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At present we are agitating for Russian relief. Well and good; nothing that we can do will be too much for this heroic people, which has been struggling so hard and for so many centuries out of the darkness of its primitive and barbaric social system; which fought so hard in the war, and lost more dead than any other combatant, French, or German, or British; which still fought on in utter misery and exhaustion for horrible months of waste and betrayal at home and abroad; and finally went down as an active combatant before the rising forces of inevitable and welcome social revolution. If Russia is allowed to perish, all that is best in European civilisation and culture will perish with it, and the world will go back three or four thousand years in its outlook on life. These are commonplaces to all thinking people—they ought to be so to everyone. Therefore it is well that every country, moved by our common Western ideas and ideals, should do its best to help Russia to her feet again; it is not only a duty, it is (and it follows that it is) a
matter of plain self-interest; and whatever we can conceivably do, will be a matter not for self-congratulation, but for regret in falling so far short of our duty to ourselves and to the world.

We have been more or less touched by the plight of Russia and Central Europe; it makes even the most unthinking of us vaguely uncomfortable to think of a million or so children dying this winter of starvation, and utter destitution, and loathsome disease; even the news that the British Government sent over a few loads of rotten Australian wheat to alleviate the distress does not exactly satisfy our consciences; nor does an abortive conference, ruined by the magnificent isolation of the United States and the ugly temper of France, altogether inspire confidence. We want to do something. But why—why, in God’s name!—do we wait until the earth is visited by this horrible nightmare before we want to do something? Starvation and misery ten thousand miles away is romantic, it stirs our imagination—can’t we see any romance in improving our own immediate surroundings; does not misery and ugliness in New Zealand, in Wellington, stir our imagination? When war was declared eight years ago we all sang “God Save the King,” and waved our flags, and made wonderful speeches, and got a lump in the throat; and we were flooded with emotion, and admired our beautiful revival of patriotism immensely—and those people whose patriotism was overcome by their pity or their logic, we put in gaol, and said, “Serve them right.” Well, perhaps it did. But why, in God’s name again, can’t we carry our patriotism, and a more pitiful and logical patriotism, into our common life of to-day? The social condition of Wellington, if we only realised it, is ghastly (but it is not exactly patriotic to want to alter it). We are very well off, say our Cabinet Ministers—compare our position with Russia.—We have no right to compare our position with Russia and sink back with a satisfied smirk; the only country we have a right to compare ours with is a country not of this world, a civilisation towards which we are blindly striving and never reach. And when we compare thus consciously and strive with seeing eyes, we may possibly get a bit nearer.

It is our task as students of a University to try and get this vision and to act towards its realisation. Our city, the town that lies below our feet as we stand on our College steps, is a place it is for us to make better. It is ugly; so long as we forget the man-made part, we can see the grandeur of the hills and the sea in the night-time; but ask any town-planner—walk through it in broad daylight and look at the almost inconceivably brutal ugliness of the houses and the buildings, the dirtiness of the streets; climb up Mount Victoria and get a bird’s-eye view of the smoke. It has slums and misery and want—don’t listen to the Chamber of Commerce, but ask any school-teacher or any Plunket Nurse, or Canon Taylor; or stroll round Taranaki Street and Tory Street some day; and watch stunted children, misformed and crippled with infantile paralysis, play cricket with a rusty kerosene tin and half a bat (and still keep pitifully cheerful). It is frankly and cruelly material in its aims and ideals—how much space is given in its papers to sordid murders and wretched embezzlements; to farmers’ discussions on profit and loss; to silly mare’s nests of all kinds, educational among others—and how much is given to the things
that really and ultimately matter? What encouragement does literature get in Wellington? Or music, or any other art, or any kind of disinterested knowledge? Would it be profitable to any paper to give any of these things intelligent discussion? Or compare our Farmers' Institute, built in a year or so and paid for with ease and enthusiasm, with our University building, which has taken twenty-four years to reach its present state, lives a hand-to-mouth financial existence, and has no room for vital expansion. Compare our Police Station with our Art Gallery, our Midland Hotel with our Museum. Consider the drama that is good enough for us nine-tenths of our lives; for sheer vulgar pretentious ugliness think of the inside of our Grand Opera House and the ineptitude that went to the making of that.

We may not be able to change all this, but something we can do. Whatever it is, it will be a terribly long job, but possible; and it is not a thing to be shirked. Universities do not exist in a new country, in these modern days, primarily for learned research into the enlitiæ De, nor to settle Hott's business, nor yet to give a tribe of dons an easy competence; they should be a vital, growing organ of truth and knowledge and fine living; the centre of social reform and progress. This, of course, involves the intellectual leadership of the community; there can be no profitable social movement without movement in thought and knowledge. It is equally true that we can do nothing without the feeling of social identity which must lie at the basis of our common effort, be it that of a small community, or national, or international. And here our University should fulfil another function, and fulfill it every day. We are more than a mere heterogeneous crowd of students with one eye on a degree and the other on the flesh-pots of the Haeremi Club. Degrees are at best a sign of more or less uncertain intellectual status, and at worst have a commercial value; the Haeremi Club is a remarkable and excellent institution, but even it is not spiritually all-sufficing. We have ultimately come together in the common pursuit of beauty and truth and goodness, and fellowship, which arises out of these three. Of course this is cant; but very good cant for all that. At the back of all our cruder manifestations lie these things of the spirit, of which degree and club are but the vague symbols. And these things lie at the back of all that is best and finest in the world to-day. It is given to us to seek them under especially favourable circumstances, and we must not fail in the seeking. Victoria University College does not consist in a heap of brick buildings, however imposing, or a list of honours, however long, in a University calendar; but in the common spirit that binds, or should bind, us all together—the spirit that finds itself in fellowship in the beautiful and the true and the good. There is nothing greater than these four things; they sum up all that we feel life worth living for. But there is something which lies at the root of them, which is greater in so far that its death means the death of all. Imagination is the sap which must run through the whole tree, and imagination we must cultivate before all things. If we had imagination would our University tradition and spirit be so woefully weak as it sometimes seems? Would our city be so ugly in looks and in soul? Our country given to such mean ends? Would the world be labouring in the stupidity and vindictiveness of a post-war settlement? Would Russian children be dying in the
streets or dying unborn? "Fellowship," said William Morris, "is life, and lack of fellowship is death." We know it, and know it bitterly; but imagination, without which there can be no fellow¬ship, is also life, and lack of imagination, death; and this in no mystical or supernatural way, but very simply and very literally.

"The aristocracy of the spirit," says a very fine and clear¬thinking modern writer,* "is the only aristocracy in the world worth having, for any man may enter it. But it can only be worth entering if it exacts the highest from itself. . . . There is no arrogance in the work of an honest mind; there is plain speaking and humility. If, therefore, the republic of the spirit is to attract the loyalty of those without, it must at all costs maintain its inward probity. . . . No man need join it unless he will, but once joined he must obey its single, simple law. To do less than his uttermost is to have betrayed the commonwealth to which he claims to belong." Here is food for thought; let us not push it away too easily to the back of our minds. We are young; after the last few years we should not be hopelessly visionary, entirely unpractical. We bear the future in our hands; can we not fashion it, not entirely unsuccess¬fully, more in the shape of our desire? We are young—

"If winter comes to winter
When shall men hope for spring?"

Announcement Extraordinary!

With its next number "The Spike" will have completed the 21st year of its existence. This is an important event. The coming of age of a human being is celebrated with special rejoicings, and with good reason; for the youth, hitherto in leading-strings, is now able to commit a burglary or a murder on his own initiative, without asking the parental permission and blessing. This has un¬doubted advantages. How much more so, then, for a magazine, especially a college magazine, doomed from birth to a chequered existence, living from hand to mouth; its whole life a series of desperate crises and hairbreadth rescues from death by starvation! The human child is generally brought up on some ordered system; in most cases its welfare is directed by the same authority for the whole of its infancy; but your magazine, indiscriminately fathered and mothered by a Students' Association (incorporated—can a corporation truly love?), entrusted to the care of an annually changing committee of nurses, who have rarely had experience or training in scientific baby-management—what chance does it stand of surviving through a lusty youth to a sound and healthy maturity? Does it have the advantage of being fed with its natural food every four hours, day and night? Do benevolent doctors give lectures on its welfare and advancement to the Y.W.C.A.? Do a corps of skilled assistants weigh it, examine it, prescribe for it, at stated intervals?—So with "The Spike." It was brought into the world a remarkably promising child; it has had on the whole a fairly healthy life ever since; but there have been periods when its condi¬tion has been a matter of grave concern. Breath has come sobbingly

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*J. Middleton Murry, "The Evolution of an Intellectual."
—pulse has beat low. This has usually happened with the preparation of the second number for the year.

This year we want to give a birthday party. We do not want it to be an exclusive affair, either in guests or in entertainment. We want to have a Cake. Fruit Salad. Trifle. Cream. Good homely sandwiches. Sweets. Coffee. Champagne—(Of course this is meant to be taken in a purely metaphorical and literary sense.) Very well—it is manifestly impossible for an Editorial Committee to provide all this feast of glory, even if they were more talented cooks than they are. As a matter of fact we want it to be more like a College tea—those who can bring food, those who can’t, bring cash to pay for it. But everybody comes—or ought to. Therefore: will every student or past student who has ever contributed or thought of contributing to “The Spike” make a special effort to write his or her best for the next number, to appear at the end of September? We want to see all the old initials at the bottom of the contributions—and many new ones. This is important. Spread the news around. The invitation is all-embracing. No questions asked. Come as you are. But let the food you bring be spiced with wit and seasoned with wisdom. It doesn’t matter what sort it is—complimentary birthday odes, frail diaphanous lyrics, articles on any subject under the sun, letters—even limericks. College appetites have a catholic appreciation. But don’t hesitate. We want all this stuff by the end of August; so whether you live on the spot, or anywhere from the North Cape to the Bluff, let us have your contribution to the festivities as soon as possible. The season of the year is usually given up to examinations, and weeping and wailing; let us be happy this once. “The Spike” will never again have a twenty-first birthday. So remember—and come up to scratch with a cheerful smile and an open hand.

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The Dead Lords.

Where are those mighty warriors of yore
Whose names have quivered in the mouths of men;
Or those old scholars, burdened deep with lore,
Who wrangled on the “how,” and “why,” and “when;”

Where are those artists who have wrought with care
The passing vision of a golden hour,
Some imaged beauty once surpassing fair
And sweet to see—but now surpassing sour?

Strewn in a little dust upon the streets,
Their dead forms lie and irritate our eyes,
And, when our teeth grate we with quick surmise
Wonder of whom we bite the dead heart-beats;
While, for his marble tomb, some unknown’s death
Fills in the mouths of men a little breath.

C. Q. P.
God.

I have seen God on Lambton Quay;
    He strolled along the road,
And gazed about him curiously
    In very cheerful mode.
A motor nearly knocked him down—
    The driver swore at him,
(He didn’t know that it was God
    Fenced round with Cherubim)—
Nobody knew that he was God;
    They were all Business Men
Bound to the G.P.O. or Bank
    And back to work again.
They didn’t have time to look at God,
    He wasn’t a Business Man;
He didn’t care about stocks or shares,
    Or the way their offices ran.
The pretty girls they passed him by—
    They were all going to tea,
With nice young men to eat and drink
    And talk vivaciously.
And so he wandered on and on
    Humming a little tune
That Gabriel had once composed,
    Singing to the moon.
He loitered at the corner till
    A policeman on his beat
Said: “Move on, please; now then, old man
    This isn’t all your street!”
I thought, now God he won’t like this,
    For men to let him go
Unnoticed through their noisy town,—
    He’s never treated so
In Heaven, I’ll bet; but here men swear
    When he gets in their way.
When everyone by rights should fall
    Down on their knees and pray.
Surely his wrath shall rise, and we
    Will be consumed: his eye
Shall lightnings dart; his thunderbolts
    Shall hurtle from the sky!
We are a faithless people; shame
    Is ours! God will do well
To blast that policeman where he stands,
    To plunge us all in hell!
Now is the time that men shall feel
    The scorpions of his rod—
God opened wide his mouth and laughed—
    “It’s a queer world!” said God.

C. U.
Education and Free Speech.

(We have taken the liberty of prefixing to this letter from the Rhodes Scholar for 1920 a few sentences from a little book by Mr. A. Clutton Brock, well-known as one of the most thoughtful and clear-sighted of modern English writers on aesthetics and education; so far as we know he has yet to be accused of disloyalty, by the British Minister of Education or anybody else.—Editor "Spire").

"Therefore, one chief aim of education should be to insist that truth is always desirable for its own sake, and no matter what its consequences may seem to be. It should encourage the spiritual desire for truth no less than the spiritual desire for goodness. It should insist that the function of the intellect is to discover truth, not to discover reasons for doing what we want to do. And it should therefore never discourage in the learner any desire for truth, however inconvenient it may be. . . . There is, no doubt, sometimes danger in the truth; but there is far more danger in the notion that truth does not matter. . . . It is the natural instinct of the spirit, in its desire for truth, to rebel against rules when they are blindly imposed, and this rebellion, however much of a nuisance it may be, is necessary to the healthy life of any society. It is just because there is not enough of it in Germany at present (1916), because her young have been taught to believe what is supposed to be for the good of the nation, because they have not revolted against this teaching but have taken the good of the nation for an absolute good, that the Germans have committed more crimes in their docility than any nation has ever committed out of sheer lawlessness."—A. Clutton Brock, "The Ultimate Belief."

TO THE EDITOR.


Sir—When I was at school in New Zealand I was taught that it was a great thing to be British, because so being one enjoyed so much freedom. I was greatly impressed by that teaching and the impression has persisted. Although I am for a while out of New Zealand, it is my home, and I hope to return to it. Its enemies are my own enemies, even though they set themselves up as our best friends and defenders. It is an enemy of our country who tries to take away our freedom; and if he is a Minister of the Crown, he is the worse enemy that his opportunities are so great. I have followed in the papers the course of recent events in Wellington, and confess some dismay at the sentiments expressed and the acts done by the Minister of Education.

I refer to the case of Miss Weitzel, which seems to me to be important because it raises a great principle and indicates a settled policy.

The points to which I wish to draw attention are two: (1) Miss Weitzel was dismissed on being convicted of distributing communist literature. It is not quite clear whether the fault is (a) in being a communist, or (b) in instructing her pupils in communism. Are we not entitled to know by what rule the Minister proceeds? May a teacher be a communist and keep his place so long as he refrains from attempting to propagate his views among the children? If the fault is in being a communist, then the idea clearly is that a teacher cannot be a communist without influencing children towards communism. Does the Minister hold that? Then there
are difficulties. (1) Is the Minister ready to apply this rule to the matter of religion? On this view a Roman Catholic, a Jew, a Baptist, a Theosophist, a Mormon, cannot help influencing his pupils. Are not the Anglicans (i.e., the great majority) entitled to claim that only Anglicans shall teach in our schools? Does the Minister mean to break up our national system of education? Or does he take the cynical view that religion doesn’t matter and that only commerce must be considered?

(2) Is the Minister ready to apply the rule to conduct and morals?. There are, for example, some people who hold unusual views of marriage and sex-relations. Is the mere holding of such views sufficient to make the holder unfit for the teaching service? The Roman Catholics and an important section of the Anglicans hold that the re-marriage of divorced persons is sinful. Now if a mother has so re-married, she may feel it intolerable to have her child daily taught by a person who holds that the child is a child of sin. If the teacher’s beliefs do influence the children (even though the teacher does not try to propagate them) is not the mother justified in asking that no Roman Catholic or Anglo-Catholic should teach in the school? All this, if beliefs do influence teaching as the Minister thinks. Or again—as a recent controversy in the Auckland press has shown—there are not a few devout persons who hold that dancing, card-playing and drinking are cardinal sins. Most people think otherwise. But—is such a person disqualified from entering the teaching service? Or again—some women smoke (most women in England seem to). Every one knows how example is contagious. If a parent thinks smoking by women a detestable practice, has the parent a right to insist that the teacher shall not smoke—even out of school hours?

(3) Is the Minister ready to apply the rule to political opinions? May no member of the Social Democratic Party, may no Guild Socialist, may no pacifist, may no philosophic anarchist (and all these wish to overthrow the existing order), may none of these teach in our schools? May no one do so who advocates an appeal to violence? Well, there are difficulties. Is New Zealand going to cut itself off from the rest of the world? Lord Haldane was Lord Chancellor of England. He is a member of the British Labour Party, whose aim is to substitute a new industrial system for the present one. The other night in Westminster I heard the ex-Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Gore, advocating the overthrow of capitalism. Undergraduates hear such advocacy every other Sunday from the pulpit of St. Mary’s. Mr. R. H. Tawney is a Fellow of Balliol and has written a book advocating this change. Professor Soddy, the distinguished Professor of Inorganic Chemistry at Oxford, is the President of the Labour Club. Mr. G. H. D. Cole is a Fellow of Magdalen and a guild socialist. And guild socialists (most dangerous people to members of joint stock companies) are as the sands of the seashore. Lord Parmoor, now doing so much for the Save-the-Children Fund, is a pacifist. Many very quiet and moral people are anarchistic communists. Like Prince Kropotkin, they believe that all industry and control should be left to free agreement. And as to the appeal to violence—everyone remembers how Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Bonar Law stumped this country calling on Unionists to take arms to resist Mr. Asquith’s Home Rule Bill. Mr. Smith is now Lord Birkenhead and Lord Chancellor of England and Mr. Bonar Law is
not unpopular in New Zealand. But none of these eminently reputable people seem fitted for the New Zealand teaching service! Because—on the Minister’s showing—they could not avoid indoctrinating the young with their heresies.

Sir—the Minister occupies a very important position. Think of the opportunities for mischief that he has! On his own rule are we not entitled to know what are his opinions on sex-relations, on the smoking of women, on the re-marriage of divorced persons; what are his religious beliefs, what are his private code of morals; and all the rest of those intimate questions which (on his showing) are certain to influence his work in the Department? Does the Minister look forward with equanimity to a general election fought on these terms?—Surely the fact is that a man’s opinions on such questions in no way unfit him to teach in our schools. The periodic inquisitions set up at the Teachers’ Training College in Wellington are not very dignified; and, apparently, are not very successful in chastening the spirits of the teachers. New Zealand men and women have enough spirit in them to refuse to be dictated to on points of conscience by any Minister. Who is the Minister that he should lay down beliefs for aspiring teachers? Does it occur to him to ask whether it is strictly honourable (being a conservative) to use his position to exclude from the profession persons who hold different views?

The second point is about the University. The Victoria College Council seems to be distressed that any of the students should lean towards communism. This seems to indicate that in its own idea the Council has a censorship of opinion in the University, and that certain opinions (to be indicated by the Council) may not even be discussed. If this is so, it would clear the air if the Council would publish its Index Expurgatorius. What doctrines may not be discussed (or at any rate must be indicated only to be condemned) in the University? Can the Council come to any agreement among themselves, and is this agreement also between the Council and the community?

In the Christchurch papers I find the heading: “Victoria College Asserts Its Innocence”!! But what responsibility can Victoria College have for the opinions of its students? What responsibility ought any university have for the opinions of its students? It seems to me that the very idea of a university is that in it every idea should have free play regardless of the consequences it may involve. There is a danger in New Zealand, as in other new countries, that we undervalue the liberties which in old days our fathers won by their blood and treasure. Because we will not learn Greek, must we forget Socrates? Because we leave off reading our Bible, must we forget Jesus? Have we forgotten Giordano Bruno and the victims of the Inquisition? That is a long tale. Intolerance is not confined to any period of history; it is in our bones. We laugh when we hear that F. D. Maurice lost his chair of English Literature at King’s College because of his views on the duration of eternal punishment. But it is only yesterday that Scott Nearing lost his chair of Economics at Columbia because he had criticised American “big business.” Two generations ago it would not have been possible for me (as a Non-Conformist) to become a member of this University. And it was only the other day that a New Zealand University College refused the candidate for a teaching post in history who had
been chosen by its committee in England, on the ground that his 
religious beliefs were not acceptable.

In writing these lines I confess to a private concern for the 
rights of free speech. I hope myself to teach in the University of 
New Zealand. But I would like to know in advance how much tether 
a teacher is to have. My chief interests are philosophy and religion. 
And I think that people ought to know now, if they do not know 
already, that philosophy (like religion) is dangerous to the estab-
lished order and vested interests. There is dynamite in Kant and 
Socrates. And the good Lord only knows what will come if it ever 
enters into our heads to take the New Testament seriously! But I 
do appeal—very conscious how well modesty sits on young 
shoulders—I do appeal to men and women of goodwill to hesitate 
before they allow such things to go on as have recently happened.

Finally, then, it seems to me that in our primary and secondary 
schools no competent teacher should be disqualified because of his 
opinion in religion, or politics, or economies, and the rest—the un-
derstanding being that the teacher must make no attempt to diffuse 
the "heresies" among the pupils, i.e., to take advantage of their 
immaturity to prejudice their judgment. Parents, as I think, are 
at least entitled to this. On no other basis is a national system of 
education possible. But in the University no such restrictions ought 
to be imposed. The great things of life are all at bottom contro-
versial (witness our controversies!) and we cannot afford to live 
by a lie. I should think that an honest teacher would be especially 
careful to notice what is "fact," in the scientific sense of the word, 
and what is opinion. But he is bound to come to some conclusions 
for the guidance of his own life, and should not be shamed or intimi-
dated into concealing them.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

HAROLD MILLER.

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Sonnet from Richepin.

Drink is the only joy: then Drink be mine,
Oblivion, rosy dreams! Come, dense array
Of bottles dark that capped with crimson shine.
Roll in your golden waves my cares away!

Hither Absinthe where lightly fluttering wheels
My soul, winged through the emerald depths, allay
My pain: Hoochish that ringed with sounding peaks
Dazzles my heart with shimmering silken ray;

And dusky opium soothe me with the weight
Of heavy kisses, soft and smooth as mist!
Come all, consolers of this life! O late
And early might I lie, drunk as I list
And drink more yet! To-morrow I'll be good
Perforce, a splitting head, a throat like wood.

R. S.
Eighteenth Annual Inter-Varsity Tournament
Held at Auckland, Easter, 1922

OUR TEAM.

ATHLETICS.

100 yards: L. A. Tracy, H. G. Whitehead.
880 yards: K. M. Griffin, C. W. Davies.
One mile: K. M. Griffin, H. E. Moore.
Three miles: H. E. Moore, H. McCormick.
One mile walk: R. Young.
120 yards hurdles: A. Jackson, N. M. Thompson
440 yards hurdles: A. Jackson, A. W. White.
High jump: A. D. McRae.
Long jump: A. Jackson, N. M. Thompson.
Putting the shot: D. R. Wood, A. D. McRae.
Throwing the hammer: D. R. Wood, A. D. McRae.

TENNIS.

Ladies’ doubles: R. Gardiner and A. Cott, M. Pigou and M. Myers, I. Thwaites and E. Madeley.
Combined doubles: M. C. Gibb and Miss A. Coull, W. H. Stainton and Miss M. Pigou.

BOXING.

Heavy-weight: A. D. McRae.
Middle-weight: R. W. Fraser.
Welter-weight: V. H. Cunningham.
Light-weight: N. J. Lewis.
Feather-weight: R. R. T. Young.
Bantam-weight: W. P. Pringle.

DEBATING.

J. W. G. Davidson and W. A. Sheat.

TOURNAMENT DELEGATES.

S. A. Wired and E. Evans.

We met the Southerners on Thursday morning. Their boat was an hour or so late, and several faces betrayed that all had not been well. However, a light breakfast and a motor trip seemed to revive them somewhat, and their conversation was more cheery when we joined the two o’clock train.

The journey was uneventful. Memory can recall only many poker parties, and a monotonously told story of a man they could not hang owing to his abbreviated neck.
Weary but thankful we tumbled out into rain-masked Auckland, and spent the day recuperating and watching the rain drops. Some took advantage of a very thoughtful move of Auckland’s and visited the “Rendezvous” cabaret, where music, ping-pong, cards, and dancing were indulged in with becoming grace and abandon.

Saturday was devoted to tennis and debating (q.v.) and to keeping dry. We began to comprehend why Auckland calls itself the Queen City—it seemed to be always raining. The A.U.C. girls sportingly undertook to wait at luncheon and afternoon tea, and there was one cute little damsel—but that, alas! is another story.

On Sunday the weather was a little more settled with only one considerable shower. A special service at St. Matthew’s was well attended, and the rest of the day spent in private trips and a C.U. tea at the Rendezvous.

On Monday we were treated to more tennis and boxing. We understand the ladies also arranged a moonlight (?) picnic upon Auckland’s pride and glory, but personally we went to the boxing.

We had looked forward to Tuesday as our great day, for our Athletic team was held most likely to retrieve our shattered fortunes. But it was not to be, and in the evening we went, semper resurgens, to the Ball to make one last bid for the honours of the game. The Town Hall was comfortably filled and prettily decorated. His Excellency and Lady Jellicoe with the vice-regal party were present; and Lady Jellicoe presented the trophies to the successful contestants. She also gave back to Canterbury their long-lost Easter Egg.

Oh, Easter egg! How we respected you in the train and on the tennis-courts, until you tempted us beyond endurance on the evening of debate! How our three-miler found you thrust into his arms and speeded with you ’midst the night-lights of Auckland, until at last you entered into the halls of oratory and found yourself inscribed with the names of the chairman and judges of that historic contest! How we struggled and pantedit afterwards, four of us aside, in far-famed Queen Street until the pavement echoed with the thud of conflict, until we seized you once again, and for three long days we held you out of sight! Was it perchance the operation of Nature and Father Time within you that led us to abandon you in the men’s dressing-room and let you be presented to the lamenting Lockwood? Oh, egg, perhaps it was; yet next Easter when the plasterer brings forth a fresher egg than you, we shall again accept the gage of battle and shall join the fight anew!

Next day we were invited to afternoon tea, and took the opportunity of thanking students, billeters, and friends for their great kindness and a keenly-fought tournament. A little private jubilation at dinner, and we boarded the train once more.

Most of us were tired, but we welcomed every station with songs and hakas that had now become common property. Who shall forget Frankton Junction with its chorus of “If you want to be right happy now and evermore.” its bewildered Salvation Army man, and the collection that was made for him? Wellington once again, more hakas on the wharf—and Easter was a memory.

No record of the Tournament would be complete without a note of our gratitude to Professor and Mrs. Murphy, who were the kindest of chaperones and took the greatest interest in the doings of the team.
THE DEBATE.

The Debating Contest for the Joynt Challenge Scroll was held in the Town Hall Concert Chamber on the evening of Easter Saturday. There was a large attendance of students from the four Colleges and of the general public.

Mr. J. S. Stanton presided until the arrival of the Mayor, Mr. Gunson, who had been unavoidably detained. The judges were the Rev. W. G. Monckton and Messrs. A. H. Johnstone and E. Aldridge, and the subject of the debate: "That rights of self-government, similar to those enjoyed by the self-governing Dominions should be granted to India."

The first debate was contested by Canterbury College for the affirmative, and Auckland University for the negative. Mr. K. G. Archer, the opening speaker for Canterbury, proceeded to show that India was now ready to govern herself, and that it was only just that she should have the same measure of political freedom as the remainder of the Empire. Unfortunately for Mr. Archer, the audience now proceeded to take a truly active interest in the debate. Every now and then during a lull in the storm, the speaker managed to get a few words in, but it is to be feared that the force of his argument was considerably weakened by the interruptions. In spite of this very considerable disadvantage, Mr. Archer's speech was very good. His words were well chosen, and his arguments simple and logical. Mr. Archer's experience in the last two tournaments no doubt stood him in good stead.

Mr. P. O. Vale, the first speaker for the Auckland College, met with the same reception as Mr. Archer, but he also managed to weather the storm. The subject matter of his speech was mostly good, and his arguments clearly presented. His delivery, however, lacked slightly in force and expression, and he failed to convince his audience as Mr. Archer had done.

Mr. J. Batchelor, Canterbury's second speaker, proceeded to show—whenever the audience would permit him—that the granting of political freedom to India was now quite practicable. Mr. Batchelor spoke with plenty of emphasis and energy, and quickly secured the attention of his audience. He would have been still more effective had he moved about less.

Auckland's second speaker, Mr. A. G. Davis, had unfortunately been taken ill shortly before the debate, and his place was taken by Mr. A. K. Turner. Considering that Mr. Turner had to prepare his speech on very short notice, his effort was very creditable. It was in his criticism of Mr. Batchelor's arguments that the lack of preparation was most noticeable. In this part of his speech Mr. Turner showed a tendency to repeat himself and to overwork his arguments.

The second debate was between Victoria College (affirmative) and Otago University (negative). Mr. J. W. G. Davidson, the opening speaker, made quite a good case for the affirmative. The people of India, he said, were clamouring for the right to govern themselves. If Great Britain refused to grant this right there was grave danger of another Indian Mutiny. Mr. Davidson's weakness was a lack of emphasis and a failure to vary the pitch of the voice. Although some of his arguments were not very sound, most of his subject matter was good. He spent far too long in discussing the Indian land-tax law, which was rather a by-way of the subject. Above all, he was very earnest and obviously believed in his subject.
Mr. J. H. Coombes, for the negative, admitted the justice of some of the claims put forward by Mr. Davidson, but contended that they were impracticable. He then elaborated several serious obstacles to the granting of self-government. The people of India, he said, were nearly all uneducated, and took absolutely no interest in matters political. An election which had been tried by way of experiment in one of the large towns had been a dismal failure. It was not the great mass of the Indian people who were demanding self-government but a very small minority, composed mostly of malcontents. Mr. Coombes’s speech was very well arranged, and was spoken clearly and emphatically. Many of his arguments were unanswerable.

This fact, however, did not prevent Mr. W. A. Sheat, Victoria’s second speaker, from making a determined attack upon them. Indeed, more than ten minutes of the allotted time had passed before Mr. Coombes was left in peace. What Mr. Davidson lacked in vigour Mr. Sheat more than made up for. Were Mr. Sheat a little less aggressive, his words would carry considerably more weight. Graceful gesture and a less hesitating flow of words are essential for a vigorous speaker, but these will doubtless come with time.

The last debater was Mr. W. M. Ryburn of Otago University. In direct contrast to Mr. Sheat he spoke clearly and deliberately, and gave one the impression that he would be able to substantiate all his arguments. Even in his criticism of the statements of the Victoria College speakers, he showed a thorough grasp of his subject. He pointed out the great difficulty of caste. The people of India are divided into a number of castes, which could not unite even for the purposes of government. The Indian people as a whole desired no alteration to the present system. The trouble was being caused by a few malcontents who were stirring up the people for their own selfish purposes. Although Mr. Ryburn’s delivery was not quite so good as that of Mr. Archer or Mr. Batchelor, his speech was probably the best of the evening.

While the judges were deliberating Messrs. Dickinson, De la Mare, Thomas, and the Chairman made reference to the disturbances of the early part of the debate. Mr. Thomas, who had previously informed us, amongst interruptions that “His Worship the Mayor—has been—unavoidably detained—by an accident—to his—motor-car.” rather marred the solemnity of his speech by walking over the edge of the platform.

In announcing the decision of the judges, the Rev. W. G. Monckton said that some little time had been spent by them in deliberation, as it had not been easy to come to a decision. Eventually the judges had decided that in the first debate Canterbury had beaten Auckland, and that in the second debate Otago had beaten Wellington. Finally, it had been agreed that Canterbury had defeated Otago, though only by a little.

On the motion of Mr. N. R. W. Thomas, votes of thanks were accorded to Mr. Gunson, Mr. Stanton, and the Mayor. Cheers for the Canterbury College debaters concluded the gathering.

* * *

During the last few years the Tournament Debate has fallen into bad odour with the public, on account of the senseless disturbance that has been created by a section of the students. We are
glad to say that the practice has been dying out among Victoria’s representatives, and an article that appeared in these columns last year appears to have found general acceptance.

At Auckland last Easter the question was again given great prominence. Owing to continuous uproar on the part of several students the first two speakers had great difficulty in making themselves heard. Mr. J. Stanton, who was then in the chair, was obliged to make several appeals for order. It was unfair, he said, that a few students should prevent the rest of the audience from hearing the speeches. At the beginning of Mr. Batchelor’s speech the Mayor was compelled to make a final appeal for order, and at the end of the speech the interjectors left the hall en masse.

While the judges were considering their verdict several members of the audience spoke in condemnation of the disturbances, and their views were obviously shared by a large majority of those present.

Mr. J. C. Dickinson considered that it was unfortunate that the earlier speakers had been heckled, while the later ones were free from interruption. This made it very difficult to judge impartially. In his opinion a little interjection tested the capabilities of a speaker, and should have been permitted.

Mr. J. H. Gunson stated that he did not object to a moderate amount of interjection, provided it was fair and relevant to the subject-matter. There was, however, a limit to the right to interject and that limit had been reached when he appealed for order.

Mr. F. A. de la Mare pointed out that preventing a debater from making himself heard was just as unfair as justling an athlete on the track or walking on a tennis court during a match. It was not as if “gagging” the speakers were a time-honoured custom. Mr. de la Mare had been at fourteen Tournaments, and the practice had arisen only very recently. He also considered that the interjectors showed very bad form in leaving the hall as soon as they were worsted, thus making it clear that they had come to make a noise and not to hear the debate.

It should be stated in defence of the students that this year’s debate was probably quieter than the three previous ones. At the same time, such disturbances as took place are unfair not only to the speakers, who are doing their best for their Colleges, but also to the audience. Animal spirits might be vented before the debate and between speeches, but while a speech is in progress common decency demands that concerted stunts should be barred, although humorous and terse interjections followed in silence can never be objected to.

**BASKETBALL.**

Basketball was this year unofficially included in the Tournament. V.U.C. was represented by the following team:—F. Neal, B. Knell, D. Crumpton, D. Bailey, M. Carruth, A. Brown, E. Smith (Captain). “Although the team was very keen and enthusiastic,” says our special correspondent, “we were not successful in carrying off the shield. Nevertheless we have very pleasant memories of Auckland.”
The Tennis Championships were commenced on Easter Saturday, on the Onehunga grass courts. Owing to their previous soaking, the courts were somewhat "dead," and our representatives, who were for the most part accustomed to the high bouncing balls of their own hard courts, did not show their best form in the first round. As this was, in most cases, their last round also, it is the more regrettable. Not, however, that more was expected of this team than has been expected of V.U.C. tennis representatives during the last few years—we were not surprised, merely disappointed.

In the first round of the men's singles J. M. Power, our first string, by steady play and accurate placing, accounted for Harrop (C.U.C.), 6—4. 6—3. Hollings, our second man, did not play up to form, and was easily beaten by Worker (C.U.C.), 6—1, 6—1.

In the second round (semi-final) Power met Lusk (O.U.) and lost the first set (6—2) after being repeatedly foot-faulted—a sensation he had never before experienced. In the second set, however, he settled down, and at one stage was within a point of taking the set, the Otago man finally winning, 9—7. That Lusk had indeed struck his best form was shown in the final, when he accounted for Worker in two straight sets, 6—2, 8—6.

In the men's doubles Power and Gibb lost to Slater and Wilkinson (O.U.), 6—3, 9—7. Here again they were within a point of winning the second set, but it was not to be. With more practice together our men would have made a very formidable pair. Our other double, Burns and Stainton, went out to the first Auckland pair, Entwhistle and Nicholson, 6—2, 6—3; the Aucklanders winning from Worker and Tench (C.U.C.) in the final after a closely contested three-set struggle.

In the ladies we claimed to have a fairly good team, but the results were rather disappointing. Miss Thwaites was the only one to survive the first round, Misses Madeley and Gardner both losing to Otago's representatives. Miss Ballantyne (O.U.) put up a game fight in the final against Miss Knight (A.U.C.), Miss Knight winning 9—6, this making her fourth successive win in inter-varsity tennis.

In the ladies' doubles Misses Gardner and Coull (V.U.C.) won their first round, and then lost in the semi-finals to the first Canterbury pair. Misses Thwaites and Madeley had the misfortune to meet Misses Knight and Mueller (A.U.C.) in the first round and were beaten by their more experienced opponents. In the finals, the first Auckland and Canterbury pairs had a hard struggle, Auckland winning 11—9.

Of the combined there is not much to be said. Gibb and Miss Coull did not combine well together, and Stainton and Miss Pigou met a superior combination in the first Otago pair.

Of the five events Auckland won four, Otago winning the men's singles. Canterbury were in the final in four of the five events, and Victoria—.

There is only one way in which we can win the Inter-Varsity Tennis Challenge Cup next year—by improving our standard of play by about 50 per cent. all round.
THE BOXING CONTEST.

The Boxing Championships for 1922 were held in the Town Hall, Auckland, on Monday, April 17th, under the auspices of The Northern Boxing Association, when a good attendance was assured. His Excellency the Governor-General being an interested spectator.

Undoubtedly the standard of boxing at the last tournament was a high one, and although V.U.C. did not bring home the Boxing Shield we have every reason to be proud of our team and the showing they made at Auckland. The team dispatched to uphold the honour of V.U.C. was as follows:—

Bantam-weight (under 8st. 2lbs.): W. P. Pringle.
Feather-weight (under 9st.): R. Young.
Light-weight (under 10 st.): N. J. Lewis.
Welter-weight (under 10st. 9lbs.): V. H. Cunningham.
Middle-weight (under 11st. 4lbs.): Fraser.
Heavy-weight: A. D. McRae.

Owing to the non-appearance of an opponent in the Bantam-weight, Pringle again had no fight. This is the third time this has happened at the Easter Tournaments, Pringle being unopposed other than by aspirants after bantam honours at V.U.C.

The Feather-weight bouts were disappointing, there being much room for improvement by all the competitors. In the first bout Young (V.U.C.) 8st. 11lbs., beat J. E. R. Patterson (O.U.) 8st. 10lbs., after a willing bout. The verdict was popular, Young's defence being his distinguishing feature. In the final bout Young beat S. F. Jenne (C.U.C.) 8st. 13lbs, mainly with his persistent left lead and better footwork. Young is a promising boxer and well deserved his win, his pluck and endurance standing him in good stead in several mix-ups.

In the Light-weights Canterbury had a champion in Farquharson. Farquharson's exhibition of boxing was one of the best of the evening. In the first round Farquharson (C.U.C.) 10st. easily outpointed Colwin (O.U.) 9st. 8lbs., but in the finals there was little to pick between the winner and Lewis (V.U.C.) 9st. 13lbs. Lewis is a steady boxer and uses his hands efficiently, while his ability to take punishment is marked. But he again was outpointed by Farquharson, who, by means of quicker and cleaner hitting and a disconcerting right cross to the face and body, gradually wore his opponent down. The decision in favour of Farquharson was popular.

The Welter-weight competitors appeared to be in better training than any of the other competitors. In the first bout Cunningham (V.U.C.) 10st. 13lbs., who was in the pink of condition, defeated Maxwell (A.U.C.) 10st. 5lbs., after a willing go. Cunningham showed great improvement on last year, his style and speed both doing credit to his recent training. Maxwell was a beaten man from the first round of the gong, but held gamely on till the last round. In the second bout Jefcoate (O.U.) 10st. 9lbs. comfortably defeated Crabbe (C.U.C.) 10st 8lbs. by his worrying tactics and disregard of punishment. In the finals was witnessed one of the most interesting fights of the evening. Although the decision went to Jefcoate, it was not a popular one with the public, the punishment meted out to him by Cunningham telling in the latter's favour throughout the bout. Time and again Coningham connected
with a straight left to the jaw, but Jefsoate’s ability to take his
gruelling saved him from an early defeat. With his persistent
attacks and initiative in leading he began to worry Cunningham,
who undoubtedly showed a lack of resource in the last round. He
however, finished the fresher of the two, and, in the writer’s opinion,
was the undoubted winner of the bout.

The Middle-weight contests were equally as interesting as the
Welter’s. In the first bout Fraser (V.U.C.) 10st. 12lb. proved too
cool and clever with his hands for Macken (A.U.C.) 10st. 12lb.
who threw in the towel in the second round. Lawther (C.U.C.)
11st. 4lbs. fought a steady and determined bout against Lamb (O.U.)
11st. 4lbs., who was repeatedly foiled in his attempts at mixing it,
his opponent’s defence proving too good for him, and the pace too
severe.

In the finals Lawther took the aggressive against Fraser, and
from the start showed more resource. Fraser’s footwork, as in his
former bout, was very bad. He repeatedly tripped himself up and
laid open his defence in his efforts to retain his balance. With a
good left and a good defence when Fraser fought back, Lawther
had the advantage after two even rounds, and with several quick
lefts and rights to the face completely broke down Fraser’s defence
and won the verdict.

The Heavy-weights, from a boxing point of view, were dis-
appointing; though from a spectacular point of view, McLean
(A.U.C.) certainly proved entertaining. The way McLean, who is
an exceptionally powerful hitter, knocked out both his opponents
in the first round was a feature of the evening. Neither man was
able to stand up to him for a minute, McLean himself being
untouched.

In the first bout McRae (V.U.C.) 12st. 2lbs., looked like getting
the better of Craven (C.U.C.) 12st. 2lbs. McRae set a lively pace
for a heavy-weight and twice floored his opponent by a heavy right to
the jaw in the first round. In the second round Craven showed more
cautious, and repeatedly slipped his left in behind McRae’s too-confi-
dent guard. By a continuous drive of his left to the face Craven
quite turned the tables on the first round, and after a lot of punish-
ishment being taken by both men, secured the verdict by a narrow
margin. Having knocked out Kirkland (O.U.) 12st. 2lbs., with a
powerful left to the point followed by a right hook to the solar
plexus, in a few seconds, McLean repeated the performance inside a
minute, when Craven faced him in the finals.

During the evening two special bouts of four two-minute rounds
were fought by Auckland amateurs, when Halton (9st. 11lbs.) defeated
Keenan (8st. 9lbs.), and Brien (9st. 4lbs.) was awarded the decision
over Ottoway (9st. 13lbs.).

Mr. Frank Burns was referee, there being no other judges.
Mr. J. E. Fagan was roundsman, and the timekeepers were Major
P. B. Greenough and Mr. A. H. Gyllies.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

R. Young: A promising boxer, with a solid defence; would do
well to study attack and quicken his speed; footwork needs im-
proving.

Lewis: A steady boxer with an ability to take punishment;
needs to practise footwork and improve his speed.
Conningham: Shows great improvement both with hands and feet. Is lacking in initiative and resource on being attacked; should practice counters, especially to the body.

Fraser: An exponent of cool and clever boxing marred by weak footwork; should learn in retreating to move both feet together, and never to stand with left foot behind the right.

McRae: An alert and speedy heavy-weight, with a bad habit of becoming disconcerted when hustled; should practice counter attacking.

It may be mentioned here that owing to the failure of a bout to eventuate in the bantam-weight, and the rule that a win by default does not count towards the shield, it has been decided to raise the weight for the bantam-weight to 8st. 6lbs. or under.

ATHLETICS.

Owing to the Ellerslie races and other reasons, the Sports were held at the Domain on Easter Tuesday instead of Monday. The day was cloudy but calm; the track was still a trifle heavy from rain, and in places badly needed a roller. Under the circumstances the times recorded were excellent.

Our team was especially strong in the track events. As usual our field event men had the brute force without the necessary technique, while the jumps and walk had not attracted their fair share of talent. These events each count as much as the flat races, and if we are to regain the shield we must find aspirants for them, aspirants too who are keen enough to give time and serious thought to their training. They differ from the track races in that something short of a champion is still able to win points in them. The Athletic Club Committee, which is now in a strong financial position, should see that coaches and masseurs are obtainable by members of the Club. Further, a shot, a hammer, a high jump stand, and some hurdles should be purchased and kept near the College; and the strongest efforts should be made to procure a jumping pit somewhere—anywhere, so long as one is found. But the men themselves must do the work, and there can be no harm in acquiring the correct style by training a night or two a week throughout the winter.

Another factor that should be considered by our representatives is team work. It was most noticeable in the 880 yards and 440 yards hurdles and other races how Canterbury’s second string was under orders as to his method of running the race to the best advantage for his first string. A little indulgence by a first string too might often win us second as well as first place. This would assist in no small degree if we are to win the shield.

However, our team was strong enough to have a considerable following. The Auckland papers openly prophesied that A.U.C. would win the shield after a strenuous struggle with Victoria. But the day proved to be a day of surprises, and, for us, disasters. Every crack, save Webber of Auckland, had his colours lowered; while a new star, by the name of Porritt from Otago, appeared in the firmament.

The first event, the shot, proved an easy win for O.U. The mile resulted in a victory for Webber by some 20 yards from Moore,
The Victoria University College Review.

who ran his best track mile to date. The time equalled the record of the late Athol Hudson, established in 1914. Hudson's lap times (I speak from memory), were: 62 secs., 2 mins. 11 secs., 3 mins. 23 secs., 4 mins. 32 secs.; Webber's, 65 secs., 2 mins. 19 secs., 3 mins. 33 secs., 4 mins. 32 secs.

The 220 was won by Tracy in what was, for him, the slow time of 23 secs. Porritt was two feet away second, after getting a couple of yards lead near the start. He is phenomenally quick out of his holes, and got a similar lead in all his other races. Whitehead (V.U.C.) was a good third.

The long jump produced the first surprise, when Perry the former champion was beaten. Buckhurst, the winner, passed 21 feet in all his six jumps, the best being 21 ft. 10¼ ins. Perry did only one good leap, 21 ft. 3¾ ins., which gained him second place. Harkness, Otago's high jumper, had the misfortune to sprain his ankle on the take off. He finished third.

At the luncheon adjournment each College had three points.

The afternoon commenced with the heats in the 120 hurdles. In the second heat Buckhurst, holder of the New Zealand Championship, won by six inches from Porritt, in 16-2/5 secs. Jackson, who was slower off the mark and struck the first hurdle, was a yard away third. The other heat, fought out by the second strings, was won by Flynn of A.U.C., in 17-2/5 secs.

The 880 yards provided an exciting race. Davies, of Victoria, set a merry pace, covering the quarter in 57 secs. He was closely followed by the two Canterbury men and Grierson (A.U.C.), the present record-holder. Griffin, further back, waited for the pace to slacken. In the second lap there was a good deal of fighting for the lead until 200 yards from the tape, when Griffin made a strong sprint and won comfortably. The time, 2 mins. 1-2/5 secs., was a University record. Grierson fell exhausted at the entrance to the straight, and Davies and Page had a great fight for second place, Page just getting home. Both must have fringed the previous record, and with a little track experience Davies must prove a particularly tough proposition next year. Griffin, who had been suffering from a severe cold, showed great wisdom in treating the mile as a mere pipe-opener, and reserving himself for the half.

The hammer gave Otago her customary three points. Kingston threw 115 ft., and Gray 109 ft.—both good performances. It is to be regretted that Otago can always find men to practise in this event, while all the other Colleges treat it as a side-line.

The 100 yards saw Tracy beaten by six inches by Porritt. Tracy was gaining at the tape, but probably achieved nothing by jumping at it. Whitehead was a yard away third.

The mile walk produced a very fair walker in Wily of A.U.C., who won easily by 15 yards. McKegg (Otago) was not pushed for second place. A. W. Page who was leading when the bell went, and appeared to be going well, was disqualified and left Wily unopposed.

The high jump was the poorest performance of the day, probably due to a rather heavy take-off. V.U.C. scored nothing.

In the quarter Tracy rejustified himself by leading throughout and winning by 8 or 10 yards. The record time (1/5 secs. better) might well have gone if Tracy had been pushed. Grierson just beat Black of Canterbury for second place.
The final of the hurdles gave another victory to Porritt, who beat Buckhurst on the tape. With this, our chance of winning the shield vanished. Porritt was surrounded by the medicals and carried off the field—and well he deserved it.

In the three mile a fairly slow two miles (10 mins. 34 secs.) found all the competitors still together, but Webber and Moore started to brighten the pace, and in the last lap sprinted together. Webber had lasted better and won by 25 yards, with Moore a good second. Vailance, a young Aucklander of promise, was third. Before Moore can beat the Australian champion he will have to develop a somewhat easier arm action, and he able to get on to his toes for a periodical sprint. He undoubtedly has the staying power.

There remained the event which we regarded as our own preserves, the quarter hurdles. Jackson as usual went for the inside running. He was drawn out over the earlier stages by Malfroy, Canterbury’s second string. Then a couple of hundred yards from home Calder drew alongside and a magnificent neck and neck struggle ensued. At the last hurdle Jackson faltered, and Calder won by five yards. Malfroy finished third. The time, 58-4-5 secs. is the best yet registered in New Zealand over the low hurdles.

The relay race proved an easy thing for Victoria. The popular medley (880 yds., 440 yds., 220 yds., 220 yds.) was substituted for the old contest, and Griffin, Thomas, Whitehead and Tracy won comfortably by 20 yards. C.U.C. was second. Time 3 mins. 45 secs. Our sprinters in particular ran well, and Whitehead is said to have equalled the record of 22-4-5 secs. He is a greatly improved runner, and next year will be a champion.

Otake, doubtless porridge-fed, accounted for the tug-of-war. The points at the finish were: O.U. 12. V.U.C. 10. C.U.C. 9, and A.U.C. 8.

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Our Photograph of Easter Tournament Representatives, shows (from left to right):


**Second Row:** W. H. Stainton, K. M. Griffin, Miss E. Madeley, N. M. Thompson, Miss I. Thwaites, V. H. Cunningham, Miss R. Gardner, C. W. Davies.

**Third Row:** Miss M. Myers, L. A. Tracy, E. Evans, S. A. Wren, Miss M. Pigou.

**Fourth Row:** W. P. Hollings, Miss A. Cough, N. J. Lewis, J. W. G. Davidson

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**Duae Noctes.**

Dark silhouette with twinkling points of light,
Clear sky beyond with ragged wreaths of cloud
Sudderding wind-driven over the hills to greet
Yon sombre mass that lies
Banked over the southern sea.

Night lights flashing brightly through a sullen sky—
Clear to the south the stars shine out
Like white sails gleaming from a calm lagoon
Encompassed by the darkening land.

R. F.
## Official Results—Easter Tournament

### Athletic Championships

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<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td>100 Yards</td>
<td>A. E. Porritt, O.U.</td>
<td>L. A. Tracy, V.U.C.</td>
<td>10 sec.</td>
<td>10 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>880 Yards</td>
<td>K. M. Griffin, V.U.C.</td>
<td>R. O. Page, V.U.C.</td>
<td>2 mins. 1 2-5 sec.</td>
<td>2 mins. 3 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Mile</td>
<td>R. M. Webber, A.U.C.</td>
<td>H. E. Moore, V.U.C.</td>
<td>4 mins. 32 sec.</td>
<td>4 min. 32 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Mile Walk</td>
<td>H. J. Wily, A.U.C.</td>
<td>A. R. McKegg, O.U.</td>
<td>7 mins. 20 3-5 sec.</td>
<td>7 min. 6 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>W. H. B. Buckhurst, C.U.C.</td>
<td>A. E. Porritt, O.U.</td>
<td>5 ft. 2 1/2 ins.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Putting Shot</td>
<td>G. R. Kingston, O.U.</td>
<td>W. L. Wiseman, C.U.C.</td>
<td>35 ft. 2 1/2 ins.</td>
<td>37 ft. 3 1/2 ins.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Athletic Shield.—O.U. 12 points.
Ladies' Challenge Cup.—A. E. Porritt.
Trevor Hull Memorial Shield.—W. H. B. Buckhurst.
De la Mare Challenge Cup.—R. M. Webber.
Athol Hudson Memorial Cup.—R. M. Webber.
Siewright Challenge Cup.—H. J. Wily.
Sandstein and Sons' Cup.—Relay Race.—V.U.C.

### Tennis Championships

Tennis Challenge Cup.—A.U.C.
Men's Singles.—R. G. R. Lusk, O.U.
Men's Doubles.—A. M. Nicholson and W. H. Entwhistle, A.U.C.
Ladies' Singles.—Miss B. Knight, A.U.C.
Ladies' Doubles.—Misses B. Knight and H. Mueller, A.U.C.
Combined Doubles.—W. H. Entwhistle, and Miss B. Knight, A.U.C.

### Boxing Championships

Heavyweight.—McLean, A.U.C.
Middleweight.—Lowther, C.U.C.
Welterweight.—Jefcoate, O.U.
Lightweight.—Parquharson, C.U.C.
Featherweight.—Young, V.U.C.
Challenge Shield.—C.U.C.

### Debating Contest

Obituary.

CATHERINE C. BRADDOCK, M.A.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Miss Catherine C. Braddock, M.A.

Miss Braddock was at College from 1912-1917, and members of the Free Discussion Club will recall the keenness and enterprise with which she threw herself into the investigation of subjects that were under discussion. This exemplifies her spirit in all things. In her case, university education involved the discovery of a new philosophy of life, and she had no hesitation in risking her prospects of academic success by changing her course from Botany to Philosophy, when she found the centre of her interests had shifted. Notwithstanding this change, and the great disadvantages under which she worked, she left a very good college and university record: Graduated B.A. in 1916, M.A. with First Class Honours in Philosophy in 1917, in which year she was also awarded a Jacob Joseph Scholarship, which enabled her to carry on the work of her greatest interest—experimental investigations in Psychology. Fortunately at the end of her course, the Post-Graduate Scholarship in Arts was founded and she was elected First Scholar by the University Senate.

E Electing to go to England, she spent a year doing research work in the Psychological Laboratory of Cambridge University, and was there offered and accepted the Sage Fellowship in Psychology at Cornell University, U.S.A., where her work came under the personal direction and influence of Professor E. Bradford Titchener in the Research School of Psychology. Her training had just been completed and she was on the eve of presenting her thesis for the Ph. D. degree, when she was attacked by pneumonia influenza, and died on March 6th in the University Infirmary, after a brief illness of three days.

During her years at V.U.C., circumstances prevented Miss Braddock from taking part in many student activities, but she displayed a lively interest in the College life, and was the soul of the Free Discussions Club, of which she was the secretary. Under the wider influences and greater opportunities of the residential Universities of Cambridge and Cornell, she began to reap the harvest of her earlier efforts. Her life was broadened by association with diverse types of students and membership of their organisations, while in her university work the period of her training was coming to an end, and that of productivity was before her.

Two papers: “The Utility of Pain” and “On Imajery,” had already been published in philosophical magazines, and we are glad to know that Cornell University will publish her thesis later. Those who directed her training expected great things of her. Instead came the end.

To those of us who knew how bravely Miss Braddock had fought all the disabilities of her early life, which included the interruption of her school career by a year of serious illness, this sudden death on the eve of achievement must seem tragic. But the value of life consists in the living, not merely in the achievement. She craved more than anything else the joy which a thorough training in psychology would give her, and we have conclusive evidence that she obtained it.
She was really happy during her residence at Cornell. Not only was she doing the work she loved, but she was at last trained and able to carry out research with competence and method. She knew that the years of struggle were over, and that she had won a place for herself and was appreciated by those with whom she worked.

And it was not only careful training that Cornell gave Miss Braddock but the kindest hospitality, and when illness came, all the care that the most affectionate friendship could devise. The knowledge that, thanks to the University authorities' solicitude, everything that skill and affection could do was done for her is in itself comforting, and we are glad to have this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to them for their thoughtful kindness to a student of this University.

We would also extend our sympathy to Miss Braddock's relatives in their great loss, and trust that it may be some alleviation of their sorrow to know of the value set upon her talents by her Cornell Professor, Dr. Titchener, who writes:—"She is a loss to psychology and to New Zealand, and ought to have gone far. Let us be glad that her last months were so happy."

GEORGE BRUCE DALL.

We copy the following from the "Evening Post" of May 29th:

"The death occurred at Trentham Hospital on May 29th of Lieutenant G. Bruce Dall, only son of Mr. G. B. Dall, ex-assistant secretary of the Post and Telegraph Department. Lieutenant Dall was a distinguished ex-student of Victoria College, who rendered excellent war service, and who was severely gassed during the 1918 operations in France. Lieut. Dall held the degree of B.Sc., and among his other academic attainments was the Sir George Grey scholarship. He left New Zealand with the 14th Reinforcements, having entered camp immediately on attaining his 21st birthday and his B.Sc. degree. On his arrival in France, on account of his special scientific knowledge he was seconded for service with a sound-ranging section of the artillery. He gained a commission in the field, and introduced certain improvements in the sound-ranging apparatus, which considerably increased the accuracy of hostile gun location. Lieutenant Dall was of a modest disposition, and was liked both on the field and in private life. His last long illness was borne with characteristic fortitude and cheerfulness. His death is regarded as a considerable loss to New Zealand science, and particularly to electrical engineering, a profession for which he had trained himself."

Present as well as past students will join in the sympathy felt for Mr. and Mrs. Dall in the loss of their son, and the son of V.U.C.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Lyra Taylor, LL.B., for the opportunity of printing Mrs. Ballantyne's fine Housewife Sonnet on page 38; old students may recognise the delicate art which formed many beautiful things for "The Spike" six or seven years ago, over the initials M.E.H.
A Vision of Judgment.

"Knowest thou not this of old time, since man was placed upon earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the godless but for a moment?—God layeth up his iniquity for his children."

—Book of Job.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream. And the dream I dreamed was this: There was once a bright callow aspiring youth; and he was smitten with a feverish desire for that higher Education which is so plentifully and cheaply dispensed in this glorious young land of Brotherhood and Freedom. And being a youth with the beginnings of wisdom within him, he decided he would devote his student-life to the service of V.U.C., that gracious mistress, and that he would drink from the cup of Pallas within her sacred halls. He did not choose Otago, because he had a horror of Presbyterianism; neither did he choose Canterbury because there, he was told by someone who preferred his name to be kept silent) the girls are rather fast; nor Auckland because that is the home of ribaldry; but he chose V.U.C. because there all the girls are divinely beautiful and all the men are frank and fearless; also at V.U.C. abide James Brook and Mrs. Brook, and one George, a fellow of infinite jest and merriment. He prepared for his prospective career with the most painstaking and devoted care. He learned off the degrees of all the pubs. in the Calendar; also by the kindness of a rising young policeman of his acquaintance he was enabled to gaze long hours at their presentations in the Ragges' Gallery—John Brown was there, his rugged features framed in classic gold; T. A. Hunter was there, in the place of honour due to the first of philosophic anarchists, chief of revolutionaries, his cheerful dial the very apothecary of the double life; Mackenzie was there, who in the good old days at St. Andrew's led the wild student body in so many celebrated breaches of the peace; Murphy was there with his stubble, Adamson and Garrow were there, the two Wilsons—Edwin J. Boyd and F. P., the same whose smile has strewn his path with so many broken hearts; Robertson, with a neatly plotted curve showing the truly remarkable progress of his soul to date; Somerville, who pinned down the little algebriac treachords and so narrowly escaped haging; all these were there and many more. Some he remembered whose faces he did not see; these he concluded had not so far been very deep in crime, or at least had eluded the clutches of the police, e.g., Wiren, Monro, and Neale. He also inspected a very choicce and comprehensive collection of finger-prints; and managed to obtain a few good duplicates for purposes of blackmail. After this he felt he could be pretty sure of identifying most of the pubs., he should meet, and also of getting terms with a minimum of trouble. He cheerfully planked down three shillings and sixpence for the "Old Clay Patch" and read up all the College classics to imbue himself with the right spirit; and all the old "Spikes" that he could collect, he waded through also, and determined that he too would in the Lord's good time contribute to that monument of young and brill-
After these preliminaries he felt he might safely qualify for admission to the haven of his desires; but he had still to go through the worst ordeal of all; it had to be ascertained by the Highest Authorities whether he was a fit person to be allowed (on probation) admittance; whether he could obtain a clean mental and moral bill of health, or whether he was in any way tainted—horrible suspicion!—with the insidious germs of atheism, or Sunday tennis, or Xtravaganztis, or—oh, hideous!—Communism! ! !—or with independent thought in any particular. Had he ever visited the C— Hall?—had he ever listened to Peter Fraser orating from the soap-box?—had he ever read the writings of Harry Holland?—had he ever corrupted the youth or the returned soldier of his native village with the villeness of language such as 'Struth! or 'Sblood! or Gee Whiz?—had he ever been convicted of blaspheamous libel?—In answer to all these questions he was able to proffer a whole bouquet of white flowers from the garden of his blameless life; he hated revolutionary doctrine and every other abomination with the firm unbending hatred of the Minister of Education himself. He took several different Oaths of Allegiance, each more drastic than the last; and solemnly swore that if ever it came to a choice between the service of his Parr on earth and his Father in heaven he would unhesitatingly plunge on Parr. He passed an examination in the meaning of Loyalty and Patriotism and the structure of the Union Jack; he wrote a paper on the elements of musical form as exemplified in the National Anthem; he gave a practical demonstration in the presence of seventeen high officials of his proficiency in saluting the Flag with the right hand, and the left, and both hands together. He sang "God Save the King" into a gramophone for the personal approval of the Hon. the Minister of Education. He produced his birth certificate, his baptism certificate, his Navy League registration-form, and certificates of piety from Bishop Liston and Dr. Gibb; he gave proofs that so far as he knew he was British in blood and bone to the marrow and the last corpsole. He kissed the Bible and swore he would never attend the meetings of the Debating Society, nor the Heretics' Club, nor the Christian Union, that black trap for the unwary; that he would furnish verbatim reports of his profs. 's eloquent discourses to myrmidon of the Law. (Luckily he was not going to be a teacher, so he escaped the worst ordeals of all.) He did all these things so well that the Examining Body were rather disconcerted; they had never come across so blameless a candidate before; they felt sure his innocent face and bright unstudied ways would uplift the moral tone of the College immensely; in fact he might give it quite an ethical outlook on life. The Council were particularly pleased; for, said they, a few more youths of this stamp in the place will work such a change in Bill Massey's heart that he will shower grants and subsidies of every kind on us.
At length came the final test—he was to call on the Minister of Education in his Private Office, the Holy of Holies, there to answer a few final searching questions and receive from the Master's own hands the coveted Diploma (First Class) of Fitness for Higher Education. He was received at the door by a battery of obsequious assistant under-secretaries who passed him on and on till he reached the highest secretary of all. The appearance even of this magnate was such as to appal the most innocent heart, but our hero, strong in the consciousness of his exceptionally holy past, did not blench. Not till he stood on the thick-piled luxurious Persian carpet outside the Door did he show any signs of agitation, but then his knees began to knock together and his heart to flutter most lamentably. Two hours he remained thus, till, at the end, just as he was sinking to the ground in utter exhaustion, the Door opened, a Radiance shone forth, a sudden glory, and he fell on his face in adoration. The rushing of many waters sounded in his ears, and a benificent emotion welled up in his breast. Through the tumultuous agitation of his feelings, he heard that Voice, stern but kindly:—"Rise, follow me!"—He did so, and found himself in a room the simple elegance of which fairly staggered him, face to face with the Presence, the Great Man Himself. "Be seated," said the G. M. "Collect yourself."—While doing so he inspected the tasteful furnishings of the room: the carpet was bordered with a chaste design of Union Jacks intertwined with the family crest of the P—s, on the wall was a giant silken Union Jack, presented by the Navy League in grateful recognition of the G. M.'s defence of the Faith, underneath it a simple pier-Dieu; above the marble mantle-piece was emblazoned the immortal lines of the National Anthem (three verses, music in tonic sol-fa). A life-size autograph portrait of William Ferguson Massey was placed where the light could fall on it most effectively: a bust of the G. M. himself, hand-carved in solid gold, stood on a symmetrical marble pedestal. There was also a picture of Horatio Bottomley in the dock. "He was unfortunate," said the G. M., "but he was a Patriot"—and he dropped a tear. Our hero, feeling that in the presence of such deep emotion sympathy was perhaps advisable, also dropped one. "I can forgive a Patriot a lot," said the G. M. "I am one Myself," he added with simple dignity. On the opposite wall to the Union Jack hung an allegorical design of St. George P— advancing to do battle with the loathly Dragon of Communism, which was led forth from the Salamanean sink of iniquity where it wallowed by the faithful Brook, pushed behind by George. This seemed to give the G. M. great satisfaction, for he repeatedly turned to look at it with a most gratified expression; and well he might, for the idea was his own. He was sitting now at the desk checking off the records of two malefactors, students, the flight of whose awful crimes he had been lucky enough to check in blackest mid-career; they were to be hanged next morning. At his elbow was a list of suspected pro's, who as yet worked their evil will unmindful of the Wrath to come. . . .

At last the interview was over. He had received his Diploma, personally signed and blotted by the G. M.; he was backing to the door—he was outside—he felt an almost intolerable desire to burst into hysterical tears—a wild current of joy too great to be borne by mortal student surged all through his being—the Minister of Education had patted him on the head!—he swooned away.
When he came to he found himself on the pavement—still grasping tight his precious Diploma. He rose with some pain to his feet and set off unsteadily to V.U.C. Once inside those portals a sort of madness came over him—he had attained the summit of his hopes! He filled up all the forms the charming girl in the Registrar's office pressed upon him; he had them signed by his faculty, objects of so much veneration.—At last! he thought, now at long last he was a genuine student! At last he could plunge into the Library, that studious retreat, and bury himself in the lore of all ages! He hastened upstairs, he threw himself within those crystal doors; he clutched to his beating bosom books! books! books! . . . A quiet fateful voice broke upon his ear, measured, suavely courteous, monstrous, restless, instinct with calamity; the old, old question in the inmemorial tones—"Sir, have you produced your library card?—And another thing—you are not allowed to look at the books."

Ah! till this he had held up, he had been strong; nothing could daunt him; examinations, demonstrations, interrogations, inquisitions—he had survived them all; but now, now at the very peak of ambition, this—This! He had a vision of the Professorial Board, secret inquiries, public inquiries, Supreme Court actions, a gigantic correspondence in the papers between the Minister of Education and the Chairman of the Board; he saw the farmers of Carterton and Kaiwarra and every other educational authority in the country rising in frenzy to demand his instant expulsion and execution; cartoons in "Truth," spicy pars. in the "Free Lance," Harcus Plimmer on the war-path, leaders in the "Dominion"!—horror piled upon horror! A lifetime of agony flashed upon him in that one brief sickening instant. A moment he held up his head and fought for breath, then the waves of despair closed over him. He gave a ghastly shudder from head to foot. Something seemed to break within his brain—shrieks after shriek burst from his insane lips. He rushed from the room. Up, up he climbed!—to the topmost floor, the heights, the dizziest summit of the roof of the latest new wing; and thence, shaking his fist at the Universe, menacing him with a million malevolent eyes, the vast implacable inane, with a last inarticulate cry of rage and despair he leapt from the battlements and was dashed to pieces on the gravel below.

—R. I. P.

Triplet.

What folly was mine,
I'd sworn to forget you,
But then when I met you
What folly was mine!
You knew I'd regret you,
Your looks were as wine . . .
What folly was mine—
I'd sworn to forget you

R. S.
The Extravaganza.

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer
  •  •  •  •
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

We will admit that our first feeling after seeing 'Struth, must have resembled somewhat that of the Grey Warbler after it has hatched the Cuckoo's egg. This may have been caused partly by the undoubted fact that 'Struth was the only really intelligible play that V.U.C. has produced for some years; but not altogether. We rather felt that we had been the unconscious grinders of someone else's axe. However, the axe needed grinding; and the thing was a financial success. To it as such we bow—but hereafter from a man with a grudge, in our College productions, Good Lord deliver us.

'Struth owed its success less to the producer than the Extravaganzas have done in the past. There was an abundance of comedy of the primitive type and a number of those sophistic quibbles which the public seems to expect, and religiously enjoys. Perhaps the most amusing incident was the unhearsayed effect on the first night when Lash was five minutes late for his meeting with Stush.

Mr. Mazengarb was for the fourth year in succession the leading light in the production. Mr. Moss was also at the top of his form. Mr. Yaldwyn (Outed) was excellent. He provided a shining example of beautiful enunciation. Mr. Meltzer's acting (we hope it was acting) throughout a difficult part was quite good. Mr. Watkins really needs a specially written part. Not to say he isn't good; but he seems determined to get the last ounce of farce out of a situation, when very little is really needed to make a success of it. Also he might remember that what words he does recollect, should not be poured out altogether in a torrent, but one by one, consecutively. Mr. Egley was disappointing. He always promised to be better than he was. After all, a diluted mixture of Allan Wilkie and Graham Browne is rather rough on Columbus.

Of the ladies Miss Willeceoks made a brilliant success of what seemed a most congenial part. Miss Churchill was delightful. We shall never forget the seductive way she said "Damn" in the first act. Miss Christie as Amontillado made such a charming wife for Columbus that it was rank infidelity on his part to go chasing after Dearfood—until you remember how alluring Miss Pigou was in her Indian make-up.

Mr. Stainton's music was unfortunately not all on the same level. But it must be confessed that he had an unnecessarily hard task. Many of the choruses and several of the songs did not lend themselves easily to musical rendering. However, he had his happy inspirations. The final chorus to Act I was one. This was the best musical number of the evening, and might have been used more in the incidental music. Lash's song in Act II was good; Shrewd's declamation in Act III was ingeniously managed. As a truthful critic, however, we feel bound to remark that one or two of the songs seemed liable to die of inanition at any moment (we nearly did): the most glaring example of this was the Dearfoot-Columbus duct, redeemed so far as redemption was possible by the
singing of Miss Pignon. If it is absolutely necessary to have these languishing love-songs, let the lovers languish a little bit quicker. The Epilogue was another failure—albeit sung in the true Rishworthian style by Mr. Rishworth. Anyway why have an Epilogue at all? Why not the Final Chorus, printed in the programme but not sung? We hope Mr. Stainton will not think us too carping; we hope many more Extravaganzas will be set to his music, and that his music will go on improving.

One more word about music. Really something ought to be done to these soloists! Honestly we have never heard worse singing—not even in an Extravaganza. Lash was passable; Mr. Free would probably have done well if he had had a song to sing. Bar- ring Miss Pignon the others were wretched. This criticism has been in our minds for some years past. If Columbus or the cabin boy must have a song to sing, let them ramp round the stage in the approved style while someone sings it off stage. Very much the same criticism applies to the choruses. Instead of having about thirty people singing dolefully, why not a chorus of about a dozen who can sing and at least appear to understand the meaning of their songs?

To conclude: let us congratulate unreservedly one who has been a mainstay of the Extravaganzas for many years past. Amid the confusion of our hurrying and it may be captious criticisms let us clear a large space, take off our hats, and make an extremely low obeisance to Miss Marie Richmond, who as usual designed all the dresses and supervised their manufacture. She is indeed a tower of strength. Also let us not forget the man with a rotten job, Mr. F. A. Rueck the Business Manager; mingle with our thanks some sympathy. For the rest, we must congratulate those responsible—which of course does not affect in the least our wish that it had been better.

(Owing to the extraordinary way in which the Capping Celebrations have been split up this year, it has not been possible to report the rest of the festivities in this number of "The Spike"; they will, therefore, be described in full and unvarnished detail in our next.)

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Housewife Sonnet.

There is a beauty in neglected things,—
The violet whiteness of the settled dust
On chair and mantel, the unchallenged rust
On knives that cut sour lemons into rings.
I mark the water beetle's carven wings
Before my foot has stamped him with disgust.
This mildewed bread, I notice, has a crust
Of softer orange than the autumn brings.
Nay, let me brush a cobweb from the wall
I am a vandal to the spider's art,—
That novel pattern crushed, what can recall?
I cannot play the housewife's grudging part,
Sponge out the artistry of time, with all
The colour and the form the hours dispart.—M. E. B.
Across the Tararuas.

The week-end after the 1921 degree examinations finished, some twelve of us threw care to the winds and hoisting our packs upon our backs set out for the Tararuas. Those of us lucky enough not to be engaged in the bitter struggle for existence set forth by a train early in the morning. The rest of us, seven in number, two girls and five men, by means of great rushing and bustling managed to catch the 4.13 train from Thorndon to Otaki.

We settled ourselves as comfortably as may be in a second-class carriage on a New Zealand train, with our packs occupying quite a considerable amount of floor and rack space. As the wretched little train rattled its smoky way on, we laughed and talked merrily, all eagerly anticipating the two days of open air and freedom.

We reached Otaki at about 7 p.m., and here we adjusted our packs and set forth to walk to the Otaki Forks, a distance of about fifteen miles over comparatively flat country. There we hoped to be greeted by the advance guard with hot coffee.

Our way at first lay along a road, but soon we left this and scrambled along a track. The darkness fell and the fickle moon betrayed us, so we had to resort to the aid of one small electric torch. Once we lost our way, but after a slight delay we righted ourselves and proceeded to scramble along a decidedly damp and narrow, but unfortunately by no means straight, path high above the Otaki River. On either side of us grew thick bush, from which twinkled and sparkled thousands of tiny lights; the glow worms were having a regular festival, whether in our honour or not we do not know.

After some miles of this scrambling we again struck the road, and then on and on, mile after mile with limbs acheing and heads heavy, the very freshness of the air inviting sleepiness—mile upon mile of dreary trudging, tripping and stumbling over stones and rocks, unseen because the sullen moon still persisted in hiding her head. At this stage there were those in the party who asked themselves why they had come, and heartily wished themselves home—oh, the agony of aching feet and burning shoulders, the feeling of utter helplessness and despair! While these thoughts were running through our minds, a halt was called and throwing off our packs we sat down and devoured the remains of our cut meal, a few sandwiches, scones and apples. Then up and on again into the night, with weary bodies but lighter hearts. Surely the way was not long now—and think of the lovely coffee waiting for us! Then we were in the bush again tramping on and on till oh joy, a light! flickering through the trees, then growing more steady as we approached, until far below us on the opposite bank of the river we could see the lights shining from the hut windows. How our hearts leapt—and the aches and pains in our limbs suddenly deserted us! Down a slippery, rough path we scrambled towards the river, and then oh, horror! a bridge consisting of one plank and two wires swinging high above the river. It had to be crossed however, and so we plunged ahead, but what a feeling—to be swaying in the dark, apparently thousands of feet above a roaring torrent. Imagination is no comfort to one in such a position! But once again we
were on firm, solid ground and climbed up to the hut. Here we were greeted with smiles and coffee! We flung our packs down, rushed for water and towels, and then sat down to a meal, hot stew and coffee helped out with ample supplies of bread, butter and jam.

Most of the advance guard were comfortably tucked up and some even snoring; once we had satisfied the inner man, we followed their good example without any unnecessary delay. To some of us the night was long and full of discomfort, but to the majority of the party it was a period of complete oblivion.

In the morning at about 5 o'clock we rose and breakfasted; and rumour hath it that there were those among the party who had the pattern of wire mattresses indelibly stamped on their tender flesh. Having dressed and packed our belongings we set forth on our adventure. Luckily the morning was fine and the sky blue.

Leaving the hut we mounted a hillside covered with dewy grass and foxgloves, but before long we entered the bush, and the real work began.

Up and up we climbed, a jolly party, chattering and laughing, and singing snatches of song. The bush was beautiful, green and brown, damp and sweet-smelling. Then again we were in open country, scrambling up a steep, slippery track, while ahead of us loomed the peaks. Our present aim was to reach Table-Top and breakfast.

As we climbed a mist swept down and enveloped us, and when we ultimately reached Table-Top we were shivering, chilled through and through by the damp mist. Here we lit a fire and boiled a billy, and hungrily devoured our breakfast. It was so cold that no one had any desire to linger and as soon as our hunger was satisfied we were off again—seeking higher and more distant peaks.

In a little while we called a halt and said farewell to the track, then we started forth over tussock-land, with nothing to guide us but a few posts at very infrequent intervals. We stuck to the ridges and scrambled and puffed and shivered. The mist still surrounded us, and was indeed more like sleet, cold and damp, driving into our faces and freezing our hands and feet. Every blade of the tussock grass was coated with clear ice; we broke the stems off and ate them, thereby only increasing our thirst and making our teeth ache. Walking proved difficult, owing to the slipperiness of the ice; altogether this part of the tramp was not a little painful. Now and again the mist would lift for a short space, giving us an idea of the immensity of the view.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock we reached the highest point, Mt. Hector—generally considered some 5,080 ft., which height was belied by the barometer which one of our enthusiastic scientific friends had taken the trouble to carry up in a small packing case! Rumour hath it that this enthusiast adjusted the barometer at Porirua Harbour, having first been told that the said harbour was at sea level! We did not stay long on Hector, for although the mist lifted as a great curtain and displayed to our gaze a most magnificent view, the air was so cold that we had to hurry on. The view was truly magnificent—north, south, east and west, as far as the eye could reach, land, sea, and sky. We could see Otaki and the beach on one side, and
the Wairarapa plains stretching away to the sea on the other. Faintly in the haze, we could see Wellington, and in the distance lay the South Island; while closer at hand rose range upon range of bush-clad mountains. — We held our breath and gazed, and gazed again, the marvellous glory of it all held us spell-bound! Up here in the heart of nature, with all its beauty spread before us, how small and trivial seemed the cares of every-day life! Those things which loomed large on our horizon down there in the smoky, unlovely city had suddenly dwindled and faded almost away—of what importance were they? All that mattered was life—great and glorious and free. Up there civilisation itself seemed to fade into insignificance, and one wondered if after all were not our primitive ancestors happier and perhaps wiser than we—with all our modern education? However we were not permitted to indulge in these thoughts for long; we took one last look and then continued on our way. Now the mist had cleared completely and overhead was a cloudless expanse of blue, the sun shone down on us and in a short time we had forgotten the cold. For miles we tramped along the top of the ridge, our eyes ever on Alpha, our goal for that day. Early in the afternoon we arrived at the hut, and with joy flung off our packs and set about getting a meal. We ate ravenously, and indulged in good-tempered argument. Everyone was delighted that the first day's work was at an end, and after all our tramping we found ourselves capable of appreciating to the full the pleasure of rest.

The afternoon passed happily, we cut large quantities of greenery for our beds and having had a hearty supper retired early to bed.

The hut consists of one room and in it are five bunks, four of them running from one corner, two above the others, and overlapping at the corner. The fifth is high up under the roof. One of the men swung himself, with some difficulty, into this high perch, and the rest of us distributed ourselves over the remaining bunks and the floor. The girls, four in number, slept (or rather lay and longed for sleep all night) in two of the bunks, one above the other. The other upper bunk was occupied by two men and the lower by one man, as it was broken. The other four men rolled themselves in sleeping bags and lay on the floor. For some time there was much chattering and giggling, and then one by one the men fell asleep, and some of the girls, but on the whole the girls had the worst time of it.

The night was still and quiet, broken only by the variety of snoring in the hut—this in itself provided quite a concert to the wakeful members of the party.

When the first rays of dawn penetrated through the small window, all was still and silent. Soon, however, our admirable chaperon awoke and aroused the sleepers. There were indeed many weary and aching limbs that morning, and it was with relief that most of the party left their beds and stretched their stiffened joints.

As soon as breakfast was over we left Alpha and set out for Omega. Down we plunged into Hell's Gates, and then up out on to Omega. At Omega we left the track and struck out through the bush, with a view to reaching Marchant. This was unknown
country and many were the arguments in favour of all manner of directions—however, in time, and after some persistence in fighting our way through the bush, we reached Marchant itself.

We had lunch at about twelve, in a pleasant spot in some bush. From Marchant the trail started downwards towards Kaitoke. Now indeed we were weary, every bone and muscle seemed to ache, we toiled on silently and slowly—but suddenly we encountered a dog, then a second dog, and then a man! A mere man perhaps, but what of the burden he carried! He had come to meet us and had brought two bottles of elderberry wine to refresh us. The nectar of the Gods was not half so sweet—even now when we think of elderberry wine, a lovely warm refreshing glow fills us. It was like magic; the wine cheered our drooping spirits and eased our aching limbs—we rose as new men, and tramped forward cheerfully, singing and talking, full of fresh life.

At Kaitoke once again we had to walk across a plank and wire bridge, and in daylight the effect was even worse than before. However, once on the other side it was forgotten—and there we met the motor-lorry which was to carry us to the Upper Hutt station. We were just in time for the train and sank, with glad sighs of relief, into our seats. It was over and we were sorry and yet glad; something had been accomplished; and always we would have the memory of a week-end of liberty and thorough enjoyment.

In the train we decided that we would go to the orchestral concert at Fuller's that night. We arrived in town shortly after six and without wasting any time we rushed away to our various homes, and having changed and dined we met again at Fuller's, at a quarter to eight. Here was a transformation scene indeed! In place of the dozen human beings who had dispersed on the station, clad in all manner of dresses and suits, with grimy finger-nails and mud-caked boots, and swaggering large and ungainly packs, we found a handful of extremely tidy and eminently respectable citizens, all showing obvious signs of very recent bathing and shaving. All that remained to speak of our adventure was the tell-tale effect of the sun's affection for some of our party—no amount of powder or other man-made remedies was of avail, our noses shone like beacons—proclaiming to all that we were not what we seemed, not merely quiet law-abiding citizens, but children of the wild—lovers of the open sky, the bush, the hills and a good stiff climb with weighty pack. Almost in pity we looked at the crowds around us and thought, 'what do these know of life, the real thing? Not merely this eternal hustle and bustle, this eternal striving after worldly gain, but of the beauty and vastness of nature and the glory of life itself?'

In spite of these thoughts the concert was most enjoyable, and we had to admit that civilisation has its good points. Afterwards we went and had supper, and as we drank, although unspoken, there came to some of us the words of the old familiar College song:

``Here's to the long white road that beckons,
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves;
And here's to the merry heart that reckons
The rough with the smooth, and never swerves.''

—E. A.
Mr. Dooley on University Reform.

"I see ye been writin' to th' pa-apers, Dooley," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Go on," said Mr. Dooley. "Who told ye?"

"No wan," said Mr. Hennessy. "I guessed it was ye because th' letter was signed 'Raytarned Soljer.' Ye ain't no raytarned soljer, Dooley."

Mr. Dooley looked a little dazed. "Himiss, he said at last, "ye'er logic is too powerful for me. Ye stun me. I might as well own up to it: I did not write that letter. Twas writ be young Hogan, that saw th' Great War fr'm th' Hot Sody Wather Dippartmint iv th' Armontares Branch iv th' Y.M.C.A. He met ivrywan that visited th' fightin' an' he says he niver encountered th' pro-fane expression 'struth' but wance. That was whin a low Aussie come in fr'm a vile-smellin' trinch an' discovered that th' wurrud 'Canteen' didn't mane th' same thing it did at home. I'd hate to tell ye all th' feelin' raymarks he made on th' matther, but young Hogan says they was enough to raise a blister on an iceberg, an' 'struth' was the most appalin' iv th' lot."

"It's plain to me though, Jawn, that they's nawthin' I c'n hide fr'm ye. If I wasn't doin' an'nythin' at all, ye'd come along an' tell me its noospa-aper name an' how manny Orders in Council had been got under th' rope prohibitin' it. They's no use me now jinin' that 'Varsity de-batin' s'eteiy that young Hogan tells me with sorrow is underminin' th' Impire; ye'd confound me in two twos be askin' me if I still raymbermed th' wurruds iv th' Grand National an' th' chune was like. Supposin' I told ye me life's ambition was to baycome a pupil teacher an' that I wint to th' Thrainin' College. Would it desave ye? Not a bit iv it! Ye'er ratiocinations, as Tom calls 'em, wud inform ye that I was really a wild Bol-sheevik, with a bomb in wan pocket an' a pitchetor iv Sir Edward Carson in th' other. An likely as not ye'd yell fr' a young cop to go along dreesed up as a wurrakin man to find out what sort iv stuff I read on Sundays."

"It makes me sad to think where ye'er jaynus is headin' ye. Since ye tuk over that job in th' Shovel Serviece, ye've been me chief soeree iv reevyon, drinkin' off th' stuff left on me hands through th' wurrud man takin' to community singin'; savin' iv course what ye spint on provin' th' breed iv horses at Trintham. Not that I begrudge ye that, Jawn. I'll say this fr' ye, that ye niver picked amny but th' poor onforehinl annymals that needed th' funds to pay thair funeral expenses with. A humane instinct that does credit to ye'er muddysty, Jawn, fr' I niver hear ye boastin' about it. But I feel I'm goin' to lose ye. Now that ye've givin' up usin' ye'er brains an' taken to jumpin' at conclusions, they only wan thing fr' it. Ye'll have to inter Parlymint an' baycome a mumber iv th' Cabinet-makers' Union."

"What ar're ye talkin' about, Dooley?" said Mr. Hennessy, a little anxiously. "I mightn't wurrud fr' me livin', 'tis true, but I know as well as ye do that I'm still an honest man."

"Ar're ye now?" said Mr. Dooley, with interest. "Well, it's not ye'er mor'ls I'm discussin'; it's ye'er intellect. Ye'er muntil pro-cisses appear to run in th' same channels as th' idees iv a prize
pollytician. Gutters, some people wud call thin, but ye needn't take any notice iv that. Ye won't anyway, whin ye get a grip iv th' salary. Wan fine day I'll take up me sixteen pages f'r tuppence an' there'll be ye' er name standin' out like ye cud cure a headache instid iv startin' wan. 'Cabinet Vacancy Filled. Mr. Hinnissy th' Lucky Man. Inthristin' Cer'mony.' A pleasant little function took place yesterdah in th' offices iv th' Wellfed Leg, whin Mr. Jawn Hinnissy, th' popyler mimbier f'r Newtown Parck, baycome th' Honorable Mr. Jawn Hinnissy, Minister iv Altermotion. Th' bar was tastefullie decoratid with sprays iv orange lilies an' Bulgarian buds. Mr. Hinnissy insisted on bein' his own bist man; as he humorously xprissed it, he'd like to hear anywan say they was a betther. Whin th' Minister-to-be intered, leanin' on th' arms iv wan or two frinds an' carryin' a bookay consistin' iv th' white flower iv a blameless life, they was a barst iv tremenjus applause, which only subsided whin a Sargint iv Polis, his beautiful figger charmingly attired in a Schneide-made costumy iv crapes-day-cheen sharmoose delicatley shaded to pro-duce a lovely bobby blue effect, came in to see what th' trouble was about an' was there anyt left. With tears iv pride in his eyes, th' Minister iv Ixternal Symbols gave away th' oath to Mr. Hinnissy, who carefully xaminesd it f'r anny signs iv discility an' thin, amid th' cheers iv his collagles, took it three times. In a happy little speech, th' new Minister rattarned thanks. Th' country was passin' through a peeriod, he said, an' his raysiaability was terrife. But he was no ornery man. (Hear, hear.) Anywan that thought so had rats. (Laughter.) An' he was goin' affer thim rats. (Loud cheers.) In fact, he hoped he was not givin' away any official saycerics whin he told thin that wan iv his first acts iv office wud be to set a thrap in Wicked Torya Collige. (Tremenjus applause.) He had read somewhere (hear, hear)—in th' noospapers, peraps (applause)—that th' pro-fissors iv th' disliel instichoshin (groans) had been lechurin' simple-minded stujints on th' subjec' iv pa-apeer money, which, his hearnrs would be shocked to larn, did not contain th' King's head! (Sensation an' cries iv 'shame!') Well, he was goin' to pro-vide thin with some coppers instid (cheers); an' thin—if th' indivijoals he was rayferrin' to didn't raymimber to salute .... (Th' rist iv th' Minister's raymarks was drowned in terrife applause.). '"

"Jawn, ye'll have th' time iv ye'er life! Ye may have been too old, or whatevr th' doctor said, to go to th' late-laminted War, but ye'll git more fun than ye hope f'r fr'm th' trouble ye c'n start at home. An' all th' liel hearrts iv th' community will fall in with ye. They won't be a wake goes by but somewan'll put up a windmill f'r ye to tilt at. An' whatevr happens, they'll alws be a couple iv windmills round an' about Kalbarn that'll never fail ye. With a hearrt burstin' with pride, I'll folly ye'er career. I'll read things like this: 'Press Assocaisyshun xtra-ornery—fr'm our spishal corresponding—not th' iddietorial opinyun iv th' Northliff Times onliss xprissly stated—Columbia raycords. A raybittable incident has occurred at Whakataipiff which is agitatin' th' minds iv liel cittyzens. A meetin' was called th' other day f'r th' purposed iv holdin' a community sing an' nobody tarrned up ixcept th' convaner. A circumstance which caused a good dale iv onaisinss in th' districct was th' total abscisss iv Wicked Torya Collige stujints fr'm th' meet-"
in' an' th' opinyun is freely exprissed that sinister influnces is at wurrak in th' Varsity. Last night a laarge an' daytarmined meetin' iv th' ilicets iv Whakatapiff carri'd a resoution daymund-in' that this disliel instichoochion be pulled down, th' pro-fissors dayperted, th' furnichoore sold be auction an' th' stujtins licensed out to th' porr farmers. Th' Minst'ter, Mr. Hinissys, has wired pro-misin' an innucet inqutity. Inthristin' dayvilipints an're awaited."

"That'll be ye'er signal to act, Jawn. Ye'll hurri ye'er feet off ye'er blottin' pad, put a clove in ye'er moth, an' priss th' first button that seems handy. "I don't smell anny smoke, Sir," says ye'er sieritary, pushin' his face round th' dure. "Th' arrny is in payril," says ye. "Gid me an inquriey form, quick!" "Sorry, Sir," he says he, takin' off his shoes an' interin'. "I've just raytrinchd th' staff. Come to think iv it, though," says he, 'they's wan fellly lift, because he came in on his stummick instid iv disrayspetfully like th' rist. A parv-rect officer. But he's busy just now wirin' down th' effects iv Johnny Walker on th' aquisilbrium iv Tim Tracey, a pamphlet th'ats to be compulsorly distributed among hotelkeepers an' private schools to bear th' cost. Perhaps," he says, seein' ye stealthily reachin' f'r somptuin', "he'll rayquisition f'r some forms whin I tell him what ye said."

In joo course th' Printin' Office fellies finish argyin' about which they'll jine, th' X.Z. Alliance or th' Navy Leg, an' send ye a supply. Ye write down ye'er opinyun on wan an' hand it to ye'er sieritary. "Git some fellies that'll dayeide like that f'r me," says ye. "An' make a do iv it this time. It costs me free drhrinks at Martin Dooley's whinver I have to go over these things more than five or six times before I gits what I wants. 'Impossible, Sir,' says th' see. 'All th' dayvooce ditictives is wurrakin' over-time at prinsit. an' Tom Foresight has daysarted to th' innuyn. Ye'll have to risk it with min that might be umprajudiced."

'Thunder an' blizten!' says ye. 'I thought whin I tuk over this job that I cud do as I liked.' "Ye can't, Sir," says th' sieritary, very rayspibufally, 'not onliis ye're an Order in Council or Vryn Evans. But I'll tell ye what. Ye e'n take it out on th' Entertainin' Collige. Thim girrels is harmin' a sight too much an' ain't spendin' thir pay th' way they shud." 'Oh, ye old Lothario," says ye, 'to suggest it, an' me niver anny good with th' winnin' ixcept th' very quietest wans. But," says ye, "what's that I hear about money? Is it posibil we're overpayin' thim? What do they want with money anyway when even th' Varsity tells 'em that wisdom is more'n enough! Go an' find out what they do with it all, but f'r th' love of Mike don't sthep on Bill Kennedy or he'll bite ye.'"

'Imprint onlookers'll tel ye, Jawn, that ye shud inthrist ye'er self in lietyl an' leave ecutuion to th' noespaperers. But don't ye believe thim... They's a place f'r ivrythim', even if it's only on an old clay patch, an' th' proper place f'r lietyl is in thrade. It's th' finest sayerit iv success ivver discovered, an' as protable as losin' an arm or a leg at th' front or losin' nawthin' at all but gettin' home first. Not so painful ayther, Jawn, though ye mightn't eredit it fr'm th' nize it makes a man sud up. An' lietyl c'n he made to cover a multitude iv sins. As me old friend, Rudyard Kippering, used to say, 'Do what ye like, me bye, but wave somethin' while ye do it. It makes all th' diff'rence.' Ammy chamber iv comics'll tel ye they's nawthin' like it f'r whippin' selfish cityzens into givin' thin an' gretake-off instid iv sharin' it with some onserpulous
furriner what offers ye th' same goods at an infeeryor price. Lielty's th' thing that brings in th' sugar, me bye. If ye're only a humble clurk an' don't like th' man nixt ye, call him a Bol-sheevik so's th' boss c'n hear; thin hop in lively an' ask f'r a rise before annywan asks ye what th' wurrud means. An' if ye're a public man, ray-number always to keep th' wanderin' mind iv th' poppylace fixed on inspirin' thoughts like th' low cunnin' iv th' inniny or how Horatio Bottomley won th' War; it'll distract their attintion fr'm anny pet little scheme ye might be puttin' across. An' it don't cost annythin' more than a little низе. Be hivins, Jawn! I've come to believe more than iver that th' most liel man on arrth was John Philip Sousa.'

"There's where Varsity teachin' needs rayform, Jawn. It's a crime against humanity, all that talkin' goin' on with niver a wurrud to tell ye how cheap is th' uses iv advertissmint. If I had me way, I'd put blinkers on th' pro-fissors an' waddin' in th' ears iv th' stujints; thin I'd hand th' lot over to th' Wellfed Leg to supply thin with suitable readin'. That's th' only kind iv rayform that'll do anny good. In anny case, Jawn, too much ejection, as Bacon says, robs th' mind iv sleep. If ye teach th' young idee to shoot, they's no tellin' but what it'll throw bombs nixt."

"Ye've got a gr-rand wind, Dooley," said Mr. Hennessy, "but ye're not talkin' much since."

"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley, sadly, "th' bist people don't, not whin ayther lielty or th' Varsity is th' topic."——P. J. S.

The Descent of Homo Geogensis.

Here, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all noise seems
Lost in the faint, far riot
Of faulting on old rock seams,
I hear a low voice sowing
Some germs of vague half-knowing
Of earth and life agrowing,
And all the work of streams.

We've deserted the old top story,
For greywacke's cold embrace;
Among annelids and saur-
An's left in life's long race.
My abode to the world declares
How I'm weary of climbing stairs:
Like Neanderthal men to their lairs,
I return to the old rock face.

Thus from on high descending
In a shower of graptolites
And crystals never ending,
Like monstrous meteorites,
The sun god we've deserted:
Geology's asserted
It's claims; we have reverted
Back to the argilites.—R.
THE RHODES SCHOLAR.

A fine scholar, an athlete of excellence, a man of high moral perception and withal a leader among men, such were the qualities deemed unsurpassable by Cecil Rhodes when he so nobly bequeathed his vast fortune for the better education of the world. Qualities such as these are to be found only in such few men as that great benefactor himself, or among those old Greek heroes of whom we read in the legends. When some one possessing these qualities appears among us, truly can we say "Here is a man." It is long since a New Zealand Rhodes' Scholar qualified to such an extent in all these traits as the Scholar for 1922.

George Aitken entered Victoria University as a first year student with but a fresher's ordinary pre-emience—a scholastic attainment unneeded by fellow students but a noticeably good athletic reputation. In his University course he has gained supreme honours by a courageous application to work, by an aptitude in sport equalled in brilliance only by his modesty, and through the influence over all those with whom he has come in contact, of a moral suasion powerful because of its altruism, but doubly so by reason of its unassuming penetration.

In the attainment of his degree Mr. Aitken is not to be described as a brilliant scholar, but rather as an energetic and conscientious worker, exhibiting a marked originality and an aptitude for inspecting a subject from all points of view for the betterment of his own: a student who, loving sport, has applied himself to study with a vim equal to his love of athletics. And is not this the true benefit to be derived from education? The increase of one's mental horizon corresponding to the fresh heights of learning scaled by the individual, attained by self-denial. Mr. Aitken is a scholar of the true educationist type—one who studies man and his environment for the betterment of both. We cannot say that he has been a specialist in any particular branch of study, but we may rightly acclaim him a scholar who has imbibed all that is expected of an ideal citizen and this with entirely conscientious application to "Pamia non sine pulvere."

To be a scholar and an athlete is rare, but to be an excellent scholar and a brilliant athlete is a unique honour. In the latter role Mr. Aitken has without doubt proved himself superior, including among his activities all branches of sport. While being an excellent tennis player, a keen cricketer, a fine swimmer, a good rifle shot, he has been of invaluable assistance to the College as a runner and a hurdler at the Easter Inter-Varsity Tournament, while New Zealand herself can claim him for her own as an exponent of the
national game, Rugby Football. While a representative of the College in all these activities, it is as a footballer that the University has derived so much from his services. Among Rugby critics the reputation of the Varsity team has been one of intermittent brilliancy and weakness, mostly the latter—a team that perhaps has always had some good material but has been very unsteady. During the five years that Mr. Aitken has been connected with the Varsity Football Club the First XV has, mainly through his efforts and example and those of a small band of others, attained a position in the senior football of Wellington which has gained for it the admiration and goodwill of the public, and that friendly respect which is somewhat akin to fear of all its rival teams. Mr. Aitken having acquired the rudiments of the game on the West Coast of the South Island, where he represented his province at the early age of sixteen, came to College in 1917, and since then has played in the First XV, being the captain of the team for three years. Those who have been keen followers of the fortunes of our team will have noticed that its star has been in the ascendant contemporaneously with Mr. Aitken’s own, an extremely significant fact. But his honours have not stopped with the team he has so faithfully served. A representative of Wellington province, New Zealand’s Rugby stronghold, captain of the New Zealand Universities’ representative team, he received his just reward in being selected to play for the All Blacks in 1921, and, above all, to captain that team against the redoubtable South African Springbok team. Never was service so faithfully rendered so appropriately rewarded.

But we cannot pass by his distinction in athletics by mere reference to his successes on the field: it is in the sphere of sport off the field of glory that Mr. Aitken has proved himself to be more than a selfish athlete striving for fame—he has exhibited those qualities of management and leadership which always go towards making the true statesman, who considers the welfare of his country before his own. President of the Training College Students’ Association, Chairman of the Haerewai Club, Captain of the Football Club, an executive member of the University Students’ Association, and of the committees of the Tennis, Boxing, and Athletic Clubs—all these positions Mr. Aitken has filled nobly and well, and to each of these bodies has been a very strong acquisition. As a member of any committee he has that excellent power of fitting a part within the whole and of attaining the common mind to his own way of thinking—truly a powerful quality, and extremely fruitful when directed along the right channels. Surely as a director of man’s thought and energy along the right course Cecil Rhodes could have had in mind no man better suited to adopt the leadership of a community than Mr. Aitken has proved himself to be. His powers of leadership as exhibited by the manner in which he has fulfilled the duties of many authoritative positions have been tremendous—their strength lies in that subtlety derived from strength of character, altruistic purpose and the modest way in which his leadership has been imposed.

We all know Mr. Aitken’s possibilities, and it is because of this that we expect so much of him as a representative of our Alma Mater when he takes up his work at Oxford; but it is because of his charm and modest bearing that we extend to him our kindest thoughts and appreciation as he speeds across the seas, and our well wishes we shall continue to send him, in thought if not in word, not
only in his times of triumph but also in those periods of trouble which must occur as tests of strength in every man's life. May he return to New Zealand having acquired glory in the Mother country equal to that with which he is invested on his departure from the shores of New Zealand.

SCHOLASTIC.

Examination triumphs may possibly make up for ignominious experiences at the Easter Tournament. Seven Senior Scholarships at one fell swoop must be something of a record for V.U.C.—congratulations to all concerned! Very hearty congratulations also to Mr. J. Thompson, M.A., and Mr. R. H. Espiner, M.A., who have been granted free passages to Europe. Mr. Thompson took his degree at Otago, but has since the end of the war, in which he served with distinction, been a fine and much-appreciated lecturer in French at V.U.C. Mr. Espiner was very badly wounded in France, and although working under the most formidable disabilities has had a brilliant college career in languages. Those who know them know also that no men ever more thoroughly deserved the little honour we can give them—wherever they go, they will carry our interest and best wishes. Best wishes also to Miss E. A. Pope, M.Sc., who has been granted a free passage Home to carry out her work as the first Sarah Anne Rhodes Scholar. And congratulations to Miss Vera B. Reader, Sir George Grey Scholar for 1921, Mr. M. N. Rogers, National Research Scholar, and Mr. R. F. Fortune, who was awarded the Habens Prize.

WELCOME.

Welcome to our midst Mr. H. B. Tomlinson, M.A., as assistant to the Professor of English. Mr. Tomlinson is an old student of Otago University and is head of the French department at Wellington College; he is one of the few school teachers we ever came across who showed any interest in what he taught (apologies to T. C.). The attitude of regarding the English language and literature as a living thing may well seem revolutionary at V.U.C.; but anyone who can put life into the corpse has our profound gratitude. We hope Mr. Tomlinson will work the miracle.

SHACKLETON—A LINK WITH V.U.C.

It is with a certain thrill that one reads that Shackleton treasured in his memory the lines from our own V.U.C. Sports Chorus:-

"Then here's to the long white road that beckons,
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves,
And here's to the merry heart that reckons
The rough with the smooth, and never swerves."

Truly they are lines which characterise the spirit of the whole of his arduous and courageous life; one feels proud that a snatch of song from these far shores should be so carried all over the world. It may be that in the future V.U.C. will have more and greater treasures to offer to all men; we should at least see in the present that we do not let those that we have and the tradition associated with them perish for want of memory and interest. Turn up "The Old Clay Patch" again and read through the rest of S.S.M.
BUILDING OPERATIONS.

Hitherto when contemplating the ignoble pile of our College building we have shared the feelings of the poet, who addressed himself:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!"

But now two new wings rear themselves proudly on either side of the nucleus which housed the aspirations of so many past students. It is rumoured that there is to be a Grand Opening Ceremony and general celebrations at the end of the term, which will no doubt be fully reported in "The Spike." We therefore leave further description and admiration till then.—A still small voice whispers cautiously, "Now, about that Residential College.

ONCE AGAIN THE LIBRARY.

We have received from an esteemed and public-spirited correspondent ("G. A-W.") a suggestion for the better employment of the vacant space on the floor of the New Library. "Why waste such dinky floor space?" she asks. "Every now and then, at a sign from the Chair, let us rise Silently, dance 'a la Cabaret' to vague music wafted down from the Psych. lab., then resume our work."

The idea has our sympathy and is accordingly passed on for approval of other light-footed maidens and the Professorial Board.

25-4-22.

I.

Rain, and a wind in the night, and tossing trees,
And a voice that cries in the night, Ah! who are these?
As the ranks of the dead march past in the troubled night
With their wounds and their burning eyes, and a sombre light.

Noiseless the march of their many, many feet,
Pale and most pitifully pale their faces, strained,
Staring ahead with a look no man can meet,
Set hard and bloodless, yet with blood-marks stained.

I turn from the sight of those numberless marching men
And hide in my mind from their pitiful eyes; but then,
Still then and forever the dreadfully marching hosts
Move on through my thoughts, mute, terribly patient ghosts.

II.

Those dead battalions never cease
Their silent march, nor any peace
Have I from seeing their staring eyes
That burn all through the restless skies

This sorrowful and splendid day
I will arise and go my way,
With humbleness of heart and head,
Thinking on those many dead.

J. C. B.
Interviews with Great Men.

(1) President of the Students' Association.

I met the great man in his private smoking-room. He was faultlessly dressed and groomed, his hair brushed back from the forehead in the manner known as "bringing out the intellect," his mouth ornamented with a Con Amore cigarette. Around the walls I noticed many portraits of beautiful damsels. Several there were of one young lady in particular: I inferred she was his sister. An elegant cigar-box reposed upon the window-shelf. His table was bestrewn with papers and books; thousands of dance invitations had been consigned to the waste-paper basket. Particularly impressive was his famous collection of works on Education, bound in exquisite Morocco, the leaves gold-tinted, the titles embossed in gold. Along one wall were several rows of pegs upon which a confidential valet, with an artist's eye for colour, was arranging ties alongside appropriate pairs of socks.

All this I took in at a glance—then he exclaimed: "I'm busy." A boot was raised, and I found myself examining the stars from the landing on the staircase.

(2) The Captain of the Football Team.

His room was spacious and Spartan. In one corner his golf clubs, in another a cricket bat, in a third his football boots, while the fourth was reserved for apple-cores. Around the walls all manner of decorations, a racquet, an ear, a punch ball, and a pair of V's in which he once won a fifty-yards breaststroke. I felt I was in the presence of an extraordinary man.

"Yes," he remarked pleasantly, "these boots are a trophy worth having. I won them in a serum at Dunedin. You can see they were made in Capetown and are labelled Spratt's Special Springbok Sprinters. I feel very proud of these."

"How frantically fascinating," I murmured. "I suppose you have been winning such trophies throughout your whole life."

"Pretty well," he answered, "I was always regarded as a bit of a prodigy. At the age of two I tackled by the toes an old rooster we used to keep. I pulled about a dozen feathers off him, and since then the thing has become a habit. Did you see me dump Teddy Roberts the other Saturday?"

I remembered the incident, but I wanted to know how he kept fit enough to do these things.

He admitted that the training was pretty exacting. "I get up at 5.30 a.m. and do half-an-hour's skipping to start with, followed by an hour or so in the Gym, with dumbbells and boxing. After a cold plunge and breakfast—four eggs, three chops, and a couple of plates of porridge—I set out for a long walk over the hills. I find sprinting up-hill the very finest of exercise. The afternoon is devoted to line-kicking and tackling practice, and the evening to reading books on football and working out stunts on paper. Light meals and plenty of sleep—I always retire at 9.30—are essential parts of my training."

It was then I discovered that I had wandered into the wrong room. I was talking not to the Varsity skipper, but to somebody else's hero.
(3) George.

He greeted me with his usual sad but friendly smile, and after obligingly laying aside the "World's News" placed himself entirely at my disposal. He had not, he said, been very long at the Varsity but nevertheless he had played in his time many parts. He had dried the dishes, marked the tennis-courts, acted as audience for the Dramatic Club, and once he remembered he had asked one of the young ladies for a dance. She didn't dance very well either, although she had got a first-class pass in Physiques.

Yes, he liked the life. His quarters were very comfortable, and Extravaganza choruses saved the expense of a gramophone to send him to sleep. He had grown to like what a well-known Judge called "the atmosphere of academic calm." He could appreciate that the more, because football and hockey practice was often held in the Gym. Mr. Brook was a fine good-hearted colleague, while he had the greatest admiration for Mr. Ward's organising abilities and jaunty bonhomie. Yes, he had nothing to complain of. The boys were good chaps, every one of them, and always ready for a yarn and a smoke. The only trouble was the girls. He couldn't understand why they were allowed about the place. The She Club was the noisiest meeting that he had to sit through; the way they tried to play tennis fairly sickened him; and did I know that when he was in Auckland with the team, one of them asked him why he didn't wax his moustache—

He spluttered with indignation. I discreetly tipped him a wink and left for other hunting-grounds.

(4) The Editor of "The Spike."

He wore a wet towel about his head; his eyes were red and tired; and barricading his chair stood piles of Latin, German, and Polynesian dictionaries, works on synonyms, on philology, on the dative case and other kindred topics. He looked upon me with a hopeless stare.

"What a love-stricken lot of loons we keep up here," he ejaculated. "Nothing but love-poems, thousands and thousands of spring epics, greener and more distasteful most of them than spring onions. Calm-love, too, I'll wager. Look at this lot."

He snatched a manuscript from the top of his bundle and read:

The little arrow called one day,
His arrow took my heart away;
He shot it at your feet, and then
Went laughing after other men.
It still lies bleeding. Tortured so,
Twill bleed to death ere love can know
If it was shot in vain, or dies
To escort yours to paradise.

"You know a chap has to be a bit of a mugwump to turn out stuff like that. Besides the last rhyme's not a rhyme at all. Why can't finish off his heart-throbs decently?"

"Oh, of course, the job has its compensations. You sometimes get side-lights on the old history of the College, and it's good to think that before the War, at any rate, the Muses sometimes loitered here. I suppose the shipping-fares are too high now for them, poor dears."
"For instance, the other day I noticed an effort that came in too late for one of the issues. Do you remember the row between the Students' Association and the Haeremoi Club about having claret-cup at dances? The Students' Association reckoned it was alcoholic liquor or something, and shouldn't be allowed in the Gymnasium. Some bean wrote an "Ode to the Haeremoi Club," which reads like this:

Oh, modest one and difflident!
Thou violet, scarcely evident,
That blooms as if by accident.
Along the river's brink!
Remember, oh thou modest one,
That it is never, never done
To have that "daugher of the sun,"
The claret-cup, to drink.
Such things will soften up the brain,
You'll never be the same again.
Your lips will mutter things profane,
The while your eyes grow bleary;
You'll shave the doorway, stagger on
Hat all awry, and try to fon-
Dile policemen, find the key-hole gone—
You know you'll do so, dearie.

*Joseph has said so. Just succumb.
The Licensing Referendum
Should compensate with quite a sum
Poor mortals such as you are.
Besides, you'll grow a big strong man.
Muscles and frame Olympian,
A brain that scoursthe tippling clan
Who end at Porirua.

"There isn't anything wonderful about that, but I wish some of the present crowd would try and write something to keep their memories alive. Don't seem to have an original idea amongst them, and when they're supposed to be the brightest intellects of the country—gadzooks, it makes me swoon."

My hand got writer's cramp, and I couldn't get a word in edgeway. I left.

---

Vanitas.

(Captain M—and, in the Arbitration Court declared that for the first time in thirty-four years the Union S.S. Co. had failed to pay a dividend.

Vain! shortest drinks at longest price in Maori's private bar,
Vain! shrewdest thoughts of Incheape's brain in London town afar,
Vain! mightiest fleets of iron framed, vain! those all-highest fates—
The Union Company cannot pay a divvy on its shares!

IKE O'NOCLACT.

*Still, we trust, the "impeccable Eltham lawyer."—(Ed. Spike.)
† Accent on the "for."
Johan Bojer.

A definition of the modern novel would be well-nigh impossible, because it would need to include such diverse and even contradictory creations. The younger English novelists swamp the market with volumes dealing with the development of superficial, dilettante Oxford youths, and incidentally revealing the unsoundness of the Upper Ten of British Society. One’s head aches at the utter worthlessness of Stephen McKenna’s Margot-Aquitian characters, or Compton MacKenzie’s Guy Hazelwood. It is very similar to the state of poetry during the Civil War, when the gallant Caroline poets seemed to have no grasp of the deeper meaning of the changes around them. With what relief one turns to the more virile democracies, where the novel is a vehicle for a different spirit!

Among the Norwegians, Johan Bojer is a novelist whose stories are charged with a wide spiritual purport. Here you have sincerity and the recognition of the sufferings of mankind in place of the jejune posturing of the Englishmen. His heroes are men who have tasted the gall and wormwood of life and who have not just aimlessly toyed round with its superficialities.

The philosophy underlying his books is typically that of the twentieth century. Having well emerged from the depressing shadow of Christianity, he is free to look on man with scaleless eyes. He can gaze in admiration at mankind’s great imaginative power in creating its successive Gods, when he realises that these deities are just its fears and aspirations objectified and projected into the skies and endowed with life. Such is his attitude in the sublime poem at the end of “The Great Hunger.”

“And yet man smiles and laughs in the face of his tragic fate. In the midst of his thraldom he has created the beautiful on earth; in the midst of his torments he has had so much surplus energy of soul that he has sent it radiating forth into the cold depths of space and warmed them with God. . . . So marvellous art thou, O spirit of man! So godlike in thy very nature! Thou dost reap death, and in return thou sowest the dream of everlasting life. In revenge for thy evil fate thou dost fill the universe with an all-loving God.”

Such writing would have been impossible for those in the nineteenth century. The worthy members of the R.P.A. poured immense vituperation on God and the Churches, but one feels that the very intensity of their antagonism was due to the necessity of fortifying themselves in their new scepticism. In the jargon of the new psychology, they had inbred a strong religious complex, so that when their anti-clerical complex arose it needed to have strong pugnacious emotion attached to overshadow the earlier one. Swinburne’s “Hymn of Man,” represents the transition period. It is a mixture of hatred of the old God and adulation to the new, which is the Divine Fire in each man’s breast.

“Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smitten. Thy death is upon thee, O Lord!

And the love-song of earth as thou diest, resounds through the wind of her wings—

Glory to man in the highest! for Man is the master of things.”
Since this, other typical products of this age have enunciated the new religion in terms very similar to Bojer's. For example, H. G. Wells in his "Undying Fire," and Bertrand Russell in his essay on "The Religion of a Free Man."

Of course in different ages, disinterested spirits have been to admire the Gods as life-like works of the art of the sculptor. Man. In the seventh century, B.C., Xenophon writes:

"Men make gods in their own image; those of the Ethiopians are black and south-bosomed, those of the Thracians have blue eyes and fair hair. If horses, or oxen or lions had hands and could produce works of art, they too would represent the gods after their own fashion."

And in the dark seventeenth century Spinoza wrote at length against the child-like assumption that the universe was ordered for man's benefit. He traces its origin and says:

"Thus the prejudice developed into superstition, but in their endeavour to show that nature does nothing in vain, i.e., nothing that is useless to man, they only seem to have demonstrated that nature, the gods and men are all mad together. Among the many helps of nature they were bound to find some hindrances, so that they declared the gods were angry at some wrong done by men. Experience day by day protested and showed by infinite examples that good and evil fortunes fall to the lot of the pious and impious alike; still they would not abandon their inveterate prejudice."

Bojer's scepticism as to the value of applied science is even greater than Mill's. The hero of "The Great Hunger," in commenting on a remark about the White Man's Burden of civilising the backward races, says: "Culture! One wheel begets ten new ones; more speed, more competition—and all for what? For culture? No, for money. Missionary! I tell you, as long as Western Civilisation with all its wonders of modern science and its Christianity has not turned out a better type of humanity than the mean rank of men we have now we'd do best to stay at home."

The truth of this has been brought home to many more since the War. Soon we shall demand that science and morals be not divorced. What a travesty it is, if, through following out the dictum of the disinterested search for knowledge, the scientific specialists—those astoundingly politically-ignorant geniuses, are cajoled into permitting all their labours to be used to exterminate mankind! In future we must see that these men turn some of their critical powers on to the structure of human society. And then they will refuse to co-operate in making poison gases.

In "The Power of a Lie," Bojer states in a new light the old problem of the evil man flourishing. As Dewey has shown, the Old Testament contains several attempts to solve the problem of evil. At first it was assumed that good and evil were rewarded here, but when this was found fallacious the Hebrews felt the need of a heaven where injustice would be righted. To the further question as to why there need be evil, even Job could only answer that the ways of God are inscrutable. The reincarnation of the Theosophists is inspired by the same motive of doing away with injustice. None of these proved lastingly satisfactory; but at last the solution was reached that virtue was not rewarded by material prosperity anywhere, but by inward contentment. That this also is specious Bojer
shows in this book. Here the man who tells the lie, in his efforts to justify his sin to himself, finally becomes a nobler man and the bite of remorse dies. The victim of the lie, on the other hand, becomes a wastrel in spite of his innocence. Hall Caine, an exponent of the orthodox view, with his dark sombre novels of Sin and Remorse and Inevitable Retribution, denies the possibility of this solution. Freudian psychology, however, supports Bojer and could give thousands of instances where the unpleasant is successfully banished for ever into the subconscious. As a writer in "The Times" says in a different connection: "How many men have been soured into cynicism or cowed into acquiescence by the consequences of their attempt to do good? . . . Contrariwise, how many saints, an Augustine, a Rancé, have been turned towards virtue by the taste of the dregs of their vices? It was after a murder, not after a good deed, that Saul went on the road to Damascus. Within the phenomenal process neither natural nor spiritual rewards of goodness can be invariably traced."

Although so full of philosophical meaning, Bojer's characters are not mere puppets voicing his ideas; and his frequent use of natural catastrophes, fires, landslides and floods is solely to illustrate the indifference of Nature to man, not as a deus ex machina except in the case of "Our Kingdom." Some of the minor characters, especially the old farm hand in that book, are exceedingly well drawn. His women, however, are not so powerful or so original as his men. They are often mere foils to show up the intense intellect of the men. Perhaps he has not learnt the great lesson of Ibsen that man must not sacrifice woman to develop himself, and that her personality is as sacred as his own. Poor Merle's obedience to Peer is not unlike Agnes's sacrifice to Brand.

—W. M. B.

The Intellect's Illusions.

All liars they who sing of rural charm,
The subtle sweetness of the bovine breath,
Bucolic joy in trudging round a farm:
He lies who cries,
"Give me a ploughman's death."

I have no time for men who say they see
In bank-accounts no qualities that please,
Who'd sooner pauper than Professor be;
In Hell they tell
No bigger lies than these.

And mentally deficient all who claim
They don't believe in benedictine bliss,
Who spend their lives avoiding Cupid's aim
And never ev—
Er felt a maiden's kiss.

Ah! give to me the roaring city life,
With tons of money (relatives deceased).
What more? Oh yes, Priscilla for a wife;
Below I'll go,
But happily at least. — R. W. C.
PHYSICAL JERKS.

Advanced Physicists please note:—

"Brick walls a lecture room do make,
And shaky desks a seat,
Wherein, whereon, we sit in awe
At our Professor's feet."

(Adapted in the light of recent physical research.)

* * *

The Physics Department have now entered into residence in their new wing with a lecture room built for two. Visitors are welcomed at our new address any time during lecture hours. During the first "At Home" several workmen evinced a desire to see what a Physics student really looks like during a lecture, and calls were frequent. There is a persistent rumour that the wing was christened in the good old style with a bottle of wine. (What was in the glass Prof.? Yo ho! for the jolly hemlock!)

We learn with pleasure of the fact that recognition is at last being made of the value of scientific training. First, we get a new wing, and then one of our number had conferred upon him the magnificent title of "Toiler" as an examination code word. Did he pass? What about it Beatle? 'Old 'ard, thou'rt blushing!

We have a poet in our midst—at least the imagination is there, although no verse has yet appeared. Anyhow, at a recent picture show of physical apparatus J—o amazed the assembled masses by his knowledge (?) of what the different gadgets were for. Physics students wishing to borrow apparatus from chemistry students may have the use of our tame pugilist as escort at a moderate fee.—Buck up Robby! He may also be used in a defensive capacity in the event of any marauding chemists coming down to the Physics Lab. to rob in some way. All monies so collected to be devoted to physique(s) (quite possibly for the pugilist).

After watching the awful efforts of some students in the Laboratory, we think it high time a few good rules were formulated, for the benefit of those misguided creatures who wish to weigh things instead of guessing and obtaining 1 per cent. results. Here are our efforts, which are perhaps nearly as bad as the weighing:—
(1) Don’t touch weights with the fingers. You may put grease and rust on them.
(2) Don’t let the balance swing too much, or you may misread ’er position of rest.
(3) You cannot expect to get good results unless you add the weights (w)right.
(4) Don’t drop weights on to a watch glass—they are brittle and easily broken.
(5) Remember it’s good weighing that nearly kil(l)os by the anxiety of the possibility of a good result, the genius (?) of many a man otherwise quite normal.

Students are reminded that if, owing to an unfortunate night out, they oversleep themselves on 8 o’clock lecture mornings, there is no need to stop for a wash before dashing up to the lecture-room. Relative humidity, 100 per cent. (nearly)—baths automatically carried on while listening (?) to the Professor’s remarks. It has been suggested that Christian Science be taught, with a view to helping students to imagine themselves warm on the same mornings, and to save the expense of heaters. (This point has been referred to the C.U. C/o Mr. R***n.)

At all costs, don’t catch cold V**a.

GREAT VAUDEVILLE ANNOUNCEMENT!!

Food and Wen!!
Food and Wen!!
Food and Wen!!

We have much pleasure in announcing that for
ONE WEEK ONLY

Food and Wen will give a rendition of that classical duet
“We’re for Ever Blowing Bubbles”

In the Open Air Stadium of V.C. at 1615 G.M.T. each day. Free to all comers provided they suffer in silence.

Fisykz. Dept.,
Manager for Food and Wen.

And look what’s here!
Coming Soon!!

Also in the same place mentioned above
THE MARVELLOUS MAGICIAN
MILL!! MILL!! MILL!!

‘Ard to beat at the spook stuff, in his hair-raising stunt entitled
“Counting with e’s”

(Special for B. Coms., etc.) Miss this and be blighted for life.
We have much pleasure in announcing, for the benefit of chemists and such like, the issue of a new correspondence course entitled:

"COOKING."

(By Robinjacks and Sondrewed.)

These men are experts in their line; let them teach YOU how to cook results. Remember, your future rests with yourself alone, so don't hesitate!!! Write Dept. "Lambdacubed by S" TO-DAY. Scale of fees strictly according to Stefan's law. Endorsed by leading professors, etc.

At a recent meeting of the Physics Department a vote of confidence was passed in the spelling ability of our chief chemist. However, we still welcome suggestions for the spelling of "Raoulit." For the best idea—plain or fancy—a prize will be given (possibly); all entries must be in by February 29th, 1953—judging and adjudication by the Very Best Reader at College, whose decision will be final.

* * * * *

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

We have the honour of announcing the arrival of a son and heir to our good chief, who leads us in the way that we should go—Professor Marsden—and append the following in the hope that it will come in useful before long.

"Tim and the Etatree."

(A story for Daddy to tell at bedtime.)

Dedicated to one, Timothy, who has lately joined the cheery band of physicists; extending to him the glad hand of welcome from the Physics Department.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Tim who lived with his father and his mother. Tim's father kept a litter of pet molecules who were always squabbling together and trying to knock one another into electrons. After a while father got fed up with the noise they made, which kept him awake at night, so he gave the litter to Tim, and told him to take them down to the market and sell them for Pakapo tickets. On the way down the road Tim met a broken down old man who said he was a vucchemist, and this old man imposed upon Tim, and bought the molecules off him for a drop of H₂O. When Tim arrived home with the H₂O his father was greatly enraged at his son's lack of intelligence, for he had thought to apprentice him to his own trade of a fisicsprof, so that he might carry on the good work. However, he sent Tim to bed, and putting the drop of H₂O in the bath, drowned it.

Next morning, Tim's father got up early, so that he could get along to work at 8 o'clock. On going into the bathroom he found the door hard to open, and on wrenched it down, he gazed with astonishment on the scene before his eyes—lo, and behold!—out of the bath grew an enormous tree, which had burst through the roof and stretched up towards the wireless station. He called Tim and elicited the information that, the day before, while cleaning his teeth, Tim had spilt in the bath some dried up eta seed, which had evidently only required H₂O to make it grow. Father did not
want to be late for work and keep his underlings waiting, so he told Tim to climb up and see how far the tree went. So up Tim climbed and climbed and climbed until after eight hours he stopped for rest, being a union boy and having, with Government permission, joined the Alliance of Labour. Next day, however, he reached the top, but to his dismay he stepped right into a cloud, and the water condensed on him as ice, and down he fell to the ground, frozen hard. Father chipped off the worst with an axe, and then took Tim down and boiled him up in the latent heat of steam apparatus to remove the last trace of ice.

Next day, Tim tried again, and this time succeeded in reaching the top, and started off down the street of the strange land above.

The shades of night were falling fast, so Tim asked at the first house for a night’s lodging. “Oh,” said the woman who answered the door, “my name is Mrs. Gasvapor, and as I have to obey my boarder, Boyleslore, I can’t let you in, or he might plot the adiabatic curve between your PV and P, and then where would you be?” But Tim was a hardly lad and did not mind risking this calamity, so he was let in, and hid in the Torricellian vacuum. By and by Boyleslore came home and said, “I smell a labboy.” “Oh, I think you’re mistaken,” said Mrs. Gasvapor, “for by the first law of thermodynamics its impossible, and anyhow the dinner is cooked in Dines’ hygrometer, so have a meal and then you’ll feel better.”

So Boyleslore had a meal, and then commanded his landlady to send in the tame coefficients of expansion of solids, liquids and gases, and his viscosity, so that he might frolic with them till bedtime. After a short time the old man got drowsy and went to sleep, so he was at one time a Varsity student, and the lecture habit had taken a firm hold on him. At this, out hopped Tim from the Torricellian vacuum, and grabbing up the coefficients and the viscosity he tied them up in a kinetic theory and dashed for the door and down the mean free path. Unluckily Boyleslore noticed him bang the door and gave chase. Tim did not have such a long lambda as did Boyleslore, so the race would have been a losing one for Tim had he not slipped, owing to his P.V. not being quite constant, but obeying Vanderwaal’s equation instead of Boyleslore, and fallen into his father’s arms at the bottom of the tree. “Quick,” he said, “make haste, Dad, and apply a cooling correction or we’ll have Boyleslore down on top of us.” So dad quicked and applied a cooling correction by the areometric method and completely destroyed the lower part of the tree, leaving Boyleslore stranded up in the air on the upper part, unable to reach the ground.

When Tim handed over the goods with a smile of satisfaction, his father took them with suspicion—“Are you sure you have not cooked them Tim?” he said. “No, father,” said Tim, “and you know the yarn about G. Washington—well, the same applies to me.” At this, father was very pleased. “Splendid,” he said. “Tim, my boy, you are a chip off the old block, I will start you working at my trade to-morrow.” So father took the coefficients down to his work and palmed them off on his underlings as his own recent discoveries, as a result of years and years of labour.

And everyone lived happily ever after.
The Northern D'Entrecasteaux.


"Are the graduates all heavy-weights like Jenness D.?”

So Jenness is now a heavy-weight in science! Who would have thought when he left us that he, whose only vice was his respectability, would prove false to his plighted love, the classics, and would pursue and capture the shy maid anthropology? Possibly none of his contemporaries aimed a guess at what his destiny would be. And if they did, it is unlikely that a year spent in an Eskimo family as an adopted son, with draughts of raw seal blood as a substitute for champagne, formed an item in the prophecy. If that incident had only been foreseen, how the lyricist of "Shackleton Out-Shackled!” would have thrilled his hearers with the theme,—No; fate has played many tricks with more than one of the students of Victoria College, but not one of them has had a more eventful life, nor one less likely to have been foreseen, than Diamond Jenness.

The present writer first met Jenness in 1902, the scene of the meeting being a long table in the old dining-room at Nelson College, and the occasion breakfast on the morning of the annual drill-contest between Wellington and Nelson Colleges. He was in one squad, I was in the other, and we were seated for our meal side by side, while opposite sat C. W. B. Littlejohn, afterwards Rhodes Scholar for Victoria. It is strange that all three of us should ultimately have studied anthropology at Oxford and Cambridge, and that two, at any rate, should have made it their life work.

Jenness entered Victoria College on a Junior University Scholarship and left it with a Senior Scholarship and First Class Honours in Latin and Greek at his back. Entering at Oxford as a student in classics, he was attracted by anthropology and took the diploma in that subject. He spent his vacations digging on Stone Age sites in France, and at the close of his course was sent out by the University of Oxford to do ethnological field work with his brother-in-law, co-author of this book, who had been doing missionary work on Goodenough Island for twelve years. The book is thus the product of a combination of local knowledge and academic training. The Rev. Ballantyne died before its publication, a loss alike to ethnology and to mission work in the Pacific. Before it appeared, Jenness had spent three years in the Arctic with Steffansson and had served with the Canadian forces in France. He is at present a member of the Ethnological Department of the Canadian civil service, working with a band of brilliant young Canadian ethnologists on the problems of aboriginal America.

The work recorded in the book under review was carried out on Goodenough Island and the north-western coast of Ferguson Island, members of the D'Entrecasteaux group, which lies to the south-east of New Guinea. The islands are within ten degrees of the equator, and their products, both sea and land, are typically tropical. The palm tree and the giant banyan, the coral beach, the
mangrove swamp, the steady rush of the monsoon, these and a score
of other images call to mind the novels of Staepoole and Louis Beek,
or the well-remembered enchanted pages of "Coral Island." In an
environment so unlike, it is not strange that native life should seem
widely different from that described by early explorers in our own
land. Dwelling-houses built on dry land, certainly, but on piles,
double canoes or canoes with outriggers, decorative art in which the
frigate-bird motive is all-pervading, personal decoration in which the
nose-pin, conus shell, and pig's tusk play a leading part, all these
give a first impression of wide, perhaps fundamental, difference of
culture between the D'Entrecasteaux islanders and the Maoris.
And yet a careful perusal of the book reveals a whole series of close
relationships. Thus, though we are not told anything of the native
language, we meet a succession of words which prove that it is one of
the Oceanic family of languages, to which Maori also belongs. A
similar relationship exists between many other aspects of the two
cultures.

About half the population of Goodenough Island lives on the
hills, and even on the coastal flats the villages often lie a short dis-
tance inland, out of sight of raiding canoes. The unit of social
organisation is the family, a group of families under the senior male
constituting a local community. Slavery is unknown. Relationship
follows the classificatory system. "Tama" is the name for father
and for all males of his generation, "ina" for mother and all females
of her generation. Relatives of own generation are distinguished
according to age and also according to sex.

Judging by the illustrations, the islanders are of the physical
type vaguely labelled "Melanesian," but we are told that in some
the skin has a marked reddish tinge, associated with a similar tinge
in the hair. Here we have a characteristic which has been frequently
noted among the Maoris, who call such individuals "Urekehu." In
New Zealand it has sometimes been made the basis, slender enough
in all conscience, of a number of theories, one of which postulates a
pre-Maori, white race in New Zealand. In future any theory
accounting for this particular feature among the Maoris will have
to account for it also among the Goodenough islanders and where-
ever else it may appear in the Pacific.

Maori legends of Patupaiarehe, the fairies, have also been
quoted in support of the theory of an earlier, non-Maori population.
How little justification there is for such suggestions is indicated by
similar tales of fairies on Goodenough. These fairies, like the Maori
ones, live in the forests. "The Native dreads being overtaken in
the woods by darkness lest he should encounter a spirit, and his
fire is often as much for protection against them as for warmth.
Often they live on the tops of the mountains. Generally they are
male, and there are many stories of their marrying native women;
the people of Kukuya even claim to be descended from them." This
might easily be written as a summary account of the Maori fairies,
from which it may be safely concluded that the stories of Patupai-
arehe are a localisation in New Zealand of a widespread Oceanic
cycle of fairy tales. Another interesting example of localisation is
supplied by the tale of the monstrous "manubutu" (white-headed
osprey) and the heroic twins. In New Zealand this tale is preserved
in a version collected from Poutini Kai-tahu. The great bird in
this story has sometimes been explained as a traditional memory of
the extinct eagle (Harpagornis), contemporary with the moa, an
explanation which becomes invalid now that the same story has
been recorded in another part of the Pacific.

It seems probable that the study of the decorative art of the
Massim region, which includes the D'Entrecasteaux group, will
throw more light on the origin and meaning of Maori decorative
art than will the study of any other single area in the Pacific. It
is not contended that Maori art is derived directly from that of the
Massim area, but that they spring from a common ancestor, from
which Massim art has departed far less than Maori. Thus it seems
probable that future research will show that the splendid spirals
used with such mastery by the Maori artist are derived from frigate-
bird originals, or from originals from which the Massim frigate-birds
have departed but little. It is therefore with keen disappointment—
the sole disappointment of the book—that we read the note prefaceing
the chapter on Industries and Arts: "It was found impossible for
the present to make a detailed study of the technology of this
region. The present chapter merely outlines the principal articles
in everyday use, and the commonest forms in which art finds ex-
pression." New Zealand students will hold the author to the
promise implied in this statement, for it is appropriate that a work
of such importance to New Zealand ethnology should be carried out
by a New Zealander, especially since one so well qualified as Jenness
has studied the problem in the field. In the brief chapter he has
given there is much of interest, but we shall restrict our attention
to two matters—rock-paintings and canoe prows. The paintings, of
which only a single group were noted, are stated to be quite fresh
in appearance "though they evidently dated back several genera-
tions. The present day natives know nothing about them, but
merely believe that their forefathers drew them. They are even
uncertain as to what the patterns represent, though one native said
that a drawing on the right, which looked like a centipede, was
meant for a monitor lizard, while another was a frigate-bird, and
a third a bird called "ganawa." Other natives, however, professed
absolute ignorance as to their meaning." An inspection of the
plate illustrating these rock-drawings discloses two human figures
conventionally drawn, together with human limbs and fragments,
rendered in a style closely resembling that of our own rock-drawings
in Canterbury and Otago. One can hardly avoid comparing the
"bird called ganawa" of Goodenough, with the monster called
"tanawha" which appears more than once in New Zealand rock-
shelters, a comparison which gains further point when it is remem-
bered that Goodenough "g" becomes Maori "t" in other cases than
the one under discussion.

Canoe heads in the northern D'Entrecasteaux have two parts,
the "bodawa" that lies transversely across the end of the hull, and
the "wagawaga," which runs forward from it at right angles.
"The ornamentation on the 'wagawaga' is always derived from the
'bird's beak' pattern, but the 'bodawa' shows a great variety of
curves and circles and short lines, though at the top there is almost
invariably a representation of one or two human figures. Sometimes
the figure is complete in all its limbs, sometimes the head only is fully carved and the rest represented by a mere block.” Here we have the key to the problem of the origin and meaning of two out of the three types of Maori canoe head. The solution of these problems is a fascinating one, but its presentation is not appropriate here.

In conclusion it may be said that the solution of every problem that arises in Maori ethnology is made easier by the consideration of material from other parts of the Oceanic area. Further a number of these problems, especially those arising from Maori technology and art, cannot be solved apart from the comparative material of the kind we have been considering. The merits of “The Northern D’Entrecasteaux” are great from many points of view, as is indicated by a chorus of praise from reviewers in “The Times,” “Man,” “Nature,” “The American Anthropologist,” and a score of other journals. To the New Zealand student it has this all-round value and the added one of supplying comparisons for the solution of New Zealand problems from one of the key points of the Pacific.

H. D. Skinner.

The Moon.

It is a lovely sight to see
The moon, in all her majesty,
Swim in the liquid sky;
I do not think that earth will give
A fairer sight, though long I live,
To me before I die.

(And when I die, who knows what moon
Will be the nightly offered boon
Of beauty then to me—
What glimmering silent phantom then
Too beautiful for eyes of men,
What wraith that moon will be?)

Alone, aloft, she fills the night
With the still vapour of her light,
Her lucent quietude—
Strange, and forever strange she seems,
Remote and passionless, who deems
Joy and delight infertile dreams,
Sorrow an empty mood.

Such beauty should make men afraid
Gazing on her, I am new made—
I am a thing of fear,
I feel a quicker, keener pain,
She gives me back my joy again,
Most inexpressibly dear.

J. C. B
Henry Harland.

An American, born in St. Petersburg, educated at Rome and Paris, who did most of his work in England! That is as near to the cosmopolist as it is given a man to be unless he were married-in Greece and murdered in Germany. Henry Harland, no inconsiderable figure himself, was the man who fought failure with the "Yellow Book" in the "naughty nineties." Not lightly must we approach this man who numbered amongst his contributors Henry James and Arthur Symons Dowson and Yeats, Beardsley and Beerbohm. His name is the peg upon which was hung the literary ambitions of the reactionary young realists; gallicists, decadents and dilettantes who clustered round his chair. He was early in the field of letters, his first novels dealing with Jewish American life, before the days of Zangwill, and "As It Was Written," the story of a Jewish musician, saw the press in 1885, when Harland was not twenty-four years of age. In this book and its successors he was sensational without being successful.

His early writings were under the name of Sidney Luska; in 1890 he came to conquer London and published under his own name "Two Women or One" and "Mea Culpa." Neither of these could be called inspiring; but Harland, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, was simply making the public pay him while learning how to write, and he was as ready as Bennett to write "shockers" for sale. In 1893, his preliminary over, he came out with "Madamoiselle Miss and Other Stories," which revealed the real Harland, and in the year following he was appointed editor of the "Yellow Book."

"Madamoiselle Miss" contains five short stories all of which exhibit, for the first time, the grace, charm and airy treatment which are associated with his name. Harland had come under the French influence early in life, and in his fourth volume are to be seen memories of Maupassant. The sketches are typical of the French conte, and in their humour and happiness are not to be bettered, even by that most gallic of gentlemen Leonard Merrick. The two finest tales, indeed, are French in their setting; the title story tells of a little English governess who finds herself in a cheap hotel and is thrown into the company of some of the most disreputable denizens of the Quartier, while "The Funeral March of a Marionette" is typical of the pathos which Harland can command, and which is so closely linked with laughter. Harland was a master of the conte; like Chekhoff and the later Russians his stories lead to nothing; they are airy trifles spun round the moment, real pictures of life in which there is no continuity and no climax. He should never have essayed the novel, for his invention was not strong and he was incapable of sustained effort.

In "Grey Roses," a collection which followed in 1895, he repeats scenes and sentences again and again. Like Wilde, when he wrote a good thing it did not stale for him in the re-setting. But he was doomed to be a popular success, and it was with "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" and "The Lady Paramount," published at the beginning of this century and a few years before his death, that he at length "set the great silly public by the ears." These stories are
sensitive and sentimental, gracefully written and relieved by flashes of brilliant wit. The unreality of their atmosphere is rivalled only by their slenderness of subject-matter. They are, in other words, excellent essays in decorative art. They rival those other novels of an era “when life was lived by candlelight and etiquette replaced ethics,” “Vanity Fair” and “The Passionate Elopement.” But they rival them only in unreality.

Harland seems to have been, to some extent, conscious of his limitations. Or, perhaps I should say, he was sure of his strength. He remained content with his craft, he was an etcher of instants, and he did not yearn towards the crowded canvas or the painting of an acre of academy theme. We turn to him with relief after the novels of Wells, Bennett, Cannan and other younger novelists whose number of characters out-does Dickens. From our modern atmosphere of argument and incident he stands apart. He is a stylist and we can recognise the learning behind his language. His work is not ambitious; but when did the dry point needle build a battleship? In “Mercedes,” “The Broken Looking Glass,” “When I Am King,” “A Responsibility” and other of the stories contributed by him to the first half-dozen numbers of the “Yellow Book” his art is seen at its finest. He was the first of our prose impressionists, the precursor of a movement which will be long in the land.

—C. Q. P.

Notes on the New Library.

§ 1. Of the situation of the New Library.

The new Library is situate on the first floor of the Memorial Wing of Victoria University College, recently completed after much and long-continued hard work on the part of the contractors.

§ 2. How to reach the New Library.

Proceed upstairs to the first floor, turn smartly to the left, avoid running into Prof. Mac., continue at a good pace straight ahead, gradually gathering speed until you arrive at a pair of handsome glass doors; dash through them and shout at the top of your voice: “Is this the New Library?” On being informed that it is, go for your life.

§ 3. Of the interior of the New Library.

The New Library is a vast cathedral-like structure, roughly rectangular in shape, having an atmosphere of beautiful and silent sanctity, and suffused with a dim religious light. The walls are lined with extremely palatial shelves, containing several books, which are on no account to be touched, as there is a card-index for the use of students.

§ 4. Of the advantages of the New Library.

The New Library differs from the Old Library in several ways: (1) You can go upstairs in it, flights of stairs being provided for this purpose at each end; in the absence of stair-carpets students are requested to take off their boots when using the stairs, so as to avoid unnecessary noise. (2) A railing is provided all round the landing; students are requested also when examining volumes not to lose their balance and fall over, as it may disturb the Librarian.
§ 5. Of the disadvantages of the New Library.

Unfortunately, the structure of the New Library makes it necessary for Law and Science students to be directly under the eye of the Librarian. While commiserating with the aforesaid students on this retrograde step, we trust they will endeavour as heretofore to persevere with their studies undaunted by the frequent interruptions with which the Librarian may see fit to break in upon the tenor of their thoughts.

§ 6. Of the Regulations for the New Library.

While the Rules (q.v.) for the use of the Old Library still remain in force, it is rumoured that they are to be amended and brought up to date, to harmonise with the other adjuncts of the New Library. In the meantime students are expected to familiarise themselves with the Regulations for the Proper Use of the Library, which should be such as for the reading-room of any public library. Students requiring aid in the interpretation of the aforesaid regulations will be helped willingly, gratis, on application to the office of "The Spike."

§ 7. Of the Librarian.

We are pleased to observe that the Rev. B. H. Ward, B.A., (Lond.), has returned in accordance with the poetical wish expressed by us in the last number of "The Spike," and is now devoting his best time and attention, with his accustomed brisk and cheery good-will, to the furtherance of learning in the New Library.

§ 8. Of the Assistant Librarian.

We have to chronicle with regret the loss of our P.M.S., whose benign sway over the Library last year in the absence of the Librarian was so much admired. We welcome in his place with all the warmth of our hearts Mr. D. R. Wood, who may be distinguished from the Librarian by his handsome appearance and the absence of clerical garb.


We have received several reports as to the disposal of the Old Library. It is said: (1) That it is to be turned into a Private Bar and Community Club de luxe for professors and graduates, wherein Teddy L.—may hide his sorrows; in this case it will still be under the charge of the Rev. B. H. Ward, B.A. (Lond.), as chief bartender. (2) That it is to be the headquarters of a new detective agency under the control of the Minister of Education. The convenience of this is obvious, as it will be possible to despatch highly qualified sleuths to any part of the building at the shortest notice. It is anticipated that it will be the means of securing the Minister many more convictions than has hitherto been possible. (3) That it is to be turned into a luxurious suite of offices for "The Spike."—Time alone will show which of these surmises is correct.

§ 10. Conclusion and Peroration.

In conclusion we wish all our readers long life and happiness in the New Library, with much increase of knowledge and gentleness of manners, and the mien and bearing of true students. We beg them to recall the long tradition of dignified erudition that attaches to the Old Library, and to maintain that tradition in all their dealings with the New Library; calling to remembrance the fact that though the way of knowledge is hard, nevertheless sic itur ad astra (Virgil). — JUNIUS BRUTUS.
Why Worry?

"In Germany one-third of the University students are on the verge of starvation. With one scanty meal a day they are falling victims to tuberculosis in tragically large numbers. We found doctors, professors, students earnestly working together to keep things going. Everywhere the people are inspired by new ideals. The old schoolbooks have been scrapped, and rabid jingoism has been replaced by education in the best sense. At Danzig an old battleship served as a huge kitchen.

"The colleges at Vienna have students of five or six distinct nationalities. In their midst one finds at first a fence of nationality keeping them apart; but soon we find that all are just ordinary people very much like ourselves. In Hungary, too, Jews, Gentiles, Catholics, everyone sink their differences and find a common bond in the cause of humanity.

"The Russian is much more of an artist and an idealist than of a commercialist—perhaps this is why he is so little understood. Grown-ups and children alike are hungry for the education that was formerly denied them, and the Soviets’ effort in meeting this need is the most inspiring part of their work. What caused the famine? An early thaw after the winter snows brought up the grain prematurely; then followed the greatest drought for thirty years, and the crops were destroyed throughout the great Volga provinces. At Samara station alone there were forty people dying each day when I was there. Children were feverishly searching rubbish heaps for bits of food, licking bits of lemon-rind and eating dirt—anything to appease their knawing hunger. Out in the villages, people were eating their dogs and cats—then making bread out of bark and twigs, straw, dried leaves, mixed with dirt and water—or the glue from horses’ hoofs. Right up to the present time less than one-half per cent. of our goods sent to Russia has been missing. Everything reaches the needy people, and we have full control over our warehouses and the administration of all supplies, and the work is all entirely voluntary. One truck load of goods went astray in transit to our party, and this was immediately made good by the Soviet Government.

"The future is hopeful. Great ideals are being carved out of the long years of suffering. The problem here and elsewhere is to help the people to carry on till next harvest."

The above is from the address of Miss Margaret Thorp at the College on 11th June, 1922. She speaks of what she has seen with her own eyes during her three years’ work with the Society of Friends mission. University students the world over are co-operating to assist the students of the stricken areas. With this co-operation a ray of hope penetrates the black cloud of bitter hate left as a legacy by the war. Maybe the students of to-day, the intellectuals of to-morrow, inspired by an ideal and looking to the future rather than to the past, will within our own age place the relations between nations on a new and better basis. For the present, who is there whose hatred is so intense, whose lust for revenge is so insatiable, that he will sneer, "Serve them right," or, sheltering behind the platitude "Charity begins at home" will do nothing either at home or anywhere else?
During this session students will have an opportunity of contributing direct by supporting activities promoted in aid of Student Relief. Mr. F. H. Haigh is treasurer of the College committee and contributions handed to him will be transmitted, through Mr. H. D. Broadhead (Canterbury College, New Zealand treasurer), to Mr. Louis Hess in Switzerland for administration by the World’s Student Christian Federation.

Olla Podrida.

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.

“This is the last chance you will have of saving money by shopping at the Bon Marche.” (Sale notice, Taranaki paper.)
—Patrons take warning.

BOARD AND RESIDENCE, by young man (student) in sporty private family, single room, handy town; terms. Write 364 Evening Post.

—Evidently wants what we would call a struggling offer.

WANTED BUY, Talking Parrot (green or grey); also Gramophone and Records, for wedding present.
—By an old flame, no doubt.

—£250 will be willingly employed at “Spike” office.

“Young lady, good education, would like position in fruit or sweet shop. Write 753.”

—And yet people still ask what’s the use of education to women!

“Lady who wishes to help humanity to overcome their sorrows will be pleased see anyone in trouble, any kind. Write 147 Evening Post.”

—Rather back-handed sympathy!

OUR GREAT THINKERS.

“Education was an excellent thing in its way, but there were limits to its economic usefulness.”—Lord Inceape, at Annual Meeting of P. & O. Company. 1921.

—An excellent motto—in its way—for the New Library.

SPECIAL.

To members 1st Battalion and any others suffering from a similar complaint. Wanted sell: One pair military trousers, very roomy, would suit twins, guaranteed hairy. Apply at once Milly Tary, Bukkel Street.
Correspondence.

9-1-22.

AS FROM

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

DEAR SPIKE,—

This morning came a copy of your latest. It moves me to write and say: "How d’ye do?" (You will of course understand that in speaking the words I have by now learmed a very superior pronunciation.) On second thoughts I think it is worth while extending the parenthesis into a paragraph. To go on then—I fear that the written word must utterly fail to shew you the amount of sheer superiority that can be put into the simplest words properly spoken. You will, I am certain, have read of the doings and the thoughts of Margot Asquith. When the husband of that distinguished lady looked back on his Oxford days, he said that the mark of a Balliol man was “a tranquil air of effortless superiority.” Think—mild Sir—of the self-conscious idolsmashing, the unregarding zeal, the desperate petties of the Goodoldays: Look on this picture and on this—and I ask you! I daresay you haven’t forgotten Prof. Hunter’s riddle: What happens when an importunate Prof. meets an irascible chancellor? Perhaps the subject will lure Wilfrid and Charles back to the making of verses. Anyhow—"Spice"—if perchance you read this letter to your advisers (and I think I would like that) pray do lift your voice a little above its normal pitch, and I shall be satisfied. So-so.

In the last month or two I have met a number of Wikitorians. Mr. Ward spent a day with me some time ago. We had a rare old time turning over Wikitorian things. Not long afterwards Mrs. Marjory Hannah, and Miss Nicholls looked me up. And one morning when I was digging into the Critique of Pure Reason who should appear in my doorway but H. F. von Haast? You may be sure I was delighted to see them. I have found out others also. Only the other day I had tea with Miss Esme North at Bedford College; and on Friday I met John Allan—spending Xmas in England. I hope before long to meet Ivan Sutherland.

And I think that is all. If any freer word may be—My dear Archie—

But I intended to make a pun.

With kind regards,

Harold Miller.

THE GENTLE ART OF NOTE WRITING.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

DEAR "SPIKE,"

Having after much painful experience acquired some knowledge upon the subject of Note Writing, may I crave a small measure of your space in which to impart my knowledge to the many office-bearers of College Societies, whose business it is to carry on the official correspondence of their committees without, as a rule, any guide as to the many and various pitfalls supplied by that awful autocrat, Etiquette. For the sake of brevity I will tabulate such rules as I have discovered.

1. Even in these days of over pressure all notes of compliment, invitation, or thanks must be written by hand (legibly if possible) never typed. The paper used should be note-paper and the colour of both paper and envelope must match. (It is, of course, wise to be careful to stamp all such correspondence.)

2. To begin a letter to a lady with the words “Miss Brown” “ Dear Mam’zelle,” is the mark of ignorance so abysmal, that one fears for the writer’s chance of graduating. The term in question in dialect German and means “housekeeper.” In English every official letter to a woman, be she sixteen or sixty, married or single, should begin “Mrs. or Miss Jones, Dear Madam.”

3. Should it be our duty to address a letter to that most honourable gentleman, a baronet, it will please him besides proving our knowledge of good form if we address his envelope “Sir John Adams Bart.” That much commoner fowl, the Knight, requires no addition.

4. In inviting one of our clerical friends to honour us with his presence at some function, it is again necessary to be precise—one must not save one’s self trouble by writing: “The Minister of St. David’s, the Manse, Perthstud,” but must get a directory and look up his surname and initials and write “The Rev. J. W. Ross, M.A.” or “The Rev. Dr. W. P. Brown, D.D.” as the case may be.
Athletic Club.

The interest taken in Athletics was as keen last year throughout New Zealand as it has been for many years past, and it is not unnatural that this interest was more or less reflected in the doings of the College Club. It is many years since the Club has had such a large membership roll as it has at present, and there is little doubt if all members paid their "subs." promptly, the Club would be financially very sound. As it is the Club finances are in a very healthy condition, but of course the expenses are heavy throughout the year, and a gift-horse will not be looked in the mouth.

The thanks of the Club are expressed to the following, for donations towards the Club's funds: Professor Sommerville, G. G. G. Watson, Esq., J. D. Sievewright, Esq.

During the year the Club conducted an evening meeting on Kelburn Park, and in conjunction with the Wellington A.A.C. held a challenge meeting on 1st April, at the Basin Reserve. At this meeting were run the Inter Faculty Competitions, and despite very adverse weather conditions a highly successful gathering was held. Approximately there were 1,500 people present, and the result financially was such that the Athletic Club was enabled to give £7 10s. to the Tournament Expenses Fund. The Challenge events between the two Clubs were 100 yds., 440 yds., 880 yds., One Mile, One Mile Walk, Long Jump, 120 yds. Hurdles, and Three Miles. The College secured wins in all events except the Mile and 120 yds. Hurdles.

The results of the interfaculty contests were as under—


The performances of Jackson and Tracy were very meritorious. Jackson's 59.3-5 secs. for the 440 hurdles was a great achievement in view of the unfavourable conditions prevailing on the day. Tracy's 10 sec. for the 100 Yards will stand a long time before any one knocks it down. Both men were awarded records for their performances.

The Oram Cup, for the greatest number of points scored by an individual was awarded for the ensuing year to Tracy and Jackson, with six points each to their credit. Congratulations to both.

The Graduates' Cup for the best performance was awarded to Tracy, to whom we extend our congratulations, not only for winning the Cup, but also for obtaining representative honours against the Springbok Athletics.
Tramping Club.

Commencing its operations only at the beginning of 1921, the Tramping Club has already become an institution recognised amongst the more venerable of the College Clubs. Freer than the Free Discussions Club, more gleeful than the Glee Club, and—shall we say it, draughtier than the Draughts Club, it has found a place in College life.

We cannot enter here either upon its aims or its merits. We must confine ourselves to the methods of our popular magazines, in the synopsis of their serial stories. You can begin here!

The first activities took place in the first and second terms of 1921, the Club having been formed in the early part of the first term of that year. These first efforts were unambitious and were indeed delicate preliminaries of what was to follow. They consisted of Saturday afternoon excursions and were naturally limited in extent; but proved in general quite sufficiently strenuous for those taking part and were by no means devoid of incident. In this way we visited Red Rocks, Kaukau, the Day’s Bay Hills, and the Karori Hills. We also made an accidental descent on Johnsonville, owing to an unaccommodating fog. Here the whole party showed what they could do in the way of a sprint to catch the train which had been waiting for them since their advance-guard had appeared on the horizon.

In September the Club decided to undertake a three-day expedition to the Orongorongo Valley, and an ascent of Mount Matthews. Some fifty students considered that this was what they required in the way of relaxation, and the party carrying their tooth brushes, their powder puffs, their safety razors, and their bully beef, crept inconspicuously through the town in various stages of neglige, and boarded the “Cobar,” at 7.30, on a glorious Saturday morning.

Through lassitude and many delays it was late afternoon ere we descended the narrow and bush-girt valley of the Orongorongo, that stream so deserving of the sympathy of this generation in that it is both rapid and shallow. The following morning those more energetic, and not debarred by an unfortunate incident which had occurred in the burning of some boots, climbed Mount Matthews. The party returned to civilisation on the next day without loss of life.

On 24th of October, a stout band of twelve, undeterred by threatening weather conditions, attempted to cross the Tararua from Woodside to Otaki. Alas! their ambitions were not destined to be realised. The weather turned to winter. From Alpha Hut the party returned to the Teuherenikau River into which several of them fell. After spending the night in the hut there, amidst rain, snow, and in a southerly gale, the party retraced its steps over Mount Reeves, and reached Woodside. Evenimg saw us in Wellington, no one greatly the worse.

Immediately after the examinations in November, ten of the same party, and two others crossed the Range from the Otaki side and descended to Kaitoke by a route from Mount Omega to Mount Marchant, which so far as can be ascertained had not been taken by any previous parties who have crossed the ranges and which seems likely to prove the popular one of the future.

A second trip to the Orongorongo was undertaken on the 13th and 14th of May this year. On the second day the party split,—one half crossed the Mount Matthews Saddle, descending the Mukamuka and following the coast to Gollans Valley, the second half followed up the Orongorongo stream to the site of the new tunnel and dam, and after crossing the Wainui hill were hospitably entertained by Mr. Semple at his camp on the other end of the tunnel. They thence wended their weary way to Petone via the Wainui pipe tunnel.

On 3rd and 4th of June, a party from the Club, at the invitation of the Tararua Tramping Club joined with them in an expedition to Dobson’s Mistake on Mount Marchant. The weather on the first day was cold and wet, but the second proved fine.

We would call attention of readers to the more detailed account of the Tararua trip which appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Club is deeply indebted to its President, Professor Boyd-Wilson, for great assistance and enthusiasm on its behalf. He has been the prime mover in our most successful undertakings, and a tower of strength always.

The Club is anxious to gather to it all students—and particularly freshers—who are, or feel that they ought to be in the least interested in its doings. Drop a note to the Secretary saying you would like to join.
"Follow up!
Till the field ring again and again
To the tramp of the thirty good men."

There is something indescribably alluring and inspiring to most men in the sound of the punting of the leather, and in the shrill blast of the whistle; in the keen air of the football field, and in the feel of the springy turf underfoot. It is a kind of instinct—"Atavism"—in sweeping terms.

A good muster responded to the call, and turned out to the first practice, on 8th April, at Wellington College. A. Jackson, Club Captain, got busy amongst the crowd of players and soon had four teams in action. Everyone had every opportunity of satiating his desire to run about, the chief symptoms of "Atavism" quickly disappearing before an acute rising consciousness of wind and limb.

We were glad to notice many new players turning out, mostly amongst the juniors; but one or two also were of senior-grade calibre. Notable amongst these latter were J. J. Malfroy, late of Canterbury College, and M. L. Smith, who has represented Otago, and who is returning to his place at wing forward in the first fifteen, after a season's spell. Malfroy has since proved himself an acquisition to the Club. Aitken and Jackson with Malfroy making up probably the most brilliant three-quarter line in Wellington.

Amongst those looking on at Varsity's first muster was McNaught, the N.Z. Army five-eighth, and last year's Club Captain of Football at Otago University. McNaught is attending at Victoria College now, and we had hoped to have him playing with us this year, but a bad knee has banished him to the touch line, to his own disappointment no less than ours. We still hope to see him lending his interest to the College Football.

The season opened on 22nd April, with the usual seven-a-side tournament. Varsity won their first match with Athletic "A," but were beaten in the next round by Berhampore "B," by one point (a force down). The competition was won finally by Petone.

The first fifteen have shown great form as far this season, and we have great hopes that they will carry the green and gold colours still further forward toward the Championship. Since a first defeat at the hands of Oriental, their career has been marked by a series of brilliant victories. Already Petone's defences have been battered down, and four other teams, including Berhampore, have been dealt with and left to languish in defeat. The position is as follows:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Matches played</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Drawn</th>
<th>Championship points</th>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
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'Varsity is thus far in the lead from Petone and Ponake, who are running level for second place with nine points each.
While appreciating these good performances of the first fifteen, we still have a good measure of interest left for the junior teams. The seniors are looking to keep their end up. None of the junior teams have had very successful careers up to the present. There are several reasons to explain this. The vacation break has seriously affected the personnel of junior teams, and Extravaganza practices have lured many players away from serious training.

The Thirds have shown the best promise so far, and their keenness will continue to be rewarded we hope.

Altogether there is good interest throughout the Club, and we must make the most of it this term. The matter of obtaining permanent coaches for each of the junior teams is of pressing importance, and the committee should deal with it at once.

It is understood that the President of the Club, Professor Boyd-Wilson, will take one of the teams in hand.

We greatly appreciate the close personal interest which our President and Professor Murphy take in the welfare of the Club. These are men wise in Rugby lore, and their interest is to be valued indeed. Such another also is Mr. J. N. Millard, himself a once-noted Otago University wing-three-quarter. Every man in the team has his job, and knows it more or less; but he is always glad of Mr. Millard’s quiet word of advice before a big match.

To Mr. E. Perry, our coach, we owe a great deal. If he does not spare the forwards at gym. practice, he does not spare himself much time and patience; and anyway, we like it. Ned is a “holy terror.” He makes us “run hard!” and “come behind!” and “get on side!” till we can hardly stand up, and then Ned says sweetly, “Have a spell, forwards,” and we flop down. Our worthy coach has a merciless irony for the man who makes mistakes, but he knows when to weigh out his “ounce of sweet,” and “an ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour.”

George Aitken is showing better form than ever, and his dazzling movements have gladdened the hearts of his team and provided a series of thrills to spectators at Athletic Park. As Rhodes Scholar he will sail for England late in the season. We will be sorry to lose him, and when he goes we shall miss more than his splendid play.

“Where George Aitken is, there is Albert Jackson,” might be said of these two inseparables, both on and off the field. Having played side by side for several years, they know each other’s tactics well, and none can follow Aitken’s zig-zag course with better judgment than Jackson. He sails up at top speed to receive the ball at the psychological moment, and if he cannot pass an opponent, he goes over the top of him.

S. K. Siddells is playing second five-eighth this season, swapping places with G. G. Mackay, and has played some great games. With two safe men inside him, he is given every opportunity of getting the ball and taking it along with him in his characteristic style. As an All Black of last year, he is being observed with great interest in his play this season.

G. G. Mackay is playing a sound game at full back, and is a safe place kick. He will look for openings, and will sometimes make a brilliant dash up the field in his old five-eighth style.

J. J. Malfroy has already been mentioned. He is fast and is a sure tackler, and always shows up well in company with Aitken and Jackson in the three-quarter line.

A. Murray plays a steady game at first five-eighth, handling the ball cleverly, and having a good idea always of when to let the ball out. He has a responsible job, especially with a player like Siddells depending on him for a share of the ball.

Traski, at half-back is playing well up to the high standard set in the backs. He is the chief link between forwards and backs, and the clean seldom breaks behind the scrum. He understands his back well. The forwards always listen for his “hook Greens!” or “go through Greens,” then we “hook” or “go through,” if we can.

The forwards should hold their own with any other pack in Wellington. As a pack they are versatile, good in the loose, and have some good scoring men amongst them.

We miss F. Hewson from amongst the forwards this year. He was our best forward last year. He is coming down to general pack in our battle with Poncke, however.

C. R. Thomas, a good place kick, is noted for his dashing tactics. He is a wise forward in the pack, and uses his pace when he gets half a chance.

McRae is a lion in the line-out, and fields the ball safely.

Scott is a clever hooker, and is always up in the thick of it ready to snatch an advantage.

Burns is an important man in the line-out, and is often prominent in passing movements amongst the forwards. He can work the “dummy.”
MATCHES PLAYED.


Juniors.—April 29th, v. Marist. Lost 6–0.


May 27th, v. Training College. Won by Default.


Intermediate.—May 6th, v. Old Boys. Lost 15–0.


Our Photograph of the First Fifteen, 1922, shows (from left to right):—


Second Row:—G. G. Mackay, Professor E. J. Boyd Wilson (President), A. Murray, E. Perry (Coach), T. Maloney, J. L. Dighton.


Front Row:—J. J. Malfroy, B. C. B. Dixon.

Dramatic Club.

Since the last appearance of the "Spike," the Dramatic Club has not been very active. In the first term, the more urgent demands of the Extravaganza were deferred to, and at the end of last year this Club, equally with all the others, suffered the ravages of examination fever. The long term now beginning is, however, to see an energetic and, it is hoped, profitable and enjoyable series of activities.

The General Meeting was held on April 4th, and the annual routine work disposed of. At the first committee meeting an innovation was decided upon in the form of lectures upon favourite authors, illustrated by the reading, by members, of typical passages.

The first of these was given on May 2nd, when Miss Hetherington gave an exceptionally interesting lecture on the life and work of Rudyard Kipling. Although the attendance was sadly small owing to the occurrence of a full rehearsal of the Extravaganza and of a Haeremon Koren, the pleasure of the few was sufficient to make the gathering an unqualified success. The sincere thanks of the Club are tendered to Miss Hetherington.

During the vacation the Club combined with reading of "The Man from Blankley's," a Social Tea and an indoor dancing, and the whole function was well attended and highly appreciated.

On the first day of this term "Bridgers of Bridges" was read, and if justice is done to all our plays in equal measure with this one, and if the plays coming to hand in fulfilment of the order placed last are of equal merit, the augury is for a most successful year. Let us pray for the enthusiasm which is the final necessity.
The Society is fortunate in having a very active Committee at the present time, and the prospects of a very successful year loom on the horizon. Nevertheless we still have with us the phantom of financial stringency, and the time seems opportune for bringing into play some American methods for the purpose of extracting subscriptions and donations from students and well-wishers.

It is certainly a matter for comment that such a large number of students should be keen on the Society's affairs. Messrs. Yaldwyn and Haigh are opposed by Messrs. Wood and Sheat. The movers maintained that we should strive for a "White New Zealand." Conditions in this country differed extremely from Australia, where you have a large part of the Continent unfit for habitation by whites. The introduction of Asians must necessarily lower the standard of living in this fair country, and before many years had passed we would be faced with a "piebald" population. Mr. Wood and his colleague reminded the vast audience of the brotherhood of men and the fact that we should love our neighbours even if they were outwardly black or yellow. The gem of the evening however came from a supporter, who identified the audience by advising that there were immediate opportunities in New Zealand for ten million Chinese, who could be employed in cultivating the virgin land. The Rev. A. M. Johnson acted as judge, and placed the first five speakers in the following order: Messrs. Sheat, Wood, Yaldwyn, Campbell, and Bell.

The first debate of the 1922 season was on a vital subject, having an interest for each and every student, and was: "That the Right of Action in English Law for Breach of Promise should be abolished." Messrs. Evans and Campbell appeared in support, while Messrs. Haigh and Gibson were in the opposing corner. The motion suggested that the Right of Action in question was a survival of a barbarous age: when woman needed protection, and that it was incumbent on this enlightened community to sweep away this clog on the wheels of progress. Moreover the right was founded on injustice as a man could never succeed as plaintiff in such an action. Mr. Haigh and his seconded painted in glowing terms the afflication of a broken heart, and pointed out that justice demanded a right of redress. Further it was not fit and proper that the guilty party should be allowed to go scot free, to continue his or her depredations in fresh fields. The meeting was remarkable for the number of new speakers, and it is to be hoped that they will be encouraged to persevere in their efforts. The judge, Mr. C. H. Taylor, placed the first five speakers in the following order: Messrs. Evans, Haigh, Gibson, Campbell, and Bell.

On May 4th, the subject for debate was: "That Preference to Unionists should have the support of Public Opinion." The movers were Messrs. Wood and Haigh, and the opposers Mr. Gibson. Mr. Wood and colleague stated that the fundamental reason for supporting the motion was that collective bargaining was essential from the point of view of the worker who as an individual bargains was at the mercy of his employer. Moreover industrial peace was secured by preference to unionists. Mr. Gibson, according to one report battled against overwhelming odds and was finally beaten by only two votes. We regret that it is impossible to say definitely whether Mr. Gibson or the intelligent audience suffered most. Mr. Gibson set out on the war path against Trade Unionism in general and stated that there was a vast conspiracy afoot for Labour to seize the reins of government. The Capitalists in the audience did not appear in the least perturbed by this alarming revelation. Mr. H. A. Gold acted as judge, and placed the first five speakers in the following order: Messrs. Wood, Gibson, Davidson, Campbell, and Haigh.

A splendid programme of debates has been arranged for the balance of the season, the subjects being varied and interesting and it only now remains for the students and their friends to help make this year a huge success from the oratorical point of view.
VERSUS MIDLAND.

This, the first game of the season, was marked by good bowling and low scoring, due chiefly to the heavy state of the wicket at Kelburn Park. Victoria batting first, made only 77 (Miles 19, Cousins 13, Broad 12, Barker 11). Midland responded with 41, Watson being the only batsmen to reach double figures. The bowling was divided between Cousins (4 for 21), Young (3 for 11) and Lusk (2 for 4). In the second innings Varsity did a little better, compiling 119, due largely to a forceful display by Miles, who was unfortunately obliged to retire after scoring 31. The only other batsmen to reach double figures were Hall (24) and Cousins (18). In Midland’s second venture our bowlers came to light and the whole team was disposed of for 23 runs. Lusk took 4 wickets for 4 runs, and Cousins 3 for 13. Victoria thus won by 132 runs.

VERSUS THORNDON.

This game was also played on Kelburn Park, and the pitch again favoured the bowlers. Thanks to a good stand by Stainton and Harwood, the opening batsmen, Victoria’s first innings realised 160. (Stainton 39, Harwood 26, Lewis 19, Cousins 18, Bellhouse 15 not out, Broad 11). Thorndon replied with 143. Lusk took 5 wickets for 42, Cousins 3 for 43, and Harwood 2 for 15. In the second innings however, disaster fell upon Varsity. With the exception of Lusk none of our batsmen could get going, and the innings closed for 75 (Lusk 25, Broad 10, Cousins 10). For 5 of the wickets Martin, Thorndon’s leg break bowler, was responsible. When Thorndon went to the wickets it was a question whether they could get the necessary runs in time. Owing to a forceful innings by Eton, they just managed to do it. This is one of the games in which our team did not show up well. During the last half-hour our fielding became completely demolished. The only successful bowler was Harwood, who secured 4 wickets for 26 runs.

VERSUS Y.M.C.A.

In this match at Anderson Park we more than made up for our defeat by Thorndon. Y.M.C.A. were disposed of for 115, of which Lynes made 43. The contempt with which this player treated every ball, good and bad alike, seemed to fascinate our players, who dropped him four times, no doubt that they might see a further exhibition of his hitting. Our most successful bowlers were Lewis (3 for 14) and Mackay (3 for 19). It was when Varsity went to the wickets that things began to happen. The best batting display of the season was given by Harwood and Broad, who put on nearly 200 runs between them. At first they were content with two or three boundaries per over, but when they warmed up to their work the hitting was a sight to behold. Both batsmen seemed to take a fiendish delight in hitting the ball over the fence and into the road where the weary fieldsmen had to chase it. At the end of the first day’s play, when the score was 231 for 3 wickets, Varsity declared. (Harwood 108 not out, Broad 69, Joplin 21, and Mackay 11). In their second innings Y.M.C.A. made 86. (Lusk 4 for 26, Harwood 3 for 16, and Cousins 2 for 19). Victoria won by an innings and 30 runs.

VERSUS WELLINGTON COLLEGE, at College.

College opened and compiled 184. Nelson (34) and James (37), each played a fine innings, and Berry played a very safe and solid game for 37. It was in this game that our captain came to light as a bowler. His tempting slow balls were too much for the Collegians, who could not resist having a good whang at what appeared to be a simple ball. He finished up with 5 wickets for 35. The other wickets were taken by Cousins (3 for 43) and Joplin (2 for 6). Victoria replied with 199 for wickets. At the fall of the seventh wicket things were not looking very bright,
but a partnership between Stainton and Barker saved the situation. The chief
scorers were Harwood (47), Stainton (46) not out, Smith (24), Mackay (17),
Barker (15), and Lewis (14). In the second innings Nelson (31), and James (41),
again scored well for College, and assisted by Mackenzie (34) raised the total to
156. Stainton took 4 wickets for 44, Joplín 2 for 3, Harwood 2 for 45, and Lewis 1 for 16.
Our second venture opened very badly indeed. The two College bowlers, Remer
and Wilson, each found a spot, and to make matters worse, kept on it. Not that
they were left respectfully alone. Barker, for example, had bought a new bat,
and broke it by gently hitting two beautiful sixes. The second time the ball lodged
securely in a cabbage tree, and the game was temporarily suspended while it was
being recovered. Batting a man short, Varsity were all out for 74 (Barker 15,
Murray 12, Stainton 10) fifteen minutes before time, thus losing by 61 runs.

VERSUS WELLINGTON, at Duppa Street.

Another disaster. Who of us will forget the gentle breeze that blew that
day! Our bowlers, by aiming about ten yards away from the wicket, sometimes
bowed a straight ball. The batsmen had to commence their strokes before the
bowler started to run, owing to the resistance of the wind. Indeed Murray made
one hit at the ball which missed, but so strong was the wind that his bat split.
In the first innings, batting two men short, Varsity scored 145. Bellhouse, coming
from windy Auckland, was naturally in his element, and scored 31 in about 2 overs.
The other batsmen who succeeded in hitting the ball were Broad (26), Lusk (22),
Joplín (18 not out) and Stainton (15). Wellington replied with the staggering total
of 292, for which Anderson (113) and Wilson (74) were chiefly to blame. Bowling
for Varsity, Cousins took 6 wickets, Mackay 1 and Lewis 1. In the second innings
Victoria did a little better, reaching 220. The star batsmen on this occasion were
Broad (67) and Murray, who scored 41 with vigorous cricket. Other scorers were
Joplín (33) and Cousins (28).

Although less than half-an-hour was left for play, Wellington made a desperate
effort to secure enough runs to give them a three pointer, but though they secured
67 for 1 wicket, they were 8 runs short at the close of play.

VERSUS RAILWAYS, at Duppa Street.

This was another decided win for Varsity. Railways, batting first, made 49,
Lusk (4 for 16), and Joplín (3 for 12), doing all the damage. Not content with this,
Joplín then went in to bat, and made 74 not out. When six wickets had fallen
for 141, Stainton declared. The other scorers were Stainton (25), Lusk (17), and
Broad (11). Railways, returning to the wickets, had put on 83 for 5 wickets at
the close of the first day's play, and did not continue on the following Saturday.
Stainton's slow breaks were responsible for 4 wickets at the cost of 36 runs, Lusk
securing the fifth.

VERSUS IONEKE, at Newtown Park.

This, if we omit the Thorndon match, was the most exciting game of the season.
Victoria College in the first innings made 154. With the exception of Broad, who
is always expected to make a score, none of the opening batsmen got going, and
eight wickets fell for 96 runs. Fortunately Barker and Lewis then made a decided
stand and brought the tally up to 154. The chief scorers were Broad (43), Barker
(35), Lewis (24 not out), and Cousins (15).

Poneke then commenced their innings, and at the close of the first day's play
had lost eight wickets for 148. When play was resumed the following Saturday,
the ninth wicket fell after four runs had been added. The last man was nearly
caught in the slips first ball, but the score was raised to 179 before the last wicket
fell. The wickets were taken by Cousins (4 for 49), Stainton (3 for 37), Lusk (2 for
48), and Joplín (1 for 19). In the second innings Varsity's batting improved
considerably. Harwood in particular, was in good form, and again reached the
coveted century. At the fall of the eighth wicket for 261 runs Stainton declared.
(Harwood 112, Barker 28 not out, Cousins 28, Lewis 21, Lusk 17 not out, Smith 13,
Joplín 10, Broad 10). Poneke started fairly well. At the fall of the fourth
wicket began to get rattled, and were all disposed of for 119. Lusk (3 for 10),
Harwood (2 for 24), Stainton (2 for 25), Cousins (1 for 50). Varsity thus won by
117 runs.

VERSUS PETONE, at Petone.

This game was played on the Petone Oval, on a batsman's wicket. Varsity's
first innings resulted 205 (Barker 38, Harwood 33, Lewis 26, Stainton 23, Lusk 21,
Joplín 18, Broad 15, and Bellhouse 14). Petone replied with a very patient innings
for 87. (Cousins 3 for 30, Lusk 2 for 15, Stainton 2 for 25, and Harwood 1 for 12).
Their second attempt, which was even more patient, realised 150. (Harwood 5 for
19, Joplín 3 for 30, Bellhouse 1 for 14). The runs necessary for a three pointer
were secured at the cost of two wickets (Murray 14, Cousins 12, Bellhouse 10 not
out.).
VERSUS KILBIRNIE, at Kelburn Park.

This was another of our off days. Varsity’s first innings closed for 98. (Broad 21, Barker 10, Anderson 14 not out, Murray 13). Kilbirnie batting steadily, replied with 216. Harwood took 4 wickets for 73, Lusk 3 for 58, Stainton 1 for 34, Cousins 1 for 34. In the second innings Broad evidently decided to have a shot at the century. At about ten to six he reached the nineties, but owing to his anxiety to complete the hundred before 6 o’clock, was bowled when 95 had been reached. The innings remained unfinished with six wickets down for 180.

VERSUS OLD BOYS, at Kelburn Park.

This, the last game of the season, was another triumph for our bowlers. Old Boys were dismissed in the first innings for 88. (Lusk 3 for 22, Harwood 3 for 25, and Joplins 3 for 27), and in the second innings for 35. (Lusk 5 for 11, and Harwood 2 for 18). Varsity’s first innings of 180 was sufficient to secure a three pointer. The run-getters were Joplins, who played a sound game for 62, Lusk 41, Harwood 27, Broad 15, and Lewis 14.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE v. VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

This annual fixture was played at Eden Park, Auckland, on Easter Saturday and Monday, 15th and 17th April. Heavy rain left the wicket very sodden, and the outfield dead. Neither team was at its full strength. Auckland won the toss and elected to bat. The first wicket fell at 25 and the next at 40. With the advent of Garrard the scoring improved and the score was steadily taken to 156 for the seventh wicket, when Garrard who had played a solid innings for 73, was bowled by Anderson. The innings closed for 176. The fielding of Victoria was keen, and the bowling steady. Anderson secured 7 wickets for 33 runs.

Victoria made a sound start. 49 runs being put on before the first wicket fell, and there was a prospect of a fine stand; but with the exception of Ronaldson, who played a good innings for 34, and Miles who made a very lucky 19, the batmen were not impressive, and the whole side was dismissed for the small total of 90. The bowling of Auckland was good, particularly that of Goodwin who came out with the fine figures of five for 17. Saunders secured 5 for 40.

In their second venture Auckland had 220 to their credit for the loss of eight wickets at the luncheon adjournment, and declared their innings closed.

This left Victoria 307 to win, but they were all disposed of for 137. Donalson (44) and Cousins (48) were the chief scorers.

At the luncheon held on the second day, Mr. Speight, of the Auckland team, very kindly offered to give a trophy for annual competition between the four University Colleges, and it is our hope for the next cricket season to win that trophy. The following are the detailed scores:

Auckland.

<p>| | | | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Saunders b. Anderson</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>b. Ronaldson</td>
<td>34</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speight b. Anderson</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>run out</td>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garrard b. Anderson</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>run out</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smeaton b. Lewis</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>b. Ronaldson</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weir l.b.w. b. Lewis</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>run out</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macklow not out</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>c. Anderson b. Cousins</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnston b. Cousins</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>not out</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buttle l.b.w. b. Anderson</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gray b. Anderson</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>not out</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extras</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Extras</td>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>176</td>
<td>Eight wickets declared</td>
<td>220</td>
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1st Innings</th>
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<th>2nd Innings</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
<td>7 for 53</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 for 28</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis</td>
<td>2 for 34</td>
<td></td>
<td>0 for 32</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cousins</td>
<td>1 for 34</td>
<td></td>
<td>0 for 35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niven</td>
<td>0 for 22</td>
<td></td>
<td>0 for 26</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronaldson</td>
<td>4 for 61</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW.

Miles c. Garrard b. Smeeton .... 19
Ronaldson l.b.w. b. Goodwin .... 34
Broad c. Gray b. Goodwin .... 9
Cousins c. Weir b. Goodwin .... 9
Lewis b. Goodwin .... 1
Anderson b. Saunders .... 6
Roberston c. Smeeton b. Saunders .... 0
Gibson not out .... 7
McKay b. Goodwin .... 5
Niven b. Saunders .... 0
Whiteman b. Saunders .... 1
Extras .... 8

Total ... 90

Bowling Analysis.  

1st Innings. 2nd Innings.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Average</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Goodwin</td>
<td>5 for</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saunders</td>
<td>5 for</td>
<td>40</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunning</td>
<td>0 for</td>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smeeton</td>
<td>3 for</td>
<td>20</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total ... 137

In conclusion we would take this opportunity of thanking the Aucklanders for the hospitality they showed towards our team during its stay in Auckland. We can only sincerely hope that we will be able to show them as good when they revisit us next season.

AVERAGES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Total Runs</th>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Broad</td>
<td>418</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>27.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lusk</td>
<td>167</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>13.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanton</td>
<td>178</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>17.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barker</td>
<td>184</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>15.33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cousins</td>
<td>183</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>15.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harwood</td>
<td>365</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>40.56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>18.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joplin</td>
<td>272</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>27.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>10.9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Bowling.  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lusk</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>371</td>
<td>9.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cousins</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>460</td>
<td>17.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harwood</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>322</td>
<td>11.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>18.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanton</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>12.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joplin</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>8.2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SECOND ELEVEN.

Summary: Played 10; won 4; lost 6.

Versus Y.M.C.A.—Won by an innings and 18 runs. Varsity 134 (Lewis 57, Main 18, Anderson 18, Robertson 14). Y.M.C.A. 82 and 34. (Anderson 4 for 19 and 1 for 9, Niven 3 for 6, and 3 for 12).

Versus CENTICS.—Won by 70 runs. Varsity 183. (Robertson 37, Gibson 36, Stewart 34, McCrea not out 25, Greiner 17, Wiren 12), and 114 for 2 wickets. (Robertson 49, retired, Hain 51, retired). Centics 113 and 2 for 74. (Anderson 4 for 45, Wiren 2 for 14 and 1 for 4, Hain 1 for 1).

Versus SCOTS' COLLEGE.—Lost by 12 runs. Varsity 113. (Robertson 44 not out, Pope 19, Young 18), and 142 for 8 wickets declared. (Gibson 40, Anderson 25, Robertson 18, Stewart 10, Wiren 10 not out). Scots' College 125, and 115 for 9, Young 4 for 36, and 4 for 34, Aitken 1 for 17, and 2 for 24.

Versus WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—Lost by 1 wicket. Varsity 108. (Graham 45, Stewart 34, and 143, Gibson 58, Graham 24, Hutchison 20, Anderson 10). College 111 and 141 for 9 wickets. (Anderson 2 for 28, and 5 for 33, Hutchison 4 for 10).
Versus THORNDRY.—Lost by an innings and 15 runs. Varsity 216. (Graham 107, Gibson 47, Hain 19, Anderson 13, and 79, Gibson 32, Graham 18 not out, Hain 10), Thorndry 330.


Versus ST. THOMAS.—Lost by an innings and 126. Varsity 102. (Gibson 42, Hain 25, Mackay not out 10 and 57, Gibson 30 not out, Pope, J., 39, Graham 22), St. Thomas 295. (Mackay 6 for 115, Gibson 3 for 14).

Versus EASTBOURNE.—Lost by 9 wickets. Varsity 52. (Gibson 22 and 134 Gibson 40, Aitken 31, Pope J, 14,) Eastbourne 87 and 104 for 1 wicket. (Mackay 2 for 12, Anderson 3 for 17, Wiren 4 for 11).

Versus WELLINGTON.—Won. Varsity 64. (Gibson 30), Wellington 160 for 2 wickets. This match was awarded to us by the Cricket Association, because our opponents played two men of a higher grade. It must be understood, however, that the protest was entered by our Club.

Versus INSTITUTE.—Lost by 6 wickets. Varsity 208. (Aitken 0), Martin 26, Virtue 24 not out, Wakeford 23, Mackay 20, Graham 19, Kent 13 and 97, Wakeford 25, Stewart 22 not out, Graham 19, Atmarre 10), Institute 145 and 172 for 4, (Mackay 4 for 23).

The following are the best averages for the season. In batting at least five innings must have been played, and in bowling at least five bowled in, in order to qualify in the list.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BATTING</th>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Not Out</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Average</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Robertson</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>164</td>
<td>54.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibson</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>508</td>
<td>33.86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graham</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>322</td>
<td>26.83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewart</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>153</td>
<td>12.09</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BOWLING</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wiren</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>7.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>3    2</td>
<td>13.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mackay</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>189</td>
<td>15.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aitken</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>205</td>
<td>10.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Haeremi Club.

The Haeremi Club’s activities commenced well this year with a formally informal tangi in the Gym., on Saturday, May 13th.

Songs, etc., were sung with great vigour. Several well-known members showed a prolific knowledge of the latest stories, and after practising the Hula Hula and Club Song a Haeremi Supper was disposed of without casualties.

For the information of Freshers in particular, and the College in general, we may state the Club’s aim—To encourage a freer social intercourse among the men students, especially among those of different faculties.

We want every man to know every other man in the College, and by coming to our evening tangis help to achieve this aim.

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CLUB HAKA.

(Leader) WAR WAR TAKAHIA
(Leader) RINGA RINGA PAKIA
(Leader) RINGARINGA ITORONA KEIWHAIKO MUTTON
(Leader) TAI KA TAI
(Mob) HI
(Leader) TAI KA TAI
(Mob) HI
(Leader) TAI KA KEI RINGA OTE WIKITORIA WHANGAIA MAI RA
(Mob) NUK NGAI NGAI ARA TAI ARA TAI ARA TAI (Pause)
(Leader) WHANGAIA MAI RA
(Mob) NUK NGAI NGAI ARA TAI ARA TAI ARA TAI
(Leader) TURI E TE TE
TURI ETE REHI
AMURI AKE KEI
KO TE HUARI
(Mob) KISS AU E HI RA
The Tennis Club has had another very successful season from the point of view of numbers, at least. Tennis players have been very enthusiastic, and on Saturday afternoons the courts have been very crowded. However, since the introduction of the new scheme for controlling the play on these afternoons players have been sure of getting a fair share of games. Still, the need for more courts is acute, since the tennis talent which must lie in at least a few out of such a large number of students is lost for want of practice. Even on week-day evenings it has often been necessary to wait three-quarters of an hour for a game.

A few of our members played in the various tournaments during the Christmas holidays, and as a result their play showed marked improvement. All players should endeavour to improve their game by taking part in tournaments, and as the Wellington Provincial Championships will probably be played in Wellington next year a good opportunity will be offered them.

Two members of our Club, namely, R. Young, and H. N. Burns, represented the Wellington Association in interprovincial matches.

A team from our Club made the annual visit to Otaki, on St. Andrew's Day, and some very interesting games resulted in the honours being fairly evenly divided.

Our old friends, the pine trees, have not been with us this season, but owing to debris from the new wing being scattered along the side line, No. 1 Court has not been much improved. Next season, however, when building operations will have ceased (we hope) this nuisance will be removed.

Several members of our Club spend most of their time playing at the courts, their excuse being that there are not enough good players on the Varsity Courts. These players apparently fail to realize that it is largely the fault of themselves and of others like them that this scarcity of good players exists.

Club Officers:—President—Prof. Marsden; Vice-President—W. H. Stanton; Hon. Secretary—F. H. Grant; Hon. Treasurer—R. H. Wilkie; Committee—Misses A. Coull, R. Gardner, and M. Myers; and Messrs. H. N. Burns, H. Williams, and D. F. Stuart.

Women's Club.

The final club night for 1921 took the form of a "Children's Party," when all present attempted to look as young as possible. Games, supper, and dancing beguiled a pleasant evening. The number present was not very large, possibly owing to the proximity of examinations.

We were asked to control the tea arrangements one Sunday afternoon, when Miss Constance Grant came to speak to some local celebrities about the Central Europe Student Relief Fund. We accordingly did so, and it all happened in the new Women's Common Room. Some of us wondered if the visitors could possibly drink afternoon tea after hearing about the privations of the students of Central Europe, but their efforts were quite successful.

The Students' Executive sent on to our Club a request from the Mayor's Famine Relief Committee to undertake a stall at a street sale, but we were reluctantly obliged to decline the undertaking.

The furnishing of the Common Room is still being continued. At last the authorities have been persuaded to put up the picture moulding, so that now we have been able to hang our pictures.

A sub-committee for debating has been appointed, comprising U. Castle, M. Clark, and D. Erickson, and several entertaining debates have already been held.

In July we hope to hold our annual dance—our most successful method of drawing a crowd.
Looking back on the past three years the Boxing Club has every reason to be thankful for the recovery it has experienced after the nasty knock it received during the war period—a knock which nearly "outed" it for "keeps." The future is very bright. Once more the Club's finance is on a sound footing, and there is a reasonable chance if all subs. are promptly paid that it will be possible to purchase the new equipment of which the Club is in such great need. Then again we have a real live coach in Mr. Tim Tracy. It is not too much to say that his presence in the "gymn." on Wednesday nights has done more to effect a recovery in the interest taken in boxing at College than any person connected with the Club. "Tim" is no ordinary coach. He has the happy knack of inspiring confidence in his pupils and teaching them only as much as they can effectively learn in one lesson. Beginners should not hesitate to roll up on Wednesday nights. A few nights with the coach will suffice to give the novice sufficient confidence to enable him to step into the ring.

This year saw a revival of the pre-war tournament to select college representatives at the Easter Tournament. There were about 200 present in the Gymnasium to witness the various bouts, which provided an excellent evening's sport. As a result of the tournament the funds of the Club benefited considerably and the committee was able to make a small donation towards the expenses of the tournament representatives.

An account of the various bouts is given hereunder:

**BANTAM.**

Pringle (7st. 13lbs.) v. Stewart (8st. 2lbs.).—Pringle opened with a hard left to the face, Stewart retaliated with a left to the heart, and a right swing to the side of the head. The round closed quietly in Pringle's favour. The second round was uninteresting, Pringle doing most of the leading. In the third round Stewart forced the fighting, but Pringle proved too clever and scored with right and left to the body. Pringle was declared winner. Stewart who is a novice, fought gamely and should improve with experience.

**FEATHERWEIGHT.**

Robinson (8st. 10lbs.) v. Young (8st. 12lbs.).—On the sound of the gong, Robinson rushed his man and got in at close quarters, scoring with right and left jabs to the body. Young landed a solid left to Robinson's jaw and mixed the fighting—an even round. The second round saw Young forge ahead. He used his reach to advantage and kept Robinson out, who tried hard to get in close. Young established a substantial lead. The third round was willing, most of the leading being done by Robinson. Young obtained the decision.

**WELTERWEIGHT.**

Lewis (9st. 12lbs.) v. Nancarrow (9st. 13lbs.).—Lewis made the pace fast from the start. In-fighting proved his straty suit, and during the round he dealt out heavy punishment, scoring frequently with right and left swings to the face. The second round saw Lewis further establish his lead. In the third round, Nancarrow started to score points but before the close of the round, Lewis had him thinking very hard. Lewis the winner.

Frazier (10st. 3lbs.) v. Coningham (10st. 2lbs.).—For the first minute both men felt their way. Coningham then opened up with a straight left to the face, followed by several right and left swings to the face in quick succession. Frazier retaliated with heavy blows to the body. The round was in Coningham's favour and was an excellent exhibition of boxing. The next round again saw Coningham forcing the pace, Frazier evidently looking for a knock-out. In the out-work, Coningham
had the advantage, and the round was in his favour. Frazer tried hard to equalize matters in the last round, but Coningham proved too clever, his foot work being excellent. The bout was one of the best ever seen at Victoria College, and Coningham earned his victory.

MIDDLEWEIGHT.

Frazer (10st. 3½lb.) v. Gibson (10st. 10lb.).—The bout proved one of the slogging order. Frazer was tired after his fight with Coningham and Gibson lacked condition. Frazer was the winner.

An exhibition spar was given by Billy Preston, the Australian proposed light-weight, and also by F. Desmond, ex-amateur lightweight of New Zealand.

McRae, the College heavyweight, sparred with Higgs.

The following team was selected to represent the College at Auckland.


Young was the only College representative to win his weight at Easter, and we extend to him hearty congratulations. Although only one weight was won by the College, nevertheless the other members of the team put up good fights, and were not disgraced by the dealings.

The College heavyweight, McRae, recently fought Higgs, from Crawford’s Gymn., (with whom he sparred an exhibition bout on the night of the tournament, in the gymn.) and after a close fight, obtained the decision.

The students are reminded that the Club has Wednesday in the Gymnasium, and should make full use of the facilities offered for learning the gentle art, and incidentally keeping fit. There is much wisdom in the Latin phrase: *Mens sana in corpore sano*.

**Christian Union.**

This year somewhat of a change has been adopted in the policy of the Union. It was felt that the C.U. in the past had not been catering altogether for the wants of the University College such as this, and that it was advisable to try and find a basis which, while being in touch with the Church on the one hand, was yet suitable for a student organization. With this aim, a series of general meetings has been arranged with the Professors or men in touch with student thought, as speakers, on problems facing educated men to-day, to which we think Christianity can offer a solution.

The opening meeting was addressed by Professor Hunter, on the subject of “Idealism.” Some subsequent addresses are “Immortality,” by Professor Kirk, “Law and Social Benefit,” by O. C. Mazengarb, and “Education,” by Mr. Gould.

Study Circles have been formed, and in these also a change has been effected. Instead of studying a text book, a series of questions fundamental to the Christian faith have been arranged and these will be discussed by the circles from their own knowledge and private reading. The Rev. J. Baird is conducting the leaders circle.

A Social Study Circle, under the direction of Professor Hunter, and led by J. G. Myers, has been instituted and promises to be a success.

Miss England is again conducting a Circle for the Study of the Old Testament from the point of view of Higher Criticism. This Circle meets every Sunday morning at 10 a.m., in St. Andrew’s Class-room.

A Programme of Missionary Reading has been drawn up, the purpose being to acquaint those interested in missionary work with the conditions and problems to be faced. From time to time papers will be read dealing with the fields the individual students have been studying. All interested are invited to join this group.

The social teas in the Y.W.C.A. have been continued with moderate success. It is expected that the attendance will increase during the Winter term. The monthly boat-services have been discontinued owing to their apparent uselessness. At the beginning of the term a Picnic was held at Karori Reservoir. Some 60 attended. Short addresses were given by Miss Grant, the President and the Vice-President. A very enjoyable time was spent.

During the long vacation six vacation studies were held, dealing with the relation of the Church to the various sections of the community. Addresses were given by Canon Taylor, Dr. Gibb, Mr. J. A. Troup, Revs. R. Orr, J. Baird, and Watson.

The Student Day of Prayer was observed on February 26th. Special intercession was held after Church in St. Peter’s. Rev. Watson conducted the service. There was a large attendance of both students and parishioners.

The annual Summer Conference was held in Ashburton. Victoria College was represented to the number of about fifty, including present and past students.
"With all my heartstrings I love the lovely bully."
—Henry V.

The season opened favourably with a win for two of our teams. In spite of the loss of members resulting from the vacation, the Senior team is unbeaten, and is well on the way to winning the Championship. We are very lucky to be able to enter three teams this year, as the action of the Teachers' Training College in divorcing themselves from us, made serious gaps in our numbers. On the first day out, captains were elected as follows: Senior: H. G. Whitehead; Junr: H. A. Heron; Third: P. Austin.

Side by side with their fellows in the football teams, hockey enthusiasts are endeavouring to carry the green and gold victorious on every field, and make the University an institution really alive to every branch of activity.

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Free Discussions Club.

After the captious criticisms levelled at the Club in the newspapers, at the end of last year, a large increase in membership is expected. To such lengths did this caviling spirit go, that not only were the aims of the Club objected to, but also the seemingly harmless title. When the Liberal Club at Clark University was similarly treated, the membership tripled. May the same fate be ours!

Only two meetings have been held since the last issue of the "Spike." On 23rd October, there was a symposium on Theft. Miss Myers, dealing with the problem from the ethical standpoint, upheld the right of private property, as it gave security of existence and helped the growth of personality. Theft was the arbitrary infringement of such rights, and was morally wrong, as its presence in a community lessened the incentive to work, and set up force and violence. Mr. Croker detailed many amusing legal subtleties in the Law of Theft. He cited cases to show whether corpses or electricity or oysters could be stolen. Mr. Bickerton, on the Social aspect, maintained that civilized nations still thirsted with impunity from one another and from the backward races, although they would not allow individual citizens to. Mr. Troup, put forward the religious aspect, said that it followed from the concept of God, that theing was wrong. We were all children of one Father and must respect one another's rights. Landowners should regard themselves as stewards, and use their power to forward the Kingdom of God.

At the first meeting this year, after the election of officers and the reading of the report, Professor Hunter addressed the Club on "Religion." He traced the origins of various religions, and held that religion should be regarded as something which was evolving. Life was an adventure, and new problems were forever arising, so that it was foolish to expect absolute guidance from the past.

The Club hopes to get Professor Goode to speak when he returns to Wellington. The next address will be on "Modern Art," and may help to enlighten us about Cubism and all the other new tendencies, so puzzling to the uninitiated.

The Club has subscribed to "Stead's Review," and copies are in the Common Rooms, for all who wish to read.

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Physical and Mathematical Society.

Officers:—Patrons—Professors Sommerville and Marsden; President—W. Rogers; Vice-President—Miss Fenton; Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Campbell; Committee—Miss Reader and J. Wright.
P. B. B.—d: (1) We admire your little financial scheme immensely. Still the Cricket Club is not the only deserving cause, you know; what about a Relief Fund for Decayed Profs? Or a pension for James Brook? (2) Dear, dear, my boy! Do you mean to say you actually used language like that at the Front? Shame on you!

M. C. G.—b: That's right! Stand no nonsense from these Librarians! Put your foot down with a loud crash, stare them steadily in the eye, and watch them wilt! You have our admiration.

L. A. T.—y: (1) Yes, we agree with you that the idea of the Tournament is primarily to enable the delegates to have a good time. The Tennis Club has recognised this for some years past. (2) Certainly it was unfortunate, but the students always have been rather irresponsible at elections. That proverb you quoted about the prophet was very apt.

S. G.—d—ll: Yes, that is undoubtedly the way to put a Prof. in his place. It seems to us though, that the danger is that he will forget about it before you do.

J. T.—tt—rs—l: Not at all. We like to see a man with an opinion of his own about his appearance. We must arrange for you to meet J. T. M—C—w.

F. H. H.—gh: How about the poultry farm now? The cackling seems to be catching, but it is "chuck" not "elique." Don't blaze 'er abroad.

J. M.—ltz—r: So the fur did get sewn on! Some people are more polite than they sound.

E. H. R.—h—ns—n: There are 2 sides to every question—even matrimony!

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