud,
High on the summit of the Mount of Dreams;
Half hidden from the world, secluded, proud,
Its crystal spire in the starlight gleams.*

*And rainbows dwell there and the souls of flowers,
And songs more sweet than even angels sing;
Soft music floats along the languid hours,
Cool and refreshing as the breath of spring.*

*And colours bloom there, colours rich and glowing,
Undimmed, untarnished by our denser air;
And glories that we pass each day, unknowing,
Are found in radiant beauty gathered there.*

*Noise of the world and sorrows of desire,
Battle and strife and pain, all these shall cease;
Yea, Thought itself shall quench the sacred fire,
And all Dream Castle shall be filled with peace.*

*And only Those Who Dream shall enter here,
Content to let the busy world go by;
The tribute is a smile, a sigh, a tear;
And all the Memory of the Past shall die.*

*Soft dreams shall soothe them till they seem to sleep,
Beauty and Peace shall lull their minds to rest.
And they will ne'er return to strive and weep,
For Life is sorrow, and to dream is best.*

—J.M.

A Poet Speaks

*A poet speaks and magic words come swiftly,
The air is filled with sweetly rhythmic sound;
His every thought is soon expressed completely,
His words, like leaves, come fluttering to the ground.*

*They say he has a special gift for seeing
All lovely things, however quised they be;
They say he has a special gift for feeling
Each throb of life in earth and sky and sea.*

*But I—I cannot rhapsodize on clouds at sunset,
Or liltily describe a bird's sweet song.
I see the clouds and feel the bird's heart bursting,
Yet words come chokingly and somehow—wrong.*

—D.O.

Under the Microscope

AMOEBA NORTHCROFTII.

[For the benefit of non-members of the Science Society, let us explain that the Amoeba is a unicellular animal; very active and compact. This interesting little creature is found everywhere and lives by surrounding its nourishment with its protoplasm.]

THE movements of this interesting new specimen have afforded our scientific correspondent much interest. He reports indefatigable activity in the little creature, which exhibits all-embracing interests. It recently attained a commanding eminence among its surrounding companions, where it is now active.

This organism shows a disposition to marshal and lead its fellows, especially in expeditions to such places as attract its attention. It has recently been observed directing a phalanx attack upon the cheaper seats at Moisewitsch's recitals, and has even penetrated the inner mysteries of the telephone exchange. The little creature seems to create much diversion among its kind. It is found in close association with *Agaricus Sutherlandii*, *Phormium Yeatesii*, and *Mycor Maskellus*. It is tame and amiable and manifests powers of leadership uncommon among the lower branches of life.

It allies itself to a flourishing colony, the *Societas Sciential*, as central cell, and contributes greatly to the welfare of this organisation, which is of recent growth. The creature exhibits considerable ability in decorating the walls of any habitation that it enters. Just as a spider spins webs of gossamer, *Amoeba Northcroftii* stretches webs of crepe paper, especially in such haunts as the Gymnasium. Any other nature-lover who has observed interesting traits in the little animal would contribute greatly to the general interest by forwarding them to our science correspondent.

The Art Critic

THE first annual exhibition of the Victoria College Art Club is now being held. We should advise no student to miss this interesting display, which merits more than a cursory glance. Some of the most eminent people connected with the College are represented. Proceeds are to be devoted to the fund for rebuilding the students' quarters.

Among the sketches we feel impelled to mention several of outstanding merit. "The Amateur Adonis" of Mr. Pr—stl—y is worthy of mention, though it is somewhat too much in the Oxford manner, which we fear is foreign to this experienced artist. Accent is all-important in this case, and needs much modification. We hope to see considerable improvement ere long.

There is a full length portrait of "A Scottish Chieftain" in complete Highland garb, as painted by the head of the McK—nz—e Clan. The picture is typically broad in treatment with racy touches.

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The "Death of Caesar" by Mr. John R—nk—n, a Brown study, is in the Ciceronian style, whose classic polish and restraint is to be contrasted with the untrammelled vivacity of his French colleague, M. B—dw—l—n, whose breezy vigour has a strong popular appeal.

"Feeding the Flocks," a pleasing little study of the cares of a Brook and its parent stream in tending and feeding the sheep on the rich pastures, has called forth much encouraging commendation. We hope to see more work from the same source.

The Musical Society is well represented by "A Wandering Minstrel I" (apparently in the Major Keys). We should like to hear of more of their work.

The modern school is represented by Mlle. Shélas Maréchal, who deserves commendation, if only for her tireless efforts after originality, undaunted by previous rebuffs. She obtains, however, neither the imaginations of Futurism nor the sincerity of Realism.

The "Portrait of Sir Charles," by G. E. N—ch—lls is an interesting caricature of a leader of men, painted with a free hand and a flowing style.

A touching little vignette after Greuze, "Innocence," is an appealing study. In Mlle. Léonie the Romantic school has a gifted exponent, though her work lacks the maximum appeal, by reason of its somewhat mathematical exactitude and calculation.

Executive ability is shown in "Paul's Epistle to the Profesians," depicting the citizen of no mean city a champion of the wily scholar before the Council of Florance. Determination of Line is manifest.

"Do or(r) Die," the study of a social climber, is an unusually daring depiction of modern life. We cannot fail to see the social service rendered by such studies, but to the discriminating eye this sketch shows crudeness of finish and technique.

Another in the same vein is "Porirua Revisited," by M—ck M—ll—r, who has undoubtedly contributed some excellent work, which enhances the reputation of the College. There is perhaps too strong a bias towards reform.

The ambitious portrait of "Monna Zeisler" is creating considerable sensation. It displays unusual technique, but lacks the mystery and glamour that surround da Vinci's interpretation, though it has its appeal to certain types.

In imitation of the "Laughing Cavalier," is a bold presentation of the modern Knight by F(rancis) P(rendeville), a master of the historical method, an imposing specimen of this artist's style. The eyes have that searching power of following the spectator—a particularly notable feature that shows the consummate artistry of an experienced hand.

Even advertising art is represented here. It is indeed remarkable condescension on the part of Sir John (Platts) Millais, (famous for his "Bubbles"), but nevertheless he has distinguished himself in his study "Every Picture Tells a Story." It is a winning, if somewhat highly coloured, exposition.

In a word, the whole exhibition is highly creditable even to so distinguished a body as that which, we are assured, forms the very apex of civilisation, to wit, Victoria College.

Between Ourselves

COLLEGE ETIQUETTE FOR FRESHERS.

OF course it's a bit late to tell you one or two of these things, now, but that's not our fault; the "*Spike*" doesn't come out till July. But in case you start as a "fresher" at some other college next year, we give you the tip—free! YOU won't be caught. YOU'LL know exactly what to do.

Every fresher entering the college should, during his first year, wear a green neck-tie. This is to mark him off from the older students, who don't wear red neck-ties. They should, but their negligence is no reason for your skirking your duty.

Fish and chips may be eaten about the College—the library is particularly comfortable. The librarian is pleased to receive the paper wrappers for various sections of the library, but he has a particularly strong distaste for chips, none of which may be left about the library. Spare chips may, however, be left with Mr. Brook, who finds them useful in kindling the furnace in the mornings.

You'll find, during your freshman's year, that one or two of your profs., meeting you on the street, will look at you as though they expected you to raise your hat. We know how humiliating that is to a grown-up man of eighteen attending 'Varsity, and our straight-out solution is: "Don't wear a hat." But as that doesn't appeal to everyone, the alternative procedure we suggest is that on sighting the prof. you remove your hat with a hot and bothered motion, get out your handkerchief, and spend the necessary amount of time wiping the perspiration from the inside of your headgear.

You are expected—in fact, it's a case of positive prevention—not to take your letters out of the letter rack during the ten minutes between lectures in the evening hours. As you have doubtless noticed, all the women in the college congregate round the rack during those ten minutes. Who on earth permitted the abuse to arise we don't know, but it exists now by a sort of unwritten law—that is to say, it has evolved, so there's nothing more to be said about it. Your job during those ten minutes is to stand afar off and read the notices that have been hanging on the Prof. and Registrar's Notice Boards for the last twelve months. If you want to get your letters, you may do it either by coming up before the hour—a brutal necessity to impose on anyone, or by waiting till after ten minutes past the hour, and going in late to your lecture.

This brings us to our last, and a very important point. The "Etiquette of the Fresher" demands that every fresher, arriving late at a lecture, shall make to the Professor, before the class, a full statement of the reason for his lateness. We show you how: "Excuse my coming late, professor. The landlady usually turns on tea at twenty minutes to six, and that just gives me time to get up here. But to-night she tried a new kind of pudding, which wasn't ready till five minutes to six. Consequently it was so hot that every spoonful stuck to the roof of my mouth, and that made it very slow eating." That is all that is necessary. The professor will reply, recognising your courtesy, the class will respect you as one of those who *know*, and your conscience will be clear.

A Shattered Aim

*O Fate, whose powers but seldom do create
 The genius, with modest, masterful brain,
 Why should your eyes be cast on me in hate?
 At this year's stirring dawn did I aspire
 To drink of History's Cup. Alas—in vain—
 Closed, it seems, are the portals of my desire.
 The drear nocturnal hours through which I pored
 Oer' many a tome. Ah, fruitless have they been;
 For youth's ambition all too high has soared,
 But now sinks back to Earth with broken wing.
 Would that my folly had I then foreseen,
 I would not now be tortured with pride's sting.
 With eager and expectant heart I sought
 The return of my History Ib test.
 O! Experience, how dearly are you bought?
 For through a maze of red did I discern
 My treasured work, with comment and request
 Endorsed thereon. E'en still my flushed cheek burns.
 And not alone I stood in such a plight,
 For many an erring brother sought mine ear
 With grievance that he thought he stated right.
 But woman's word and brain inspires awe,
 And I acclaimed that Portia in my fear,
 And retired to study all the more.
 But not to study History—for I find
 That first must faultless be my flowing prose.
 'Twould also be enlightening to my mind
 To scan once more the rules of punctuation;
 Heed my choice of words, and only those
 Use, that to the point have adaptation.
 Few words I crave to utter in respect
 Of that comment labelled offering of mine;
 And those, I trust, no insolence reflect.
 My critic in her scathing words derides
 My blatant prose, yet mars her famous line
 With error. Enough. Perchance the critic hides
 A human soul beneath her wisdom's cloak.
 "To err is human"; nay; it is divine;
 Since she has erred, and who can that revoke?*

—T.G.B.

Unholy Smoke

*With puffing pipe he pushes past,
Unblushing in his sin,
While Brookie gazes on aghast
And maidens do a grin.
I tremble at the trailing smoke—
I cannot join the laughter—
Oh, Prof! for this commandment broke
You'll smoke like fun hereafter.*

DIES IRAE.

Adventure

*Adventure! Singing on the gale
That wails across the frozen land,
That shrills across the frozen seas,
And cracks the stiffened icy sail;
Adventure! Hear the wolves that cry
Under the lights of the Northern sky!*

*Adventure gloams in Norway Fjords,
It floats white winged on Italian seas
It floats white winged on Italian seas
And walks brown eyed 'neath the purple vine;
It looms all red in velvet nights,
And flows in blood from a thousands fights.*

*Wine and blood, blood and wine,
Women whose lips are redder than those,
Wild sea winds and crusted brine,
O'er the world Adventure goes,
But in our town—down the wet black street,
Adventure creeps on misty feet.*

*Whispering tales of love and hate
Among the tall old houses there
(Crusted on hills like barnacles)
Adventure goes with streaming hair
With misty eyes, on bush clad hills
She dreams beside the dreaming rills.*

*Adventure! In the windy dusk
Where tea tree grows all slim and grey,
The tui pours out golden notes,
And Pan calls down the twilit way,
Adventure sits with lips apart,
With glowing eyes and beating heart!*

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Onward or Plato's N.Z. Republic

"The number of those who need to be awakened is far greater than that of those who need comfort."—BISHOP WILSON'S "Maxims of Piety and Christianity."

[The whole is a recital by Socrates. The Scene is in the house of Cephalus, at the Piræus.]

YES, Polemarchus, no doubt it is a great thing to have seen America. I don't say that I wish to go there again, but it certainly was a good thing for me to see it once. I did not know how much I loved Athens until I left Chicago.

But, interrupted Glaucon, you visited other places besides America and you must have seen other equally surprising and notable things. For example—

Ah, yes, I said, there was New Zealand

Is not that, said Polemarchus, one of those many uninhabited islands far to the south of America?

Far to the south—yes—but uninhabited—alas! No. The islands themselves are very beautiful—the soil, compared with our own, is marvellously rich and the forests grow to a great height, while often above them I saw high mountains white with snow. Certain officials of the Government invited me to ascend one of them and, little as I am accustomed to climbing high mountains, I was inclined to go with them until they went on to say that, though the mountain was 300 miles away, they could get me to it in less than eight hours, and that I could "do the whole thing" and be back in the city on the third day. I replied that it was very good of them to think of it, but I thought I should prefer to take a walk through the Botanical Gardens and be home in time for lunch. Whereat—much indignant I fear—they went away, and I was left—though not for long—to my thoughts.

But, interrupted Polemarchus, before you go any further, tell us to what race do these people belong—are they fair like the Barbarians or olive-skinned like ourselves, or are they black like the Ethiopians?

As to that, I replied, they are definitely Barbarians—of the English kind, and in truth (if you had not observed it) they are not slow to tell you of it. The Americans, you remember, declare themselves to be 100 per cent. American; the New Zealanders are more exact in their statements: they claim to be only 97½ per cent. British stock. Nevertheless they are singularly proud of their ancestors, the English; some of them still visit England, and they all tell you how it is the custom to refer to England as "Home," and they go on to explain how sad it must be to be a foreigner and not to know what a home is, and so on.

But, said Polemarchus, if they loved England so much why did they ever leave it to go to New Zealand?

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That is a question I myself proposed to them, and they told me they felt it such a good thing to be English that they believed it to be their duty to go abroad to other lands and fill them with children so that the waste spaces of the world should be filled with free-souled Englishmen, and not with slaves like the Germans, or immoral people like the French, or vulgar people like the Americans or backward races like the Chinese. They also said that the spirit of adventure was born in them. But, said I, if it was the spirit of adventure that drove you forth—why do you *stay* in New Zealand? And they said they had not thought of that: it must have been only the love of liberty. But I afterwards met a Sophist (those around me called him a W.E.A. Tutor) who told me that it was not the love of liberty or the spirit of adventure that made them leave England, but a fearful thing called "The Industrial Revolution" which took away their work and left them so poor that their only chance was to seek a new country. And this, I learned, was true. But I think I had better begin at the beginning and tell you of things in order as they befell me.

The Capital of New Zealand is called Wellington, and I arrived there early in the morning. I was aroused from a pleasant sleep by a loud knocking at my cabin and was told that certain citizens desired to meet me. Rising hurriedly, I went on deck and saw a small group of people who, I judged, were not a little ill at ease. However, one of them left the group and came quickly forward and shook my hand, saying: Professor Socrates, a few of us have done ourselves the honour of coming along to welcome you to our city. Whereat the others came forward and, to speak truly, I was soon at my ease among them. I asked many questions of them and found them very communicative. They were not slow—indeed I thought a little more quick than our Athenian ideas of propriety would allow—to forewarn me that their countrymen were unpromising soil for a philosopher's thought to fall on. But they said they would leave me to find out the worst for myself. I replied that even in Athens lovers of wisdom were few, and that after my visit to America I had not expected to find any in New Zealand at all.

At this point we were interrupted by a deputation of citizens of importance, led by the Mayor of the City, who made a speech which I thought worthy of preservation and accordingly I cut it out of the local advertising sheet (for such things do contain a certain amount of news) and brought it with me. Here it is:—"His Worship the Mayor said they were glad to have this opportunity of welcoming so distinguished a stranger, and all the more because he was a representative of one of their Allies in the Great War. They all knew that Greece was a great country and for his part, as a believer in progress, he thought a little more grease on the national axles wouldn't do them any harm. (Laughter.) Though of course New Zealand, as everybody knew, was in the vanguard of all reform, political, moral, intellectual and industrial. As for infant mortality, well, coming from a country where the exposure of children was rampant, Dr. Socrates could learn quite a lot from them. He thought, too, from what he had read in the cables, that the Greeks could learn something from them about public order and sound Government. As for philosophy, he did not profess to be a philosopher, but he was sure that philosophy was a good thing and he would say with certainty that if Professor Socrates could do something to inculcate *sound* philosophy and

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put down Bolshevism at the local University College he would be a public benefactor.

Is that all? asked Glaucon. What about your speech, Socrates, does it not tell about that?

No, said I, it just says that Professor Socrates "suitably replied." What I actually said was something like this: Sirs, I thank you for your words of welcome. I am not at all distinguished I fear, save by my habit of asking questions, which I find to be nowhere popular. Moreover, having been cast out of America for lack of a proper respect to the gods of that country, and having more recently failed to pass the education test required of my countrymen by the White Australia Policy in Sydney, and having left behind me in Athens a reputation rather blown on as being a corrupter of youth, I am inclined to view myself with the humility proper to a philosopher—putting myself forward, if at all, not as the possessor of wisdom, but simply as a seeker after it. I was ready to say more but at this point I was solicited by one of the ship's company to attend in the lounge for inspection by the health authorities of the city.

Do they then attach much importance to Health? asked Adimantus. It is a good thing to be so careful of the people's health—would you not say so, Socrates?

Of a surety, I said, but one may err by excess as well as by defect. It is possible to forfeit one's peace of mind in an over-anxious care for the health of the body; and though they have not yet gone so far as the Americans I found that the New Zealanders were too far gone along this road. The signs of it were very clear. Of old time in the villages of the English the people who had the best houses and the most influence were the squire and the parson. In New Zealand the squires live far away on vast farms carrying thousands of sheep and cattle. They have little influence, being for the most part ill-educated and only spoiled by travel. The parsons are numerous but badly paid, and on the whole are rather harmless drudges than a power for good or evil. The people who have the best houses and the most respect are the doctors and the lawyers.

And are the people content with such a state of things?

Most obstinately so. When I tried to persuade them that doctors and lawyers were the same in all ages, namely, charlatans and thieves, they told me that modern doctors were scientific and had most cunning instruments, and as for the lawyers—How, they said, could we get the better of our neighbours without them? But I found that the modern doctors surpassed our own chiefly in this, that they could cut more and more of you away without killing you, and that the modern lawyers surpassed our own chiefly in this, that at last they had got their clients to believe in them.

I have told you how formerly, especially in the parts of England known as Scotland and Ireland, every family hoped to make one son a priest. In New Zealand every family tries to make one boy a doctor.

But will not the time come when the doctors and the lawyers will be tyrants? asked Glaucon.

Perhaps, said I, for these men have been able to make it more and more difficult to become initiated into their mysteries. At the same time the lawyers multiply laws and the doctors discover new diseases and keep the people in terror

by judicious reports circulated through the newspapers. The Legislature enacts about 100 new sets of laws every year and you scarcely ever take up your newspaper without reading an alarmist report of an outbreak of disease in some part of the country. Yet, now I think of it, I am not so sure. For lately two rival mysteries have sprung up—composed of needy or fanatical members of one or other mystery. They are called Land Agents and Plunket Nurses.

And what may they be? inquired Glaucon.

I will tell you, first warning you that they are very powerful people, and not to be provoked with impunity. I will speak first of the Plunket Nurses. I have discovered in the course of my travels that each country has its own particular national fad—or perhaps I should call it enthusiasm—which comes out much in their speech, and which in a way expresses their character. In England, the people being frigid and unexpansive by nature, it is *cold baths*; in America, where the people are puffed up by commercial success, it is *world leadership*; in Australia, where they have reached the stage of what I may call outdoor sophistication, it is *googlies*; in New Zealand, where the inhabitants never grow up, it is *babies!* The thing goes to surprising lengths. People think of nothing and talk of nothing so much as the care of babies. Everything they do is for the babies, and their thoughts and doings are all—even their national debt—not for themselves but for the next generation. A great society has been formed with a priest at its head, and many priestesses, with a temple in every town, and these priestesses compass land and sea to convert women to the true faith, visiting expectant mothers of babies, weighing, washing, feeding, dressing and burying babies, and telling mothers how great is the High Priest of their mystery. And there is a Confession of Faith called "Feeding and Care of the Baby," and a Rule of Life called "Baby's First Year" and there is even a certain sacred oil called Plunket Emulsion, to be solemnly administered at certain seasons. Thus instead of wailing and dying, the babies smile and grow fat, and by the time they are forty are such plump and cheerful children as you could wish to see. And all this, you will readily believe, is not good for the old mystery called the Medical Profession.

At this point Cephalus made one of his too rare interruptions. The rivalries, said he, of these several mysteries do not interest me, but being an old man whose thoughts run on matters that pertain to religion and the soul, it seems to me that the New Zealanders are wise in investing the care and training of children with something of religious solemnity.

I am afraid, said I, that you misconceive the matter, Cephalus. The priestesses of whom I speak care only for the body and not for the soul. The point I wish to make is this:—That this cult of the baby is not so much a religion as a *substitute* for religion in the minds of the people. The fact is that though huge sums of money are spent on the education of the child in after years, it is forbidden to speak of the soul at all in the schools.

Well, said Cephalus, at any rate this cult must have this result—that the women will bear many and healthy offspring, and that is good for the state and a big family is itself a good school.

But no, said I, it is not so, Cephalus. Two things struck me very particularly about these people. The first was that in spite of this cult of the child, the best educated people have hardly any children at all; and the other was: that

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when the children grow up they have only the vaguest idea what to do with them. I think this is the reason why they do not have so many: they have lost their way in the world and they fear lest their children also should go astray. True, they have many experts in education—psychologists as they call them—but these psychologists teach a strange doctrine about the soul. They teach first of all that there is no soul—it is appearance only and not reality—but still, such as it is, they say it is wicked to make any strong impression on it while it is young, because early impressions are hard to remove. And so children grow up without self-discipline or constant regard for others, and with no respect for authority.

It seems to me, Socrates, said Polemarchus, that the very existence of these new teachers you speak of—I mean Psychologists and Plunket Nurses—is itself a symptom of the disease: these people only begin to study the soul when they cease to believe in it, and they only learn how to look after children when they cease to bear them! But tell us something about that other mystery, the Land Agent. Is he also a sort of priest, presiding over the religious rites of the countryside—at seed-time and harvest and the changes of the year?

By Jupiter, No! said I, but a very different sort of man. It is hard to describe what he really is and you must not blame me if I appear to be paradoxical. But it is a fact in this topsy-turvy country, that everybody has lost sight of the *end* of his occupation. And true it is that just as teachers neglect the discipline of the soul and doctors neglect the active promotion of health, and the lawyers have lost all respect for the Law, so the Land Agents have lost all respect for Property. The Lawyers have ceased to respect the Law because few laws remain the same for more than a single sitting of Parliament, and the land agents, because no land is ever in the same hands for more than a year or two, have lost the very conception of Property.

(To be concluded in the next issue of "Spike.")

H. W. MILLER.

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The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt, with thanks, of the following exchanges: *Otago Boys' High School Magazine*, *The Waitakian*, *The Girls' College Reporter*, *The Wellesley College Recorder*, *The Christchurch Boys' High School Magazine*, *The Canterbury Agricultural College Magazine*, *The University*, *The Sydney University Recorder*, *Le Bulletin Mensuel de la Confédération Internationale des Etudiants*, *The Auckland University College (unofficial) Oraccum*, *The Vassar Review*, *Hermes* (two numbers), *The Taranakian*.



SCHOLARSHIPS.

*"For they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."*—LONGFELLOW.

THOSE who have found reason, (inadequate, we must protest), to disapprove of the doings of Victoria College in certain non-scholastic directions, will no doubt be gratified—though possibly surprised—to observe that when the time comes for the distribution of academic honours we are not the least among our brethren.

Winners of Senior Scholarships this year were:—Frances E. Rainforth (Latin), A. C. Keys (Greek), Jean H. Mather (English—Tinline), A. E. Campbell (Education), D. J. Donald (Philosophy), F. W. G. White (Physics), R. A. Robbie (History—Special), I. J. Cunningham (Chemistry—Special Scholarship).

The Jacob Joseph Scholarship was awarded to Mr. E. Beaglehole, M.A.

The Sir George Grey Scholarship was won by Mr. R. M. Dolby, and the Lissie Rathbone Scholarship by Miss Peggie Metson.

Dr. Hilda G. Heine, M.A., our new Lecturer in Economics, in addition to all her previous successes, has now carried off a Sarah Anne Rhodes Fellowship.

Mr. E. Beaglehole, M.A., and Mr. F. G. Spurdle, M.A., have been awarded Post-Graduate Scholarships in Arts; Free Passages have also been granted them. They both proceed Home early in August, to study at the University of London.

In addition to this, Mr. E. Beaglehole has won a National Research Scholarship.

"Spike" hastens to bestow heartiest congratulations on one and all.

RHODES SCHOLAR.

The Rhodes Scholarship this year was awarded to Mr. J. Platts-Mills, who has just completed his L.L.B. Mr. Platts-Mills has always taken a keen interest in College activities and besides being on the Committee of the Students' Association, has been an ardent supporter of the Boxing, Football and Debating Clubs, not to mention the Haeremai!

We offer him our warmest congratulations.

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THE TOURNAMENT.

It is regretted that a full report of the Easter Tournament could not appear in this issue of *Spike*. The tournament delegates report, however, that owing to delay on the part of those responsible for the boxing and the shooting sub-reports, it has been impossible for them to complete their full report in time for this number. In the hope, therefore, of ultimately obtaining the two reports not yet handed in, they consider it advisable to defer publication of their review of the tournament until the September issue of *Spike*.

Of Interest

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings."*—LEWIS CARROLL.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. D. O. Williams, M.A., F.E.S., who has resigned his position as Lecturer in Economics in order to take up the Lecturership of Agricultural Economics and Book-keeping at the Massey Agricultural College in Palmerston North.

The new Lecturer in Economics is Dr. H. G. Heine, M.A., a former student of Victoria College and Senior Scholar in 1922. She also gained the Jacob Joseph Scholarship in 1923, and a Post-Graduate Scholarship in 1924. We gladly welcome her back to V.U.C. and hope that she will be as successful in her future association with the College as she has been in the past.

Another appointment of interest at the Massey Agricultural College is that of Dr. J. S. Yeates, M.Sc., Ph.D., as Lecturer in Botany and Field Husbandry. Dr. Yeates won a Post-Graduate Scholarship at this College in 1925 and has since been studying at Cambridge, whence he returned last year, and was engaged by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research to investigate the breeding of flax. We welcome him back to New Zealand and congratulate him upon his success.

Miss E. M. Duggan M.A., Lecturer in History, has retired this year and has been succeeded by Miss Maskell, M.A., a Graduate of Auckland University. We extend a warm welcome to her and hope that she will enjoy her stay at V.U.C.

A distinguished visitor to Wellington at the beginning of March this year was Dean Russell, who is the Dean of Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York.

He is making a tour of the British Empire as a representative of the Rockefeller Foundation, the funds from which are devoted to the promotion of education in British Dominions. The first claim on these funds was made by Canada and the commitments to that country were very large. For this reason, Dean Russell is now travelling through the other Dominions to investigate in what direction the remaining commitments may be most profitably used.

The Library

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

—TENNYSON.

We have had to bid farewell this year to the Rev. B. H. Ward, B.A., who has been for many years the Librarian of this College. That the Library prospered exceedingly under his efficient management everyone will agree, and we owe Mr. Ward a debt of gratitude for the care and attention which he put into his work. Indeed, his whole-hearted devotion to the Library and the care with which he guarded its sacred precincts can be appreciated only by those who knew him.

Mr. Ward's place has been taken by Mr. H. G. Miller, M.A., to whom we extend a hearty welcome. Mr. Miller is a Graduate of Victoria College and was Rhodes Scholar in 1920. He continued his studies at Oxford and since his return to New Zealand has been a W.E.A. Tutor in Timaru.

We are very pleased to welcome Mr. Miller back to V.U.C. as, in his student days, he always took a keen interest in College life, particularly in the Debating and Free Discussions Clubs, and even the arduous duties of Librarian do not seem to have extinguished this noble spirit. We feel sure that the Library will be in excellent hands.

Indeed, Mr. Miller has already unearthed a rare and very valuable manuscript which should be of great interest to all students, being no less than a hitherto unknown account of the visit of Socrates to New Zealand.

There is one thing, however, that we feel requires very serious consideration. Is it a right and proper thing and good for the State, that the Librarian of so venerable an institution as Victoria College should possess a sense of humour? This appears to us to be a very important matter and we gravely request all students to give it their earnest attention.

There may be some timorous hearts whose rejoicing under the new dispensation is unmingled with any trace of regret for what has gone before; but such cannot be the case with those daring spirits to whom Danger is the spice of life.

What though it is now possible for them to study peacefully in the Library, without the sensation of a baleful eye watching their every movement? This cannot compensate for the fearful delight of those days when every stealthy advance into the great Temple of Silence was a thrilling adventure, the consequences of which could not possibly be foreseen; when to approach the bookshelves was a deed of valour; and when to cast so much as a glance at another student was to risk instant annihilation.

Alas! That time has indeed passed away. It is now quite possible to approach the Library without any feeling of alarm; to select a book, or even several books, from the shelves with complete unconcern; and, crowning wonder, even to borrow a book without any expectation of immediate and certain disaster.

"Everything is sweetened by risk," the poet says, and we of sterner mould cannot but cast a regretful glance back to the good old days when Danger stalked abroad and when even the dull process of studying had its adventures.

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Correspondence

[*We commend the following letter to those concerned.—Ed.*]

The Editor.—

Dear Sir,—It is time someone voiced the feeling that is general concerning the running of supper at the 'Varsity dances. These dances, held in the Gym., are on the whole, and as a rule, very jolly affairs. They have a serious drawback, however. The arrangements for the supper are the most futile and unsatisfactory arrangements it has been one's ill-fortune ever to encounter in connection with any similar social functions.

When the supper dance is announced, what happens? Before the first few bars have been scraped out, there is a large and rapidly increasing phalanx of youths and maidens heaving and pushing at the doors above the stairs leading down into the supper room. Presently a harassed individual opens the door and allows the first sitting, *i.e.*, those who had had the wit to charge the door first, to go down to supper. This "first sitting" have as good a supper as they can get—one believes one has subsequently heard certain of them mention coffee, fruit salad, trifle, as having been substantially apparent. One does not know if there is foundation for the rumour, not having had, so far, the good fortune to participate—at least successfully—in a Victoria College First-Sitting Supper Charge which is tantamount to saying, that, in common with many of those others who have not weight and must therefore wait, one's experience as far as the 'Varsity dances is concerned, has been limited to a cup of cold water—in preference to a spoonful of coffee dregs—a sandwich or two, perhaps (yea, perhaps) a nibbled cake, and an alluring vista of empty cream-encrusted bowls, filled with nought but memories. All this as a reward for swaying and heaving for half an hour, tightly wedged amongst a mob of hungry would-be "second-sitters," who urge clamorously round the bolted door, whilst languid couples from the lucky "first-sitters," drift up from the supper-room and dance.

Is there any good reason why the suppers for the dances should not be more satisfactorily arranged? Or why the supplies of coffee and fruit salad should not extend to those who cannot get down to the first sitting? Surely not! One recently had the good fortune to attend a dance held under the auspices of the Teachers' Training College, in their College Hall. There were many more couples present than is customary at any 'Varsity dances. The supper arrangements, nevertheless, were exemplary; there were two orderly though very large sittings, the second one having as generous a supper as the first. This despite the fact that the Training College students do not, I understand, pay for admission to these dances, and that the number of students paying the regulation Stud. Ass. fee is but a fraction of the numbers doing so at Victoria College.

In the face of all this, one may justly declare that a much-needed improvement in our supper arrangements should be possible, nay, comparatively simple of attainment.

Are the supper arrangements for the next Victoria College dance going to merit the sorry description earned by previous ones in this letter? One hopes that these sorrowful lines will cause the promoters of the next dance to go forward in their arrangements with awakened minds.—I am, etc., UNFED.

Student Christian Movement

THE year's programme was begun with the holding of a week-end camp immediately before the commencement of the first term. Trentham proved an ideal place for such a camp; the camp was held in conjunction with the Training College S.C.M.; we again found opportunities for fellowship, which such occasions can always be relied upon to afford; fellowship not only in recreation and enjoyment of the great out-of-doors, but in study and in our attempts to realise anew the aims and objects of the New Zealand Student Christian Movement.

All our activities are arranged with a view to achieving this objective. Thus in our various study-circles we meet regularly to consider the nature of Christ's teachings, as in our study on "The Kingdom of God"; or to discover what bearing this teaching may have on the problems which the world of to-day is facing, as we endeavour to in studying Oldham's "Christianity and the Race Problem."

A new feature of this year's programme is the substitution of "foyers" for general meetings. The first "foyer" took the form of an address by the N.Z.S.C.M.'s General Secretary, Mr. Donald Grant, on "Personalities of the World's Student Christian Federation"; a second "foyer" of a more informal nature was a discussion on "War." If the remaining meetings of this nature, which it is intended to hold during the year, prove as popular and as interesting as the two already held, "foyers" will no doubt become a regular feature of the activities of the S.C.M. at Victoria College.

MARRIAGES.

"The one thing no man can make of himself without the aid of a woman is a husband."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Miss Florence Lawton to Mr. Douglas Temple-White.

Free Discussions Club

"He who knows the truth is not equal to him who loves it; he who loves the truth is not equal to him who finds joy in it."

CONFUSIUS-ANALECTS, VI.-18.

ONCE again the relentless pursuit of Truth for which the Club is so noted seems to be going on with all the usual vim and enthusiasm. 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, where possible, vigorous and sometimes, to the point.

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As to the meetings themselves: the annual general meeting was held on Friday, March 23rd. After getting through the business part of the evening, such as the election of officers, presentation of report and balance sheet with characteristic speed and efficiency, Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland opened a discussion on "Modern Substitutes for Religion." The speaker pointed out first, that there was at present an evident decline in religious attendance and belief among Western nations. A. N. Whitehead and the recent Nation and Athenaeum questionnaire were brought forward as evidence of this fact. There were reasons for this decay of religious faith, however. They were to be found in the substitution of the modern scientific reaction to the world for the older magical view. As a result of this, the world has become dehumanised, neutralised, at variance with what man desires. As a result, his spirit is dissociated, disintegrated, and he can no longer find satisfaction in traditional beliefs and orthodox practices. The characteristics of the religious attitude were briefly these: awe, reverence, the practice of ritual, the consolation of misery, sacred books, code of morals, a priesthood. The speaker then went on to deal with the various substitutes whereby man finds emotional satisfaction when he has not orthodox religion to fall back upon. Among the most important were grouped politics, where patriotism, for instance, provides ritual, reverence, etc.; clubs, lodges, societies, such as the Ku Klux Klan; sports and games; finally big business, where money-making had become a spiritual act and was embodied in associations like Rotary, etc. (see the quoted writings of Messrs. Glen Buck and Bruce Barton). Priest surrogates were to be found in the popular artist of the day, the writer of the best seller, the doctor and the lawyer.

What of the future? The speaker did not imagine there would be a disappearance of religious substitutes. There would be great changes, however, which would involve in some way or other, a new integration of the personality so that it would be in harmony with the new world outlook. A good discussion followed Dr. Sutherland's address. After a vote of thanks had been passed to the speaker, the meeting adjourned in a fairly amicable fashion.

On Friday, April 13th, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. H. G. Miller, M.A., read us a paper in the form of a Platonic dialogue entitled "Onward, or Plato's New Zealand Republic." This delightful piece of work will not bear compression. Sufficient it is to say that it was clever, amusing, witty; it enabled the speaker to have an impartial—or partial—tilt at the Plunket system, land agents, politicians, lawyers, and at everything else of which the people of New Zealand seem to be so abnormally proud. The general conclusion of the meeting seemed to be that New Zealand was in many respects little better than a mutual admiration society, with distinct tendencies towards the American model, and an infinite capacity to talk humbug and cant in large mouthfuls. A vote of thanks to the speaker concluded the meeting.

The next meeting was held on Friday, April 27th, when Miss F. L. Mulholland, M.A., opened a discussion on "Fashion." The speaker considered first the factors upon which the forming of fashion depended. Then she went on to speak of fashion in women's dress, in mens' attire, in dancing, in games and indoor sports, in music and literature. The effects of fashion upon the community were important. Fashion seemed to lead to extravagance, to the accentu-

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ation of class differences, to the wasting of wealth in stupid expenditure, to the breeding of an anti-social spirit. The economic effects of fashion were next considered. Here again the indictment was severe. Fashion led to waste, discarding of articles before they are worn out, it caused sweated labour, it squashed originality, accentuated trade circles, disorganised and redistributed industries. Finally, fashion tends to corrupt art, since novelty is the supreme effect after which artists strived, and there could be no lasting, definite work.

A keen discussion followed, and was centred about such topics as the effect of advertisement and legislation upon fashion, the remedy for the ills which irrational following of fashion invariably brings upon the community, the relative degree to which men and women follow fashion, and the reasons for this. Altogether an interesting paper and our thanks are due to Miss Mulholland for the trouble she took in preparing and reading it to the club.

On Friday, June 1st, the club met again to discuss the cinema. Mr. E. Beaglehole, M.A., opened the proceedings by reading a paper on "Where Are the Movies Moving? The speaker disclaimed any attempt on his part either to whitewash the films or to give them a bad name and then hang them. He dealt first with the influence of the cinema on children, pointing out that although there were dangers in store for those children who patronised the cinema too exclusively, nevertheless the children might well be in worse places than at the pictures. The relation between juvenile crime and the pictures was then dealt with, the speaker endeavouring to show that there was little real connection between the two. The verdict of most authorities was that the cinema was an almost negligible factor in causing delinquency. The question of the immoral or anti-social effects of the films upon the adult mind was next considered. The speaker suggested that these charges were again exaggerated, and that what the cinema really did was to provide us with a cheap, easy and satisfactory escape from the world of actuality and monotony into an emotional world of action and movement. In this respect, the cinema might be compared with literature, music, or any other means of escape. Finally the speaker touched lightly upon the problem of the Americanisation of our manners and ways of action. He then turned to consider the art of the cinema, comparing first the cinema with the drama and showing that here it was more or less useless to compare the two arts, to the detriment of one or the other, because each used different media; and then showed that the cinema, as art, had two functions: to tell a story and to develop a theme by the use of a rhythmical flowing design of images. The best film is the outcome of a blending of these two functions. The film is an art because it expresses a part of us—movement—that no other art can express, and is nearer to painting, music, architecture, or the ballet than it is to the stage.

A discussion of various points arising out of the paper followed and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the speaker for his interesting paper.

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Mathematical and Physical Society

ON 20th March, 1928, the Society opened its eighth session with a well-attended general meeting. After the usual business of the annual meeting had been dealt with, an adjournment was made in favour of supper, which was provided by the retiring committee.

The first lecture on the programme drawn up by the committee, was given by Professor Sommerville on "The Fourth Dimension." The Professor showed this to be a thorough-going branch of mathematics with definite application in science. The degree of certainty which attended investigations of fourth dimensional geometry was demonstrated by reasoning leading to the determination of the actual number of sides, edges, and vertices possessed by regular figures having four dimensions. Great interest was shown in models in three dimensions, which represented projections of fourth dimensional bodies.

Mrs. Sommerville, at the conclusion of the meeting, acted as hostess, providing an excellent supper.

On April 17th, Mr. F. W. G. White, B.Sc. addressed the Society on "The Structure of the Atom." The lecturer traced the steps by which knowledge of the subject had advanced and gave an outline of the Rutherford Atom Model. The paper went on to show how Bohr had modified the mechanism of this model to meet the demands of experimental data and of mathematics. Appropriate lantern slides gave an added interest to the lecture. An excellent supper was provided after the meeting by Mrs. Florance.

"The Foundations of Mathematics" was the subject before the next meeting on May 1st. This was treated by Miss A. M. Downes, M.A., and Mr. G. A. Peddie, B.A., in separate papers. Miss Downes traced the evolution of "X" and its equals from their barbaric antiquity to the present, when they have settled down as useful citizens under the laws of modern algebra. Mr. Peddie went on to probe the dark and dangerous depths of mathematical reasoning as it exists in the fundamental ideas of geometry. His attack on the adequacy of definitions of such things as a point, aroused lively discussion from the mathematicians. The physicists sat still and looked wise.

A most interesting lecture was closed with supper.

One of the most popular lectures was given by Dr. M. A. F. Barnett, on the subject: "The Propagation of Wireless Waves." This lecture took place on 29th May, and was well attended. The paper dealt chiefly with the part played by the "Heaviside Layer" of the upper atmosphere in wireless phenomena. Fading, the diurnal variation in the efficacy of wireless signalling, and the fact that wireless waves do not travel in straight lines, but follow the curvature of the earth, were some of the facts explained by the presence of such a layer of ionised rarefied gases. The paper also traced the rise and fall, and second rise in popularity of this idea, as the properties of the layer were more fully investigated. The meeting was excellently entertained at supper by Mrs. Sommerville.

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.*

PERSONAL.

BEFORE coming to the more prosaic task of noting down our activities for the last six months, we feel that we must take this opportunity of recording in *Spike* the loss that the club has experienced through the fact that two more of our best trampers have felt the call of the Old World, and have sailed abroad in pursuit of ventures new. Of the qualities of Miss Elsie Holmes as a trumper and good friend, one can only speak in superlatives—and very inadequate superlatives at that. Her enthusiasm, persistence and work on behalf of the club during past years have been very real factors in its continued success; while only those who have had the good fortune to tramp with her, will realize what a gap in our ranks her departure has left. We have bidden farewell, also, to Miss Kathleen Makay, another of our enthusiastic trampers and lovers of nature. Here again the club loses one of its good trampers, and we, one of our good friends. Such is the way of life.

To offset these losses, we are glad to welcome to the ranks of the tramping fraternity several new members. Tramps, too, both week-end and Sunday, during the term, have been well attended, and although the older members are dropping out, one by one, it is a source of satisfaction to know that there are new members coming on who will carry on in a worthy fashion the activities and traditions of the club. Finally, we beg leave to congratulate Dr. J. S. Yeates who has been one of the club's strongest supporters during the past years, upon his appointment to the Chair of Agricultural Botany at Massey Agricultural College.

THE TRAMPS.

The club has several enjoyable tramps to its credit during the long vacation. First and foremost, of course, ranks the Christmas trip to Tongariro National Park. Seven of us fought and pushed our way on to Thorndon Station the day before Christmas. By the time Waimarino was reached, our number had risen to fourteen. We arrived at Whakapapa at dusk and soon had our tents up and the stew cooking. Ruapehu was climbed in perfect weather, on Christmas Day. Another day was spent at the Tama Lakes, a third in climbing Ngaruahoe, where we had a few exciting moments negotiating the rim of the crater on our way round to the other side of the mountain. Rain kept us in camp for a further day. Finally, stores gave out, so we set off for Otouku. Kindly Maoris gave us a lift on the top of a thundering lorry, and soon we were comfortable in camp once more—minus one of our tents, however. At Otouku the weather was perfect. We thoroughly explored Tongariro and the Ketetahi Blowholes; basked in the sun; sat round roaring camp fires. The perilous condition of our stores drove us on again. We tramped to Tokaanu over the famous Pehanga saddle. But when we

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reached the township we were attacked by the ferocious species of mosquito that the natives apparently let loose upon unsuspecting strangers; moreover we could find no suitable camping spot. The morale of the party went to pieces. Some went back to town, others on round the lake; seven went back to Erua and spent a perfect two days camped up in the bush. Hauhungatahi faced us, and above her, the white peaks of Ruapehu. We swam in the river, sang choruses round the fire at night, cooked and ate tremendous meals. Soon Whakapapa, Otouku, Tokaanu, Erua were but glorious memories—we were all looking once more for taxis at Thorndon.

Other vacation trips that are also perhaps worthy of mention, are a Sunday tramp to Maymorn, where we swam in the Hutt River and collected blackberries; a week-end trip to Paekakariki, where we did little else but sunbathe and swim, and a crossing of the Tararuas from Kaitoke to Otaki, where we had glorious weather, but very little water.

Among the trips made during the term, we number that down the Upper Orongorongo River, notable among other things, for the fact that we were tramping in what was, to most of us, unknown country; that someone forgot to bring the tent; that we slept out in the rain at night; that some of the sleeping bags were not as waterproof as they might have been, and others were, that we successfully circumvented the caretaker at Wainui and finished up by walking eleven miles into Petone—a most enjoyable trip. We also number a tramp over Belmont trig, notable for its super abundance of mist; one to Hutt Forks, when, strange as it may seem to old trappers, the weather was actually fine, and after, and before, finding the Forks intact, we regaled ourselves with blackberries—some, we understand, with other fruits also, finally finishing by walking down the railway line to Upper Hutt.

Mount Hawtrey was successfully located. So were the gold fields at Terawhiti, where we stayed up far into the night discussing matters of high import. A Tararua crossing was also attempted, but once again bad weather on the ranges proved too much for us, and so a return was made to town via Tauherenikau and Woodside. We had hills to spare—or at least so some of the party thought—on a Sunday tramp over Colonial Knob and Kaukau to town; and we had rain to spare, a good deal of it in fact—and so all the party thought—on the King's Birthday week-end trip to Palliser Bay. Though turned back by the flooded Orongorongo, the five stalwarts who braved the elements had a bright two days' tramp. If you are a connoisseur of choice language, ask the party, and specially Prof., what they thought when they were turned out of a whare in the Catchpole by the arrival of the owner and his friends.

Altogether a memorable six months' tramping.

Hockey Club Notes

OWING to a very considerable increase in membership the club was able to enter five teams in the following grades: — Senior A, Senior B, two junior teams and a third. The competition for places has been very keen in all teams, and the strength of the club may be gauged from the fact that, at the time of writing, the Varsity teams head the list in the Senior A, the Senior B, and the Junior grades.

A further indication of the general enthusiasm this year is found in good attendances at the weekly practices, which have been instituted this year.

GRADE MATCHES.

Senior A.

Competition for places in this team was exceptionally keen and the selection was very difficult. The team was strengthened by the return of N. J. Lewis and K. C. James, and the acquisition of "Pip" France, who last year played for Training College.

v. Y.M.C.A.—Won 3—1. The scorers were: Sykes, Lewis and McLeod.

v. Petone—Won 7—3. Scorers: Sykes (2), Simpson (2), Lewis, McLeod and Fraser.

v. Wesley—Drawn—2 all.

v. Karori—Won 2—1.

VARSITY TOURNAMENT.

It was with great hopes that we entered into the tournament for the Seddon Stock, which was held in Wellington on the 1st and 2nd of June. We were unfortunate in being without the services of Lewis and MacArthur. The weather was not at all kind and the grounds were muddy and rough. Victoria team: French, James, Massey, Robinson, McLeod, Francis, Paul, Sykes, Simpson, Fraser, Priestley.

On Friday, Otago University played Canterbury College and defeated the Maroons fairly easily, while Victoria managed to secure a victory by a margin of our goals from Auckland, after being one goal down for three quarters of the game. Scorers for us were Priestley (2), Simpson (2), and Sykes.

On Saturday Auckland met and defeated Canterbury by 2 to 1, after a very even game.

In the final, Otago defeated Victoria by three goals to two in a game which in spite of the condition of the ground, was fast and closely contested. On the day Otago thoroughly deserved their win, and we extend to them our heartiest congratulations. Watson (2) and Eason scored for Otago, while Simpson and Sykes scored for Victoria.

This was followed in the evening by a dinner at Barrett's, from which the party moved on to Fuller's.

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On Monday, June 4th, a N.Z. University team defeated Wellington representatives by 2 goals to 1. The game though ragged at first, improved greatly as it proceeded, and in the second spell, the Varsity team gave a great display.

We wish to congratulate Simpson, Massey and Fraser on gaining places in the New Zealand team.

Junior A.

This team is almost as strong in comparison, as the Senior A and Senior B teams. Strengthened by the inclusion of several of last year's Senior B players and with some new blood, the team is perhaps the strongest junior team ever fielded by the club.

Results—

- v. Karori—Lost 1—4.*
- v. Huia—Drawn 2—2.*
- v. Wellington—Won 4—0.*
- v. Petone—Won 3—1.*
- v. Hutt—Won 7—2.*

Third Grade.

The third grade team this year, with one or two exceptions, consists of young and totally inexperienced players, whose knowledge, or rather, ignorance of the game, was very much in evidence during the first two or three matches. However, we have some very promising players in our team and are improving in form very rapidly.

The results of our matches to date are as follows:—

- v. Huia—Lost 5—1.*
- v. Wellington—Lost 5—0.*
- v. Hutt—Lost 6—0.*
- v. Karori—Lost 3—0.*
- v. Wesley A—Lost 2—0.*

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The Club has started this season with a larger number of members than usual and they hope for better success than they attained last year. Considerable difficulty is experienced in obtaining any team practice. The few members who are able to attend practices on Tuesdays at four, have welcomed the players from Training College, who have been able to join them at this hour.

Cricket Club

SPEIGHT'S SHIELD MATCH—1928.

UNFORTUNATELY, our match with Auckland was ruined by rain, with our team 24 runs behind, with 3 wickets in hand, on the first innings.

Right from the start the ball got up awkwardly on occasions, and it looked as though Auckland would make a poor showing, when after 45 minutes' batting their first wicket fell with only 9 runs on the board. But with the appearance of Schnauer, the scoring livened up and helped by our

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fielding, which was truly disgraceful for the first time during the season, Auckland had 121 up for 4 men out when stumps were drawn at 5.30. Schnauer, missed twice, batted pluckily, being hit on the chest not infrequently by "kicking" balls. Williams and A. C. Tripe both bowled well, but Greig, though making the ball rear dangerously, was unable to get a wicket.

Saturday saw a full day's bright cricket. Schnauer proceeded to deal with all our bowlers in very convincing style. Many chances of a run out were thrown away by wild returns, the Auckland batsmen making the most of our poor fielding. A change came over the game, however, when Tripe came on again about an hour before the adjournment. Keeping a splendid length and turning back considerably at times, the left hander was in fine form with the ball, ending with 5 wickets for 50 in 17.5 overs. J. McDougall and Bush made their runs in good style—the latter using the long handle to advantage, but the honours of the day went to Schnauer, who completed his century in 2½ hours. He put together his last 50 in double quick time, mainly by superb driving, and he was most unlucky to be run out.

Bailey and MacKenzie opened for us, the former, however, had his leg pin flattened by a fast one from Bush with the score at 2. Tripe followed and batting freely, ran up 29 in 15 minutes before skying one. Hollings helped MacKenzie to add 62 for the next wicket before falling to Bush, the ball failing to rise an inch. MacKenzie, who had been batting in fine style, was next out for a stubborn 68, the score-sheet then showing 145 for 4 wickets. Leys and Osborn took heavy toll of the bowling, but soon after the fall of the seventh wicket a particularly heavy squall sent the players helter-skelter for the pavilion. From then till the following Tuesday, the rain kept up a determined downpour, the match having to be abandoned.

Details:—

A.U.C.

S. Godley, b. Tripe	5
R. Stewart, c. Vietmeyer, b. Hollings	7
L. Schnauer, run out	101
S. Hay, c. Leys, b. Williams	17
S. Wilson, b. Tripe	15
J. McDougall, b. Tripe	69
R. Bush, l.b.w., b. Leys	38
K. Wilson, run out	0
D. Lunn, b. Tripe	30
R. Hudson, b. Tripe	0
A. McDougall, not out	0
Extras	19
Total	<u>301</u>

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V.U.C.

H. C. Bailey, b. Bush	2
R. H. C. MacKenzie, c. Wilson, b. Bush ..	68
A. C. Tripe, c. Godley, b. Bush	29
A. M. Hollings, b. Bush	31
E. T. Leys, b. S. Wilson	77
C. H. Arndt, b. J. McDougall	2
W. T. Vietmeyer, run out	17
H. W. Osborn, not out	37
W. J. Hall, not out	3
Extras	11
	<hr/>
Total for 7 wickets	<u>277</u>

J. C. Greig and H. Williams did not bat.

OPENING PARTNERSHIPS.

We hear that T. Nelson, of our Senior Eleven, has not been idle during the off season. Best wishes and luck from the Cricket Club, and may you both enjoy a long and happy innings!

Cricket Notes—Season 1927-28

THE 1927-28 Season saw the Club as strong as it has ever been, each of the four teams fielded meeting with a very fair measure of success. Particularly gratifying was the great improvement shown in the Senior Eleven's record. Far from filling bottom place in the championship, as in the previous season, we actually finished third, with 5 wins against 3 losses; the other game (against Institute) being drawn, no result being arrived at on the 1st innings. Two of the losses were sustained at the hands of Hutt and Kilbirnie in the first two games.

Our success was in a very large measure, due to the eleven's popular skipper, R. H. C. MacKenzie, who, besides leading the side with great skill, had a fine season personally, finishing at the head of the batting averages with the splendid figures of 559 runs made in 8 complete innings; his average, 69.87, being second only to that of C. S. Dempster, New Zealand's finished batsman. To cap his brilliant performances, MacKenzie dismissed no fewer than 20 men behind the sticks—13 caught and 7 stumped; truly a wonderful record.

E. McLeod, who joined up with us this year proved a tower of strength, figuring prominently in both batting and bowling.

R. E. Tripe was just getting into his stride when a business appointment called him away to Auckland. His batting was much sounder than in the previous season.

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W. Vietmeyer met with little success at the bowling crease, but made up for this shortcoming by filling fourth place in the batting averages.

Our leading all-rounder of last season, A. M. Hollings, had a lean time of it, in spite of a couple of centuries.

T. Nelson and J. C. Greig, bore the brunt of the attack, the former doing particularly well at the commencement of the season; the latter finishing off with a splendid burst, his 6 for 33 against Thorndon, being a magnificent effort. Our opponents were so completely at sea to him that on a perfect wicket they failed to reach our total of 201, after having 85 on the board for no wickets!

E. T. Leys was another player who experienced a poor season. He made a couple of scores of 77, but was very inconsistent.

H. W. Osborn, who was so successful as an opening batsman last year, fell right away, and except for one splendid unfinished knock for 70, he failed to get going at all.

W. Dormer, our leading junior batsman of the previous year, batted well throughout the season and should prove one of the team's chief run getters.

H. C. Bailey, who promised to be another "Stonewall" Jackson, and as such, an invaluable opening batsman, joined us early in the season and played well on several occasions, without, however, striking his true form.

Lastly, we have to congratulate A. C. Tripe on his quick recovery from an operation, which kept him on the bank till more than half way through the season. We sincerely hope that next year he may produce the form shown by him in the Auckland match, where he clean bowled five of our opponents for 10 runs apiece, and followed up with a dashing batting display.

Reviewing the team as a whole, we find that we have eleven men capable of knocking up at least fifty apiece, but what of the bowling? We sadly need a match-winning bowler, no fewer than 9 of the team trundle—more or less—but we haven't a bowler who can be relied on to gather in four or five wickets an innings! The fielding was first-rate, as it should be; E. McLeod and H. C. Bailey, being our "stars" in this department. However, we enjoyed our season and are looking forward confidently to an even more successful one in 1928-29.

Details of the matches and the averages will appear in the next issue of *The Spike*.

Junior A.

Matches played, 9; won 5; lost 4. Championship points, 19.

Last season was rather a disappointing one for the above team. With the calibre of the players available, it was thought that the Junior Championship was again within the grasp of the club, but poor fielding and unreliable batting, combined with the fact that on certain occasions, engagements on the cricket field were forgotten, destroyed all hopes of championship honours. Nevertheless, several interesting and exciting games were played, and we had the satisfaction of being the only team to defeat Institute, the junior champions. Outstanding among the personal achievements of the season, was C. H. Arndt's brilliant innings of 209, not out, against Thorndon. Arndt batted throughout the innings and hit 35 fours. McMichael's efforts with the ball met with success, and it was unfor-

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tunate we did not have a greater use of his services. P. Caldwell and Williams, both bowled and batted steadily throughout the season, and G. Caldwell batted exceedingly well, as well as keeping wickets in good style. It was a matter of great satisfaction to the team that P. Wilson and P. Caldwell succeeded in winning places in the Wellington Junior Representative Team, and Wilson had the further distinction of leading the team to victory against both Auckland and Canterbury.

Detailed results as follows:—

v. Hutt.—Hutt 260. Greig, 2 for 25; P. Caldwell, 3 for 65; McDonald, 2 for 27. Varsity 165—Mackay, 52; Arndt, 28; Wilson, 25; and 61 for 3—P. Caldwell, 23 not out. Lost on 1st innings by 95 runs.

v. Kilbirnie.—Kilbirnie 81. (McDonald, 4 for 24; Mackay, 3 for 10), and 105 (Greig, 4 for 31; Mackay, 3 for 25; McDonald, 2 for 35). Varsity, 189.—McGavin 61; McDonald, 44; Smyth, 26. McDonald played a slashing innings, including 6 fours and 2 sixers. Won by an innings and 6 runs.

v. Institute.—Institute 186 (P. Caldwell, 6 for 71; Smyth, 3 for 17), and 71 (McDonald, 6 for 36; Cormack, 3 for 12). Varsity 218.—Wilson, 37; Vietmeyer, 32 not out; McDonald, 32; Cormack, 27; McGavin, 20; Frazer, 19; and 44 for 2.—McGavin, 21 not out. Victory here was made possible by a fine last wicket stand in the 1st innings by Vietmeyer and Fraser, who carried the score from 168, passed the Institute score of 186, to 218. Both McDonald and P. Caldwell bowled ably in this game. Won by 8 wickets.

v. Petone.—Petone 155 (Cormack, 5 for 27) and 202 (Cormack, 5 for 60). Varsity, 302.—Wilson, 63; Arndt, 61; P. Caldwell, 53; McGavin, 44. Set 55 in the last innings to win, Varsity underrated their task and almost paid the penalty. Won by 1 wicket.

v. Wellington.—Wellington 273 (Cormack 4 for 74; McMichael, 3 for 75). Varsity, 91.—McDonald, 34; G. Caldwell, 15; and 127.—G. Caldwell, 31; Arndt, 30 not out; P. Caldwell, 19. Wellington's batting was too strong, for a team weakened by Christmas holiday. Lost by an innings and 66 runs.

v. Karori.—Karori, 149 (McMichael, 7 for 36) and 142 (McMichael, 4 for 34; P. Caldwell, 2 for 28). Varsity, 244—McGavin, 54; Moore, 41; Cormack, 38; Arndt, 33; P. Caldwell, 22; and 56 for 1.—McFarlane, 21 not out; Smyth, 17; Williams, 16 not out. Won by 9 wickets.

v. Midland.—Midland, 279 (McMichael, 2 for 17; Williams, 3 for 56; P. Caldwell, 3 for 71). Varsity 112.—Williams, 23; Wilson, 21; P. Caldwell, 19; G. Caldwell, 16; and 103—Hall, 27; Arndt, 19; Wilson, 13. Lost by an innings and 64 runs.

v. Thorndon.—Thorndon, 278 (McMichael, 3 for 67; McDonald, 2 for 25; Williams, 2 for 40; Cormack, 2 for 87); and 262 for 7. (Cormack, 3 for 54; McDonald, 2 for 62). Varsity, 479.—Arndt, 209, not out; G. Caldwell, 77; Hall, 49; Moore, 38. Won on 1st innings by 201 runs.

v. Old Boys.—Old Boys, 101. (Williams, 4 for 29); and 6 for 109 (McMichael, 5 for 43). Varsity, 79.—Arndt, 31; McFarlane, 10; and 7 for 181 (declared)—Williams, 64; Hall, 35; Wilson, 27. This was a typical end of season game, both teams being short. At call of time, Old Boys had only one wicket to fall, and 50 runs to get. Lost on 1st innings by 22 runs.

AVERAGES.

Batting.

Name.	Innings.	Not-outs.	Runs.	Highest score.	Av.
Arndt	15	2	442	209*	34
McGavin	10	1	237	61	26.3
Hall	5	—	118	49	23.6
G. Caldwell ..	10	2	175	77	21.9
Williams	9	1	160	64	20

* Not out.

Bowling.

Name	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
McMichael ..	80	16	261	23	11.3
Williams	64	16	205	13	15.77
McDonald ..	90	10	463	27	17.15
Cormack	117	19	472	27	17.48
P. Caldwell ..	86	3	461	18	25.6

Fielding.

McFarlane, 8 catches; McDonald, 6; McGavin, 5. G. Caldwell stumped 5; caught 2.

JUNIOR B.

The season was commenced with what appeared to be a good side, but on the arrival of the holidays, the team was completely disorganised through some members leaving Wellington, and others being commandeered by the Junior A team.

It was unfortunate that the team could not be kept intact throughout the season, as it possessed some capable batsmen. Moore topped the 70 mark twice before being promoted to the Junior A grade. In the latter part of the season Robinson showed a pleasing return to form and made a succession of solid scores, including a score of 80 not out.

Cottier, Turner, Hughes and Parton also batted well. The team was not strong in bowling and was unfortunate in losing the services of Hickling and McMichael. With a stronger attack the team would probably have done better.

JUNIOR D.

This team was led by G. A. Nicholls, and, considering the difficulty that was often experienced in mustering 11 players, its record (Won 5, Lost 4) was a very creditable one. At one stage the team was leading for the championship but it failed to maintain its position.

Of the individual performances the most noteworthy was the great score of 256 (not out), made by N. Clouston. In compiling this total, which was the highest individual score made in Wellington during the season, Clouston attacked the bowling vigorously and hit 15 sixes and 30 fours. This player, however, took part in only a couple of games. The mainstay of the team's batting was McDuff, who scored over 300 runs during the season and batted consistently throughout. Riddell was easily the best bowler and reaped a good harvest of wickets, as well as rendering good service with the bat. His best bowling effort was 5 wickets for 8 runs, against Old Boys. Davies also proved himself a useful bowler. Other members of the team performed well on occasions and it was a welcome change from previous years to find the team well up in its grade.

Haeremai Club

THE Haeremai Club, which was revived last year in consequence of a resolution passed at a meeting of men students convened by Mr. G. A. Nicholls, has been rapidly gaining the ground lost during the previous two years' when it had ceased to function in College activities. That its revival has been justified, is beyond question—the popularity of its smoke concerts, socials, "God's parties," the growing College spirit amongst the men students and the rejuvenation of that portion of the time-honoured capping celebrations, which is an essential part of any real Capping Day, all bear witness to this fact.

The Club was founded some ten years ago with the object of fostering a true interest amongst the men students in the various college activities. As the system of evening lectures did not furnish much opportunity to the men students of the different faculties of meeting one another, it was thought necessary that social evenings be held at which they could foregather and become acquainted with one another; at which the legal outlook on Varsity life and its requirements could be exchanged for the scientific outlook, and the views of the students of art could be placed before the students of commerce; at which the college songs could be learned, and at which, in general any matter affecting the college or appearing to the students to require attention, could be discussed.

These socials were held for a number of years with great success until a year or two ago, when the interest taken in college affairs by the men students was so small that the club was allowed to become defunct. It has now, however, retaken its place amongst the college clubs, and it is hoped that all men students will attend the functions held from time to time throughout the year, and bring forward any suggestions they may have for improving college life. The club is the men's own club and they should make it their official organ for effecting any change desired in the college.

Since *Spike* last went to press, several socials have been held, the large attendances at which testify to their popularity. A most successful smoke concert held in the R.S.A. rooms, after the Degree Examinations ended in November, formed a fitting finale to the year's swot. The usual toasts were honoured, and various items contributed during the evening.

At the request of the Students' Association executive, the Club assisted that body in the arrangements for the Freshers' Welcome Dance at the beginning of the first term. This, fortunately, proved a most profitable undertaking, the Club sharing in the nett proceeds.

Members of the club contributed towards the cost of V.U.C.'s mascot for the Easter Tournament. Poor "Teddy's" mangled remains were left on the Basin Reserve on Easter Monday, as a result of an attack by some ill-mannered members of the visiting varsities.

However, a disciplinary expedition retaliated by reducing "Canty's Egg" to fragments, and by a fine concerted action, Otago's Kewpie was captured while in the act of being conveyed on to the boat for its return journey.

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The haka has been developed into something that can be heard in any gathering, and was greatly in evidence during the Tournament.

Theatrical companies have on more than one occasion, received assistance by the club's attendance in the "family circle," but the management did not always grant the appreciation the club considered to be its due.

The activities of the club were evident in the resurrection of the traditional Capping Day, while as part of the celebrations themselves, a smoke concert in honour of the new Graduates of the year, was held in the R.S.A. Rooms on Saturday the 9th of June. Professor B. E. Murphy made an admirable chairman at this function, which was attended by some hundred students.

The customary toasts were honoured during the evening; musical and other items being interspersed. Officially the evening concluded with the singing of "God Save The King" at 10.30 p.m., although it is on record that various students were to be seen playing football in Lambton Quay at 2 a.m. the following morning.

Rifle Club

THE Rifle Club Fired on the Trentham Range on fifteen occasions during the 1927-28 season just closed, and on other occasions, when the club did not have targets of its own, members shot with other clubs. The attendances were larger than in the previous season, but many more members are yet required in order to give the committee a wide range from which to choose a team, and in order to give the members of the team itself that competition, without which they are not called upon to produce their best. Keen competition for places in the team means keenness at practices with an inevitable improvement in the standard shown by the team in matches. Accordingly, the committee would like to hear of any students who intend taking up this sport. Practices will commence again about the end of September, and will be held every Saturday throughout the season.

The club competed in three matches during the season. A new trophy, called the Albert Trophy, has been presented in Sydney for competition among the Universities of New Zealand and Australia. V.U.C. fired in the first match for this trophy on the 8th October last, and scored 1391 out of a possible of 1680, securing fifth place. A.U.C. won the trophy, scoring 1486 points. We offer A.U.C. our heartiest congratulations on their good shooting and meritorious win.

On 26th November, V.U.C. fired in the British Imperial Universities match. We were not successful in winning, but maintained the College's high reputation by securing fourth place for the Empire. Our score was 1538 out of 2000, Sydney winning with a score of 1685. H. F. Bollard secured fourth highest score for the Empire with a score of 216 out of 250.

The team fired in the Haslam Shield Competition in connection with the Easter Tournament on the 31st March. Owing to the fact that the military authorities took the range which had been "flagged" for the team, the match had to be fired without any indications for windage, which proved a severe handicap,

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especially at the long range. Accordingly the results were not so good as in previous years.

The club did not fire this year in the Association's Union Shield competitions, as these were being fired on the only day available for practice for the Haslam Shield.

A handicap match for a trophy was fired on the 4th February, and was won by C. Walpole.

The club has been unfortunate during the season in losing two of its best shots—W. J. H. Haase, president for the last two or three years, and G. E. Parker, the 1927 Army Champion, who is now residing in New Plymouth.

The thanks of the club are due to the Students' Association for paying the cost of hanging a photograph of the team which won the Imperial Challenge Trophy in 1925.

Dramatic Club

THE growth of interest in the Dramatic Club, viewed with satisfaction in the last number of the *Spike*, has been evidenced this year by an increased membership and regular and better attended readings. This is due, in some measure no doubt, to the success of our production last year of "To Have the Honour." The following plays have been read this year: "The Man With the Load of Mischief," by Ashley Dukes; "Square Pegs," by Clifford Bax; "The Man with the Bowler Hat," by A. A. Milne; "The Admirable Bashville," by Bernard Shaw; "The Constant Lover," by St. John Hankin.

It was decided at the annual general meeting to produce another play this year, and we have chosen H. H. Davies' diverting comedy "Cousin Kate." The cast are at present rehearsing steadily under the very capable direction of Mrs. John Hannah. It is hoped that the students of the college will give their whole-hearted support to the performance and help to secure its success.

The Musical Society

*Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."*

IN all humility we consider that we belong to the above species. Though certainly not in a "dry" atmosphere, we are withered by blasts of scorn and criticism. Or (the metaphor changes here), we are like the shepherds of old piping entrancing melodies to senseless sheep. When we are allowed to play at a college function, it is on suffrance only, and our efforts are usually applauded by heartfelt signs, or among the super-refined section by a concerted "we don't want any more."

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It is, we consider though, a deplorable state of affairs. It seems that the musical side of Varsity life is either considered a luxury or, more generally, is entirely neglected. We have constantly appealed for new members, but as yet, few have been forthcoming. Does this mean that our present membership exhausts the fund of musical talent? Once again we appeal to any instrumentalists within the college to help.

During 1927, our performances, though not numerous, were of high standard. Our appearance at the Students' Evening at the French Club, on June 30th, led to an invitation to perform again at the Fête Nationale on July 14th. On the former occasion our numbers reached a high water mark of 17. We were pleased to find our efforts at the Dramatic Club's production of "To Have the Honour," met with favourable comment, not only by judges within the college, but also by outsiders. On August 3rd, the orchestra assisted with an item at the farewell to our 1927 Rhodes Scholar, Mr. W. G. Kalaugher, M.A., B.Sc.

So far this year, our activities have been confined to an overture at the Social Service Club's concert and dance on March 16th, and at the opening soirée of the French Club. On both occasions the orchestra acquitted itself with distinction, although the works performed (including the overture "Martha" and Tschaikowsky's "Valse des Fleurs") were of considerable difficulty.

[N.B.—The music supplied in the Capping procession was not under official direction.]

Finally, we express our very great appreciation of the work of Mr. A. C. Keys, as conductor. His enthusiasm, combined with his practical skill and musical knowledge, makes him an admirable leader. It is solely due to his efforts that we continue to exist.

Science Society

THE first meeting of this society was held on Wednesday, the 28th of March, when Professor Hunter gave a very interesting lecture on Evolution—illustrated by lantern slides. The Professor dealt briefly with the biological side of the subject; then went into more detail on the cultural aspect.

On the 19th of April, the annual general meeting of the Society was held in the Physics lecture room, 73 members being present. The following officers were elected for the year.

President: Mr. E. F. Northcroft; *Vice-President:* Miss Mason; *Secretary-Treasurer:* Mr. Uniake; *Committee:* Miss Plank; Messrs. Steele, Chamberlain, Ketko.

On the 2nd of May, Mr. H. G. Miller, M.A., delivered a most interesting lecture on "Plato's New Zealand Republic." He informed us that the New Zealander never grew up, being fostered throughout life by a maternal Government. The legal fraternity were also dealt a few sharp jabs.

THE SPIKE

The Society's Annual Dance was held this year on Friday, the 25th of May. The attendance was not extraordinarily large, but all those who were present seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

This year a Lunch-Time Club was formed for the entertainment of those Science students who spent that hour at the college. Games of all sorts were arranged and a dancing class started.

Womens' Club

THE women students of the College have long felt the need of an organisation to increase their social intercourse, and to control matters in which women students as a body are interested. It was with this aim that the club was formed in July, 1927, with a committee consisting of Mrs. Boyd-Wilson (Patroness), Miss Benbow, now Mrs. Avann, (President), Miss Zeisler (Secretary and Treasurer), and Misses Briggs, Nicholls and Watson.

A jolly opening party was held in the women's common room, and the large attendance augured well for the club's future. Mrs. Boyd-Wilson gave a most interesting and bright address during the evening.

In August, a Jumble Sale was held at the W.C.T.U. Hall in Newtown. This was a most enlightening experience, and although a very large number of delightful hats and other articles dear to the feminine heart disappeared mysteriously, still the sale was quite a success.

Early in the third term, we held a dance in combination with the Science Society; this was a happy and successful function.

An "Under Seven" party was also held, which worked great merriment, especially when the students paraded in their abbreviated juvenile costumes, butterfly-bows and short socks.

At the end of the year a concert party was organized, which visited Ewart Hospital, Borstal Institute, and the Red Cross Hospital. These visits gave much pleasure to our audiences, and from them, we too, derived real enjoyment.

This year, a welcome party for freshers was held, and proved to be quite successful.

During the year, it is proposed to hold gatherings at which we hope to have as speakers well-known women of Wellington. Finally we intend to hold a dance, and to space between our other activities, soirées, to which we shall invite all students. If we carry out this programme, and continue our concert visits and money-making enterprises, we shall indeed have a full and profitable year.

We feel confident that, now we are established as a women's organisation, interest and membership will grow apace, so that we shall occupy a recognized place in the life of our college.

Debating Club

THE 29th Annual General Meeting of the Society commenced its activities for 1928. Though the attendance was meagre, full and prolonged discussion was by no means lacking. The annual report was taken as read, but unfortunately similar treatment could not be meted out to the balance-sheet, which underwent strong cross-examination before being passed. Mr. W. J. Heyting, having expressed considerable doubt as to the efficiency of the committee's advertising campaign for the Plunket Medal Contest, the question was held over pending his researches into the accounts of the Society. A favourable interlude thus presenting itself, the meeting elected the following officers:—

Patron: His Excellency The Governor-General; *President:* Professor Adamson; *Vice-Presidents:* W. P. Rollings (Chairman), J. F. Platts-Mills, L.L.B. *Secretary:* G. R. Powles, L.L.B.; *Treasurer:* C. H. Arndt, L.L.B.; *Committee:* Misses M. E. Cooley, M. A. and C. S. Forde, Messrs. A. E. Campbell, B.A., and H. R. Bannister; *Auditor:* Mr. S. C. W. Watkins.

Mr. Heyting's researches having been completed, he returned to the attack with great vigour, but with some lack of lucidity. After some bitter words had passed, the meeting declined to hear him further, preferring to record its unanimous vote in favour of the publication of debates in the press, and its rather faint-hearted regret at the introduction of day lectures.

The first ordinary meeting of the Society this year (being also the 305th ordinary meeting held), was held on 24th March, when the subject for the Tournament Debate was discussed; namely, "That Democracy is a Failure."

Messrs. Platts-Mills and Powles moved the motion, and Messrs. Rollings and Arndt opposed. Mr. Mountjoy added his weight to the affirmative, and Miss Forde and Mr. Riske maintained that Democracy had not yet failed. The judge, Mr. H. F. Johnston, placed the speakers in the following order: 1. Miss Forde; 2. Powles; 3. Platts-Mills; 4. Mountjoy; 5. Riske. Upon a vote being taken, the audience appeared to be in favour of Democracy.

In the Easter Tournament, the Society was represented by Mr. W. P. Rollings and Mr. J. F. Platts-Mills. These speakers were successful in winning the Joyn't Scroll for the College, and the Society has every reason to be proud of its representatives. As this happy event is enlarged upon elsewhere in this issue, further comment would here be out of place.

At the next ordinary meeting, the Society found itself confronted with the proposition: "That Teachers' Training Colleges in New Zealand should be closed for a period of years," moved by Messrs Bannister and Forde, and opposed by Misses Forde and Wood. Other members recording their views, or lack of views, on the question, were Messrs. Powles, Hurley and Mountjoy. The audience, as a whole, found themselves in favour of the continued existence of Training Colleges, while, as a member of the Society, the chairman unexpectedly gave his casting vote in favour of the motion. In the absence of the judge appointed for the evening, Mr. A. E. Campbell took upon his shoulders the onerous duty of placing the speakers in order of merit. This duty he ably fulfilled by placing them as follows:—1. Mountjoy; 2. Miss Wood; 3. Miss Forde; 4. Forde; 5. Bannister.

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On 5th May, Messrs. Martin-Smith and Platts-Mills moved, and Messrs. Hall and Powles denied: "That the system of party government is conducive neither to efficient administration, nor to progressive legislation." Although the audience was small, it contained six members who felt that their ideas should be put into words. These were Miss Forde, and Messrs. Arndt, Mountjoy, Haughey, O'Shea, and Forde. The audience found that it condemned the system of party government. Mr. R. R. Kennedy then placed the speakers as follows:—1. Martin-Smith; 2. Hall; 3. Platts-Mills and Forde; 4. Powles; 5. Miss Forde.

The vacation meeting, being the 308th of the Society, was held on 9th May. Messrs. Rollings and Hall moved: "That exemption from military training should be granted to all conscientious objectors, irrespective of denominational creed." The motion was opposed by Messrs. Powles and Hurley. The following also spoke:—Miss Forde, Messrs. Mountjoy, O'Shea, Crossley, Arndt, and Bannister. The audience indicated by their votes that Mr. Rollings' proposition was acceptable to them. Mr. W. J. McEldowney then gave a most interesting and helpful criticism of the speakers, and placed them as follows:—1. Rollings; 2. Powles; 3. Hurley; 4. Arndt; 5. Bannister.

The next meeting of the Society was the result of an invitation issued to the N.Z. Junior Reform and Constitutional League. The motion "That the Government's administration of the mandate for Western Samoa is to be condemned," was moved by the Society's representatives; Hall, Miss Forde, and Mountjoy, and opposed by the Reform League; Quirk, Sykes, and Shorland. Mr. Rollings presided over an attendance of about 45 enthusiasts who had braved the inclemency of the weather.

The debate proved a very willing one, the Government's supporters being careless whether they spoke from the platform or from the floor of the House. The following members, either of the League or the Society, presented their opinion in a more or less coherent form:—O'Shea, Arndt, Guthrie and Harvey.

Professor B. E. Murphy gave it as his opinion that the debate had been won by the Society, and placed the speakers as follows:—Shorland, Mountjoy, Hall, O'Shea and Miss Forde. The audience proved themselves to be "agin the government" by 23 votes to 21.

Boxing Club

A feature of the Boxing Club's programme for this year was the early start made with the training preparations for the Easter Tournament. A younger, and more enthusiastic, coach, Mr. Roy Brien, was engaged, and the trials for the selection of the Easter team spread over several nights. Instead of being picked within a week of the tournament, as has been the custom hitherto, the team was chosen a month before, and received a more specialised training at the hands of our coach, with pleasing results, in that the tournament bouts between our representatives and those from the other colleges, were closely fought contests.



V.U.C. STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1927-28.

THE SPIKE

Our thanks are due to Mr. E. Steward for the assistance he gave us in helping to select the team, which was as follows:—

HEAVY:—E. E. Chamberlain.

MIDDLE: C. A. Steele.

WELTER: G. B. Richardson.

LIGHT: A. J. Watson.

FEATHER: F. Gilbert.

The Club is continuing its practices throughout the second term, and it is pleasing to note that the interest has revived very greatly within the past few months. All that we require is keenness and a sufficient number of participants and the standard of boxing in this College will undoubtedly improve.

Past Students' Association

THE Twenty-third Annual General Meeting of the Graduates and Past Students' Association was held at Victoria College on April 18th. The report submitted outlined the various social activities of the year, and reported on the progress made with the compilation of the Victoria College Song Book, and with the revision of the Graduates' roll.

Although the report showed a slight increase in the membership, it is greatly to be regretted that so few of those who go out from our University College avail themselves of the opportunity this association affords of keeping in touch with their *alma mater*. The Association has asked us to make a special appeal to graduates to join its ranks, and enable it to fulfil, in more ample measure, the functions appropriate to such an organisation.

Social Service Club

THE Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on 22nd March, 1928, when a large number of students were present. The election of officers resulted as under:—*President*: Professor T. Hunter; *Secretary and Organiser*: Mr. A. W. Miller; *Treasurer*: Mr. G. Mackenzie; *Committee*: Misses L. Mitchell, M.A., D. Orr and P. Heise, Messrs. G. J. Sceats, B.A., and M. Raymond.

The activities of the Club have been, in addition to the work at the Porirua Mental Hospital, extended to the Borstal Institution at Point Halswell, and the institutions of the Child Welfare Department in the City, consisting of the Girls' Hostel, Tinakori Road, Boys' Probation Home, Austin Street, and the Receiving Home, Miramar.

THE SPIKE

The work of the Club now has avenues for all students who are willing to perform social service work. Visits are made to the Porirua Mental Hospital on alternate Saturdays, and concert parties are taken out periodically on a convenient Tuesday evening. This work is under the able charge of Misses P. Heise, M. Corley and M. Shelton, and Messrs. Raymond and Price. A visit to this institution is most interesting and by no means as unpleasant as one imagines.

The Controller of Prisons gave the Club the necessary permission to pay visits on alternate Saturdays to the Borstal Institution at Point Halswell. Miss L. Mitchell organises the work of the club in this direction.

Perhaps the most interesting of the Clubs' activities is that among the institutions of the Child Welfare Department. The managers of the "Regent," "Kings" and "Paramount" theatres, in response to an appeal, kindly offered to allow parties to be taken free of charge. Visits are paid to each home regularly, and a concert party is later sent out to the Miramar Home every fourth Saturday night, when an evening is given for the benefits of the inmates of the three homes. These are recommended to students, and a visit to the Home on this night is well worth while. The concerts for the next term fall on Saturdays, June 16th, July 14th, August 11th and September 6th. Messrs. Sceats and Miller are in charge of the boys' work, while Misses D. Orr and M. Davies see to the wants of the girls.

The Club receives assistance from well-known citizens and merchants, and service is all that is required of students.

The Club has also assisted with the social life at College. A very successful concert and dance, on 16th March, and the annual ball, on Friday, 4th May, was an unqualified success.

Basketball Club

EARLY in the year the Basketball Club resumed its activities, enthusiastically preparing for the forthcoming tournament. The tournament team turned out regularly to practice and when Easter came were all very fit. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the games were held in the Garrison Hall. The first game was Wellington *v.* Auckland, which resulted in a victory for the latter by 25 to 9. It was a fast exciting game, interesting to the spectators and very enjoyable to the players. Auckland, however, could show us a few points in goal shooting. In our next match Wellington outclassed Canterbury in an inferior game by 40 to 9. Auckland, by defeating Otago in the final, for the second time in succession, won the basketball.

Since Easter the basketball club has been very active, three teams having been entered for the Association games. The holidays always interfere with our first matches, but now, with the help of our able coach, Miss O. M. Sheppard, we are looking forward to a successful season. The girls are enthusiastic and any Tuesday may be seen hard at it in the Gym.

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