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—Anon.

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Me quoque pectoris

Pretty poets you and I,
Mongers in eternal things,
Workers in embroidery,
Who pipe but as the parrot sings.

Strutting in a narrow cage,
Now we pause to preen and fuss,
Mouthing phrases that the age
Flings half mockingly to us.

Only sometimes, straining, catch
Glimpse of sun or flash of rain
Then quickly turn our backs to scratch
At our daily dole of grain.

D. H. M.
Fifty Years. How do we stand?

Well, we have safely completed our first half century, been accorded a measure of applause, both from the hill and the members' stand, touched our cap thereat and unostentatiously set about the compilation of our century. No one, of course, doubts that we shall accomplish the second fifty as safely and successfully as the first. Still, now that the measure of tumult and shouting which it was our privilege to hear has died down, it is interesting to reflect on the results of fifty years and perhaps also to speculate on the next fifty.

The most striking thing is undoubtedly the different attitudes towards University education to-day and yesterday. It appears that thirty or forty years ago the average student was concerned more for the intrinsic worth of a University education than for its professional advantages. It is certain that to-day he is much more concerned with the professional equipment provided by the College than with the cultural aspect. The student is, of course, very little to blame for this. Many other things should share in it before him. Higher mass education with its inevitable lowering of standard, early specialisation, the range of courses offered, the huge classes, the examination fetish, the increased professional standing which some degrees carry, the lack of opportunity for the broadly educated University man are all powerful factors in determining his attitude.

There is no doubt that higher mass education has been overdone in New Zealand and the comparative ease with which the average and even the less than average secondary school pupil could, during the last fifteen years, enter the University has not been very good for the University, except perhaps from an American viewpoint. Without considering data it is pretty safe to say that the general standard is not as high to-day as it was thirty or forty years ago. Some of our professors have in recent years indicated something of this view. One cannot help thinking of the tremendous waste of time, energy and money which has resulted from this extreme of mass education. There must in the last fifteen years have been some hundreds of people who, because the system encouraged it, dabbled in University courses for a couple of years and then passed from the College without gaining a single thing. The University did nothing for them and they certainly did nothing for it. They are probably none the worse for their stay at the University but the University is probably the poorer, in several senses, for it.

This article is, however, not intended to be a tale of woe. From the material and examination point of view the College stands fairly
high. It has at all periods turned out scholars fit to rank with the best in the Empire. Its graduation distinctions in the Jubilee year were excellent and the success of the Jubilee functions proved that it has a standing in the community and a place in the affections of a large number of distinguished graduates. The statement of the Governor-General that New Zealand graduates are very highly considered at Oxford is gratifying information for Auckland University College can claim a good many of them. And, also, we have building and surroundings calculated to inspire something of a true university atmosphere.

One thing to be regretted is the increasing tendency towards a number of specialised courses which has penalised the humanities and sciences. It is debatable, for instance, whether a University should cater for degrees or diplomas in Commerce, Banking and Journalism, especially since, in the city itself, they seem to count for so little. It is to be sincerely hoped, and there is evidence that some of those in authority are trying to secure it, that no further narrow special courses will be established in the College. It will be far better to devote the resources necessary for them to increasing the facilities for the study of the humanities and the sciences.

Of course, the difficulty in New Zealand is that there is very little chance for the man who has taken a good general degree to begin his professional work after three or four years at the University. Such a man has to take the one chance and become a teacher and that practically limits his influence to a negligible amount. In the public service it is the general rule that a man must enter it at the P.S.E. level or not at all. That has been advanced by some thinkers in this country as the chief reason for the unsatisfactory general standard in the public service and in politics to-day. It will be the task of the University during the next decade to remedy this position.

From the point of view of the student as a student he is to-day fairly well catered for. We have a well organised, controlled and conducted Students' Association and it does much to promote something of a student life. Until the College has its hostels, however, and a measure of residential life this will not approach the ideal. The gratifying thing is the steady improvement in student life each year; but the Association will have to be careful to see in the years to come that residential life does not prejudice its own influence as it has to some at least noticeable extent done in the Southern Colleges.

One could write for a long time on this subject but it is comforting to know that even after half a dozen pages one would still know that despite it all the spirit of foresight and aspiration with which the founders fifty years ago were imbued is still in the College. That, perhaps, is all that need have been said.
University Ideals

An Address delivered by His Excellency the Governor-General at the Jubilee Reception, 22nd May, 1933.

In the triple capacity of your nearest neighbour, an old Oxford University graduate profoundly attached to his Alma Mater, and chairman of the Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee, I am glad to take part in your jubilee celebrations and most cordially to congratulate you on your past academic progress and to wish you God-speed in days to come. There is another capacity—that of Governor-General—which I do not propose to emphasise on this occasion, because that functionary resides, virtute offici, at Government House, in relation to the premises of which the predatory instincts of your president, Sir George Fowlds, which have characterised his ardent championship of the claims of the college for at least a generation, might be at once aroused and a further encroachment be forthwith contemplated as a fitting mode of inaugurating a fresh half century of progress, geographical as well as academic. Suffice it to state on this delicate subject my earnest hope that, if, with the gradual triumph of mind over matter and of academic expansiveness over Vice-Regal attenuation, a further successful invasion of gubernatorial territory ever takes place, the plan of campaign will take the form of reverential occupation rather than of ruthless demolition. Government House, Auckland, is a charming reproduction in wood of a typical English mansion house of eighteenth century architecture, and as such has proved to me, and possibly to some of my predecessors, the strongest of all antidotes in this Dominion to the subtle poison of homesickness, or what the Roman Jurists used to call the ‘animus revertendi,’ or the yearning for home.

As we celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of this college after many vicissitudes of fortune and in face of those inevitable rebuffs which ever confront the cause of sound learning in a young country and in an atmosphere of racial instability, let us remember gratefully those who have manned the helm of the academic ship and steered her through many shoals to the calm waters of public recognition and support. Foremost among these and conspicuous for their unselfish patriotism have been Sir Maurice O’Rorke, Dr T. W. Leys, and Sir George Fowlds, supported loyally by a council, a teaching staff and a body of students increasingly conspicuous for their ability, their friendly co-operation and their determination to maintain unsullied the prestige of the college and its reputation for scholarship, culture, and athletic powers.
What, you may well ask yourselves as you stand on the threshold of a new half-century, is the legitimate scope of your corporate ambition? What is your fitting place in the life of the community and what are the responsibilities which it involves? In every highly civilised country a university sets the standard of the culture of the people, and in this respect its responsibilities are immense. If in speech, manners, breadth of view, knowledge of the world, literary attainment, respect for historical landmarks, love of the beautiful, or in the various branches of science and of art, national defects are conspicuous, it is not unfair to look to the university and its constituent colleges for evolutionary improvements. Especially important is it, in an island country far from the world’s great centres of population and in times when national prosperity is conditioned by international co-operation and mutual knowledge, to be ever vigilant in fighting the tendency to insularity and lack of vision among all classes of the community—a process which necessitates rigorously eschewing narrowness in its numerous manifestations within the zone of university life.

The insistent need in the past among all sections of the community to win a livelihood from unremitting vocational work, with a consequent paucity of a leisured class, has inevitably checked in this Dominion the development of the aesthetic arts and a wholesome and informed recognition of what is best in art, with the possible exception of music, the standard of which and the discriminating appreciation of which experts from other lands admit to be remarkable and inspiring. Art, indeed, presents a wide field within which this college can radiate salutary influence during the second half-century of its existence, which commenced to-day. The same may be said of natural science with even greater emphasis, partly because no industry can possibly thrive without its constant application (and this applies especially to the basic and all-important industry of agriculture), and secondly, because of the rapidity of its constant mutation, and the copious stream of new knowledge which nowadays flows from research, disregard of which must inevitably result in competitive production falling behind in the race for pre-eminence, if not of equality. Of the science of economics I hesitate to speak during this period of turbulent transition. No doubt it has immutable laws which cannot be violated with impunity, but if the universities of the world are to guide, rather than to confuse, the public mind on this most vital branch of learning, their experts would do well to get together, and, with full consciousness that in a rapidly changing world human manipulations and new social aspirations may defy the successful application of old economic theories, propound with some measure of unanimity a new code upon which the statesmen, the financiers and
industrialists of the world can confidently base their future activities.

Culture is generated most liberally in the atmosphere of a university where the fullness of academic life is available under present conditions. It is stimulated there by the greater social intercourse among undergraduates which it engenders, and the polish which results from constant human attrition in an atmosphere of academic refinement. This is an objective which the best friends of this university college should unremittingly pursue.

Any university in order to exercise its most thrilling and stimulating influence in its civic environment should, within bounds, enjoy freedom of speech, of policy and curricula. It should, in a general and non-partisan sense, mould politics rather than be moulded by them. For this reason, if for no other, although State grants are to a large extent proper and essential for university maintenance, a revenue derived to a substantial extent from outside endowments is of high value in ensuring that spirit of virile independence and untrammelled breadth of outlook which have characterised throughout the ages all the great universities of the world. It is difficult to conceive any object of testamentary benevolence more worthy of beneficent consideration on the part of far-sighted patriots.

Amid conditions of unparalleled industrial stagnation, it may be well to contemplate with long-range vision the effect of economic tribulation upon the prospects of a university. Funds may be lacking for extension of premises, but bearing in mind that industrial prosperity is a vital condition of professional well-being and that the former is increasingly dependent upon greater and more precise knowledge, especially in the fields of advanced science and of economics, the need of such higher education as only a university can provide becomes more insistent and more widely recognised. There is a tendency to speak woefully of world wide depression, overproduction and unemployment, indicating perhaps with strange lack of faith in the future, and of confidence in the nation's destiny and our own ability, that these conditions are chronic and largely irremediable. To do this is to accept complacently for our country and our race a standard of mediocrity intellectual, moral and industrial, unworthy of British traditions, or of those gallant self-reliant pioneers who blazed the trail in this sunny land of immeasurable opportunity well nigh a century ago.

Democracy is in theory the most perfect form of government. A university which is not democratic in its administration, its human ambit and its curriculum, is unworthy of the name. But if the modern interpretation of democracy as applied to the higher grades of education means a levelling down of educational, and inferentially
vocational, standards, instead of levelling them up, if it involves putting a premium upon intellectual mediocrity and the stifling of the genius of a nation, the supreme academic embodiment of such a system is not a university, but may more fitly be called a workhouse or a prison. The world, and pre-eminently that large part of it over which floats the Union Jack, is crying aloud to-day not for human mediocrities raised in an atmosphere which obstructs normal growth, but for men and women of commanding intellectual and moral stature, who will fearlessly, prudently, and confidently become leaders, not only in public life (of paramount importance though that be) but in every branch of professional, industrial and commercial activity, who, instead of truckling to the lack of knowledge or the weakness of the proletariat, will promote its greater welfare by courageously and knowledgeably indicating, and constructively opening up the paths by which national prosperity, contentment and happiness may be achieved, and, once achieved, permanently maintained.

In February 1891 New Zealand's most famous proconsul, Sir George Grey, in his valedictory address to the citizens of Auckland, is quoted by your president as saying: "With humility, yet with fortitude, pursue your task. Falter not. March resolutely on, with truth and justice on either hand, with the love of mankind as your guiding star, your duty to your Maker as the staff on which you lean. Then will God bless you and make you a blessing to the ages yet to come." With all these stirring sentiments I am in profound agreement. They indicate a spaciousness of outlook and adumbrate a wealth of self-determination by a virile, God-fearing and progressive nation. But to-day they need amplifying and interpreting in the light of modern world conditions. If you are to march resolutely on without faltering and with the love of mankind as your guiding star, and presumably their betterment as your goal, there must, in the nation's interest, be no curb put upon opportunity for self-realisation in the case of every individual, however humble, who is endowed by his Creator with exceptional genius and the capacity and inclination to cultivate and employ it for his country's good.

The fame of a university is not created or perpetuated by its buildings or equipment, however ample and noble in conception the former may be or however lavish and up-to-date may be the latter, but by the quality and vocational achievement of its graduate output, and, in a world of severe and ever-increasing competition among nations (especially those of the Nordic race) not only must science and research receive within its walls their full measure of attention, but in every faculty and sphere of training and investigation, thoroughness and meticulous accuracy must be stressed as essential conditions of assured success. Exceptional genius, as I have
indicated, should be afforded due scope in every university which aims at the maximum of intellectual achievement within its national environment and at securing the fullest return for its institutional expenditure. But of even greater moment is insistence upon thoroughness and accuracy, coupled with the self-discipline and perseverance which are their essential concomitants among all those, however limited their natural endowment, who enjoy the immense privilege of a university training. The prizes of the world are destined in the future to go, not to those people and individuals who are rich or clever, but to those who attain to success, and justify it, by exceptional thoroughness and accuracy, qualities which alas have been conspicuous since the Great War, if not by their absence, at least by their relative decadence.

It is because I firmly believe that the human material of this Dominion is unsurpassed in its physical and intellectual calibre and potentialities by any in the world, and because the past history of this college has furnished it with a solid foundation of sound tradition and worthy achievement, that I confidently predict that it is destined to play a conspicuous part in making New Zealand in the years that are to come famous throughout the world for virile intellectuality, constructive achievement and true culture.”
And Now—?

Another year has gone by. The world has seen many changes. New hopes have been awakened, and old hopes broken; action and interactions, the play of new forces springing from the decay of the old, old forces rekindled by the flame of the new, have made the world arena a scene of motion, however dismal its colours may be. In Germany the patience of the people has given way at last to the voice of Hitler and the feet of Fascism. Roosevelt has taken over the Presidential reins with words of peace and brotherhood and an economic policy of Three-cheers-for-America-and-to-hell-with-the-rest-of-you. The Soviets have begun their second five-year plan in the face of western exposures of the failure of the first. Old England has raised anew the banner of national solidity over the trial of half-a-dozen British wreckers in Moscow, and young England has resolved never again to fight for King and Country, but to prevent war if need be by uniting with the working class for mass action, strike and sabotage. The British Empire has survived the Ottawa Conference despite the incantations of the high priests, and the whole of the civilised world has repeated the rite in London.

Nor have we in New Zealand been idle. We have had a few more taxes and large doses of economy, the rise of Douglas and the New Zealand Legion, Christmas, Easter and prosperity week. Even the University has registered its Golden Jubilee, the absence and return of the Registrar, a few controversies and lots of Lit. Club plays, and another batch of lusty young sons with brand new letters and the inevitable “What are you going to do with it now you’ve got it?”

Well: what are we going to do with it?

We who are young have a great privilege: the privilege of defying and destroying the old.

We who are students have a greater privilege: the privilege of using the wisdom of the old to reconstruct the new.

For years now the whole civilized world—with the requisite exception—has been sliding into the Slough of Despond, and we are so deep in the mire that all the golden lights of the idealists and the optimistic press cannot hide it from us. Out of hope and desperation the struggle is born.

Here in New Zealand, where we are not quite any of the things that nations are supposed to be—not quite British, not quite independent; not quite self-industrialized, not quite agrarian; not quite
progressive, not quite reactionary—out here we are caught hopelessly in a maze of little petty recovery-schemes and delightful dreams of a typically New Zealand heaven. And so the man-in-the street chatters about Douglas Credit and the quota system and the 5A scheme, while over there at the Antipodes rages the struggle between the new and the old, the struggle in which we are involved, blindly indeed but inevitably, because somebody has to buy our butter.

Ever since the war the leaders of nations have been walking on a tight-rop e between the devil (for some people) and the deep sea (for some people); but it’s shaking badly now—not much more and over she goes. Some of them have gone over—Germany and Italy and Russia. England, of course, with her well-known steadiness and leaden ballast, will keep on till the end, but perhaps her children have a streak of the wanton.

In the end, even they must choose.

There is the way of Fascism: heavy boots and plaster of Paris, muscle solid and character solid, and the mind will take care of itself. The way of the many shall be the way of the one, and the one shall be the superman: he will fight for your freedom, he will give you bread: you need not fear, but you can plough the furrows and thresh the grain if you like—or if you don’t like. Lo, the mighty one who will lead his people, the chosen of the Lord!

There is the way of Communism: grimy hand with inky hand, fighting upward and building upward, building with the minds and bodies of men for the minds and bodies of men. The way of the one shall be the way of the many, and the many shall be the Kings of their own Kingdom, and with their own hands they shall fight for their freedom and they shall make their bread. Lo, the mighty ones who shall lead themselves, the choosers of the Lord!

The way of the old men and the way of the children.

What shall we do, we who are neither?

Here we stand at the gates of the future, the weapons of justice close to our hand. The vision is splendid for those who have courage to lift their eyes. All that we need is honesty to think, and thinking to dare, and daring to win. In our own hands be it.

E. F.
Reality

For many years there has been much talk of realism in art, of the introduction into literature of the reality of life. So Zola describes man’s fleshly lusts, Galsworthy gives a picture of the oppression of the “struggling” working classes, and our College Phoenix is full of grim poetic lucubrations about bones and blood. A modification of the same thirst for realism reveals itself when assemblies such as S. C. M. talk about “getting down to reality” and “thrashing out fundamental truths;” while everyone who goes to any kind of a university debate, religious, philosophical or political, hears mention of “tin tacks” “facing facts” and Communism.

This reality, these “fundamental verities,” these “tin tacks” and “things that really matter,” what are they? Is there such a thing as reality? “Gutted faces turned to the hilltops,” may represent reality to one person, and Christ and the Cross may represent it to a number of others. Yet a religious society which meets to discuss fundamental principles and its real tasks in life usually disperses without settling anything definite, and many individuals who have attended the gathering go away more overwhelmed with the mystery of life than ever. And he who describes skeletons and blood with such facility has probably never seen a large quantity of either (except neatly set out in a museum) and even if he has, he probably woke up and ate breakfast the next morning just the same as ever.

Not that I would for one moment deny to either party the right to attempt to express their own ideas on reality. I use these ideas merely to illustrate the fact that if no two people can agree as to what reality exactly is there can be no such thing as definite reality.

I know there is a very obvious reply to that last statement, namely that one might just as well say that because no two people can agree as to what electricity is, there can be no such thing as electricity. What I mean is that people who talk about realism and fundamental truth generally use the terms in rather a narrow egotistical sense—just as if, because they cannot see it, there might not be quite as much true reality in Brooke’s Day that I have loved or Beethoven’s L’Adieu as in so-called realistic novels, articles on Communism, poems on operating theatres, or even in what we designate real life, the life one sees. For those things we observe, and even those things which we examine with all the strength of our intelligence and psychological knowledge, sometimes may not reveal one tiny portion of the real vitalising force behind them.
This, then, when we pass over to reality in literature must lead us into a very tolerant attitude with regard to criticism. For instance in poetry: any sincere poet, even if not a Shakespeare, Tennyson or T. S. Eliot, must have a real thought, or a real appreciation of some beauty behind his poetry. In the case where this real thought or emotion is badly expressed, nothing more is to be said about its condemnation. But the point which I wish to touch upon is whether a poem should be condemned, apart from literary considerations, because its meaning is not perfectly clear even when examined fairly intelligently, as is often the case in the poems of Phoenix and those read at an Olla Podrida.

First of all we have to resign ourselves to the fact that poets often have emotions and sensations which very few, or none, besides themselves can experience or understand. I think only too many poets will hasten to agree with me when I say that often only the poet himself can fully realise the full force and meaning of his own poem. What is reality to him is reality to no one else.

Are we then to condemn a poem because, not being endowed with divine universally understanding intelligences, we cannot understand its full meaning? Take the last two verses of Apocalyptic, which appears in the last number of Phoenix

“There is no loosing hands:
the hour is the power which moves,
the very pivot is space
in whose gift is no grace
for there is no tangent,
there is no loosing hands

till the star speak to a man
and two shall join to him
and pain shall die in burning
and the seized wheels cease turning:
guard we our strength to the day
till the star speak to a man.”

I venture to suggest that had this poem been read aloud at an Olla Podrida, and been subsequently criticised, the remarks would have been something like this: “Has the title got anything to do with the poem? Is it not just a jumble of words bound together by metre and rhyme?” And most private comments would have been “Rot!” It is my suggestion that the poem should not be condemned (apart from considerations of form and expression) until it has been proved that the poet does not know what he is talking about. For such considerations it might be advisable for poets like Mr Curnow to
publish keys to such poems as have not a fairly clear meaning: an eccentric procedure which might excite mirth, it is true. But our understanding of the drift of the poet would be considerably clarified.

Although the “supreme excellence in all things is simplicity” there conceivably might be one or two lesser excellences hidden in obscurity.

This wider tolerance might also with profit be extended to poetry and other literature which is condemned straight away as being unoriginal. Just because Wordsworth and Shelley admired the song of a lark, are we to be forbidden from being moved by its freshness and clearness and saying so? Surely any writer who possesses the qualities of sincerity and a certain amount of facility in literary expression should not be so arrogantly and hard-heartedly condemned as he often is by the Literary Club in this university. To seek first for the virtues (which are often totally ignored) instead of immediately deprecating the faults of a work would possibly be a more reasonable and a more enlightened form of criticism.

Probably no one but myself will think that I have touched upon any “fundamental verities,” or in other words, tin-tacks, in this article. And perhaps by to-morrow I myself shall disagree with nearly everything I have said to-day. One has a habit of thus changing one’s views in such a controversial centre as a University. But the one point I especially wish to make clear is this: are we not, in the form of realism which we present to the world through Phoenix merely following a fashion in literature, and blinding ourselves to the fact that a reality of a far less obvious and a far more beautiful kind can exist in a world quite apart from materialism?

I.W.L.

Via Recta

Often they tried to stop me—pulled me up with a shout—
“Take the road through the valley—there’s gold in the hills about!”
“There’s gold in the sky!” I answered, laughing their bait to scorn;
“I’m going to meet our promise”—riding into the dawn.
Comrades, why do you linger when the road lies straight ahead?
Are you content with a blanket and half a loaf of bread?
You’ll perish from exposure before the new day’s born;
Go, leave your torpor and meet it—riding into the dawn.
Et Resurrexit

SERVANTS of God,
how do you stand
to their witness.
eye, ear and hand?

Eternal heaven
as the eyes see,
is endless winged
monotony:

as the ears hear
the living song,
it has clear birth
nor endures long:

all the hands know
for certain friend
is sweet first touch
and thankful end.

How sort you His
eternity
with this, life's in-
most certainty?

This way we teach it,
sons of men:
on the third day
He rose again.

A. CURNOW
Back Row: Miss R. M. Macky, B.A., Mr. J. B. Rushworth, Mr. S. C. MacDiarmid, Miss B. Robertson, Mr. E. H. Blow, B.A., Mr. L. W. A. Crowley, M.A.

Front Row: Mr. A. P. Postlewaite (Bus. Manager), Miss D. F. Mulgan, B.A. (Vice-President), Miss E. P. Warren, Mr. M. G. Sullivan, M.A. (President), Mr. J. A. E. Mulgan, B.A. (Vice-President), Mr. E. P. Haslam (Secretary).
Swa cwaeth eardstapa earfetha gemyndig

NIGHT TURNS, dark on the brine-path
Peace then, thou old ring-giver—here's no surge of blast.
We are salt-worn, we are sea-weary,
Yea, we have endured the swan-road—
Here's home at last.
Peace then, thou old earl-guarder,
Joy in the mead-hall, joy in the wine,
Shall I shape thee a song, ring-giver, protector of mine?
Though the cares are hot about my heart
Shall I shape thee a song, a true song of old stories
And fashioned with art?
We are men grown old desiring,
    we travail in the mind,
limbs shrunken, hearts tiring
    and our eyes are blind—
thoughts sterile and old
    without release
wars that are manifold
    and never peace.
We are not wounded in the spear-rush
    our limbs are whole,
but the thoughts lie sick and bloody
    we are slain in soul.
We shall come not home from the seaways
    drift with the foam,
Call home, though I call home the heart,
Though it be very weariness to roam—
if the mind cease not its travail
the surge drives never home.
So I have shaped thee a true, a song of old writings
I have sung thee my song, yea fashioned anew—
Give over—I sing thee a true song, a true song, a true—
Looking back, it always seemed to him that that book had been written in gold and silver inks in the weird calligraphics of some Eastern necromancer. But actually, it had rather less than its share of the usual typographical ornaments. There was nothing rich or strange about its drab brown cover; its type, if clear, was small, and prosaically heavy; it bore the severe imprint of a firm that believed in edification rather than entertainment. It had a higher aim than the titillation of the greedy senses of the mere aesthetic, that book. It was meant rather to coax a hard-won half-crown from the pockets of grim-faced artisans in Scottish industrial towns, eager to secure for that sum a brief but compendious outline of all the secrets of philosophy; and its list of “companion volumes,” unimaginatively printed on the inside cover, modestly hinted that other gateways of knowledge might answer to the same open sesame. Altogether, it was the most natural book in the world to find on a library shelf; and it did not seem to him that he was being particularly rash in opening it and glancing through its pages. Yet Alice, when she obligingly seized the bottle labelled “Drink me” was to undergo no more surprising metamorphosis. And after all, by that time Alice must have had some idea of the sort of thing she had let herself in for. But here no angel with a flaming sword nor even an over-punctual white rabbit appeared to warn him that within a few minutes, at the whim of a jumble of ill-formed type, his soul was to shrivel to the size of a peanut, to swell till the universe could not suffice to fill it.

“One can lean back, as it were,” said the book, “and feel time flowing by.”

It suddenly seemed to him that he was strolling down Princes Street in the pleasant glow of a sunny afternoon in autumn. The trees were golden in Albert Park, and two small brown shaggy dogs were playing in the road. Life was like that, it seemed: an unhurried pleasant progress, tinged by the afternoon sun, from lecture to lecture, from triumph to disappointment, from love affair to examination, from dance to smoke concert, from the office to the tennis-court.

The days lounged by, and each of them brought boredom and excitement, laughter and despondency. He read a book and became a spiritualist; made a chance acquaintanceship and learned fencing; went to a lecture and read modern poetry; fell in love and took
up dancing; became a determinist, an atheist, a guild socialist, a
vitalist, a Liberal, a rationalist, a Fascist, an Anglo-Catholic, a
Buddhist, a member of the Junior Reform League.

He missed his train, he was accused of slackness at the office,
he lay in the sun and ate his lunch, he caught his train, he got his
hair cut, was given a rise, he tried a new razor-blade, he bought:
plus fours, he joined a repertory society, he grew a moustache, he
fell in love, he took singing lessons, he shaved off his moustache,
he got his hair cut, he missed his train.

And the trees were golden in Albert Park, and two small brown
shaggy dogs were playing in the road.

He turned over the pages.

It follows, then, said the book, that our characters are what
our past has made them, that our actions are the fruits of our com-
plexes; and that our interests in impersonal things, our hobbies, our
holidays, even our professions, are ways of resolving them. We can
neither build our characters nor mould our lives; we are as power-
less to control the future as to modify the past.

He saw himself walking down a long corridor in a high-
ceilingsed stone building. Saw himself, because it seemed to him
that he was somehow standing aside and watching a sort of shadow
of himself move down the corridor. It moved with the blindness
and the steadiness of a sleep-walker, that shadow; while outside the
rain fell monotonously, and inside the building was cold and grey
and dank. The shadow moved relentlessly, if slowly, towards the
end of the corridor. Sometimes it fell into step with another shadow
for a few yards: sometimes it brushed others aside: sometimes it
seemed elaborately to avoid them; but always it moved steadily,
unhesitatingly, remorselessly on down the corridor towards what-
ever lay beyond it; and always the walls were dank and grey and
cold, and the rain was falling monotonously outside.

It gave him a shock to find that the daily round was in fact
the same: that his life, in retrospect, was composed of the very
elements he had reviewed a moment before. But gone was the
pleasant, sun-soaked stroll from one to the other: instead he was
being pressed on in this blind unresisting somnambulist progress.

Something vague, forgotten, unguessed at had happened in his
childhood, and he became a spiritualist; dark forces welled up
inside him and he learned fencing; dim ancestral passions stirred
and he took up dancing. The corridor stretched before him, dark
and grey; and grim spirits from the past hovered over him, urging
him on, urging on his passive, sapless shadow self to its dark,
unknown end.

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And the rain fell monotonously outside, and inside the building was cold and grey and dank.

* * *

The book opened at another page.

On this view, said the book, the ways in which a man seeks compensation for his inferiority determine the nature of the goal which guides his activities through his whole life. All our activities are teleologically determined; their explanation is, in other words, to be sought not in some cause which precedes them, but in the end they are seeking to realise.

Gone was the long stone corridor, gone the sun-filled, tree-lined street: it seemed to him that he was striding briskly down Queen Street. People bustled past him: people talked, people laughed, people smoked, people lounged on corners, people hurried with parcel-filled arms, people gazed at shop windows, people darted across the street.

He strode briskly down Queen Street. Motor-cars tooted, rattled, crawled, swam, coughed, sang past, a boy rang a bicycle bell, a dray lumbered.

People on foot, people awheel, people on, cushioned seats, people slowly, people quickly, all tried to get somewhere. He strode briskly down Queen Street.

The bells of the tram-cars clanged.

The days pressed past, and he felt victorious and was cheerful, and he felt defeated and was sad.

He felt hemmed in by matter and became a spiritualist; yearned for physical supremacy and learned fencing; wanted to triumph intellectually and read modern poetry. He rose above outworn creeds and became an atheist, shook off the shackles of capitalism and became a guild socialist, glorified in the free use of his intellect and became a rationalist, felt the joy of the mailed fist and became a Fascist, longed for the personal aid of a Supreme Being and became an Anglo-Catholic, swelled till he was at one with the universe and became a Buddhist.

He added up figures at the office and felt he was turning the cog that turned the wheel that turned the system that turned the world; he played football and felt that he was straining, pushing, running, triumphing past the forces that strained, pushed, ran against him and against his will; he sat an examination and saw himself subduing the examiner, the candidates, the clock in single combat. He met people and showed them his brilliance, his intelligence, his strength. Life threw obstacles in his path, and he leaped over them.

He strode briskly down Queen Street.
And the bells of the tram-cars clanged, and people darted across the street.

... ... ...

And so it went on. He turned over the pages of the book, and the pattern of his life swung round him in changing shapes and colours: a jig-saw puzzle which, broken, reassembled itself with every piece in a new position.

He flung down the book, dazed, and looked up at the clock. It was time to go home and have tea. What, he wondered, was the significance of that simple act in the scheme of his life? But the drab brown cover the book told him nothing except the address of a publishing-house.

D. H. MONRO

Pilgrim’s Progress

Some far-off talk of verb and noun;
outside one yellow leaf slips down
against a voice, which scarcely stirs
one pen among its listeners,
until a final note breaks on
the mind’s abstract oblivion:
“The second rendering, I suggest,
(though not the accepted one) is best.”
Close on this last, well-timed remark
the clock strikes five across the park,
singing:
Girls and boys, come out to play,
the hour I give I shall take away!
Bitter smoke and the setting sun,
An autumn dusk, and the day is done.
Heedless hearts, and a jangling rhyme,
The dark comes swiftly in winter time.
Singing:
Girls and boys, come out to play,
the hour I give I shall take away!
We dare not take the path among the shadows,
lest last year meet us where the boughs bend down;
the lightest step upon the drifts of autumn
raises the ghost of spring where the leaves are brown.
The stream has not grown silent, but remembers
the folly of our last year’s laughter yet.
“Forever” was less than a spring and half a summer, but the sunlight down through the leaves is hard to forget. Behind the shadows last year waits and watches to take us swiftly and suddenly, bind us fast, bear us by half-forgotten paths and lose us in the endless unfulfilment of the past. Out on the hill the wind sweeps free from withered leaves, or memory, the road which busy feet must keep laborious, wholesome, straight and steep. The people climb it wearily, but at the top there is the sky; they find no cross, no burdens drop, but still the sky is at the top. Chill of the mist across the deserted field, and the loneliness of silence round the goals; but on the further slope the sun still lingers, lighting the tussocks of the rough, springy grass; and a wind, acrid with the funeral strokes of summer, scarcely stirs the last heavy leaf on a little tree, solitary against the sky. I found them, coming suddenly over the hill, with no one by. Above the yellow, half-made road, among clay-heaps and pools they stood quiet and unmoving, in a ring. I thought at first they’d lost something, and then I thought they must have found something to eat upon the ground. At last I saw they were asleep—six wheel-barrows, all buried deep in peaceful slumber, huddled up, tied by their noses with a rope till morning. As I turn away I heard a sleepy snuffling sigh.
The clock lights up at half-past five
in Newmarket, and streams of cars
take idle men, in idleness,
to dinner. Trams and buses pass
with eyes which stare, but do not see
the street beyond the pane—while we
walk in smug superiority,
as who shall dine not undeservedly.
They have shut the moon in a high-walled garden
and netted her round with a tangle of tree.
I saw her face as it peered through the branches,
white, and hunted, and ill at ease.
They feared the light of the moon would dazzle
their hearts with amazement, and turn them away
from the dusty holes where they grope and grovel—
laugh at them, lure them, lead them astray.
To-night we will come when the world is silent,
cut her a path through the dark with a star,
and, following her, find the things that might be,
beyond the clouds of the things that are.
Home, with lighted windows and dinner waiting;
dark outside, and the infinite hope of the dawn;
outside, the night, for remembering and forgetting.
Come in—the fire is lit, the curtains drawn.

P. G. L

There was a time, yes, times,
When I gave freely to a world that did not understand,
That rejected my heart’s efforts.
And, bitten thus,
I desire not a second bite from fangs
That poison with the first wound,
And, with the second, kill.

Let it be said,
“He weeps for love for she has died.”
There is a flower growing in the shadow of a hill
Beyond the present;
Here is a vase standing empty on a shelf:
And Time will do the rest.

MANUEL LIMA
I am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation.  

Jonson

Graduates of the Year

Doctor of Literature.

From what I have seen of literature in New Zealand I should say that it had less need of a doctor than of a coroner.

Jubilade

FELIX MAXWELL KEESEING

All by my own-alone self.

Harris

To that unknown and silent shore.

Lamb

MASTER OF ARTS.

We cannot all be masters.

Shakespeare

EDWARD LIONEL ADAMS

Deal not in history often I have said,

'Twill prove a most unprofitable trade.

Wolcot

GEORGE ANTHONY BALL

Who stood as though he had a flea in his ear.

John Lyly

JAMES PILKINGTON BELSHAW

The Bleats of Belshaw.

N.Z. Pictorial News

JACK ARTHUR WALTER BENNETT

(Post-Graduate Scholar in Arts)

Just for a handful of silver he left us.

Browning

Intellect obscures more than it illuminates.

Zangwill

JAMES MUNRO BERTRAM

Learned his great language, caught his clear accents, Made him our pattern to live and to die.

Browning

Handicapped by a serious modern cultural equipment.

Shaw

ALFRED JAMES BIRTLES

Enough of science and of art.

Wordsworth

ETHELWIN BLACKLOCK

And what's her history? A blank, my lord.

Shakespeare

RHONA MURIEL BODIH

By labour and intense study joined with the strong propensity of nature.

Milton

WILLIAM HENRY COOPER

Then to hear her call you "Harry" when she makes you fetch and carry— O young men about to marry, what a blessed thing it is!

Calverley

LEDGER WILLIAM ALLAN CRAWLEY

it was sufficiently obvious to all that the child would never show signs of remarkable mental activity: wherefore his fond parents could conjecture with some surety that some day he might become president.

Graymore

A face like a benediction.

Cervantes
Kathleen Mary Harvey
Mighty maiden with a mission,
Paragon of commonsense,
Running fount of erudition,
Miracle of eloquence.
Gilbert

William John Herbert
At ingenium ingen
Inculto latet sub hoc corpore.
Horace

Marjorie Cecilia Leach
These gentle historians.
Burke

Adam Meister
It was a dictum of Porson that
life was too short to learn
German.
Peacock

David Hector Monro
If you like, I will cut my hair.
Gilbert
The insatiable itch of scribbling.
Gifford

Rowland Fyfe Paddock
There’s such a charm in melancholy
I would not, if I could, be gay.
Rogers

James Wesley Parker
A deep occult philosopher.
Butler
In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
Leigh

MASTER OF SCIENCE.
Respectable Professors of the
Dismal Science.

Alfred Reid Anderson
His pretty, pouting mouth, witness of speech,
Lay half-way open, like a rose-lipped shell.
Hood

Beryl Iris Brewin
How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.
Watts

David Blackwood Paul
In yarns that grown-up men relate
He failed to find the joke.
Evoc

Dorothy Stewart
Take him, he’s yours; may you
And he be happy!
Gilbert

Henry John Tozer
Philosophy is but a handmaid to religion.
Bacon

Gordon Noel Utting
Lord, teach my teacher that he
May teach me.
Spurgeon

Vincent Charles Venimore
That prophet ill sustains his holy call
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all.
Moore

Mary Ruth Warren
Her ringlets are in taste:
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm.
Locker-Lampson
What’s all the noisy jargon of the schools
But idle nonsense of laborious fools?
Pomfret

Carlyle

William Sage Rapson
(Post-graduate Scholar in Science:
I never knew a more dispensing chemist.
Gilbert

Charles George Rudd
Nothing was missed and nought forgotten
By Charles, and that is how
The glorious memoirs were begetting
That make him famous now.
Knox
Kathleen Joyce Wakelin
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
Tennyson

MASTER OF LAWS.
The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.

Thomais Vickers Fitzpatrick
It is one method to practise swimming with bladders.
Bacon

Harold Wilfred Youren
... and now I have a motor-bike
Evoe

William Morrissey Milliken
Did I 'ear the voices of me fellow breadwinners intonin' the magic word 'beer'?
Frenzy

Hamilton Mitchell
When I grow up I hope I shall Sail through the Panama Canal, And glean at last a clearer notion About the great Pacific Ocean.
Evoe

John Patrick McVeagh
It is always interesting in the case of a great man to know how he affected the women of his acquaintance.
Morley

BACHELOR OF ARTS.
Why seek for mere diplomas and commonplace degrees?
Godley

To one whose vocation is passing the ordinary B.A. Degree.
Hilton

Raymond Charles Aires
I always hire a cheap man ... and let him break in the pipe for me.
Mark Twain

Joan Margaret Airey
I droop despairingly; I am soulfully intense; I am limp and I cling.
Gilbert

Thomas Taylor Allen
(Senior Scholar in Greek)
Did you ever see a scholar standing in front of a slip of a girl? In all his learning he can find nothing to say to her. And every penny poet in the country knows.
Donn Byrne

Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek, As naturally as pigs squeak.
Butler

Agnes Gray Anderson
Ordine gentis Mores, et studia, et populos, et proelia dicam.
Vergil

Annie Atkin
I hate a learned woman.
Euripides

Jean Marie Bannerman
She is so circumspect and right, She has her soul to keep.
Meynell
Murray Hill Barton
His bulk increased, no matter that,
He tried the more to toss it,
He never spoke of it as “fat,”
But “adipose deposit.”

Gilbert

Kathleen MacGowan Bates
(Senior Scholar in History)
I see no objection to stoutness,
in moderation.

Gilbert

Charles Graham Bowden
Following his father with uneven steps.

Vergil

William Arthur Faulkner Bush
And every common bush afire with God.

Browning

Harold Ernest Carter
But braver far
Is the voiceless music throbbing
In the runner’s ear.

Fairburn

Irene Rose Cliffe
We loved the doctrine for the teacher’s sake.

Defoe

Clarissa May Clist
Apt alliteration’s artful aid.

Churchill

Edgar Stanley Closs
You should know my daughter.

Shakespeare

Marie Leah Conlan
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away.

Shakespeare

Alexander Gordon Davidson
I am silent in the club,
I am silent in the pub,
I am silent on a bally peak in Daricn.
For I stuff away for life,
Shoving peas in with a knife,
Because I am a rigid vegetarian
Chesterton

Rowland Borromean Davison
As the French say, there are three sexes—men, women and clergymen.

Smith

Nora Mary Dickie
Where did you come from, baby dear?

McDonald

Joscelin Dawe Elcombe
How fair! how modest! how discreet!

Elsie Violet Farrell
Ain’t the discussion bizarre.
Golly, how Russian we are.

Herbert

John William Edward Balk
Feldon
Those rugged names
That would have made Quintilian start and gasp.

Milton

Arnold Lloyd Gilmore
It is the spirit that quickeneth.

Bible

John Campbell Graham
You must not suppose, because I am an honest man of letters, that I never tried to earn an honest living.

Shaw

The light that lies
In woman’s eyes
Has been my heart’s undoing.

Moore

Edward James Haughey
But one letter removed from greatness.

Anon

Frank William Hempleman
Come late, come right.

Hindoo Proverb

Viti Constance Hertslet
(Tineline Scholar)
Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet.
In short, my deary, kiss me and be quiet.

Montagu

I eat well, drink well, and sleep well; but that’s all, Tom, that’s all.

Morton

Thomas Gilbert Holmes
Before supper walk a little; after supper do the same.

Erasmus

Hilary Theodore Jellie
I will run fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Shakespeare
Percy Thomas Keane
As hot lord Percy is a fire to go.
Shakespeare

Nancy Phyllis Kendon
Latin prose and Latin verse
You can study with your nurse.
Godley

John Jeremiah Kiely
A machine for converting the heathen.
Carlyle

Brian Waldo Knight
His lot shall be all roses and all may.
For she can cook.
Evoc

Samuel Leatham
Place 'neath my head the harvessee,
Which I have stowed my little all in,
And sleep, though moist about the back,
Serene in an old tarpaulin.
Calverley

Dora Elaine Lewis
Maiden! with the meek brown eyes.
Longfellow

Jean Grahame MacDonald
A reading machine always wound up and going.
Lowell

Gwendolyn Brenda Macey
Friend-making, everywhere friend-finding soul,
Fit for the sunshine.
Browning

Ruth Mary Macky
(Senior Scholar in French)
Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.
Moore
And gay without frivolity.
Arnold

Edythe Myfanwy Matthews
I cannot tell what the dickens her name is.
Shakespeare

Katherine Mary Mays
It was indeed her own true knight.
Campbell

Alexander Miller
To be good is noble, but to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble.
Mark Twain

Sylvia Mavis Mollard
We miss thy small step on the stair,
We miss thee at thine evening prayer.
Moir
But then all women are more or less eccentric.
Poe

Maude Fitzgerald Morris
And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.
Hayley

Elsie Helen Moyle
I know the kings of England and I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical.
Gilbert

John Alan Edward Mulgan
As for you, John, you've been a good boy and you've worked hard.
Jubilade

Ernest Gordon McDowell
The devell'sche dysposicion of a Scottish man.
Boorde

Mervyn Austin Nixon
One night I saw him squeeze her hand;
There was no doubt about the matter.
Calverley
And stick mush-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Shakespeare

Phoebe Churchill Norris
Well, Phoebe, I've no fears for thee; thou hast a feather brain, but thou'rt a good girl.
Gilbert
Thou art inclined to sleep.
Shakespeare
Basil Charles Donaldson Palmer  
*A saint abroad, a devil at home*  
Proverb

Clifford George Palmer  
*A saint at home, a devil abroad.*  
*Not a Proverb*

Enid Bertha Penman  
*It had long been her girlish plan*  
To marry some abandoned man  
And mould him as a woman can.  
Herbert

Ivan Joseph Pohlen  
*When Joey was a lad, his bloomin' mother*  
Used to feed him with a shovel.  
What a gap, poor chap,  
What a gap, poor chap.  
Gor blimey what a gap he's got.  
Jubilade  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike.  
Bret Harte

Florence Mary Pressley  
*A great Arithmetician who can demonstrate with ease*  
That two and two are three, or five, or anything you please.  
Gilbert

Keith Ballantyne Radford  
*By education most have been misled.*  
Dryden

Rewa Ross  
*I always like to look on the humorous side of things.*  
Gilbert

Geoffrey Philip Ryan  
*Speak in French when you cannot think of the English.*  
Carroll

Donald Airth Smith  
*No, there's nothing half so sweet in life*  
As love's young dream.  
Moore

Kathleen Onyx Stewart  
*Wine when it runs in abundance enhances*  
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances.  
Gilbert

Kathleen Charlotte Teape  
*Great Juno comes. I know her by her gait.*  
Shakespeare

Margaret Leigh Trafford  
*I wouldn't be too ladylike in love if I were you.*  
Herbert

Frank Daniel Tucker  
*An easy-going soul, and always was.*  
Frere

Basil Henry Wakelin  
*A wanton and lascivious eye.*  
Herrick

Thomas Hector Wilson  
*Who sorts of shakes, and turns pink, and twists his fingers, and makes funny noises and trips over his feet, and looks rather like a lamb, and...*  
Wodehouse

**BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.**
*I thank my God for my humility.*  
Shakespeare

*Miraculously ignorant.*  
Mark Twain

Donald Mainwaring Cherry  
*I never felt the kiss of love*  
Or maiden's hand in mine.  
Tennyson

John Douglas Collister  
*I wonder how big you was when you was little.*  
Anon

Herbert Clifford Garlick  
*There are two reasons for drinking: one is, when you are*  
thirsty, to cure it; the other, when you are not thirsty, to prevent it. Prevention is better than cure.  
Peacock

James Healy  
*Thy looks are full of speed.*  
Shakespeare

William Charles Kingston Hender  
*Proud of port, though somewhat squat.*  
Arnold
JOHN FREDERICK KENNY
 Trouble has bring these gray hairs and this premature balditude.
 Mark Twain

DOROTHY BERTHA LANE
 I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilised by man
 Meredith

DONALD NESBIT McRobie
 Heat and light destroy microbes
 Encyclopaedia

MURRAY DAVY NAIRN
 (Senior Scholar in Pure Mathematics)
 Love is like the measles: we all have to go through it.
 Jerome
 Thou glorious mirror.
 Byron

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE
 He was a very inferior farmer when he first began . . . and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

DAVID BEGGS
 His modesty was such
 That one might say (to say the truth)
 He rather had too much.
 Cowper

MARK TWAIN

ALBERT JOHN GIBSON
 It is not growing like a tree,
 In bulk, doth make man better be.
 Jonson
 He would pore by the hour o'er a weed or a flower
 Or a slug that came crawling out after a shower.
 Barham

BACHELOR OF HOME SCIENCE.
 Everyone can keep house better than her mother, till she trieth.
 Proverb

ANNIE GLADYS NEELY
 At breakfast time I am allowed, If I have not been bad and proud,
 To eat bananas mashed with cream.
 Lucas
M.B. Ch. B.

Ninepence a day fer killin' folks
comes kind o' low fer murder.

Lowell

Sidney Wallace Jefcoat

With joy elate I'll amputate
Your humerus or femur.

Gilbert

BACHELOR OF LAWS.

As was the custom of the country, drunk.

Mark Twain

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands: we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.

Sheridan

Wallace Bevan Sutherland
(Senior Scholar in Contract and Torts)

Language was not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon.

Arthur Grenville Ward
We are all Wards in Chancery.

Gilbert

Herbert Mortimer Wheaton
See what a grace was seated on his brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself.

Shakespeare

Mervyn Neville Wilson
Blest and most blameless interpreter of laws.

Juvenal

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE.

The modern pirates sit behind roll-top desks: they don't float ships, they float companies.

Frenzy

Wallace Graham Boswell
The Secretary-Bird.

British Museum

Neville Egerton Crowe
It is hard to be high and humble.

Proverb
Aston Seldon Hooper
You're about as commonplace a young man as ever I saw.
Gilbert

Percy Henry Meakin
A true-bred merchant is the best gentleman in the nation.
Defoe

BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE.
Why do we say "A Jerry-Built House?"

Tibor Karl Donner
For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk or Proosian,
Or perhaps Ita-li-an.
Gilbert

Alice Marion Merle Victoria Greenwood
There's no music when a woman is in the concert.
Dekker

BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING.
Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers.

Allan Grant Abbott
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!
Hood

Hector William Forsyth
Divinely tall
And most divinely fair.
Tennyson

John Wynne Grindley
All are not maidens that wear fair hair.
Proverb

Allan Joshua Ockleston
(Engineering Scholar)
To youth I have but three words of counsel—work, work, work
Bismarck

DIPLOMA OF HONOURS.
Honorum caeca cupido.

Malcolm Palmer Byrnes
Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it the breath of your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music.
Shakespeare

I think the most ridiculous sight in the world is a man on a bicycle, working away with his feet as hard as he possibly can, and believing that his horse is carrying him, instead of, as anyone can see, he is carrying the horse.
Shaw

Colin Thomas McGill
Perdet te pudor hic.
Martial
DIPLOMA OF JOURNALISM.

Hark the Herald angels sing.

Hymn

Margaret May Cherry
She made every exertion to keep her mouth closed and look dignified.
Poe

Eileen Margaret Johnson
Nec scire fas est omnia.
Horace

A sweet disorder in the dress.
Herrick

Maud Fitzgerald Morris
The girl eyed him worshippingly
Wodehouse

Rona Margaret Munro
... told a tedious tale
Herbert

DIPLOMA OF BANKING.

Ah, splendid Vision, golden time,
An end of hunger, cold and crime,
An end of rent, an end of rank,
An end of balance at the bank.

Lang

William Francis Lunn
Of all games or sports Cricket appears to be the most trying to the temper, for a player cannot lose his wicket without being put out.
Hood

Dennis Taylor
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse.
Barham

DIPLOMA OF MUSIC.

It was wild, it was fitful, it was wild as the breeze,
It wandered about into several keys,
It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I'm aware,
But still it distinctly resembled an air.

Gilbert

Charles Foster Browne
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance.
Milton
ASSOCIATE OF SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE.

Fools build houses and wise men buy them.

Proverb

William Cradock de Rune Barclay
Those who love building need no other enemies.

Plutarch

ASSOCIATE OF SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING.

Let them stew in their own
grease.

Proverb

Thomas Geoffrey Proctor
I don't suppose there ever was a chap quite like me before.

H. G. Wells

Neville Le Clerc Squires
and but for these vile guns,

Shakespeare

I would himself have been a soldier.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,

Love gives itself.

Longfellow

Shadows

I have walked long corridors when the rain was falling,
I have stood aside and seen the shadows move,
Shadows with strange uneasy voices calling
Shadows that strive to probe and try and prove,
Shadows that turn and twine to feel the sun.
I have stood aside, and seen that I was one.

D. H. M.
Invocation

Thou,
See! I bring berries purple-dark
To stain thy mouth
And unlaughing mutable flame
To light thine altar-dusk.
I bear thee white lotus-cups
Dashed by the splinters of the rain
And peacocks' splendid dyes and ivory and oil.

Thou—
Give me my desire,
And I shall bring sandals of silver
Buckled with garnet, to bind the flowers of thy feet,
And sea-opals to pour through thy foam-white hands.
I shall bear fruits of the sun, gold-dusted
And lilies that bend to the winds
And chryselephantine and gold.

Thou—
With thy girdle of dew and silver
And thy swift-running thighs
Thy flying pitiless hands,
Give me my desire,
I shall carve thee a palace of diamond
And hang it with butterfly silks
And fret thy window with jasper
And build thee a bed of sea-pearl
And an altar of bronze
With urns of lapis
Filled with thick rose-oil.

Thou—
Give me my desire!
I bend not my knees, but I desire,
And I shall pour out strange wealth
Here in thine altar-dust
For my desire.

D. D'E.
The New People

Neither night nor day
nor wind hath power
to stay us
We are of the vital stream
seed of the first flame
absolute, integral;
in our veins
runs the discontent
of the ages
We are of the root
whence springs the grass,
here we have trampled
the grass with our feet
but in quiet places
the grass hath triumphed
We are of the first root
grass green runs the sap
in our hot veins;
grass and I
we seek the light
relentless we seek
and the hope of the sun
We walk swiftly
with firm legs
and backs unburdened
We will tear down
the city that
hath served of old
We will build swiftly
in the savage days
our city of the sun
wanting no praise
Night nor day
nor power of wind
shall stay us
In the grass kingdom
they shall serve us
T HAD BEEN an important day for the town and district. The Governor-General had been there on his first official visit. The grocer-mayor had make a speech in front of the war-memorial; and the Governor had made a gracious reply. No doubt of course he got very bored with such things. But later there would be time, perhaps, for him to slip down to the Club. There were even some men there who had gone to the same Public School.

And so perhaps there was no occasion for surprise when that evening in the smoking room the old doctor casually observed

"You know, barring accidents I might have been Governor-General of New Zealand to-day."

The old doctor was one of the two doctors that the little town possessed. The two persons to whom he was revealing the high honour which, but for an accident, he would have been doing then, were farmers. One did not have to wait for them to speak to realise that they were Englishmen. They were old men now and their hands would have seemed a little horny inside the Conservative Club. But in New Zealand the tests for a gentleman, although equally inadequate perhaps, are different. They had, at any rate in their youth, worked with their hands. But they had not forgotten. These men were they who up and down colonial countrysides in little one horse towns had established clubs for English gentlemen. They could not of course keep the type pure. But they had done their best. Sometimes a quarrel in an English family meant a new infusion of English blood. Then their own sons nurtured apart in prep-schools and Church schools over which an English clergyman presided; exercised in the hunting-field (still sacrosanct to their class; games were no criterion now when every draper's assistant played, even though football was made at Rugby); perhaps the final polish added by a visit to English relations. Yes, they thanked God, they had done what they could to make their sons gentlemen, even in New Zealand. They could not of course, resent the intrusion of the professional men—the doctors and the lawyers. It was true that some of these were men of no family. But family after all was of little account. Our Englishmen had not come to New Zealand for nothing. They were broader and more tolerant now. These young doctors and lawyers were good fellows, and they had learned to be gentlemen. That after all perhaps was more meritorious than being a gentleman because you couldn't help it. It was not as if all barriers had gone. Trade, for instance...
The two farmers Fortescue and Whyte looked interested in what the Doctor was saying and so did Selby a young solicitor who had quietly entered the door as he was speaking.

"Is this the beginning or the end of the story, doctor?" he asked.

The doctor looked hard and rather unkindly at the newcomer for a moment. He was an elderly man himself now. The other two had known him for years. And he felt he knew them intimately. He didn’t mind dwelling with them for a moment on what might have been. He felt they would understand. Another turn of fortune perhaps might have made Fortescue a Prime Minister or Whyte—he regarded the man critically—well, perhaps (with imagination) a major-general. But this young fellow as like as not would make him the laughing stock of the town by relating the story with many loud guffaws. And yet he doubted on second thoughts whether they would dare make game of him. He was, after all, a doctor and in a special sense, setting aside the new man who had only been in the neighbourhood a bare fifteen years, "the doctor." The people really loved him (although of course they were not demonstrative. Neither was he). He did not expect or desire displays of loyalty or affection. But the countryside loved and respected him, in its heart probably realised what he had always believed but had never shared with other people—that he the Doctor was an able and outstanding personality worthy of a better job. Yes he thought he had nothing to fear from his people—those people high and lowly over whose health he watched so carefully yet with such complete absence of the fussiness he always hated. And this young man too—Selby M.A. LL.B. fresh from the University—perhaps he was doing him an injustice too. The lad belonged to the district, had had his measles, mumps and chicken-pox under the kind doctor’s own direction. Selby must realise what a character—in the best sense of the word—the old doctor was. Flippant he might be—on the surface. But deep down in Selby there must be affection, even love, for him.

These reflections were, of course, not accomplished without some softening of the hard gaze with which Selby had been received. The Doctor was not to be put off. Selby’s glass was filled. The doctor lay back on his easy chair, puffed at a Corona for a while and at length began.

"I suppose it sounds a startling claim to make. And I don’t know that I often feel like making it. But you chaps know so well that I’m not given to blowing my own trumpet.

"I came as you perhaps know originally from Canterbury. We South Island people always looked on the North as barbarous—full of Maoris and land sharks. Down South the people who had the land had had money to pay for it. Up here though lots of people had paid good money for land and never got it. Those who did get
the land had usually not paid for it. There's no doubt that kind of thing makes for barbarism. It accounts for lots of our present labour troubles. People up here never learnt their places."

The doctor paused. Selby wondered whether he was reflecting over the superior social stability of Canterbury. It wasn't he thought very apparent. They had a Labour Mayor in Christchurch now . . .

"My pater was on the land in Canterbury. You've probably heard of our place at 'Marythorpe.' It was decided when I was quite a boy that I was to go into the Navy. You have of course to begin young. It was in the early days of steam when ships didn't run to the clock as they run now. The boat we were on—damned if I can remember her name now—had a bad run between Hobart and Capetown. We ran into a fearful storm and had to get some very necessary repairs done at Capetown. I knew by that time that I would be cutting it pretty fine for I had my orders to be at Dartmouth on the tenth of September. I remember the day all right. I just missed connecting with the mailboat at Capetown and there wasn't another for a fortnight. Our repairs took six days so I had to take my chance of doing a specially fast trip. But we ran into trouble in the Bay and lost that extra couple of days that stood between me and the navy. We got to Tilbury on the eleventh, late in the day at that. Of course I never went near Dartmouth. I knew it was no use. You see I had had my orders.

"But if the sea had been a bit smoother it would have made all the difference. I would have just got in at the right time to have been up at the top round about 1914. Not Admiral of the Fleet perhaps but Vice-Admiral at least. And I would have had chances of showing what I am capable of. Chances you don't get here. It's not that I'm conceited. But I had the luck of having a few talks to Jellicoe when he was out here. He would have been a man in about the same year as myself. And really I think I would have held my own with him.

"As it was, of course, I took medicine. I started (foolishly) in this place. I got to like it and stuck here. While he's a belted earl I'm a country practitioner in the wilds of New Zealand."

The telephone rang. The doctor shrugged apprehensively. His fears were justified for the steward called him to it.

Selby watched him go and, as he did so, with difficulty restrained a smile. Of course he was a little surprised at the old doctor's outburst. Everybody knew how conceited he was. They had watched him for nearly forty years. He had been a young blood then with a strutting step and a dandified air. Selby's father had remembered him the first day fresh and fragrant from his bath and his anointing, mounting the seat in his buggy, handling his whip as delicately as he should have handled his surgeon's knife. Appar-
ently that day lived long in the memories of the inhabitants. He was very gracious, looked at everyone benignly, misinterpreted amused curiosity and took it for reverential deference. They were his people. They realised he had come among them. He was not given to emotional display or theological expressions, but inwardly he was saying God bless them. Good nature streamed from him—though not so as to disarrange his clothes. Those clothes and their care had somehow stood between him and those people of his. His good nature overflowed more seldom but his raiment was as spotless as ever. It was not that the whims of fashion troubled him. He was still dressed like a tailor’s model of a past age. But to homely New Zealanders with little historical sense demoded elegance was merely comic fancy dress. And somehow the doctor never contrived to live it down.

It was true—yes, Selby thought, it could hardly be denied that the Doctor was now generally thought ludicrous. They had seen all his jokes—ten, twenty, and thirty, forty years ago—according to their age, that is the people’s, not the jokes’. (The jokes were all the same age.) True many had recovered from the effects of his ministrations but were displaying not unnatural reluctance to test further the recuperative powers of nature. They had changed their doctor as soon as there had been another doctor to change to. The old doctor’s blunders were admitted. He had been as honest about them as a doctor can be. He had indeed tried to carry them off as a comedian carries off the forgotten passage by judicious gagging. But professional blunders seldom arouse universal mirth. Counsel’s slip may amuse the court but his client will prove singularly obtuse. And a medical man is seldom regarded as a comic figure. It is perhaps a pity. The comic spirit should imbue every particle of substance, gild every moment of existence. But the public persist in taking the doctor very seriously.

This was the man who imagined that only the curious workings of chance had prevented him from being a governor-general! Selby flattered himself he had no illusions about the greatness of ability required for a high naval or military post. He had met a mayor or two in his time. The highest ranks did require some abilities.

Selby looked at Fortescue and Whyte. They were smoking and thinking perhaps, or perhaps just smoking. But they surely realised the absurdity of the old doctor.

“Well what kind of a Governor-General do you think he would have made?” Selby asked lightly.

“I think” said Fortescue “he’s wrong. Even if the storm hadn’t blown up the Doctor would never have been Governor.”

“Of course not” said Whyte.
Selby was rather pleased, he didn’t quite know why. Of course these sturdy old Englishmen could see that their old friend the doctor hadn’t the dignity that you could see plainly stamped on the aristocratic features of the present Governor. Lord —— had ability that would have brought him to the front in any sphere of life. He happened to have chosen the Army. But one could imagine him shining as for instance—a great surgeon.

“"I don’t think” said Whyte “that the Doctor’s father could have afforded it.”

“But his father sent him home to go into the navy.”

“It takes more” Whyte went on “to make an admiral than an officer.”

“Also” Fortescue chimed in “I’m afraid, that judging from the event, the doctor wouldn’t have done well for himself in the matrimonial market.”

Selby thought of the Doctor’s wife. It was hard to believe it now but once she had been a country beauty. Now her charming negligence had become slatternliness and that very taking ingenuousness was revealed for all it had ever been—ignorance. She was unsociable, tactless, a trouble-maker. No, he could not see her or any similar soul mate leading the doctor to fame and power—if it was really the woman that directed the husband’s career.

“Yes” said Whyte “you must either have money or marry it to get on.”

The doctor came back. He was a little excited.

“Do you fellows realise that while we were talking here over my qualifications to be a Governor, the Governor himself has been taken ill. Just after the ceremony he felt he should take a rest. Now he is in great pain. They rang me up here. They described the symptoms and I prescribed over the phone. It may be quite serious though of course I can’t say yet. I am going up to see him now at the ‘National.’”

He went.

“I wonder” said Whyte, “where the other doctor can be these days?”

“He’s away for a holiday—overwork. Didn’t you know?”
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Night

THIS is night.
   Dreaming on the bosom of the East,
The Island sentinel slumbers 'neath the evening sky
Silhouettes of ghostly trees and hills,
And shivering lights,
And the solemn grey descending.
From my window
Unpartnered sighs proceed into the night.
Dark heart where the Sentinel slumbers:
Only passing shadows,
And rays, dim rays of hope,
Come at the soul's bidding.
This is night.

MANUEL LIMA

---

Warning

TAKE NO HEED how lovely lies
Upon the couch her careless head;
Closed now are those troubling eyes,
And for a night's space she is dead.

Now if ever canst thou free
Thyself from that enchanting bond—
Step through the casement quietly,
Pin thine eyes on life beyond.

For one fleeting look of doubt
Cast on her lovely sleeping face,
Will bind thee here, perplexed, without
Power to leave that selfish grace.

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Gardens

A ll the long green garden is abloom,
A blow with poppies gay and columbine,
Larkspur and rose, iris and pink and clove,
And the faint, sad blue of fairy campanule
They dance all down the long green lawns
And curtsey softly to the sea-dark wind.
Say—was there a garden in Gethsemane?
Did the roses softly break a carmine spilth
About his feet?
And did the lanterns of the swinging columbines
Shine for his feet?
And did the sad bells of the campanule
Weep at his feet?
Surely, surely they would comfort him.

While the Mist Lingers

The azure of the sky has long been set
With jewels of morning light, a light which sweeps
Throughout the heavens, far and wide; but yet
Beneath a quilt of mist the city sleeps,
Dreaming of wonders of her childhood days;
Of all her mother Waitemata told
As oft they wandered through the forest ways;
Of how she saw the world beyond unfold
As from afar the ships came stealing through
To nestle by her mother's peaceful side,
With men who told of lands and cities new;
And how she gazed into the future wide.
But now a ray of light her slumber breaks,
And, smiling from her dreams, the city wakes.

M. P. BARTRUM
Ten Love-Letters. $1

It was in a Harper's that the senior clerk lent her, that she first saw it—an inch-and-a-half advertisement offering to supply love-lorn but tongue-tied youth with ten love-letters for one dollar.

Her amusement over, the money-making possibilities of the scheme attracted her. Anything which would help to make a little extra cash was worth consideration; she knew they couldn't be married for years yet, but all her energies were devoted to extra work to make the occasion outstanding—canvassing in the free hour after the office closed, making sweets and lace and toys in the long evenings. The sweets paid best, but sugar was so expensive, and she couldn't always spare a shilling for the gas-meter.

Of course Joe didn't know how much time she spent on these things. When he came home for a weekend once a month, he would say she looked tired, but she didn't tell him why, and he never made any other remark on it, after his first rather casual observation. She might have told him, but he wouldn't understand; he'd probably just laugh and tell her he didn't need her to be beautifully dressed. It was a pity he didn't always see things, he was so good, really, and he worked so hard; but all the same he was rather shy, and his conversation was commonplace—though, of course, he was never dull. He didn't talk much to her, but seemed quite content to sit with his arm about her; and if she felt it was so unsatisfactory that she looked forward to his next kiss as a break in the monotony, she would think it was her own fault that he was not aroused to the passion that she felt, but dared not show. So she wouldn't tell him about this little plan, either, and the surprise when she could tell him, later on, would be all the greater.

She knew she could write the letters. Passionate, endearing phrases were always dancing in her mind, kept in sometimes only by fear of the surprise and embarrassment Joe would feel if they did slip out. The more she thought of the plan, the better she liked it. She was certain to make some money by it, and it would be nice to help other young people to reach that state of happiness which she believed she had attained, and indeed only doubted when she was tired and dispirited, or depressed by the lack of money, before pay-day.

She settled down to work with real enthusiasm, which grew as she wrote. The financial side grew less important, and she began to picture herself the secret friend and helper of all the young
couples in the country. But the picture faded when she read over the letters she had written. They weren’t really good. It didn’t seem to be much use just writing down the lovely thoughts that came so rapidly into her head. At first she thought of giving it up, but the idea had become too important now and she made a business-like scheme to work on. The letters were divided into groups: the first-letter-after-parting group, full of sorrow but with a hope for the future; the ordinary-love-letter group, complete with a note at the bottom indicating the best places to insert scraps of news, and then the joyful-homecoming group—and she had finished.

A precious shilling went on the advertisement.

10 love-letters 5/-

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Write stating your particular requirements to J—Box 906 G.P.O.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money returned.

She could easily satisfy their particular requirements now that she had a stock of letters to work from; but time passed and they appeared to have no requirements, for no answer came.

At the office the advertisement was noticed as soon as it appeared and there was much laughter and conjecture as to who could be doing it. The general opinion there seemed to be that there would be no replies, and, as more shillings went into the newspaper office, she began to feel that perhaps the scheme had been a failure after all.

Then one glorious morning came a postal note for five shillings and a request for letters of reconciliation. “I haven’t seen her for weeks, and although I write often, I don’t seem to write well enough to please her. She hasn’t been answering much lately, and I think she’s getting tired of me. Perhaps your letters could help me.”

No one could have been happier than she when the ten letters were written and posted. Hope revived as she looked at the added five shillings in her bank-book. The extravagance of two more advertisements would be justified after all. But again the weeks passed and no answers came, until at last she abandoned the scheme. However, she had not heard the last of her one correspondent. He wrote again, thanking her for her letters, apologising for not writing to her sooner, and telling her that he was to be married soon.

All her first pleasure in the letters come back as she read his note. Her money hadn’t been wasted, she had brought these young people together. Her own happiness was just as far away, but theirs at least was assured; though actually she felt some doubt as to when this young couple would be married, for she saw by the paper he wrote on, that this young man worked for the same firm as Joe did. It was a different branch, certainly, but the firm was notorious
for the low wages it paid its workers. However, they were now engaged, where before they had scarcely been friends.

She thought of that girl every time she received a letter in Joe’s familiar writing, and rather envied her. Joe’s letters were neither inspired nor inspiring, and sometimes when she came in at night, tired, she was tempted to leave them till morning—though of course she never actually did so. To-night she felt more like that than ever, but somehow it didn’t seem fair not to open it immediately as if she were really anxious to read it. In one sentence she realised it was her own. It was plain enough what had happened. The man had given the letters round among his friends, and somehow Joe had got one—and used it. She read it through to the end. Not a word had been altered. It was the third letter of the ten she had sent. Joe—her Joe—had actually used other people’s letters to send to her. How could he have done it? Was nothing sacred to him? Did he think her love so small that it could be satisfied with second-hand emotion?

She could never marry a man who could do such a thing, who did not think her worth some trouble on his part. Tired as she was, she sat down once more to her letter writing—the first of the breaking-it-off group.

N. S. D.

* * *

**Poplars**

POPLARS . . .

Stiff . . . green,

Dark on a sea cliff.

I with them . . .

Below dark sea swirls,

near and far, light . . .

Light of evening time,

. . . gathering darkness,

A flash,

A sea-bird rises,

Soars afar. Yet

My spirit clings . . .

. . . Dust to dust.

* * *

Stiff, green, dark,

The poplars stand

Dark on the sea ridge.

I with them. But afar out

The sea-bird soars—

A speck free, afar.

E. T.
**Yrma**

GOLDEN-WHITE TOWERS of cloud with ruined terraces trailed across Yrma’s vision; she tried to keep her gaze on their crumbling beauty, on the curve and swoop of the gull that sailed suddenly up and as suddenly slid from sight; she must not let her eyes wander back to the white and glass and steel of the room, and inevitably to the face of the Nurse. A white arm crossed above her eyes, the hum of the drill began again and the Dentist’s face blotted out the morning sky beyond the wide, sun-splashed windows she could see the little hairs on his nose and his eye-balls seemed enormous, fixed, glaring into her mouth.

The unbearable buzzing ceased, he probed and scraped. “Porcelain, Nurse.” Then inescapably above the little table of shining instruments appeared the Nurse’s face; Yrma closed her eyes and tried frantically to think of a poem—any poem—“Over the seas our galleys went”—her face was narrow, golden, sensuous—“And seethed with fat and suppled with flame”—was that right? Her mouth was wickedly red and too full for control. “Of the dark bull-hide—” Oh God! Take away those yellow eyes, don’t let me see her—don’t let me see her—don’t—

“There, that’s that Miss Senner. Fix a time for polishing the filling, will you Nurse.”

Yrma tensed herself to keep from shivering as the long brown fingers unclasped the towel from her neck, managed to stand up easily from the chair, to look levelly at the nurse, and by a supreme effort to keep her voice steady as she arranged for another appointment. Then the strain was over, and her whole body trembled with the relaxing of the tension as she slipped on her coat and jammed her hat over one eye. Blindly she fastened her glove buckles as she went from the waiting-room down the stairs and out into the sunny chill of a fine winter’s day; she had to be thankful for suburban dentists anyway—she could walk home in ten minutes.

But all the time she walked and tried to look at shops and houses and dogs and trees and cars and children, her tortured thoughts were going on and on. It couldn’t have happened, that unbelievable thing in the waiting room—she must have dreamt it. It was just a bad dream. She would wake up in a minute. But she knew it wasn’t a dream and that as she pressed the bell in the waiting-room, standing cool and self-possessed still with her fingers on the button, the Nurse had coiled—there was no other word—round the door. She had stood dazed and white, but still and proud—
Oh! so proud—as the bitter words broke and beat about her, as the beautiful creature lashed her with derision and gloated with triumph. It was so vulgar—so ordinary—“It's lovely to be Miss Senner, isn't it—ringing bells and looking through me as though I were a surgery cupboard. So nice to be an attractive member of the younger set, and engaged to the handsome Mr Geoffrey Wilbur. But he won't stay engaged to you now; he can see me, even if you can't. He saw me when he came to call for you here, one day; yes—and he's seen me plenty of times since”—her voice rose shrilly. “Ask him if it's not true, if he doesn't come to see me, and take me out and want to marry me. Yes! I said 'want to marry me.' He says he'll get free from you and marry me.”

Very quietly then Yrma had walked past her into the surgery and left her still leaning against the door. And that was only twenty-five minutes ago! Of course it wasn't true—but it was; so many things pointed to it—they shouted it. Still, Geoffrey couldn't get married now; he had only the position Yrma's uncle had given him in one of his branch businesses which he never by any chance visited himself. Geoffrey would have to lose the place—but would he. What was his pride worth?

With a blank face Yrma walked in her own front gate, unlocked the front door and crumpled on to a chair; she didn't feel any pain—nothing had broken—there was only this stunned feeling and a sensation of a vast waiting emptiness that seemed to throb about her. Perhaps she didn't love Geoffrey—but she did, she did. She said aloud, suddenly “I must stop thinking.” She went to the 'phone, dialled Geoffrey's number and waited quite calmly—she seemed to be someone else. She heard his voice. “Hullo Geoffrey—Yrma here.” His answering silence was a revelation, his embarrassed clearing of his throat—so the Nurse had evidently told him already; Yrma gave him no lead; instead she said coolly “I want you to come and break a crust with me to-night. Can you do it?”

Another difficult silence—then—“Er—I have an engagement.”

“Yes” said Yrma “bring her too.”

Another pause, longer than the last; at length

“All right. Better I suppose. Thank you.”

She hung up the receiver without saying goodbye. Unhappily, crookedly, but with a glint of her own penetrating sense of the ludicrous, Yrma grinned—the funeral feast.

She rose from the 'phone and strolled out into the enchantment of her garden, where the early daffodils blew their long trumpets at the retiring silver of the snow-drops, and the violets peeped from their shelters at the tall array of haughty irises. The bees boomed softly round the lavender bushes and on the basket willows the first frail platinum gleams showed bravely. Yrma picked violets till her
back ached and she could hold no more, and then went back up the flagged path to the lovely old cottage that was all her own, with its spacious rooms and individual treasures; it was good to have a haven of one's own; the old house would comfort her hurt and hide her shame.

She filled in the day preparing Geoff's favourite dishes, arranging the table exquisitely, grooming herself. As she heard his car pull up in the drive she looked at herself in an old oval mirror in the hall; the rare Venetian gilt framed an exquisite reflection—she looked alive, though really she was dead; but her flesh was still rose-white, and her sherry-brown eyes still shone, her fair hair still had its pale lustre; she opened the doors smilingly, said coolly "Hullo you two, come in." She chattered gaily about the weather and face-powder to the girl in her bedroom and during the meal was witty, charming, a trifle risque, covering the clumsy discomfort of the man and the silent curiosity of the girl. It was only when she looked at Geoffrey, at his lean face and red-brown eyes, his red hair and thin mouth, saw his slim fingers playing with the napkin that the knife jabbed; then she sat a little straighter and told a wicked and delightful anecdote.

After dinner she said casually "How's work, Geoff?" "Well, thank you," he answered, and then stumblingly "I suppose your uncle will sack me when he knows"—that was all—no question of his own resignation—what a coward he was, leaving it to the women always. Suddenly Yrma felt pity for the watchful girl sitting silently opposite. She gave him magnificently and scornfully a generous gift—said coldly "Uncle never comes here and never bothers about me. As far as I'm concerned you may keep your position." Certainly now his pride would assert itself—he would refuse; but only surprised relief and gratitude appeared on his face. "Thanks awf'ly Yrma. Frightfully sporting of you" he said; it was the girl whose amber eyes shone suddenly and whose hands stirred a little with humiliation.

Quite calmly Yrma gave his ring back to Geoffrey in front of the Nurse and laughed them out of the door, then let the peace and silence of the old house close down on her.

The sky was a wet grey sheet and long trails and ropes of rain slapped at the windows. Yrma suddenly laughed softly as her glance travelled round the white and glass and steel of the room and rested on the enquiring face of the black-haired nurse.

"I was just thinking," she explained, "that I never knew the name of the last nurse."

"Oh! That was Miss Peddersen; she left to be married you know."

"Yes, I know" said Yrma.

"Open wider please Miss Senner," said the Dentist.
Old Annie

At twenty minutes past ten Dr. Hurst crossed the quadrangle on his way to his office.

So old Annie was dead. Nobody called her anything but old Annie. How long had he been in charge here? Eleven—no, twelve years and she had always been exactly the same. Heaven knew how long she had lain there before he came—twitching her fingers, just lying and staring and twitching her fingers. And now she was dead. What was it she had said just at the last? He looked at the memorandum he had made when the sister in charge told him—not that it would be any use now. “I sent them because Don was coming.” Just that. And then she had died. The only thing she had said in fifteen or twenty years. None of the nurses remembered her speaking before. Some of them remembered the time when that movement of her hand was more noticeable. According to them it was a quite definite movement at first—up and out and back to her lap, up and out and back to her lap—continual, monotonous. And then gradually diminishing with the years, until it became a mere gesture, and then no more than a twitch of the fingers, slower, more feeble, hardly to be noticed, until this morning it was still. He had noticed many times the callouses on the two fingers and thumb of her right hand where they were rubbed together. How long had it been going on? Perhaps twenty years!

He reached his office and before he sat down he looked up the register and found her name—Ann Elizabeth Welter. Then he fetched the file from the records room and sat down at his desk.

Ann Elizabeth Welter. Date of admission July 6th 1881. He caught his breath. Then he counted on his fingers—ninety one, nineteen one, nineteen eleven, nineteen twenty-one, nineteen thirty-one, nineteen thirty-three. Fifty-two years! His mind groped down through those years feeling the terrible waste of them. Why couldn’t something be done?—Why did she have to be kept there useless, wretched? A thought flashed through his mind—what would Christ have thought of it?—if ye have not love!

He turned to the documents before him.

Age on admission—twenty-four years seven months. Next of kin—John Hutchison, Paturiri—brother. He reached for a telegraph form and sent brief word to the brother.

He glanced through the notes and remarks in the accumulation of reports. Phrases caught his eye. In 1884—“permanently bedridden.” In 1892—“moves her right hand continually as if pushing
or moving something away from her.” And much later—“classification doubtful” and “manic-depressive (?)”

The telephone rang and he closed the file and, unconsciously imitating her, pushed it away from him.

John Hutchison sat opposite Dr Hurst after it was all over. He sat upright in new black clothes and holding his hat on his knees. The doctor marvelled that he should have come so far to be present at the burial of a sister he hadn’t seen for half a century. Now he would just go back to his store in the backblocks—and his life would go on unquestioning.

The doctor asked him—

“I suppose you don’t remember how your sister was—what happened—at the beginning of all this?”

“I’m not like to forget. On that night I lost m’ father, m’ brother-in-law, and as good as lost m’ sister—and me only thirteen at the time. It was the shock of m’ father and her husband being drowned that sent m’ sister crazy” he said sagely. “It’s the shock as does it.”

“Oh, they were drowned were they?”

“Yes—in the river. We never knew why they tried to cross the river—it was a terrible night and only a pair o’ dam’ fools would ’a tried. An’ o’ course m’ sister couldn’t tell us. All she would say was I got to get on with the work’—an’ she soon stopped sayin’ that.”

“Tell me the whole story,” said the doctor.

“Well there ain’t much to tell. M’ father was a bootmaker by trade an’ he did pretty well in those days—not like it is now with butterfat down to sevenpence ha’penny an’ never knowin’ when your next account will be paid. He had Harry Welter to help him—fact is he taught him, he thought a lot o’ Harry. Harry an’ m’ sister fixed things up an’ got married about a year before all the bother. I was only a kid at the time but I remember there was another chap after her—chap by the name of Harper—I forget his other name. I found her once howlin’ because dad was so set on her marryin’ Harry. She liked Harry but this other chap—what was his name—an’ he counted most—but he weren’t much good.

“After they were married we all lived at home and Anne gave them a hand sometimes with the work in the shop. I was away the night they were drowned. On a farm about twenty miles away but I rushed back when I got the news.

It seems two chaps on the boat down at the wharf had seen the dinghy upset and gave the alarm. They got dad but it was too late. They didn’t get Harry till a coupl’ a days later. Well o’ course they rushed round home to see if Ann was safe an’ sure enough they found her workin’ in the shop with that chap Harper. Nobody
bothered about him though. The dam' fools just blurted out her father was drowned I s'pose—'stead of breaking it gentle like. Some said she went just a bit queer like an' then took no notice, but some said she never took no notice. But anyhow they couldn't make her understand—not even when they showed her the two of 'em lyin' dead. She went on sewin' at the boots—"

"What!" exclaimed Dr Hurst "sewing?"

"Yes—she was sewin' a pair of boots when they went in and she kept on. They couldn't make her stop. Just at first when they asked her she said she had to get on with the work until they came back. But after a few days she wouldn't talk no more. They had to take the things away from her because she was spoilin' all the leather—just sewin' anyhow. She wouldn't look after herself and they couldn't get her to eat. They sent for a doctor and they took her away and brought her here. I mind the day she left. They put her in the doctor's buggy—she didn't seem to care nothin' about what was goin' on with her an' round her—just sat an' sewed—her hands and fingers goin' all the time with nothin' in 'em. Terrible queer it looked. I never saw her no more."

He was silent, and Dr Hurst sat motionless, pondering.

"Donald" said John Hutchison under his breath.

"What was that?" asked the doctor.

"I've just minded that chap's name was Donald—Don Harper."

Through the doctor's mind sped the memory "I sent them because Don was coming." He felt that somewhere quite close in his mind was an understanding of this thing. He had that breathless sense of strain that one feels when things begin to take on new meanings. Then the parts fell together into the complete picture, and he was shaken by an exquisite emotion. He saw her, with some lie, some treachery, no matter what, send those two men across the river—"because Don was coming." He saw her persuade them, promising to finish their work for them—to get on with the work till they came back.

And then, when they died, in an instant of time she was faced with a problem. Either to know that with a lie and a treachery she had killed her husband and her father—and that she was the lie, she was the treachery; or to know that they would come back, they will come back, work on, work on till they come back!

He felt the inevitability of that decision: and he saw her through the years sewing, sewing—getting on with the work—till they should come back—and her soul be guiltless.

Through fifty-two years. . .

When John Hutchison had gone Dr Hurst filled up the proper forms—put the last date to the records, signed them. He took the file to the records room and leaving it, closed the door for ever on old Annie.
The Meth Fiend

EN O’CLOCK on a Saturday night. Reynolds was strolling home from a tramp, the bridge over the railway-station shaking and ringing hollowly to his tread. He stopped: his eyes enjoyed the red rose of a signal-lamp glowing softly on the dark velvet of the night. From the pile of clouds which menaced thunder before morning a moonbeam fell for a few splendid seconds.

Where the beam touched the station-roof it struck out from the troughs of the corrugations a glitter as though of ice. Reynolds looked hard; he knew it could not possibly be ice in December, and yet... The puzzled look passed from his face as he saw how the illusion was caused; the corrugations in the iron had been flaked of their paint. A puff of air blew still-born, warm yet cool relief in that oppressive atmosphere. A great soft moth of a cloud sailed over the moon. Reynolds strolled on still watching the signal-light.

Suddenly from the row of shops and hovels sleeping in the darkness ahead of him rang out a crash which dissolved into the tinkle of glass falling on hardness. He ran to the end of the bridge. Below him he saw all was still. Then he saw a dark shape appear in the shadow of one of the shops and start off at a quick walk. As it passed through the brief gleam of a street-lamp, he saw that it staggered badly for all its speed. His first thought was “I wonder if a man has fallen through a window and hurt himself.” His next: “more likely he’s smashed it to steal something—or perhaps just to get himself in gaol.”

From the living-quarters at the back of the shop he heard a thud, as of feet coming from bed to floor; then a square of light jumped hobgoblin on to the grass and doors began to bang. “Devil take it,” thought Reynolds, “if I stop here or try to pass the shop, they’ll take me for the culprit and make a shindy. So I’ll just go down to the shop at once. At any rate, I ought to help them to catch him.”

So down he swung and stood outside the shop-door. In a few seconds the shop-front sprang into light, there was a fumbling of bolts, half the door opened ever so little, and half a body thrust into the darkness outside. Lest the body should get a shock at him, Reynolds cleared his throat in warning. A bone hastily clutched drapery across the breast and the form drew back. A few moments later the door opened fully and the light showed an elderly woman straining out, gaunt and withered with wisps of lank grey hair falling on her night-dress.
“Oo done it?” croaked a voice. “Wich way d’ e go?” He was mildly relieved that she did not accuse him. He smiled to himself to think that, even if he had done the deed, his staying there would have diverted suspicion. “Were is it?” insisted the croak.

He raised his cane to point, but before he could speak a woman’s voice came from just behind his shoulder. “It’s that old beast that used teh work up on the ’ill. I seen ’im, Missus Bealby.”

He turned and saw a girl of about twenty-two fully dressed but wearing soft slippers.

The woman in the shop took no notice of him, but spoke at his shoulder. “Oh, that’s you is it, Missus Winstone? You seen ’im then. I’ll call the boys.” She called back “Ted! Alf! Come on, Roust yerselves out. Quick!” and turned again enquiringly.

“Yeah, we’d just come in from a day at the beach—me an’ Joe. I’d just taken off me shoes wen in walks ’Is ’Ighness—right inteh our kitchen as large as life, mind yeh, an’ just stands there lookin’ like Jacky rockin’ backwards an’ forwards. I takes one look at ’im an’ sees it’s the old bloke that used teh work up at the big place on the ’ill.”

“I’ll give ’im up on the ’ill if I catch ’im—up on the ’ill at Mount Eden Jail—that’s were I’ll get the old skunk,” howled Mrs Bealby. And stimulated by the thought she turned to urge the boys to ’urry up there gittin’ dressed.

During this interruption Mrs Winstone, straining at the leash, had gone on confiding her tale in an excited undertone to Reynolds. Now she recapitulated for Mrs Bealby’s benefit. “Yeah, an’ ’e just stood there—pretty rocky on ’is pins an’ asked fer an ’ammer. Said ’e ’ad a job teh do over at the station—”

“Yeah. There was a job all right” interjected Mrs Bealby, whose nice taste in the sardonic seemed to be at its best in matters of crime and punishment. “An’ wen I git ’im I’ll make a job of ’im. . . Ah, ’ere y’ are at last, you boys. It’s that old dead-beat that used teh work on the ’ill. The old rip ’s no good. ’E ’s always comin’ in askin’ feh bottles o’ methylated spirits, an’ I won’t give ’im any, ’cos I know ’e drinks it. ’E ’s been tryin’ teh break in teh the shop. ’E ’s tight now, no doubt. Go on. Git after ’im. Quick now. That way. An’ keep yer eye on some of them side-places an’ vacant sections, in case ’e ’s gone up there teh lie down an’ sleep it off.”

The two youths went off in dutiful silence. Mrs Winstone was about to continue her torrent when Reynolds broke in: “Methylated spirits. Why, of course, there’s a sickening smell of it from over in that dark corner. Of course that’s what it is. Let’s look.”

“Now, now! Don’t strike a match. It’ll go off or flare up or somethink.”

“No, it’ll be all right. Can’t explode unless it’s confined.”
Established in New Zealand 1910, since when they have enjoyed unqualified success, will make your Suit from the finest materials procurable, giving distinctive cut and finish.

Suits from ... ... ... £5/5/-
Costumes from ... ... ... £6/6/-

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailors
He went to one corner of the verandah, bent down, struck a match. There lay the fragments of a bottle in a pool of reeking spirits: amidst the mess was a jagged stone. He straightened up and held the match aloft. It lit up a small oblong window at the end of the verandah higher than a man’s head. A row of bottles ran along behind the glass for half its length: then there was an ugly break in the glass and the row of bottles ceased.

The match went out, but it had it had shown Mrs Bealby enough. “Will yeh look at that!” she appealed shrilly. “Got away with three bottles an’ smashed one!” An answering chorus of sympathetic wonder made Reynolds aware that a small group had gathered in the darkness. Feeling himself conspicuous, he went to merge in the crowd. There were some titters of modesty and noises in the throat from girls not fully clad, but attention was turned by the belated appearance of Mr Bealby from the shop.

Rotund and walrus-moustached, pompous and ineffectual he bustled out, stuffing the tops of his pyjama-pants down into his trousers. His wife took no notice whatsoever of his question, pride stopped him from asking anybody else. So he cleared his throat, cast round him his best effort at a searching glance, then, with as much dignity as his attire would allow, he stalked back as though he went for a mysterious something which would fix the whole business.

The spectators fell to repeating the details for the benefit of newcomers and to wondering aloud why the boys were so long. At last somebody pointed; “there, there. I saw them.” “There” “No... yes, yes. Comin’ round the bend there by the tree—watch now. They’ll come inteh that light in a shake.”

“Yeah, you’re right... No, that’s not the boys. It’s the man that done it, all right, an’ ’e’s comin’ back with two others.” A thrill ran through the crowd, but it soon died down as approach revealed truth.

“That’s your boy Alf, Missus Bealby. On the inside next the fence—I know ’im by ’is shirt... They got ’im all right.”

Into the lamp-light drifted the procession. An old man reeled in the van, while on either side and a little behind rather unenthusiastic came the two boys, now and then putting forward a hand, not to restrain but to steady him. But the crowd still had a trace of its old fear; they drew closer together, and Reynolds heard the man next to him whisper to his wife “Now you stand back away from ’im: don’t you go near.”

But not for Mrs Bealby. When they approached within some fifty yards, she crouched, leapt out, and knocked the old chap’s hat over his eyes. He raised his hands to his head in helpless protest, then clapped them quickly to one pocket, as she whipped out a bottle, then to the other pocket—but again too late. She gave him a shove.
and waved the bottles in his face. “Damn and blast you, you old devil. Go on with yeh, go on to Hell. 'Old 'im, boys, 'old 'im.” Shamefacedly each laid a hand on his arm; the old man swayed as she danced before him and grimaced and cursed in his unresponsive face. When the torrent eased for a moment, he said “Eh? Wot? I’m quite deaf, you know.” She stood voiceless through sheer exasperation.

This Bealby felt was the moment for him to come on again. He reappeared on the threshold, folded his arms, stalked up, with a lordly wave of the hand ordered aside his wife, who was too worked up to remonstrate, and faced the culprit squarely. But his words failed to approach his manner: they were kindly, almost apologetic for making the complaint.

“Now, now, wot—wot—wot yeh want goin’ an’ doin’ that for? Yeh can’t do that, yeh know. Aw no—not at all. Things is bad enough fer us little strugglin’ people as it is, yeh know, without doin’ wot you done. Wot yeh do it for, now tell me.” He finished up with a sort of querulous pleading, as though begging for respect from somebody, were it only a deadbeat: “damn it all, they won’t notice me; you ought to—you’re in my power.” But not even to win his freedom would the old chap whine. Finding he heeded neither his uttered menace nor his implicit appeals, Bealby dropped back in as good order as possible.

There was a stand-still in proceedings: no one wanted to be the first to say “Police.” The two guardians looked round sheepishly and finally let go their hold. The culprit started off as though by machinery and shuffled into a quick walk up the bridge. He was half way up and still no one moved, though stealthy glances of enquiry flickered from face to face. But when Mrs Bealby turned from an impassioned funeral-oration over the smashed bottle to curse the slayer and found he was not there, she hurled arms tragically to heaven and cursed the erstwhile custodians.

“Let ’im go, would yeh, yeh fools! Oh no yeh don’t; I want ’im so as teh find ’im a nice warm bed an’ good board feh nothing’! Go on, yeh fools, git ’im—git ’im before ’e gits away.” And the boys, showing their distaste for the task by grumbles and tardiness, went after him. He did not stop for their call, but as soon as they put hands on him he turned without a murmur and followed them down philosophically.

However loth, public opinion could not but feel driven by conscience to approve of detention. “Old chap’ll only come back an’ break in again.” “Can’t ’ave birds like that moochin’ round in the dark an’ frightenin’ the women.” ’E’ll come teh some ’arm liyin’ out all night—the police ’ll look after ’im an’ clean ’im up a bit an’ git all that stuff out of ’im.” “Best feh the old chap ’imself teh
give 'im in charge.” This last argument was the most favoured. Reynolds found that while logically irrefutable, it was somehow a little too unctuous for his tastes, and he refrained himself from echoing it. Besides he was coming more and more to detest Mrs Bealby.

She alone was showing signs of joy at the captive's recapture. She stood out in the road and screamed exhortations to the boys, now and then turning to the group in order to gain zeal herself from their expressions of approval. But she traded too far on this when she howled up “That's right, boys—kick 'is backside fer 'im.” Her next glance showed her that, while popular opinion might support legality, it repudiated vindictiveness, so she added with a weakly grin “Thats wot 'e deserves like” and said no more for the while.

While someone went and rang up the Police, they propped up the old chap against the shop-window. The watchers stood at a distance quietly; even Mrs Bealby restrained her tongue after her rebuff. Reynolds stood looking at the solitary figure. He had a pre-Revolution Russian sympathy with the outcasts and refuse of Society. For the deserving poor he never felt much emotion, but he could never see an unfortunate devil who “had brought it on himself” without feeling an immediate physical desire to aid him. Now he could feel it; a sudden rush of sympathy surged up from his stomach, making his heart throb and his cheeks burn, and ending up by bringing tears to his eyes. He stepped over to the old chap and offered him a cigarette.

“I'd like it, friend, but I cao't light it.” Reynolds looked down, and in the glimmer of light from within he could just see that his hands were shaking too much: so Reynolds put it into his mouth and lit it for him. Encouraged by this kindness, the old chap said quite tonelessly “I think I'm goin' teh die. I can't stand up no longer.” Reynolds thought hard. He knew it was no use appealing to Bealby's sympathy; the grey mare was so much the better horse. An idea struck him, He went up to Mrs Bealby herself and said to her “You’d better get the old man a chair; he’s pretty groggy and he’ll fall through the window if you don't look out.” She darted over to bawl in an unhearing ear “Now—don’t—you—fall, damn yeh” and rushed inside. But before she could return, Bealby took him by the arm and seated him on the edge of the verandah, whence he soon slipped down to sprawl on the grass.

Reynolds went and sat by him. The old chap rolled his head to and fro on the grass. “Is the P'lice comin' yet?” he said slowly and with obvious effort “Not—yet” bawled Reynolds, scanning the road.

“Ooooh, I'm ter'ble crook. I wish they'd 'urry. W'y aren't they 'ere? They ain't usually so slow comin' feh me. . . Ain't they comin' yet?”
"NO—NOT—YET."

"Ahh! Aw well! Yeh know, they'll only give me a few days—
might as well not jail me. I don't mind, but it's me pension, yeh see. I git the Old Age, an' they may take it off of me most likely."

"Would—you—pay—for . . .?" Reynolds jerked his thumb back at the damage.

"Ah, yes, I'll pay all right—leastways, I can't pay now teh-
night nor yet ter--morreh, but I'll git someone ter guarantee me till
I can . . . An' if they give me in charge I'll only git a few days. Won't
make no difference teh me neither—I can't leave the bloody rot-gut
stuff alone. . . But it's me pension—yeh see, I git the Old Age. . .
P'raps they'll give me teh the Army fer a wile too."

The thought of the old chap in the sanitary care of some Salvationist was too much for Reynolds. He went over and begged for
pardon, offering to pay the damage there and then from his own
pocket. The others were plastic, but Mrs Bealby was adamant.

He went back and shook his head. "Aw well, if they won't they
won't. . . Any rate, I'll plead guilty an' save the lady 'avin' teh come
in teh town." Reynolds felt that this was chivalry and not an attempt
to crawl into grace. He stayed and listened to tales of youthful
prowess and jobs in the past, and every now and then at the old
man's request looked down the road for the police-van.

At last there was stirring and a rustle of whispers in the dark-
ness. The police--van dashed up. The constable was the inevitable
Irishman. "Good-evening, Constable O'Donnell." "Good-evening,
Mister Bealby. An' dis is de man. . . Ah, come along thin, me bonny
boy. Ah, ye're dif, are ye?" O'Donnell smiled down at him, cocked
his head on one side, and said almost as a blandishment "Ah now,
ye know. C'm on—up, up, up." He made a lifting motion with his
forefinger: the old chap stumbled to his feet and at once started his
mechanical march straight forward at a great rate. "Here, her-r-re
—none of dat" chided O'Donnell, and, running after him, took his
fingers and led him gently back into the shop.

The crowd looked through the door, and Reynolds, always
curious about humanity, looked and listened unashamedly with them.
The avenging Fury and her husband took their position one on each
side of the constable, who had opened his notebook and put on a
welcoming Irish smile of anticipation for what anyone might say.
At a distance the prisoner stood alone. He was propped against the
counter, his feet well forward and wide apart. His shoulders were thrust
deep into his pockets: his shoulders slouched. His blue dungarees
were sloppy about his thighs, and on the legs they bagged in a series
of wrinkles that grew bigger as they neared the clumsy unpolished
cracked and corrugated boots. A greasy black hat was pulled well
down over his face, casting shadow as far down as the bridge of
the nose.

Reynolds looked at the stubbly face. For all its impassivity it
revealed traces of agony. It was close-textured, absolutely white and
beaded with drops of sweat born of pain. It had a queer callow
look, as though carved from mutton-suet with drops of rain on it...Reynolds amused his taste for the unorthodox by cleaning off the
stubble, putting colour into the cheeks, tidying up the straggly
moustache, and fitting a Vandyke beard on to the long pointed chin.
He smiled; it made the face of a reflective if rather dillettante
scholar. The nose, which was full and straight, jutted in perfectly.
Reynolds wondered about the rest of the face, which he could not
see. The eyes ought to be all right, provided that the blood were
cooled out of them. The forehead ought to be good too, with a high
apex for the wedge—intellectual but not powerful, judging from
the lines of the lower part of the face.

All this time O'Donnell had been taking statements from the
shopkeeper and his wife. The prisoner had interrupted once—to
say in a casual and conversational tone which gave scarcely a hint
of his suffering "Aw, I'd rather be in the police-van than here."
Thereupon Mr Bealby had bustled in to the back of the shop and
brought him out a chair. When O'Donnell had finished taking notes
from the Bealbies, he turned to the accused, who without waiting
to be questioned said quickly and casually:

"Aw, I just sees somethin' in front o' me an' I hits out at it
like, not knowin' wot it is. Then I sees I've smashed a bottle an'
there's a few bottles there. So I thinks teh meself 'Aw well, I might
as well 'ave one or two o' those.'" He ceased as easily as he had
begun, as who would say "There it is; that's the truth, though you
won't believe it." The crowd tittered, and he looked towards the
doors with the slightest trace of satisfaction on his face, seemingly
content with his story as a work of art even while suspecting that
it did not quite satisfy the canons of jurisprudence.

The constable smiled and quickly jotted down the defence.
Then he turned to the group outside and began to advance on it
in search of other witnesses of the assault on the bottles. Reynolds
had known this would come, but had not expected it so soon: he
had thought that the "meth-fiend" would take a long time rambling
over his statement. At O'Donnell's approach he edged away from
the group in as much haste as was possible without attracting atten-
tion. To his left ran a grass path, on which his feet would make no
sound. Down this he slipped hastily into the blackness, now and
then casting back a glance to see if anyone were following in the
law's name.

R. A. K. MASON
The documentary evidence laid before the Court included two letters written by James Hill. These were not admitted in evidence on the grounds of irrelevancy. Indeed it is difficult to imagine what fact the party producing them in the proceedings wished to establish. Perhaps, however, they may throw some light on the mind and conduct of James Hill. 

The letters follow

Somerset Rd s.E. 2
21-12-32.

Dear Joan,

I suppose Cambridge is holding high festival to welcome you home for the holidays. They really ought to, you know. Auckland’s loss, Cambridge’s gain. Some people in Auckland feel the loss very much.

There is very little news to report and I who am no literary artist (as you know) will have to pad out this letter with trivialities. However I will persevere (as many other people have done when similarly placed) because unless you write a letter you (I) don’t get an answer.

You have heard I suppose about poor Tony White. It was in the paper on Saturday. The last news I heard they were still doubtful whether he would lose his sight or not.

The crowd Tony got in with have been going the pace—both figuratively and literally. The chaps are all right but they seem to pick up a very queer type of girl—they lack the power of classifying the girls they come into contact with as “nice” and—well, “not so nice.” You’ll pardon me speaking frankly but I feel I can do it to you—you will understand. It’s hard to lay down rules for classifying in the way I’ve said; but personally I’ve never had any difficulty about it. Many other chaps are the same. They seem to have an instinct for a nice girl. Others again, like Tony, have no idea. It isn’t simply a question of what a girl does. For instance I don’t mind a girl that smokes a cigarette occasionally. There are other things—drinking, for instance that give you a better guide. But I persist in believing in a certain instinctive liking for a nice girl and an instinctive distaste for the others.

It seems rotten wringing a lot of moral reflections out of poor Tony’s accident, but it’s natural, I suppose.

Can’t you invite me up to Cambridge? There’s positively no one in Auckland.

Yours, piningly, 
Jim.
My dear Margaret,

Thank you once again for coming on Thursday night. I think you know that I appreciated it.

The holidays have been going slowly enough in town. In the country it must be desperately lonely. I have played some tennis with Eric. Jean and Betty have helped us with a mixed double quite often. Then I have done a bit of swimming—you simply have to keep cool these days.

Did you know that Tom Pearson is engaged to that Davis girl—the flirtatious creature who used to fling herself at the head of every new man who came around the College a year or two back. Poor Tom.

Somehow it seems to me, if a man is built right he ought not to have any trouble in picking out girls who are "decent"—you know what I mean—and those who just go crazy. You can tell them by any one of a thousand things. Of course there's nothing Puritanical about my idea of a woman—no wishy-washy, twice-to-church-on-Sunday business. It's a woman's own affair if she likes a cigarette or a drink occasionally though, of course, when she gets married naturally she has to take a pull. So has her husband for that matter.

But the trouble with Tom and a lot of other chaps is that they simply don't know the difference between a girl who is a good sport and one of the others.

It's jolly fine being able to write to you like this feeling absolutely confident that you understand what I'm getting at just as if I had the gift of the gab.

All the best of luck.

Yours to a cinder

Jim.

There is also a statement (dismissed at the trial as irrelevant) made by Joan Anderson. This has been considered by some as throwing light on the transactions now under review; by others as throwing no light at all upon them.

The statement follows

I am a single woman employed as a schoolteacher by the Auckland Education Board. I reside during the school year at 56 Enderly Road Mount Eden and during the vacation with my parents at Vincent Road, Cambridge. My age is 24 years. I am well acquainted with James Hill. I was never actually engaged to James Hill. I last saw him on a Sunday early in December. I do not remember the actual date. We were at a picnic at Howick along with a number of other people. Hill was in his usual good spirits, sometimes quite boisterous in fact. He and I went for a walk during the afternoon.
We were on the most friendly terms. After tea Hill and John Fraser and I were later finishing than the others who wandered down to the beach. Somebody mentioned Margaret McLeod (afterwards Margaret Hill) a girl we had all known at College. She was more or less a friend of Fraser’s. Fraser had been an intimate mutual friend so I ventured to criticise McLeod. I said she drank and smoked and was not particular about the company she kept or the stories she told. Fraser denied what I said indignantly. Hill also said I was not fair to McLeod. I was very annoyed with Hill. I will try to tell everything as it happened. I am afraid I lost my temper. I told Hill that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Nothing else of importance transpired. I did ask him what use it was trying to be a nice girl when people like him stuck up for girls like Margaret McLeod. I noticed Fraser seemed rather startled at what I said. I don’t think Hill took much notice. I observed fairly closely. I suppose Hill was accustomed to my saying things rather rashly. I did not see Hill again. He wrote me a letter saying that he thought our friendship ought to end. He gave no reason but commented on my displays of bad temper. I have lost this letter.

There is no record of any statement made by Fraser.

The only other written evidence available was naturally not produced at the trial as it did not exist at that time. It consists of certain memoranda made by Hill the day before his death.

I think the trouble is that women have deserted their proper position in life. At one time, I think, you used to be able to nail a woman down and say whether she was any good or not—not merely perhaps by looking at her but by listening to her and hearing her estimate of life—the way she regarded men. Now you simply can’t tell. All women have thrown over the old restraints, more or less. Let them go back to them. Until they do society is going to be plunged into unhappiness like mine. Of course I was to blame myself to have such lofty ideals for womanhood with hundreds of women trooping around me to give me the lie. But I won’t take all the blame. Joan must take a good deal of it. What business had she losing her temper every other day in the way she did? Women owe something better to mankind than the treatment she gave me. “Temperament” they call it nowadays, and encourage it. Twenty years ago her temper would have been cured in childhood and I would never have bothered about Margaret.

For society’s sake I repent of killing Margaret. I know that every man ought to stay his hand and let the state take vengeance. And yet I feel Margaret deserved what she got. She had sworn to be faithful and she was false. It wasn’t even as if I had been unfaithful myself.
I am sorry I killed Margaret because I have a respect for the law which I broke in doing it, and because it means losing my own life. But I believe I executed justice in punishing the woman; and I trust that some day the law will execute justice as I have executed. Then I will not have died in vain.

Mount Eden
1·12·33

She Is More Beautiful Than These

SHE is more beautiful than these
the sweet, sad things that love her;
the wind and trees
sigh for her, the moon and stars
are cold and beautiful above her,
she is more beautiful than these.

Some day the vagrant death
shall love her just as I,
shall kiss away her breath
and let her beauty die.
Then fear him not, but fear the hand of time
that can transform this rhyme
into a boyish mockery,
and make my love a thing of scorn,
can stifle all regret
allow me to forget
and leave these memories forlorn—

And yet, and yet . . .
she is more beautiful than these
and I shall love her. Even this rhyme
shall be a challenge to the dark thief time . . .
She is so beautiful, so beautiful
and I shall love her.
Two Men's Tales

It was their own perversity that threw these two young men together to spend a night on a lonely island in the gulf and therefore it was in a sense the hand of fate. Brian had been at a picnic with some friends, had jested with and entertained them half the day till William and Mary (he as faithful and perhaps as saturnine, she as fair as the King and Queen of the name) had thought he was the best company on earth—though of course they had kept it to themselves. The others too had been merry and good company, but upon him after seven hours of their jesting had come the desire for solitude and rest. And he had gone away by himself from the beach among the golden gorse on the hills; and quietly stole upon the timid rabbit and timidly avoided the quiet bull. Then his watch had stopped at the critical moment and so he had missed the boat by a good twenty minutes. The others had gone—of course they would. Nobody cared for him—apparently. He had not heard the others' loud shouts. He had not heard, though nearly everyone else in the Gulf had.

Brian stood upon the little wharf and cursed his lot and thought of Anne. It was then that the other man had appeared strolling carelessly down the path that led from the top of the cliff as though he cared not whether he went back to town this week or next. Brian had looked at him carefully: “Good-day” he said in a tone that seemed to regret there was no one there to introduce them. Actually of course he had not thought of such a thing. He was just shy and wanted to think of Anne.

They had exchanged condolences about missing the boat though it did not appear to worry Brian’s new friend much.

“You see” he said “I thought if I missed the boat I might find some bugs in the early morning.” And with true scientific delight he opened his boxes and showed Brian his treasures.

Brian was bored. He showed it. He often did. He was not a bit interested in beetles. He was interested rather in men and women . . . chiefly women . . . chiefly Anne. Did that fellow in his dingy old clothes care about anything larger than a grass-hopper? No doubt he was married to science, that fellow . . . and a bad enough housewife she seemed to be judging by the look of the man’s clothes. What an awful existence for a woman, to marry a man who collected beetles. He seemed to remember a funny story once about a naturalist. He forgot what it was. It wasn’t worth remembering . . . thinking about at all. Nothing—nobody in fact was worth thinking about

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except Anne. He looked at the man in the old clothes again—quite a young man he was but his clothes were old—what was his name... he had told him too, and now he had forgotten... like him to forget... like him not to take any notice of what people were saying except what affected him directly... he interrupted even Anne with something of his own if she happened to be talking about something that didn’t interest him... she had noticed it... rebuked him for it. No; he wouldn’t do it again... never had done it very often... perhaps he wasn’t as bad as all that... wasn’t going to prostrate himself in the dust for any woman. Here was a man (he looked the fellow’s clothes up and down again) who would do it for beetles, not for beauty. He wondered whether the man in the old clothes was in love. He couldn’t very well ask him straight out.

The conversation was obviously dragging and Brian was getting too much time for thinking. It was time to talk.

“Nature” Brian began surprisingly “seems to be taking us into her confidence. Listen to the whispering wind.”

Somehow he was surprised at what he had said. It didn’t sound quite like himself. It must be the influence of the stars he thought.

“It has a voice true enough” said the man in the old clothes “but not every one can understand its language. Do you know what it says?”

“No” said Brian “once I caught the word ‘love’ in the roaring of the wind...”

The man in the old clothes was silent as if he listened intently. At length he spoke.

“The wind” he said “says nothing of love. The wind talks of change. But there are some who do not change.” He smiled for the first time.

“I will tell you” he said, “the story of one who does not change.”

This man, Brian thought, doesn’t need much encouragement. He couldn’t help protesting in his glance at the theatricality of the fellow. And yet he wasn’t theatrical. He was only taking life seriously instead of throwing a mask of levity over it.

“We are alone here” said the other musingly “and the stars are our hostages to truth. To-morrow we will be far away from each other. Why should I not? You shall tell me a story in return, for I have only one story.”

They sat under a tree on the top of the cliff and looked out to sea. The new risen moon soon came and shone behind and above them and at length was quenched in the waters. No cloud clothed the stars—hostage stars, the fellow had called them—which shone fair and unguarded.

“My story” said the man in the old clothes “is of the Lovely Lady. I will not name her name. But it is like the flowers as she is
like the flowers." He paused. He was thinking of flowers and of his lovely lady. One could see it in his eye. But Brian thought what an ugly looking specimen he was. He reminded Brian of a bug whose only interesting feature was his shining eye. And the man in the dingy clothes seemed to be able to read Brian's thoughts for he continued.

"Yes she liked bugs and she liked me. She liked every creeping creature."

He laughed at the thought loudly with fine free country laughter.

"It's years ago since we met and ever since I've lived for the brown earth and the Lovely Lady. The brown earth whence comes all that lively pulsating green which sometimes I think is best; for it grows strong and satisfied in the place where the good brown earth first gives it birth. I call the plants by their names and she lisps them after me."

"Lisps indeed" said Brian "no wonder she should lisp when she says 'how are you to-day my dear pinus insignis.'"

"A poor jest" said he of the dingy apparel with the first trace of anger Brian had noticed. "Together have we heard the thrilling call of the gulls bursting through the roar of the surge when the moonlit waves heave upon the glistening and far-spreading sand. Together have the bell-birds sung to us in the shadow of giant ratas which, their work of scarlet slaughter done, now stand triumphant over the forest; together learnt to tune our voices to their melodious notes. We are not blind either to the moss or the mountain."

A faint wisp of dimness clouded the moon. The sea seemed to splash more softly. Brian was subdued.

"And true love did run smooth?" he said.

"So I thought, so I hope" the other replied doubtfully. "You see the Lovely Lady went away to town to study and I stayed behind. I have seen her often at vacation time and again we have together watched the sombre shag rising darkly above the black lakes in the evening time and in the early morning heard the thin tinkle of the bell-bird on the hill."

But Brian had heard him not; his eyes had been on the moon and on the silver edges of the waves. Suddenly he realised the other man was talking.

"... but her eyes were without the same glow and light which lit a dark night and made her countenance to shine in its own beauty."

He paused. Brian dreamt again. The little cloud had drifted from the moon which now shone in naked splendour. The unkempt one fished a letter from his pocket and read it silently.

"I suppose it is hard for you to realise that society and poems and pictures mean something more to me now than
beetles and butterflies. For men are more than sheep or goats
or dragon flies or kauri trees. Though of course thanks to you
I shall never be a stranger again to the good brown earth...”
He folded the sheet, poked it in a grubby envelope and thrust it
into his jacket pocket. Brian still pinned his thoughts to silver waves.
At length the other awakened him.
“What is your name?”
“Williams” said Brian.
“Your other name. The name the birds and the plants would
call you by should you ever learn to talk with them.”
Brian told him...
“Tell me then, Brian, for it seems to me that you may know
what culture is. Is it better to be educated from books than to know
the language of the sky and the bush and the sea?”
Brian thought. “It’s a fine thing” he said at last “to appreciate
the beauty and the music of the poets but its a better thing to be
ignorant of them all and be a poet yourself as you, my friend, seem
to be. But you were to tell me of one that was unchanged.”
The other smiled confidently. “Two days ago” he said “in the
shadow of trees. In the shadow of trees all good things good men
do are done. The trees are old, tall and wise. We must be careful
what we do in their witness. She told me that the fellowship of the
two of us and earth would last for ever. What did it matter that there
she had found there were other men—two of them perhaps—besides
in the world. I was glad she had found them, knew them good men
because it was she that had found them.”
The man in the old clothes sat silent.
“I cannot tell a story” he said at length, “only tell plainly what
we did and said.”
Brian thought the other did himself less than justice.
There were thin clouds before the moon; yet Brian felt it was
glaring at him.
The man in the dingy clothes said nothing but Brian knew what
he was expecting—confessions adorned with illustrations from
natural history and done into lyric prose. It wasn’t natural to talk in
strained way somehow. Brian wondered whatever he was going to
talk about. He wondered how he could ever have brought himself
to think of talking about Anne. Yet he had got the other man to
talk and he ought to be prepared to tell a story himself—he was in
honour bound to think of something. But anything rather than
tell what he really felt.
But the young man with the old clothes and the golden phrases
was regarding Brian reproachfully. A story must be told and
quickly. To tell of experiences of his hopes and fears in love was
unthinkable. And yet it wouldn’t be fair to serve up a mere yarn. He
had frank open blue eyes in spite of his swelling words, that young man sitting close by. Brian racked his brains for a story, passed over in his mind any deeds or delinquencies of his cousins, acquaintances or aunts which would have qualified for narratives in "True Stories of Real Life." He decided that on the whole his friends were a dull lot. But the decision was unprofitable. The other's knife-like eye was still on him demanding a slice of his life or his kindred's. It was up to him. So he began and soon found himself getting into the true professional swing. "It was many years now since I met John Simson. I call him that for the purpose of the story. It wasn't his real name. He was different from me in many ways, a good athlete—prefect at school, played centre for the first fifteen—that kind of fellow. He was always popular in society. Most men liked him. Women were naturally attracted to him. I suppose the general opinion would have been that he was rather successful too. Personally I think it would be more correct to say that he liked being liked."

"So do we all" interjected the man in the old clothes.

Brian rather resented the interjection. He had been settling down to some workmanlike fiction and did not want to be interrupted. He wondered for a moment at what he had said. John Simson was his friend's real name. He had not been an athlete, he had not been popular, women had avoided him. Still we were all brothers under the skin. The story would be fundamentally tone-true to the points in which we are all kindred. So in blind faith he hoped.

"He did fall in love at last of course. She was very pretty. I remember well the first time I saw her. I can see her yet, her long yellow hair streaming in the wind as she stood on a rock, with John beside her, while the fierce breakers vainly attempted to reach them; but, failing, sent as tokens to greet them the blown specks of spume."

Brian looked at his companion as one practitioner in an art looks at another for approbation. But these things were more than an art to the other. His face did not relax. Brian felt serious. The tragedy he was dealing with was serious enough.

"The dream lasted long enough, influenced the lives of the dreamers deeply enough for the awakening to be a nightmare. They became engaged, married, seemed to settle down happily. And then one morning after they had been married seven months John came to me at my office. His face was very white and set and his voice very steady. He told me that Luck had gone and he told me without a tremble in his voice all she had said to him the night before and all that she had meant to him since they had first met.

"It wasn't natural somehow, the cold hard voice in which he told it all. He couldn't have spoken it all out so frankly if he hadn't lost all his faith in the power of one sex to brighten the world. Somehow I felt reminded of him to-day when you—the acquaintance of
an hour—told me all your high hopes. Only a discovery such as
the discovery my friend made that day could bring me to talk so
freely even to an intimate friend.

“You see there had always been another man but just before
she met John they had quarrelled violently. And John of course
got the benefit of the reaction.”

The young man in the dingy clothes nodded gravely. Perhaps
he had experience of such things. But Brian went on without
noticing.

“The circumstances were peculiarly difficult. She got the benefit
of his first outburst of youthful passion and he got the benefit of
her clinging arms. She had been safely supported before on a raft.
Then one of those short-lived and violent hurricanes had over-
turned the craft. She had looked for a rescuer and John had been
there. But as a general rule it is unsatisfactory to reward the man
who pulls you out of a river by offering him your heart and hand.
An award from the Royal Humane Society meets the case far
better. And to rescues from metaphorical floods similar consider-
tations apply. Her gratitude abated you see and the old love returned.

... I suppose she was right.”

“Of course” said the other man.

Brian felt he was thinking that the subject was of merely
academic interest. The Lovely Lady would never do a thing like
that.

He felt his story was over. He could have told more of John,
the permanency of the disillusionment and the cold hard voice.
But it wasn’t really to the point. The real point he could not tell
because it concerned Anne. He remembered how close friends he
and John had been in those days before Lucy, how John had found
Lucy and he had lost John. There had been no room for him. He
had been a drowning man then and Anne had rescued him—though
of course it was different to the other case. He had been left long
alone admiring afar the rapturous joys in which John and Lucy had
been living and grasping for support hopelessly, despairingly. And
Anne had stretched out a hand to help. He could not be angry with
Lucy, for she had given him Anne.

And Anne was so different from Lucy. He had no fears about
her. There was a special gleam in her eyes for him. That was the
kind of thing you couldn’t say, hardly liked to put into words in
your mind even but nevertheless it was true. She was so frank. That
one doubt she had cleared up. She had told him all about the country
fellow she had sworn eternal faith to in her misguided youth—the
boy she’d left behind at home in the north. He felt quite sure of
her—quite sure.

The man in the old clothes spoke at length.

“It is a sad story” he said “but it is not a story for the night.
The night is the weaver of peace. Leave it to the day to break on hopes and ideals. Though there are some such that fear not the highest sunlight."

The night was clear though warm. A little wind rippled the trees. The breakers rang a little heavier on the ear. But there was a greater peace in the ever-rolling of the water than in the inert silence when every breath is lulled.

An inward smile broke to the surface of Brian's face. He laughed.

"Thank heaven, all women are not alike. How lucky we both are. You with your Lovely Lady and I too . . .""

This was as far as Brian's confessions got. He laughed again.

Then for a long time theyforebore to interrupt the voices of the sea. The waves splashed sorrowfully on the rocks. The moon's last beam faded on the dark waters. But the stars shone still. Presently they felt rather than saw a soft glow creep round the little tree under which they had sheltered. The man in the old clothes got on his feet to look for the dawn.

"See! the day that breaks" he called.

Brian got up and went to him. A faint wisp of rose floated above the near low ridge. But Brian was wondering about something that the other man had said. Was it only his queer way of speaking? He decided that it was.

Birch Trees

AT LAKE OHAU
CHRISTMAS 1924.

Leak crags surround their place beside the lake
where streams rush shouting down the shattered screes;
chill sunshine lights the silver of their stems
that gleam and move like slender maids
treading an ancient measure, arms slow tossed
to gently singing winds in their pale leaves.

Birches are maids that olden dances know:
the dances of a slowly gentle grace,
when in some smiling vale in fabled lands
slim bodies sway about the sacred spring
soft treading buttercup and asphodel;

now by this upland lake, far from that Arcady
They rustle over desolate stony floors
and still are lovely, and demurely dance.

G. B. BERTRAM
For I Dreamt

I dreamt that evening brought you with the shadows
Down lanes that faded into night,
Your foot lay softly on the meadows
And your heart was light.
And I roused up my soul from sleeping
And met your coming with my eyes,
And knew that you had done with weeping
And I with lies.
Nor needed ever sleep to banish sorrow
Nor spoke of love nor cried despair,
But only waited for a sweet to-morrow
Beside you in the evening air.
We watched the shadows deepen and the far light
Of weary sunshine dies within the west,
It left us silent in the starlight
To our rest.

O Eloquent, Just and Mighty Death

This is the swan-song of Adams, Bill Adams
He died of the flu.
It's a thing that might happen to any of us
It might even happen to you.
He coughed out his soul as he lay
In his swell little room.
His wife went to ring the mortician
And ordered a tomb.
The doctor, his wife and his mother-in-law
stood round in a ring,
But the swan-like and simple Bill Adams
Neglected to sing.
So this is the swan-song of Adams, Bill Adams
Who died of the flu;
But death though it comes soon or late to us all
Is nothing to you.
MUST acquaint the Reader that our club meets daily and sometimes more often than that. These meetings are held in many places for we have like Bacon taken the whole world for our province and omit no opportunity for the discussion of matters which may contribute to the Advancement of Public Weal. We are to be found in the Coffee-House at Odd's and in the Ale-House at Hancock's, both in the Clubroom and the Pubroom, and he who wishes may meet with us also in the Printing-House of which I spoke formerly.

The first of our society is a young gentleman of an antient country Family who, coming to town while yet young in years has remained here ever since to the no small advantage of manners and modes in this City. It is he who does well enough by us and by Humanity to print what we write, and indeed he prints also what others write. This he did formerly, as he will jestingly admit, in the cause of Art, but he does it now in the cause of Marx. The informed say, however, that his printing has derived equal benefit from both sources of inspiration, and we who know him are inclined to suspect some Genius of his own which ennobles his Work. For the rest, he is Irish and dresses with the neat respectability of the Proletariat; he is not much given to Conversation but relies rather on a few pregnant phrases which we have learned both to look for and to respect, as he has been known, for example, to observe at the end and indeed in the middle of a dispute, that “damme, sir, the Five Year Plan is a matter of History.”

His equal in esteem and authority among us is a Scotsman who delights to be known as the Schoolmaster, but who indeed instructs the Youth of the Realm only in order to provide himself with the money which he needs, and then only for a few hours of the week. Yet it is felt among us that this position gives him the standing of a man of the Professions, and we honour him the more, insomuch as we know with what disinclination he does this work. He will dispute with all present on all subjects and is prepared to jettison all Standards save the Laws of Logic, but these he will abandon in no extremity, and indeed we who are acquainted of his customs have grown to await his unfailing retort that “it does not follow, sir.” He is, like the Man of whom I formerly spoke, a Batchelor, but does not despise the Society of Women being rather prepared
to admit that he finds their Company more pleasing in some circumstances than that of Men.

We have with us too, although less frequently since his Business prevents his regular attendance, one who is reputed to have great Knowledge of the Sciences. Yet he makes but infrequent reference to this being prepared to debate rather on matters which affect the Commonwealth of Man. And in this he is quiet but allows little to escape him. We have grown also to look to him as our authority on Womankind for while our Conversation often centres round them we can lay claim to little absolute Knowledge. He holds among other things that a greater freedom should exist between the sexes and in this we are all prepared to agree with him.

Not least of our Number is one who combines the unusual offices of Poet and Priest, a combination which has had effect in the number of Poems which he has written about God. His superiors have long held him to a monastic life so that it is but rarely that he honours us. But as one of our Company remarked "By G—d sir, poetry is a better recreation for one of the Cloth than Douglas Credit" and indeed it is strange to observe that his authority is but lightly regarded in theological matters, but when mellowed with light ale and tobacco he can talk finely on light verse of which he has written an inordinate quantity. It is indeed a fitting commentary to say that everything of his is taken seriously save his Poetry and his Religion.

It is in this Company and with others of the same that matters are discussed and decisions made, many of which are later published to the no small Edification of the World. For we are indeed at some Trouble to keep abreast of modern Thought and it is seldom that an evening passes without some one of us observing that "this is 1933 By G—d and A.D. not B.C." and it is rarely that any movement of the Masses down to a Dons' Luncheon Club at Oxford can escape our attention. This is our wonted Society.
Professor A. C. Paterson

"By the death, at Auckland, New Zealand, of Professor Alfred Croom Paterson, at the early age of 58, education," writes a correspondent, "has lost a brilliant scholar and administrator."

Professor Paterson, who was a son of the Rev. A. Paterson, was born at Dalry, Galloway, on February 12, 1875. He was educated at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, of which he was Dux and Gold Medallist, and gained the £100 College Bursary in 1891. He was awarded the 'Cousin' Bursary in 1892 and the 'Tyndall Bruce' Bursary in 1893, at Edinburgh University, where he graduated M.A. with honours. He gained an Open Scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1894, and a 'Goldsmith' Company Exhibition at Oxford in 1895; the First 'Pusey and Ellerton' Scholarship for Hebrew and Arabic and a First Class in Honour Moderations in 1896; the 'Fergus' Scholarship (Classics) open to the four Scottish Universities and the 'Pitt Club' Classical Scholarship in 1897; and a First Class in the Final School of Literae Humaniores in 1898. He was also Bishop Fraser's Scholar at Oriel College.

After leaving Oxford Professor Paterson was appointed principal of the leading school in Jersey. In 1903 he was selected by the British Government to re-establish and organise schools in the Transvaal, and assumed duty in the Education Department. After travelling all over the Transvaal in connection with his organisation work, he was appointed Superintendent of Secondary Schools and Examinations in September, 1905. In 1908 he was appointed Professor of Latin and German at the Transvaal University College, Pretoria.

Paterson played a leading role at the Transvaal University College, of which he was secretary and several times chairman of the Senate, and of which in 1918 he became the first Rector. He also played a leading part at the University of South Africa, of which he was chairman of the Senate. The amount and importance of the work which Professor Paterson did at the Transvaal University College is incalculable. From the beginning he realised the needs of the Transvaal and the great possibilities of the college, and set about attracting students, building up the staff, educating the public, and, above all, collecting funds for the University of Pretoria. Directly or indirectly he was responsible for obtaining nearly all the funds contributed by the public up to the time of his great appeal for a charter for the University of Pretoria in 1920.
At the end of 1921 he was offered, and accepted, the Chair of Classics at Auckland University College, New Zealand, and later was elected chairman of the Professorial Board. In the years during which he occupied that chair, a greater number of Senior Scholarships and honours came to the college than had come to it through the whole 41 years before.

In addition to being a brilliant scholar, teacher, and linguist, Paterson was a first-class administrator and an excellent sportsman. Besides being an acknowledged authority in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, he had a profound knowledge of English, German, Arabic, and Sanskrit, was a thorough student of French, Nederlands, and Africans, and had more than a smattering of six other modern languages, and was renowned as an after-dinner speaker and raconteur.

In 1914 he married the widow of Mr C. B. Simpson, the first entomologist of the Transvaal Government, by whom he is survived.

The above extract from the London Times gives us some idea of the brilliant scholarship and unusual administrative gifts of the late Professor Paterson whose unexpected death is so deeply regretted by all who had the good fortune to come under the influence of his cultured and inspiring personality.

On reading the bald statement of Professor Paterson's great constructive work in the organisation of secondary education in South Africa and in the establishment of the University of Pretoria one naturally asks why he left that Dominion and the University with which his life was so intimately bound up, to fill the chair of classics at our University College. The reason will be readily understood by all who have studied the Dutch nationalist movement in South Africa. The Professor had been offered the chair of classics at the Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg, but, although the temptation to accept the offer of this richly-endowed university was very great, he decided to remain head of the institution which he had been instrumental in founding and to which he was bound by so many ties of sentiment and friendship. However, with the rapid growth of Dutch nationalism within the University, the Professor recognised that it would have been better both for his peace of mind and for his material good had he disregarded sentiment and accepted the tempting offer of Witwatersrand. He foresaw, what has since come to pass, that Pretoria would become a completely Dutch university and that the position of an Englishman on the staff would then be intolerable. This led to his acceptance in 1921 of the chair of classics at our University College. Yet so great was the reputation he had left behind him that a few years later the Council of the Pretoria University recommended that he be invited to resume the rectorship which he had filled with such distinction.
Fortunately he decided to stay in Auckland, and during the
twelve years he was with us he built up a classical school which we
feel will be an enduring memorial to his scholarship, his industry,
and his inspiration as a teacher. He felt that a classical school in
which only an occasional student took Greek was unworthy of a
university. He soon gathered round him a number of students who
wished to study Greek, and in recent years a full course—pass,
advanced, honours—was established and was attracting increasing
numbers in this subject. In addition to this load he was carrying he
gave lectures in Hebrew. This, of course, made big demands on the
Professor's time and energy. As a result of his enthusiasm he was
giving twice as many lectures as his predecessor. And there was
nothing perfunctory about Professor Paterson's work. So profound
was his knowledge of all phases of his subjects that he could have
gone into his lecture room without any preparation and delighted
his students with the treasures of his scholarship and his culture.
He had, however, too lofty a conception of the teacher's calling to
succumb to any such easy method. He was most meticulous in the
preparation of his lectures. He made a synopsis of the syntax of each
of the set books, consulting for this purpose the latest publications
in German, French, and Italian as well as in English, that would
throw any light upon the texts. The writer, who was one of the
Professor's most intimate friends from the time of his arrival in
Auckland, often expressed to him the fear that he was unduly con-
scientious and that his health would break down under the strain;
but his reply was that he could not produce true classical scholars
unless he gave them a thorough grounding in syntax. He gave equal
thought to the selection of suitable passages for Latin and Greek
proses and equal care to the writing of his own scholarly versions.

It was only to be expected that the methodical work of this great
and gifted professor would soon bear good fruit, and, to quote from
the Times, "in the years during which he occupied the chair a
greater number of senior scholarships and honours came to the Col-
lege than had come to it through the 41 years before." It should be
added that the first of his students to go to Cambridge, A. H. Mc-
Donald, won a first-class in the Classical Tripos, Part II. In his
letters to Auckland friends he acknowledges his great indebtedness
to the teaching and inspiration of the late Professor, who, he says,
had no superior in depth and breadth of scholarship among the
Cambridge dons.

Professor Paterson's interest in his students did not end with
the lecture room. Many will retain throughout their lives memories
of his charming hospitality and of his bright, humorous and stim-
ulating conversation on their walks with him to St Helier's and
Titirangi.
He was also a gifted speaker. He had a rich cultured voice, and his public utterances, while full of wisdom on serious occasions, reflected invariably his genial, kindly and humorous nature. It is little wonder that with his rich endowments of mind and personality he won from the public of Auckland an increased respect for its university and its professors. His place will be hard to fill, but the influence of his work will remain, and his colleagues and friends as well as his students will retain happy memories of a scholar and a gentleman whom they admired for his great intellect and profound learning, while they loved him for his simplicity, his modesty, and his sweet humanity.
Sir George Fowlds

At the end of the Council year Sir George Fowlds retired from the Presidency which he has worthily filled during the past thirteen years. To him Auckland University College owes a great debt and it is safe to predict that Auckland University College in years to come will owe him a still greater debt.

George Fowlds, son of Matthew Fowlds, cloth-weaver of Fenwick, Ayrshire, was born on September 15th, 1860. He received his early education at Waterside School in Ayrshire and later attended the Andersonian College at Glasgow; in 1874 he was apprenticed to a firm of cloth merchants. After eight years in the cloth industry Mr Fowlds emigrated in 1882 to South Africa. There he struggled against adversity and in the course of a varied experience came into contact with such men as Dr Jamieson, Cecil Rhodes, and the celebrated Barny Barnato. At this time he contemplated settling up as an Accountant, but his wife's health proving poor, he decided to move to New Zealand.

In 1885 Mr Fowlds landed in Auckland and, after engaging in various trades, obtained a position as salesman in a mercery business. But the spirit of the man would not allow him to remain long in a subordinate position. He soon bought out a small business in Victoria Street which was afterwards transferred to Queen Street and grew into the well known firm of George Fowlds Ltd. In 1905 Mr Fowlds handed over the principal care of the business to his son, Mr G. M. Fowlds.

From the time of his first arrival in Auckland Mr Fowlds took the keener interest in public affairs and filled with distinction many public offices. He served on school committees for a number of years, and was Secretary and Treasurer of the Congregational Union of New Zealand. In 1899 he entered politics as a member of the House of Representatives for Auckland City. He represented Grey Lynn from 1902 till 1911. In 1906 he joined the Ward Cabinet as Minister of Education and Public Health, and during the ensuing five years also administered for varying terms the Departments of Customs, Defence, Justice, Mental Hospitals, Hospital and Charitable Aid, and State Fire Insurance. In 1910 he represented the New Zealand Government at the opening of the first parliament of the Union of South Africa.

When, in 1911, Mr Fowlds resigned his position in the Government to devote his energies to public service outside of parliamentary office, all sections of the Press expressed appreciation of the fine work he had done for the Department of Education.
During the War years he devoted himself to patriotic work, in recognition of which he was, in 1920, created a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. In 1928 his services to his country and to the Empire were again honoured by His Majesty, who was graciously pleased to create him a Knight Bachelor.

Sir George Fowlds' public services are so many that only a few of the important offices that he filled can be detailed here. He has been Deputy-Chairman of the joint committee of the Red Cross and the Order of St John since its inception; Chairman of the Blind Institute; President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children and for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In addition he has been President and Patron of numerous football, cricket, tennis, hockey, boating and bowling clubs, and was the first President of the Auckland Rotary Club.

This long experience of public affairs uniquely fitted Sir George to succeed the late Dr T. W. Leys as President of the Auckland University College Council. During the whole of his connection with University affairs he has persistently put forward the claims of Auckland University College, and he is in no small measure responsible for the recognition of special schools and courses. He has also given worthy service as Chairman of the Massey Agricultural College. To him also is largely due the conception of a Fine Arts School which, it is hoped, will become an accomplished fact in the near future.

Students of the College remember with gratitude that Sir George has always advanced the claims of youth, and has shown a sympathetic appreciation of the point of view of the student. It is not generally known, however, that the building of the Student Block was made possible by the personal guarantee of Sir George and other members of the Council.

To students, staff, and public alike Sir George has for thirteen years been a familiar figure at graduation ceremonies and we shall miss his splendid personality and genial Scotch burr. Lacking himself the advantage of higher education he has, like that other great Liberal, Richard John Seddon, spent his life in ensuring that others are spared some of the hardships of his own early days. It may be truly said that George Fowlds, educated in the University of the World, has graduated in that same university with honours in public service. Such men are not easily forgotten.

It is gratifying to know that all classes of the community have made public acknowledgement of the great services of Sir George. The students of the College bade official farewell to him at a special function and made him a small presentation as a mark of their appreciation of his work for them. He carried with him the very best wishes from the students for a long and happy retirement in the city to which he has rendered such great service.
Jubilee
1883-1933
Programme of Events
held in connection with the Jubilee Celebrations

Saturday May 20th: Conversazione convened by Combined Committees of the Auckland Branch of the Federation of University Women, the Auckland District Court of Convocation and the College Students' Association.


Sunday, May 21st: Divine Service held in the College Hall, conducted by Archbishop Averill, Primate of New Zealand, assisted by Dr H. Ranston, Dr J. J. North and the Rev. I. E. Bertram.

Monday May 22nd: Reception held in the College Hall. Addresses by Sir George Fowlds, President of the College, His Excellency the Governor-General and His Worship the Mayor of Auckland.

Tuesday May 23rd: Graduation Ceremony in the Town Hall and Graduation Ball in the College Hall.

Wednesday May 24th: Commencement of season of Jubilade, extravaganza presented by the Students' Association.

Friday May 26th: Graduates' Rendezvous at College Cafeteria and Party to Jubilade.
Although force of circumstances and the adverse financial conditions considerably affected the Jubilee Celebrations, both those in charge of them and those who participated in them have good reason to be satisfied with the programme. Dignified and enjoyable functions made a fitting celebration of the important occasion.

From the general point of view the best function was undoubtedly the first, the Conversazione held in the Common Room on Saturday May 20. Some three hundred graduates attended and spent a most enjoyable evening together. A very popular feature of the evening was the fine display of old photographs and the tabulated history prepared by the Court of Convocation. It is hoped that a similar function will become an Annual event.

The Divine Service, led by Archbishop Averill, was an impressive function and gave opportunity for dignified thanksgiving. All denominations were represented and prominent clergymen conducted different parts of the service.

The outstanding feature of the Reception on the Monday evening was the fine address delivered by His Excellency the Governor-General. Lord Bledisloe's speech, which is printed in this Supplement, made a deep impression on its hearers and in addition to expressing personal congratulations of a graduate of the great University of Oxford, contained some very fine constructive criticism which should be of great value during the second half-century of the College.

The Jubilee Graduation Ceremony was held in the evening of Tuesday May 23rd, and the excellent attendance showed that the general public were keenly interested in the affairs of the College. The College was honoured by the presence of the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Professor T. A. Hunter, who delivered a very fine address, in which an eloquent appeal for the youthful point of view was made. The degrees were, by the kindness of the Vice-Chancellor, conferred by Sir George Fowlds. Nearly one hundred and fifty degrees were conferred and several speakers specially congratulated the College on the exceptionally fine standard of scholarship shown in the Jubilee year.

The Graduation Ball held in the College Hall gave opportunity for youthful celebration and proved one of the best Balls in the history of the event. The cleared and decorated Library was a noteworthy feature of the function.
The effort of the Students’ Association to correlate the Annual Extravaganza with the Jubilee celebrations resulted in the production of *Jubilade*, a chronicle revue of College history. It was unfortunate that this show began its season right at the end of the Celebrations, for in spite of its undoubted merit it did not meet with the support anticipated. The general opinion of those who did attend, however, was that *Jubilade* was an enjoyable and fitting contribution to the Jubilee Celebrations.

**The Jubilee Book**

It was felt by many prominent graduates and members of the College Council that some publication should be issued in connection with the Jubilee. When the College authorities found themselves unable to produce such a publication the Students’ Association decided to compile a Jubilee Book. The efforts of an enthusiastic Committee of Graduates and Students resulted in the publication of *The Golden Jubilee Book* which proved a valuable and artistic memorial of the important occasion. The book, which was printed at the Students’ Association’s own press, contains a hundred pages of histories, reminiscences, and specially contributed articles besides a roll of honour and a number of unique illustrations contributed by the School of Architecture and a prominent Auckland artist.

The Book has received universal commendation both for its contents and for its general printed appearance, and should prove a valuable feature of any library. Copies of the Book are still procurable from the College Library.
Some Thoughts for the University

A Speech Delivered by Professor T. A. Hunter, Vice-Chancellor of the University of New Zealand, at the Jubilee Graduation Ceremony.

It gives me very great pleasure to be present this evening to convey to the Council, staff, graduates and undergraduates of Auckland University College and to the citizens of Auckland the congratulations and felicitations of the Senate of the University of New Zealand on the occasion of the Jubilee of this College. I regret that it was not possible for the Chancellor to be present at the Jubilee ceremonies for he is the only member of the Senate of the present day who was also a member of that body when the Auckland University College was affiliated to the University in 1883.

Minutes of proceedings are usually prosaic, but there is something inspiring in the early record for those who have been privileged to see the achievement that follows.

At the meeting of Senate held in Auckland on March 15th, 1882, the Vice-Chancellor moved "That a respectful address be presented to the Minister of Education, setting forth that in the opinion of this Senate there is urgent necessity for the establishment in Auckland of a College able to provide a proper University course of instruction, and whereas the sum of £1500 was last year voted by Parliament for the purpose, it is desirable that steps should be taken for the immediate appointment of at least two professors." This was carried.

Rt Rev. Dr Cowie moved "That a committee be appointed to prepare the address to be presented to the Minister of Education in accordance with the resolution of the Senate on the subject of the establishment of a University College at Auckland; the Committee to consist of the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Mr Heale and the mover."

It is interesting to note the form of Address adopted:

"To the Minister of Education;

Sir,

The Senate of the University of New Zealand, now in session in Auckland, would respectfully make known to you their opinion that there is urgent necessity for the establishment in Auckland of a College at which a complete University course of instruction can be given; there being at present no educational institution in that city competent to do so. The Senate would further recommend that the
sum of £1500, voted by Parliament in 1881 for this purpose, be immediately applied to the appointment of at least two Professors in connection with such College.”

The Chancellor in his report to Senate meeting in Dunedin (February 28th 1883) said “The Senate will have received with satisfaction the announcement, last year, that a new University College was to be established at Auckland. I understand that the arrangements for this purpose are nearly completed, and I feel assured that the step thus taken by the Legislature of the Colony cannot fail to be productive of very great advantages.”

On Monday March 5th 1883 the Chancellor laid on the table a letter from the Council of the Auckland University College applying for affiliation to the University. Consideration of the letter was made an order of the day for the morrow, and on Tuesday March 6th 1883 on the motion of Sir G. M. O’Rorke it was resolved that the Auckland University College be affiliated to the University of New Zealand in accordance with the resolution of that body on February 19th 1883.

The men who founded this College builded better than they knew and I make bold to say that in granting affiliation to the Auckland University College in 1883 none of the members of the Senate at that time foresaw this day. The success achieved is infinitely greater than could have been imagined in those days of small things. May we not draw inspiration from the enthusiasm and courage of those men who, in the face of obstacles that it is difficult for us even to imagine, persevered in laying the foundation of higher education in this fair city? The thanks of the country are due to them and to all those—administrators, teachers and students—who have builded faithfully on the foundations laid half a century ago.

To those who have just graduated in this year of Jubilee, I offer the very sincere congratulations of the Senate. I do so with the fervent hope that the new graduates may realise that they have laid only the foundation of their education and that the edifice has yet to be built. May they find their University training not only an effective aid in the struggle of life, but a never failing well of satisfaction in their own souls and an ever present incitement to play their part nobly as citizens of this fair Dominion. It is particularly fitting that on this occasion the degrees should have been conferred by the President of the College, Sir George Fowlds, whose years of service in the cause of national education are so well known and whose loving labours in the interests of this College—labours, unfortunately, we are told, about to cease—are so familiar to you that it would be an impertinence for me to enlarge upon them. It seemed a suitable occasion for the officer of the Senate to hand over the conferring of the degrees to Sir George and to become a spectator
of this historic ceremony—a position I have been privileged to occupy. Those who have graduated this evening will look back with satisfaction on the fact that they have received their degrees at the hands of their President in the year of the Jubilee of the College.

This is, I know, not an occasion for speech making, and I speak under a time limit which I shall not exceed, but with your forbearance I desire to refer briefly to one or two matters.

In these difficult times there is one thing of which we, members of the older generation, should not lose sight. The world over there seems to be a tendency for older people to lose patience with the younger members of their community and to resent many actions of the latter regarded foolish by the former. It seems to me that the youth of to-day has been placed in a position of great difficulty and needs and deserves not the resentment but the sympathy and tolerance of the older generation. We must remember that those entering University life to-day were born under the dark clouds of the great war; the formative years of their lives were spent in the gloom of a post-war period of economic warfare more destructive than the war years themselves and marred by passion and full of international strife and class antagonisms. These youths now come to face a future that, immediately at least, seems to be full of that uncertainty and doubt which stifle action and cripple initiative. Many are failing to launch themselves on the ocean of life with confidence and joy and there is grave danger that many of their generation may not obtain the release that the prospect of successful achievement alone can bring.

Under such conditions would it not be unnatural if youth were not restless, not resentful of mere tradition and mere authority. We of the older generation should remember that the condition of the world, the muddle in which we now find ourselves, is the result of our lack of insight and foresight. We can never make that good to the youths who to-day are finding life so difficult that they are in danger of losing hope. But we can and should extend our assistance, sympathy and tolerance to them as they gird themselves to grapple with the heavy burden they inherit from us.

We must not make their task harder and their feelings more bitter by a resentment that is more rightly theirs than ours. I believe the University has an important part to play in the readjustment of youth to the new and difficult world we have created and I most strongly urge that it ought not to allow mere tradition, the chains of the past, to prevent it from playing its part nobly and effectively.

By their very natures, but more especially by the spirit in which they are administered, institutions tend to become conservative—not of values but of forms; they come as William James told us, to oppose the very ends they were instituted to attain. This is especially
true of educational institutions and among these the danger is greatest in Universities.

We, however, live in a changing world, in a world in which every movement has been speeded up. To educate merely for the present is always to be thirty years behind the times.

Man with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of truth
In which his soul may sail,
Sail on the sea of death.
For death takes toll
Of Beauty, Courage, Youth,
Of all but truth.

This is a time then for re-orientation. The nineteenth century was a period noted for its wonderful achievements in physical science. Man by cunning found out many inventions. This he did by discovering the laws of things physical and thus was enabled to control them. How man shall be enabled to use these great powers for the purpose of social welfare is the problem of the hour and of the century. Man must turn his attention to himself and to the society in which he lives. He must learn the laws of his own nature and of the social organisations he has builded mainly by instinct and chance if he is not to become the mere tool of the machines he has fashioned.

This is the problem of the century. Over three centuries ago Copernicus and his gallant comrades shattered the astronometrical system as then accepted and suffered the consequences because the new ideas were thought to conflict with beliefs around which deep feelings had gathered. In 1600 Bruno was burned alive for holding the new views. Nearly 300 years later a monument was erected by the civilised world on the site where he was burned for seeing more clearly than those in authority. The monument bears this simple inscription—

Raised to Giordana Bruno by the generation which he foresaw.

Less than a century ago a second Copernicus appeared. Just as Copernicus found an astronomical world in a muddle and enunciated the principle that set it straight, so Darwin found a biological chaos and enunciated a principle that bid fair to reduce it to order.

No one will question to-day that our social world is in a muddle. Who is going to enunciate the sound principle and show us how it can be applied?

This is the great need of the present day; this is the task of the century.

Dr Alvin Johnson, writing of U.S.A. stated recently—

"Oh! what a spectacle we, the people of América, present to the serene heavens. We have been invaded by the fertility of our soil
and are being destroyed by bombardment by the fruits of the earth. We have been invaded by the ingenuity of the technicians who have wrought out an infinity of devices for lifting the curse of toil, and the casualties among our livings have been staggering. Devices have been brought up against us that make accessible to our ears all the music of the world, to our eyes all the art of every variety of life at play or at work. The havoc wrought upon our good taste and good sense is appalling. In our anguish we turn our faces to our splendid but obsolescent knights, our legislators, professors, bankers, incased in steel, in respectable bronze, or shining gold. We see them brandish their broken swords in vain."

With minor changes, does not this apply to New Zealand? It has been well said that "a nation that thinks in terms of to-morrow moves on, a nation that thinks in terms of yesterday perishes."

Man has conquered in the physical sphere to be slain in that of social relations; he has won on the field of production to be routed on the field of distribution. We shall have to remake our social schemes just as in the last century we revised our conception of physical forces. It is not a question of order versus progress, but progress with order. Changes are bound to come and the issue before us is whether "social change shall be guided by trained and informed intelligence or by untutored emotion and uninformed politics."

If the Universities can play as effective a role in the social field as they did in those of the physical and biological sciences in the century, we shall solve the problems that make dark the future of youth to-day, and, when the centenary of this University College is celebrated, other voices—the voices of the generation that we are wise enough to foresee—will place on record our great contribution to the welfare of all that is best in human nature. In this new field may the Universities of this country play their parts right nobly and may we enable them to do so by manifesting the same faith, enthusiasm and courage as was shown by the founders of Auckland University College fifty years ago.
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