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<td>History</td>
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<tr>
<td>Castle, Una Doreen</td>
<td>Latin and French</td>
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<td>Johnston, Dora Alexander (1920)</td>
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<td>Kerr, Harold Walter</td>
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<td>Kerr, Edward Victor George E.</td>
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<td>Martin, Gordon Utley</td>
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<td>McNaught, Gifford John</td>
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<td>Patterson, James McGregor</td>
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<td>Rowe, Arthur Leslie</td>
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<td>Thornton, Frederic Edward</td>
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<td>Wagborn, Reginald James</td>
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<td>King, Eva Mary</td>
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<td>Brock, Charles Lawrence</td>
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<td>Brown, Mary Lillian</td>
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<td>Carr, Marjorie Halstead</td>
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<td>Carver, Henry George</td>
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<td>Clark, Maide Jessie</td>
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<td>Daniels, Myra Deau</td>
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<td>Downes, Winifred</td>
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<td>Sheat, Ruth Violet</td>
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<td>Thompson, Frederick Grenville</td>
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<td>Wild, Geoffrey Victor</td>
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<td>Wilson, Melvyn Lily</td>
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<td>Wood, Douglas Reginald</td>
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### DOCTOR OF SCIENCE

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<td>Marwick, John</td>
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### MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS

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<td><strong>Myers, John Golding</strong></td>
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<td>Reader, Vera Birdie</td>
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<td>†Richardson, Henry Lorimer</td>
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### MASTER OF SCIENCE

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<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>McLelland, Norman</td>
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### BACHELORS OF SCIENCE

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<td>Beaghole, Keith</td>
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<td>Britland, James Joseph George</td>
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<td>Carter, Norman Robey</td>
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<td>Cunningham, Gordon Herriot</td>
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<td>Fathers, Harold Thomas Malcolm</td>
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### MASTERS OF LAW WITH HONOURS

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>†Goodall, Stephen Inglis</td>
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<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Moss, Leyon Miall</td>
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Ball, Douglas George
Burton, Robert Christian Cooper
Byrne, Norman Alexander
Cruickshank, David James
Cullinane, Denis Crispin
Free, Alan Walter
Hain, Charles Howard
Haldane, Eugene William Robert
Hogg, Eric Thomas Edward
Malfroy, Jules Omer John
Moore, Henry Edgar

Pope, Russell Edward
Reid, John Stanhope
Scott, Richard Robert
Swan, George Henry Allison
Thompson, Malcolm
Wallace, Ivan Stuart
Whiteman, Neville George Friend
Willis, Lawrence William
Wirren, Edgar Charles
Wood, Douglas Reginald
Woodward, Keith Alexander

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE

Enting, Edmund Laurens
Featonby, Dorothy Helen

Mackay, Athol Reay Ferguson
Webber, Stanley William

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† Senior University Scholar.
‡ Jacob Joseph Scholar.
** 1851 Exhibition Science Travelling Scholar.
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It was one of those blue, expansive days we get sometimes, even in Wellington; there was not a cloud in the sky, save that over the estuary of the Hutt, and again above Mount Matthews, two little wisps of delicate gossamer floated passively, stationarily—treading water, as it were, in the illimitable depths that surrounded and underlay them. From the Wireless hill, where I stood, the morning sun sparkled with a cheerful vigour on the flat harbour, that in peace and colour seemed to reflect the opposing deeps above it. The two islands stood in it like an emerald and a topaz; out beyond the Heads the bays were marked by a line of lazy creame all along their margin, and then the level sea stretched away again, past the other island, straight to the remote fastnesses and haunted caverns of the ice-smitten south. My thoughts followed it, and then back to the familiar scene below me. There was a faint haze over the Tararuaus, but from there right round the harbour the hills leapt up sharp and clear, ancient citadels, stark and ungracious, but still in that morning light suffused with something of the stuff of beauty. There was, for a wonder, hardly any wind on top of my hill; what there was served but to bend the short grasses at my feet and send an occasional faint sigh through the topmost girders of the great steel tower that loomed above.

I sat down on a rock, and gazed below and around. Even the dirty town seemed to carry less than its usual load of ugliness, while the yellow roads and deep valleys behind looked as though they might lead the traveller to lands of unimagined mystery and loveliness. In a moment I turned again to my book, that short, most finely-written testament of the modern Stoic:

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail . . .

I read, and fell into a muse whether it were indeed so. A
sudden movement at my side broke into my thoughts, and I turned to gaze into the steady eyes of a young man seated a yard or so away. They were grey, serious eyes, yet kindly, and with the hint of great depths of feeling, passion even; and though the young man himself looked no more than twenty-five, his eyes were very old, and held the wisdom of centuries. He sat easily, like a Praxitelean statue, and as he was stark naked I had no difficulty in recognising in his candid face and beautiful muscles the god Apollo.

His lips parted and he spoke in a very musical tone. "It is a good doctrine," he said, as he glanced at the book. "The immortal gods themselves can do no less than admit that; for they, too, are in the eternal flux."

"It does seem one of our few certainties," I rejoined, rather surprised at the ease of my conversation with one so far removed from myself in station; "and yet—"

He looked up interrogatively and smiled. "You have a human disbelief in the certainties," he said. "Yet I believe your poet is right; we struggle and cry, but the universe will have its way. We can but seek wisdom, for at least the gracious Minerva will never desert us, and give to Nature that allegiance which her laws require."

"I was going to say," I said, "that nevertheless one very often meets the irresistible temptation to curse whatever brute and blackguard made the world." Unphilosophical it may be; but, as you say, it is human.'

He smiled again. "It is human, but it is not wise," he said. "And wisdom can give us one of our few comforts in this scene."

"Sapientia magis auro desideranda," I said softly to myself. "What is that?" he said. "I seem to know the Roman tongue, though your pronunciation is, if I may say so, barbarous."

"It is the motto of our University here," I answered, "the words of an old philosopher (though not of Hellas)—'Wisdom is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.' Even thus far from the birthplace of knowledge, you see, we tend the sacred flame."

"It is a good thing to do in any land," he said gravely. "And your University—is it old and beautiful like those of other lands I have visited?"

"It is not very beautiful," I said, "for a home of learning; yet the true University, which is not a thing of stones and mortar, but of the spirit, has a great beauty in the hearts and minds of those that love it. Nor is it old, except with the age of ancient learning; in fact," I said, with something like the shame of a parvenu in the presence of one so august, himself the peer of Minerva, "it has but twenty-five years, and this very month we have celebrated our Silver Jubilee."

"That is no matter," he said. "It is not good to lose the virtues of youth. Plato was young once, and the groves of Academe... Yes, even the immortal gods were young. And in youth all things are possible..."

I meditated on this for some time beneath the gaze of those clear eyes, and a good many thoughts chased themselves through my brain. At last I opened my mouth, and I regret to say that I harangued Apollo. Yes—harangued is the word: I harangued a god.

"Well, the fact is," I said, "I don't know. Are all things
possible, or is it best to abandon hope of the crystallisation of our dreams at once, definitely and finally, and merely live, taking the evil equally with the good? Take Housman now—is his not after all the manliest gospel? And remember what you have just said: 'We struggle and cry, but the universe will have its way.' Why contradict yourself?"

He seemed to be about to speak, but I rudely pressed on.

"Let's get away from metaphysics. It all boils down to this—here's our University, the first thing in our minds to-day. What's it doing, what's its aim, what is its ultimate purpose in life? Perhaps you, being a particularly distinguished god, god of the Arts, in fact (of which we produce so many Masters), may be able to throw some light on the question." (Unfortunately, in the heat of the moment I didn't give him much of a chance to do so.) "We have our little Jubilee—a nice little function, with lunches and speeches and so forth; we abound in pious sentiments, and say over and over again: 'Sapientia magis auro desideranda.' But do we really mean it all? We think with pride of our successful students, but what do we mean by 'successful'? We unveil our coloured windows and shake hands all round, but do we really give a damn for what it symbolises? Is this twenty-five year mark, the merest chip, the infinitely small sawdust speck of an eternity of learning, just another event, as meaningless and unpromised in the scheme of things as a murder in a back street? Sub specie aeternitatis, I suppose it is: we and all our learning are a wisp of dust that some unnoticing Eternal will blow away in due time, and that not long; we are in space, quite alarmingly inconspicuous in a million of years—what does Hardy say?

'So the Will heaves through Space and moulds the times
With mortals for its fingers.'

Very comforting for the mortals—to be part of a heave! Or is there anything in the heave after all? May not our twenty-five years, so utterly laughable in its insignificance, have a positive value? It all depends how you regard it, I suppose.

"I want to get down to fundamentals, but here I am, always flying up in the air again." (Really, that god's patience was remarkable.) "It all depends how you regard it—it all depends on our attitude. What are we getting at? For instance, I've heard it said, and, mark you, by a University student, that some of our speeches in debates and so on are in very bad taste. Very Bad Taste? What have we to do with taste? As if the very existence of a University in a world constituted like this were not itself a simply colossal piece of bad taste! The idea of it! To set up truth, sincerity, wisdom, beauty, kindliness as ideals to be searched for and practised in a world veiled with insincerities, compounded of half-truths, foolishness, ugliness and human inhumanity. To discharge our popgun of reason at the embattled front of Success! A University—what is it but a rude gesture by a bad little boy, fingers at nose, in the horrified face of an indubitably respectable Universe? Is not this the sin against the Holy Ghost of our civilisation, whereat large-footed policemen shudder? And yet they talk, quite solemnly (I assure you), with an assured and evangelical excellence, of Bad Taste!

"And that admirably-conducted Jubilee! I recur to it as to a lodestone. Did it merely signify the triumph of an impeccable Good Taste, the apotheosis of successful Law under the benign
egis of an enormously genial Sir Francis Dillon Bell, the Spirit ascending to the right hand of the Father in a cloud of congratulatory speeches; or did it mean the faint pause, the breathing-space in a not inconsiderable conflict, the Marathon (shall I say) of those hard, spare athletes, Truth, Beauty, and Goodness in the Olympic Games of Eternity? Shall we, partners too in that everlasting race, drop for refreshment, faint-hearted and with inadequately distended ribs (pardon my bathos) into the boozey bar of some wayside pub, or shall we, mediocrities it may be, but striving ever with bursting lungs and spasm-shot limbs, stagger at last over the long track into that final arena whose serried ranks of seats are filled by the passive but mayhap enthusiastic gods themselves? Pardon me if I abandon before going further the metaphor, however seasonable, whose coils lie so dangerously subtle round the feet. What I am endeavouring to emphasise, perhaps at undue length, is the fact that there are things that matter and matter tremendously. I do not flatter myself, as an extremely humble member of our College, that we have sought those things without faltering. I do not for a moment imagine that more than an inconsiderable number of us are doing so at present; the thinking, the conscious section of our number is amazingly small. Amazingly, I say—well, it all depends upon how you look at the world. Perhaps not in the least amazingly. But it is only in and through this inconsiderable conscious number that the true purposes of a University are being carried out. They are there; they will persist; but with what a pang do we feel the inadequacy of our strength in their transmission.

"And yet I have heard it said (to recur to the subject of taste and speech again) that we should really bridle our tongues in certain connections; it is known for a fact (it is said) that our College has, on many occasions, lost gifts of a quite appreciable amount on account of that embarrassing habit of opening our mouth and putting our foot in it. I admit that there is such a thing as seeing red on every possible occasion; we may, being young (like Plato once and his joyous comrades) charge with excessive trumpeting, with somewhat too savagely awe-inspiring an air, some hallowed fallacy—(though after all what does it matter?)—but, as the President of the Debating Society has recently said, let us hold fast to that which we believe to be of the verities, and fight for it staunchly, with unabated and unappeased vigour. There is no question of the advantage to be gained—" sapientia"—I will not weary you by repeating the phrase. We may gain a kingdom of the temporals, and stranded on the rock of our little dominion, see helplessly the eternals go drifting by on the rapid tide into the gloom where eyes blinded by the flash and glitter of much fine gold may not follow.

"We are even now in some danger. There is a little matter of a huge controversy over the principles of Extravaganza composition and criticism, extending now over two or three years—"

Apollo, to whose magnanimity it is, in retrospect, impossible not to render a homage most profound, here raised a somewhat puzzled, though withal intelligent eyebrow.

"I see the subject is foreign to you," I said, "whose august eyes have gazed never upon a spectacle less nobly moving than the sin of Oedipus or the agony of Electra; or mayhap smiled at the divine satiries of Aristophanes; and so I will not elaborate the subject. Yet let me say that even in the trivial there is an ideal, and
rather than turn our eyes from that ideal, the intangible gage of our spiritual quest, it were better that we perished utterly and were swept like leaves from the earth."

"As another of the Poets has also said," Apollo remarked, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? And that is good doctrine, too."

He gazed contemplatively over the scene spread out before him. I felt rather aghast as the full realisation came back to me that the person I had been addressing with such inmoderate vigour was a most admirable deity, an authentic inhabitant of Olympus. One tends to forget this sort of thing in the full flood of oratory, even while giving it a cursory recognition. The emotions are no respecters of persons. I waited in some awe for him to speak again. He was very kind.

"Our conversation," he said, "though somewhat one-sided, has not been uninteresting. Your plaint is a common one, and will endure, as it has lasted through more centuries than you have lived years. Grief passes by no man; and yet it passes.

To-day the Roman and his trouble Are ashes under Uricon.

All things must perish; but first it is possible to live. And, assuredly, though that may be no great distinction, yet neither is it any great shame."

I suddenly felt very tired of talking; the sun still shone, the sky was unmoved; and we were just about at the same stage as when we started. A profound discouragement swept over me. I turned to the Housman again.

"Here," I said, "listen to this—

It is in truth iniquity on high
To cheat our sentenced souls of aught they crave,
And mar the merriment as you and I
Fare on our long fool’s-errand to the grave.

Doesn’t that about sum it all up?"

"Who knows?" he said. "There is flux and reflux, and the high gods themselves are caught in the swing of things. Yet what is that last verse—? The troubles of our proud and angry dust —?

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

"Yes," he said, meditatively, "it is good doctrine."

He rose beside me, as noble and beautiful as a dream. A tint of gold seemed to ripple over his skin, and his hair burned with a thousand lights. He smiled, and stretched his arms towards the sky.

"It is verging on noon," he said, "and you will have business in the town, you and your poet; while I too must not stay. Yet, be assured; wisdom at least is eternal and shall not perish. And now I salute you."

I blinked at his glory, and even as I did so he left the ground, and towered high in a pillar of golden light. I followed the glittering shaft up into the blue with my eye, till it was suddenly caught into the sun, and I was dazzled. Then I, also, reflecting that I had a mile or two to go before dinner, shut my book and turned down the steep track homeward.
Oxford

(From a W.E.A. Lecture)

If there are those here to-night who have lived in Oxford, I cannot hope to satisfy them with my picture of the place. Besides, I do not purpose to dwell on the wonders, but rather on the common, every-day things and the ordinary people. Oxford, "spreading her gardens to the moonlight and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age," is not a complete and perfect picture. There is the picture of a thousand bicycles wheeling through the streets at noon, the roar of a hundred voices bellowing over Trinity wall, the breathless "squash" in Abdul Hamid's rooms to hear the newest crank from London, the stale smell of food that the buttery sends up to join the pungent smell of chemicals rising from the labs. beneath the Hall. These are the memories that come most often and may not be put by. And it is the Oxford of these common impressions that I would like to recover for a while longer to-night.

The City of Oxford was a centre of commerce before the University came; but in the end the city became a simple hand-maid to the Colleges. For myself, I liked the city from the first. A market town for a farming county, it provides a pleasant contrast to the "Great Smoke" which is London, 60 miles to the east. The streets are not straight, nor do the walls of the shops and houses always follow the plumbline. There is a big covered market, where the housewives buy fruit and vegetables and meat, and an open market for cattle and sheep. Your genuine Homo oxoniensis has broad speech and homely wits. From his ranks are recruited the army of scouts and porters who serve the young seekers of learning within the College wall. Porterships often go from father to son, and in this way the College servants sometimes provide a continuity which even the Heads of House and Fellows fail to provide.

In all, there are 23 men's Colleges, with about 4,000 undergraduates. Each College is independent and self-governing—with a Head (called Master, Warden, Dean, Provost or President) and a staff of Fellows—Lecturers—Tutors—all of them referred to as Dons. In a college of 280 undergraduates, you will find perhaps 20 dons, each man a specialist in one subject. The relations subsisting between undergraduates and dons are very interesting, and not at all like the relations between undergraduate and Lecturer in New Zealand. On the whole, it is safe to say that these relations are less formal and more intimate in Oxford than in New Zealand. In my own College—in this perhaps exceptional—it is common to call dons by their Christian names, and this in their presence. A staid New Zealander is shaken at his centre when he hears a fair-haired boy of 17 summers hail a white-haired don as Sligges; he trembles when he himself first stiffens his sinews and summons up his blood to address an editor of Lucretius as Cyril. In a conservative place like New Zealand it simply isn't done!

I think you will be interested to know how these misused dons contrive to keep order. How is discipline enforced? And how are the high spirits of youth kept down? The answer seems to be: by giving them plenty of rein. There is a printed list of things which members of the University may not do. A man may not
smoke in academic dress, or enter a public billiard-room or the bar of a hotel; he must not loiter at the stage-door of the theatre, or attend a public subscription dance; he must not be found on a race-course or go up in an aeroplane; he may not bowl a hoop down the High Street. No undergraduate is permitted to be abroad between 12 midnight and seven in the morning. These are clear and definite prohibitions. Officers of the University—called Proctors—together with their "bulldogs" (who are large-limbed and bowler-hatted) scour the streets in search of offenders. But the jurisdiction of the Proctors ceases at the door of each college. Within the college much larger liberties are enjoyed. So far as my own college was concerned, a man might do and say almost anything—short of damage to persons and property—and escape punishment. Language, however picturesque, is permitted, and the largest thirst may be slaked without fear of the consequences. The care of seeing that men carry themselves as men and not as beasts is left to the general "sense" of the college. I have no doubt that if there is occasion, a two-handed engine waits at the door ready to smite the offender. What is required is that a man shall do the work he is there to do.

The system is somewhat as follows:—Once a week a man goes to his tutor, to whom he reads an essay (his week's work), and the whole matter is argued and put into a better frame at the end. The tutor gives a new subject—and prescribes the requisite reading. At the beginning of each term a List is published by the University of all the lectures to be given during the term. Almost all lectures are open to all undergraduates. After consulting his tutor, a man picks out the lectures he wants to go to. He may or may not keep up his attendance at them—no records of attendances are kept. It must be remembered that although an undergraduate goes to his tutor only once a week by appointment, he may drop in at any time to discuss a difficulty. Lectures or study occupy the morning from 9 till 1. The afternoon is always given to sports, and the hard workers get in an hour or two between tea and dinner, or between dinner and bed. The whole arrangement is an excellent one. In fact, it would be hard to think of any other arrangement whereby a man might work so well and enjoy himself so much. A morning's hard work—three or four hours—including perhaps a lecture; the afternoon for exercise; the evening for fraternity and argument; and two hours' work before bed—than this arrangement in such a place I can imagine no better. I ought to add that one is expected to work steadily through the vacations. A man's work is always under the general supervision of one tutor. And at the end of each term each gentleman is required to appear before the Master of the College while his tutor gives an account of his term's work.

But you would have a very imperfect idea of the life if you heard nothing of the numerous societies and clubs. These are of very different kinds, and they differ in size as well as in aim. The political clubs are large, but not so interesting as the smaller non-political ones. And it is of the latter I wish to speak.

Some make their chief aim conviviality; but more often a serious aim is present. I heard of a club in one college called the Shakespeare Club. At every meeting, after private business had been despatched, the custom was for a member to move, "That the bard be not read to-night," and this motion having been carried, the meeting gave itself over to deep drinking.
The common procedure is for a few men, interested in one subject or purpose, to make themselves into a society, with a maximum membership of 12 or 20 or 30. Either the members take turns in reading an essay or the society invites outsiders to introduce a discussion. One club I was greatly interested in—called the Lotus Club. It was formed for the purpose of discussing matters of Anglo-Indian interest—not a large club, more than half its members being Indians. Meetings were held in the rooms of members—each time at a different college. Generally a speaker from outside was invited to start a discussion. Rabindra Nath Tagore on "Indian Nationalism," Major Douglas on "Corporate Credit," Bertrand Russell on "Chinese Culture;" W. B. Yeats, John Masefield, and Nicholas Vachel Lindsay reading their poetry; Father Vincent McNab on "Divorce;" Geo. Lansbury on "Socialism;" Mrs. Besant on "Theosophy;" Canon Streeter on "Psycho-Analysis;" Sir Sydney Ollivier on "British Imperialism in Africa;" Father Martindale on "Scholastic Philosophy;" Roger Fry and Wyndham Lewis on "The New Painting"—these were a few of the speakers at this one club during my three years of membership.

Just imagine 40 or 50 youths, gathered from all the ends of the earth, crowded into a sitting-room; some sitting on chairs and tables, most of them squatting on the carpet; the air thick with smoke; all eyes on a figure reclining in one of the two armchairs that the room has—cigarette in hand, whose ash every now and then he flicks into the fire. It is a Jesuit, unfolding the Catholic plan of salvation. Or again it is a tall, straight, bearded man, standing back to the fire, while he offers a careful defence of British Imperialism in Africa. The speaker has his say, and then the subject is thrown open to the "House." Often the argument is carried into the twelfth hour, and ends in a rush to get home before midnight.

The Lotus Club was open to members of all the colleges, but each college has clubs confined to its own members. Of this sort was one I belonged to—called "The Leonardo." It was made up of not more than 20 members—not more than three from any one faculty. Classics, History, Medicine, Philosophy, Physics, Theology—no subject was without a voice. Each member was expected to read one paper per year. The society met in the rooms of the members in turn. Many a delightful evening did we spend. A paper—washed down by mulled claret and coffee; a discussion soothed by tobacco; and a half-hour's turn round the quad with your chief antagonist; and then to bed.

Less formal groups are often formed by a handful of men to discuss matters of common interest. I remember a little group of Balliol men who used to meet in Bath Place—a delightful spot—in order to pool their knowledge of Kant's "Kritik of Pure Reason." Another set used to come to my room after breakfast on Sundays to talk about Tolstoy. And still another was wont to foregather at Mansfield, where two young dons ran a weekly discussion on Dean Inge's "Outspoken Essays."

In clubs and societies such as these it is that the best part of education is obtained.

The English undergrad. I found to be a thoroughly good fellow. I don't mean to say that I found him easy to understand. He has a set of conventions that are strange to a colonial, and a
love for the things of the mind that is not so common south of the Line. He seems to allow himself more freedom to speak his mind; he has no forbidden set of subjects; he has a way of jesting on sacred and solemn things (not loving them the less) that is an offence to the Antipodean. I knew very well a young don who combined several talents that are rarely combined in New Zealand—a lion for energy, a very good athlete, a brilliant student, Fellow of All Souls. He was a man to reckon with when the beer began to flow, and had the rarest gift of foul speech; he was also the father of a large family, and the most religious man in the college. He told me he was a Puritan. I think there must be more freedom, more tolerance, in Oxford than anywhere else in the world. It is a place where a man may wear what clothes he will. Many of the young gentlemen wear gaily-coloured garments, and very handsome they look; but the rule is plain and inexpensive wear.

One thing that surprised me was the widespread interest in the fine arts, and especially in music.

I think you would be surprised to observe how Oxford is pervaded by the influence of religion. In my own college attendance at chapel was not compulsory; and I don't doubt that men leave Oxford without ever having attended a chapel service. Nevertheless religion is in the air. It is a dinner-table subject; men are not afraid of it. And whether they confess and practise it, or whether they deny its truth or utility, they know something about it, and can talk of it without confusion or irritation.

I think Oxford rather plumes itself on its ability and its readiness to hear both sides of every story, and your Oxford man is careful to weigh every argument before he offers an opinion. This may be only a weak affectation, or at the worst a sort of disease of the will—(we all know the man who sees both sides of every argument so clearly that he never makes a decision at all)—but more often the habit is a result of that caution and fair-mindedness that is conspicuous in the best sort of Englishman everywhere. I have heard a story (which indeed cannot have originated in Oxford) of an old lady who said: "Cambridge men at least have opinions; Oxford men see your point!" But it is after all a national trait. This it is, I dare say, that accounts for the growth of toleration in England. Every Englishman is always bursting to have his "say" about things in general. But he is reasonable enough to admit: "Well, if I have my say, everybody else is entitled to have his say." And after everybody has said his say, caution suggests: "Well, we've all said different things, and after all there's no reason why my particular say should be any wiser than the rest."

This fair-minded and cautious temper—a defect rather than an excess of imagination, along with high spirits and a certain instinctive kindliness—these seem to be the marks of the best sort of Englishman; the possession of these making what we agree to call a "gentleman."

On the whole, as you will see, I regard Oxford as a wonderful place, and Oxford men as splendid men. Of Oxford as the "home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties," I have nothing to say—except to say that perhaps there are causes that never will be won, but never cease to be worth fighting for; that there are some men blind or stupid or fanatical enough to feel that life will never be worth the living till every living man at least has access to the best thought of all the ages.

H.M.
The Silver Jubilee

PROEM.

Sic transit—so passeth the glory. The first twenty-five years have gone; we stand up, as it were, altering our studious pose, and stretch ourselves; we fall on our excellent fellows’ necks, we beat the festive drum, we tinctinabulate (in imagination) congratulatory bells, we blow genteelly but with spirit on our very own tin trumpet. And then we subside. Twenty-five more years are to slide past, processional, cheerful (let us hope!) years, before we can celebrate, with due ostentation, that great jubilee, the fiftieth, the solid, substantial one, the real dinkum affair. But in the meantime the first twenty-five have been good, and good the Easter which completed them. We give an inadequate sketch of what happen on that truly auspicious occasion.

I.—GENERAL.

For many weeks, nay, months beforehand, an energetic committee—we can hand these bouquets round now that it’s all over—under the direction of Mr. G. F. Dixon, had been hard at work, writing and wiring all over New Zealand and to the further confines of the known habitable globe. The clans were gathering, the pibroch sounding (metaphorically), the fiery cross flew from gleam to gleam, stout cohorts of the faithful assembled in city, township, and smiling country village. New Zealand’s greatest lawyers threw up the biggest briefs of their careers to be there; farmers, Giants of Commerce, down to the very humblest and poorest, like you and us, dear reader, girded up their loins and made ready against the appointed day. The Committee met, quarrelled, agreed again, differed amicably, swore secretly at one another, rang one another up, interviewed People, wrote to the Council, wrote to the Professorial Board, wrote to the Governor, to the Prime Minister, to the Minister of Education, to the Chief Justice, talked to parsons, printers, and caterers; quarrelled, swore again—did all these things and many more. Reader, pause, think, consider! with what pangs is a Great Event like this brought to the birth! For you these strongly-hearted men and women laboured in the heat of the day—salute them!

Enough! The last letter had been written, the last telephone had been abused, the last reporter interviewed, the last bit of propaganda written, censored, approved, and published. Easter approached—the Great Day was at hand.

II.—THE UNVEILING.

Good Friday (April 18th) was the exact twenty-fifth anniversary of the first lecture given under the auspices of the newly-founded College. It was therefore adjudged a specially suitable occasion for the ceremony of unveiling the stained glass Memorial Window in the Library, which with the series of inscribed brass tablets and the stone let into the wall by the west entrance forms the permanent memorial of the part played by V.U.C. in the War. The Unveiling was carried out in a crowded Library by Sir Robert Stout, the founder of the College, and chairman and member of the Council for many years. After the Unveiling, the list of the dead was read by the Registrar, the Last Post was sounded, and a laurel
wreath was laid on the central memorial brass. The simple ceremony concluded with the singing of "O God our help in ages past."

The Window was made by Messrs. Smith and Smith, of Dunedin, to the designs of Mr. J. Ellis. It is in four panels, the middle ones being figures of Richard Coeur-de-Lion and a New Zealand soldier, the outside ones having coats-of-arms and various symbolic fragments placed at intervals. In our opinion, at least, the general effect is spoiled by the empty look of these outside panels, which leave the solid figures and masses of colour of the inside ones with very little support. It was hoped that it would be possible to reproduce the Window in colours in the Jubilee "Spike," but the hope unfortunately proved vain.

III.—THE LUNCHEON.

Originally plans were laid both for a luncheon and a Jubilee dinner. Difficulties of catering at Easter, however, proved insurmountable, and it was found necessary to dispense with the dinner altogether, and to hold a luncheon only on Saturday, the 19th. This was done in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall, which was crowded out, to the extent that an overflow banquet had to be held on the landing outside. The chair was occupied by Sir Francis Bell, whose remarks, though understood to be highly complimentary to V.U.C., her past, present and future, were unfortunately inaudible to everyone but those sitting in his immediate vicinity. There were many other speeches—in fact, there were far too many toasts for the amount of liquid provided to drink them in—by Professor Brown (who received what is generally described as an ovation, with musical honours), Professor Boyd-Wilson, Mr. H. H. Ostler, Mr. D. S. Smith, Mr. G. G. G. Watson; but the honours were undoubtedly carried off by Mrs. Hannah, who replied for Absent Friends perfectly, and by Mr. Martin-Smith, who maintained in the face of all the world and its officialdom, the right of a University to free thought and free speech. It is wonderful how one or two bright spots like these cheer one up in the midst of some hours of what is, after all, the Usual Thing on occasions of this type.

IV.—THE CONCERT.

On this Saturday night was held what we are credibly informed was the greatest and most completely successful concert ever held in the Gym., or, for that matter, in Wellington (some include New Zealand). This was entirely an old-timers' affair, as accommodation was limited, and the rest of the world was supposed to be wetering in blood at the Tournament boxing finals at the Town Hall. The old songs were sung by the same old people, the old friendships were renewed with the old shake of the hand; the old jests were heard from the old jesters, and the old laughter from the old victims. To the Concert succeeded dancing. Altogether a splendid, noteworthy, and indubitably excellent affair.

V.—THE CHURCH SERVICE.

On Easter Sunday afternoon there was a procession in academic costume (the first time in Wellington?), led by Professor Brown as Vice-Chancellor of the University, and the Hon. C. J. Parr, as Minister of Education and Visitor to Victoria University College, from the Town Hall down Lambton Quay to St. Paul’s Pro-Cathedral, where what was supposed to be a Jubilee Service was conducted by the Venerable Archdeacon Johnson. We believe many thanks are
due to Mr. Johnson for acceding to the request of the Jubilee Committee and conducting this service at a very busy time; and so criticism of the business may seem ungracious. What follows, therefore, must be understood as being an entirely unofficial opinion, coming from a present student, who had nothing whatever to do with the arrangements, and, moreover, fully appreciates Archdeacon Johnson's kindness.

The service, as it turned out, was a sort of addendum to the usual Easter rejoicings, run on approved and orthodox Church of England lines. The choir of St. Paul's very kindly participated, and ran through a couple of psalms and an anthem in the usual incoherent way. The hymns were Easter hymns. Practically the only portion of the service which bore any relation at all to the Jubilee was the reading of 'Let us now praise famous men,' and portion of the sermon. Now it must have seemed, to say the least, anomalous to a good many of those students, both past and present, who participated, probably on the understanding that the service would be very simple and undogmatic in form, to be confronted with what actually happened; especially in relation to the Jubilee of the freest and most undogmatic of institutions, a modern University. It has been suggested that any procession held in the future on like occasions might finish up at the University itself, an Alma Mater owning love and allegiance far more in these days than any church of a sect can do—a suggestion with which we are in cordial agreement. With this part of the celebrations, at least, we fancy a good many people must have been grievously disappointed. Of course we do not speak for everyone. Some were quite satisfied.

After the service adjournment was made to the main hall of the Girls' College, where the excellent Christian Union provided one of their inimitable social teas; a very successful, cheerful function, bar one plate of pikelets that had unfortunately missed the butter when it was shared out. A sad lack of vitamins, this. We believe, however, that on request to an indefatigable official, butter was immediately and courteously supplied. This may seem a small, almost trivial point, but it is on a succession of these little things that the tout ensemble, the happy effect of the social milieu, rests; therefore we mention the butter. Mr. Rishworth sang; everybody circulated, talked, ate, drank, got caught in everybody else's gown, and was generally and completely happy.

VI.—THE BALL.

The Silver Jubilee Ball was run conjunctively with the Tournament Ball, and a very successful ball they were. The Town Hall was decorated, lights sparkled, likewise eyes; festive couples and reminiscences circulated; everything went off Just So. In fact, a Very Good Ball Indeed.

VII.—THE JUBILEE SPIKE.

And then there was the Spike! Writing in thine own pages, O Spike, is it fit to praise thee? Even as the general Jubilee Committee worked, so worked thy committee. What meetings! what momentous decisions! what discussions with printers! what acres of proofs! what overtime! what midnight vigils! But thou went out on time, O Spike! Thou appeared'st, and light burst on humanity. V.U.C. history was laid bare. The prosateurs prosed, the poets performed in lengths long and short, the illustra-
tions were many and illuminating. There was a leading article on thee in the "Times," O Spike. And, to crown the triumph, thy edition of 750 proved too small, thou sold'st like Hot Cakes, and art now out of print! Spike, what glory is here! What leafy crown is this! Did'st thou, on the moment when thou went'st out of print, think that life, after all, was worth living? These are the supreme moments, O Spike!

EPILOGUE.

And yet, that is not all to say. There was the tennis that went on all the time, mighty champions competing; there was the photograph taken at the Tournament on Easter Monday; there was the private visiting, those delightful little unions over morning tea; there was the excitement and the bated breath over the strike at the end; there was the good grip of the hand as one more good thing of life drew to its finish, the last ring at the 'phone, the last cheery grin from old-time brother-in-arms. So it passes. The first quarter-century is over and done with, not entirely without glory, not without the heat and dust of the conflict. So it passes. A quarter-century more before the next milestone. Well, what says the poet?

"When the task is grey in the doing,
And heavy the load on the wain,
It heartens to see a yoke fellow
Brace shoulders that bunch to the strain;
To know the team's work is divided,
That taut is the leading-chain."

Let us get down to it.

Isle Of Comfort

Far away beyond all sunsets,
Out beyond the leagues of sea,
Lies an island of new harbours
In stately majesty,
Unvisited, untodden,
Waiting for discovery.

Its beaches glimmer coolly
In the drowsy summer heat,
Its hills are hills of comfort
Where dreams and mortals meet,
And its grass of downy softness
For their tired feet.

They may find it when so weary
That their eyes dare hardly look
For its comfort, but they find it,
Each little dell and nook
In the tender leafy rustling
—Of the pages of a book.

—H.R.B.
Twentieth Annual New Zealand University
Tournament
Held at Wellington, Easter, 1924

OUR TEAM.

ATHLETICS.

100yds.: L. A. Tracy, M. Leadbetter.
220yds.: L. A. Tracy, M. Leadbetter.
440yds.: L. A. Tracy, C. W. Davies.
880yds.: K. M. Griffin, C. W. Davies.
One Mile: A. D. Priestley, K. M. Griffin.
One-mile Walk: C. R. Lovatt, H. L. Richardson.
Long Jump: D. Barker, R. I. M. Sutherland.
High Jump: D. Barker, M. C. Amadio.
Putting-the-Shot: A. D. McRae, F. S. Hill.

TEENIS.

Men’s Singles: R. R. T. Young, W. P. Hollings.
Ladies’ Doubles: Misses M. Tracy and R. Gardner; I. Thwaites and O. Sheppard; E. Madeley and M. Pigou.
Combined Doubles: W. P. Hollings and Miss M. Tracy; R. R. T. Young and Miss R. Gardner.

BOXING.

Heavyweight: A. D. McRae.
Middleweight: E. C. Miller.
Welterweight: V. F. Coning ham.
Lightweight: N. J. Lewis.
Featherweight: C. E. Ball.

DEBATING.

P. Martin-Smith
R. M. Campbell.

TOURNAMENT DELEGATES.

H. McCormick
R. R. T. Young

The Otago and Canterbury teams arrived by the ferry boat from Lyttelton on Friday morning, while the Aucklanders arrived by the mid-day express the same day. The visitors were met by our Tournament Delegates (Messrs. H. McCormick and R. R. T. Young) and a small but enthusiastic band of Wikitorians, and were quickly dispatched to their respective billets.

In the afternoon most of them attended the unveiling of the Memorial Window at Victoria College, in connection with Victoria’s Silver Jubilee celebrations.

On Saturday the real work of the Tournament commenced. A civic reception was given the visiting representatives in the Town
Hall at 9 a.m., after which they adjourned to the Wellington Club's courts, where the tennis championships were commenced. In the afternoon the tennis championships were continued, while the boxing preliminaries were held in the Town Hall. A large crowd witnessed the finals of the boxing on Saturday night.

On Sunday morning the visitors were taken for a motor-drive up the Hutt Valley, some in private cars, others in char-a-bancs; while in the afternoon many took the opportunity of attending the Silver Jubilee church service at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, with afternoon tea at the Girls' College afterwards.

On Monday the athletic championships were held at Athletic Park, while in the evening the debate took place in the Town Hall. The tennis finals were decided on Tuesday, an interruption to the proceedings taking place when Canterbury's Easter Egg, neatly dressed and painted, appeared on the scene. The annual "scrap" took place, and the egg suffered much the same fate as Humpty-Dumpty.

The Otago bun hats proved an added bone of contention, and many of them came to the same end as Canterbury's egg.

The Tournament Ball was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday night. During the evening the various cups were presented to the winning teams, and haka were given unstintingly. The ball was a great success, and brought to a close a Tournament which will for long be remembered. The visiting representatives described it as the "best yet," and letters of congratulation were received by our delegates from the other Universities. The thanks of all are due to that willing band of Wikitorians who did all in their power to make the Tournament such a great success.

ATHLETICS.

The athletic contest was held on Easter Monday at Athletic Park, under conditions that were practically perfect. The track was in excellent condition; Wellington weather rose to the occasion, and a large number of the public turned out to see an athletic meeting which proved to be little, if any, lower than New Zealand championship standard. The standard shown may be judged from the fact that three records were equalled and two broken.

Outstanding performers for Victoria were Priestley and Tracy, each of whom put up a splendid performance. Priestley started off in the morning by winning the One-mile Championship in the very fast time of 4 mins. 31.4-5 secs., breaking Athol Hudson's record, which has stood since 1914, by 1-5 sec. In this race both V.U.C.'s men ran well, Griffin finishing second only a few yards behind Priestley. In the afternoon Priestley annexed the Three-mile Championship and the Athol Hudson Challenge Cup, in a gloriously exciting race, in which he displayed sound judgment. He came away with a good sprint at the finish, to win from Vallance, of Auckland, by about fifteen yards.

The 220yds. Championship was won by Tracy (V.U.C.), with Morgan (O.U.) second. This race was run in heats, and the first heat, which was won by Tracy with Miller (A.U.C.) second, was run in 22.4-5 secs., equaling the record held jointly by Tracy and Porritt. The second heat was won by Morgan, with Leadbetter (V.U.C.) second.

The quarter-mile also went to Tracy, who again equalled the record, which has stood since 1903, by covering the distance in 51
2-5 secs. In this race Victoria scored another double, Davies running a very fine race to finish only a few yards behind Tracy. Finally, in the Relay Race, Tracy gave V.U.C. a commanding lead through his performance in the quarter. Tracy has been an outstanding performer for Victoria for several years, and he will be difficult to replace.

All Canterbury’s points were scored by C. E. Low, who won the Ladies’ Challenge Cup, with seven points, by winning the Long Jump, 440yds. Hurdles, and Putting-the-Shot Championships, and by gaining second place in the 120yds. Hurdles. His performance was a meritorious one, and did much to confirm the opinion held by some critics, that this athlete is the best Decathlon man in New Zealand.


Others who performed well for Otago were J. G. Forbes, who won the Half in 2 mins. 1 2-5 secs., equalling Griffin’s record; W. J. Scott, who raised the High Jump record by 3/8in.; and J. A. C. Mackenzie, who again won the Mile Walk Championship.

Once again the Relay Race fell to V.U.C., represented by C. W. Davies, L. A. Tracy, F. S. Hill, and M. Leadbetter.

As usual, the Tug-o’-war went to Otago, with Auckland runners-up.

The final points for the Athletic Challenge Shield were: Otago, 17; Victoria, 14; Canterbury, 7; and Auckland, 4.

TENNIS.

The Tennis Championships were commenced on Saturday morning at the Wellington Club’s courts, and play this year was up to the standard of previous years. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Bates, the weather on both days was quite to order.

Victoria’s team this year was stronger than for the past few years, but was too generous to its guests, with a result that we were in only one final—the Ladies’ Singles. Perhaps part of our difficulty is that our players become overawed by the tennis record of their opponents. Certainly our representatives show more match fright than those of other Colleges. If we could only outgrow this deception, our team would not be handing round tea on the final day’s play. Aim at experience in match play, then, all you aspirants for tennis honours next Easter.

The standard of play shown in the Men’s Singles was good only in the opening rounds.


The semi-finals saw Fotheringham (A.U.C.) defeat Young after a close three-set match. Young took the first set at 8–6, but crumpled up under the Auckland’s steady bobbing in the next two sets. The set taken by Young was the only one dropped by Fotheringham during the Championship.

The lower half saw Smyth (O.U.), last year’s runner-up, secure a comfortable win from Seay (C.U.C.), the holder. The Otago man was playing a hard game and made few mistakes. The final thus lay between Fotheringham and Smyth, and resulted in an unexpected victory for Auckland in straight sets. Fotheringham-
ham played a slow ball throughout, which seemed to break up the play of the hard-hitting Southerner. This game was not up to the standard of the earlier games.

The Men’s Doubles saw Victoria retire in the opening round. Young Brothers went down to Otago’s second pair.

Hollings and F. H. Paul, our second pair, put up a great match against Seay and Loughnan (C.U.C.), last year’s champions, and were only defeated after a close and exciting game, the score being 6—3, 4—6, 9—7. In this match Paul made few mistakes, his work at the net being especially good.

The final, played on the Tuesday, between Seay—Loughnan (C.U.C.) and Smyth—Lusk (O.U.) produced some good tennis. Seay dominated this game and led Canterbury home in straight sets.

In the Combined Doubles, Victoria’s hopes were not long lived. Playing with Miss Gardner, R. R. T. Young had a good win from Auckland’s top pair—Potheringham and Miss Mueller.

Our first string—Hollings and Miss Tracy—were disappointing in their display against Loughnan—Miss W. Partridge, Canterbury’s second pair. Our pair were slow in starting, and did not take the match seriously. Thus was lost our well-founded hope of bringing the long-lost Shield, for at least part of the year, back to Victoria’s unfurnished casement.

In the semi-finals, Loughnan—Miss W. Partridge (C.U.C.) beat Young—Miss Gardner, after a good three-set game.

The semi-final of the top half provided the best match of the Tournament, and play throughout this game was of a high order. Partnered by Miss E. Partridge, Seay (C.U.C.) defeated Smyth—Miss Ballantyne, Otago’s top pair and last year’s champions, in straight sets. In this match Seay gave a good exhibition of the combined game, and used his partner to great advantage. Miss Partridge’s net work was brilliant, their team work aroused great enthusiasm, and they gained frequent applause from the large gallery present.

In the Ladies’ Singles, Victoria secured her only win. In the first round Miss Gardner went out to Miss Saunders (C.U.C.).

The second round saw Miss Thwaites lose to Miss Ballantyne (O.U.), and Miss Tracy had great difficulty in stalling off Miss Witherow (O.U.), only winning a long match at 11—9. In the semi-final Miss Tracy regained her form and secured a good win from Miss E. Partridge (C.U.C.). The tennis in this match was very good, Miss Tracy’s excursions to the net being well timed and effective. The final saw a long game between Miss Tracy and Miss Ballantyne (O.U.), last year’s champion. In this match Miss Tracy held the edge throughout, but her attack was not successful until the ninth match-point had been called.

In the Ladies’ Doubles, Misses Thwaites—Sheppard won through the first round, and in their next appearance had Canterbury’s top pair in difficulties, not being beaten until 10—8 had been called.

Misses Madeley—Pigou, our third string, did not survive their first match.

Misses Tracy—Gardner, Victoria’s leading pair, won their first match, but in the semi-final went out to Misses Sowden—Saunders (C.U.C.). In this match Miss Sowden played very well at the net, developing a fast volley which continually beat our girls.
This match showed us our weakness—we have only one girl who can play net, and the formation of one up and one back will never win a Varsity Doubles Championship.

The final in this event saw Canterbury's representatives fight it out on the Wednesday, and resulted in a win for their second pair. This victory was mainly due to Miss Sowden's sound net work, which troubled the local pairs who met the champions earlier in this event.

Thus the Tennis Shield went to Canterbury with three wins, with V.U.C. and A.U.C. each with one win. Otago were perhaps unfortunate in not securing a win, as they were in three of the finals. We congratulate Canterbury on their performance, and know that next year, on their own courts, they will be a tough proposition.

BASKET-BALL.

The Basket-ball matches were played on Easter Monday morning at Kelburn Park. Only three Colleges were represented, Canterbury not entering a team. They hope to be able to do so next year, when the Tournament will be held in their home town. As the result of the draw, Auckland and Otago met, Auckland being victorious. After a short rest, the winners played Victoria College, the latter winning after a hard and even game. The play was very fast, and very exciting for the large number of people who came to see the matches. The standard of play was excellent, and from this we augur well for the future of Basket-ball in connection with the Easter Tournament. As the result of the matches, Victoria College holds the Shield, which has hitherto been Auckland's property.

SHOOTING.

In accordance with the Tournament rules, the annual contest for the Haslam Shield was shot off in the respective centres before Easter. V.U.C. fired the match on April 5th, and put up rather a poor performance. "Tricky Tretham," in one of her characteristic moods, succeeded in dashing our expectations of annexing the Shield by staging a strong "fishtail" wind, which carried off many an otherwise well-aimed shot.

The V.U.C. team consisted of A. Ainslie, C. G. S. Ellis, A. W. Free, F. H. Jennings, H. V. Scott, R. E. Tolhurst, J. B. Yaldwyn, and R. R. T. Young, and put up a total score of 554.

Auckland, aided by perfect weather, put up a brilliant score of 654, and Canterbury came second with 642.

BOXING.

The preliminary bouts were fought on Saturday afternoon in the Town Hall, and the finals on Saturday night.

Otago easily annexed the Shield with three wins, Victoria, Canterbury, and Auckland having one each.

The bouts were, practically without exception, willing and interesting, the Varsity men delighting the public by their pluck and desire to "mix it."

In the Bantams, Patterson, of Otago, again proved the winner, defeating Martin (C.U.C.) in the preliminary and Stubbs (A.U.C.) in the final. He took more than his share of punishment, but there was no doubt as to the correctness of the decision in his favour.

Aitken (O.U.) won the Featherweight and incidentally the
medal presented by the Wellington Centre for the most scientific display.

Ball (V.U.C.) fought gamely in the preliminary round, but Hughson (C.U.C.) had too much experience, and fought him to a standstill.

Aitken used a stiff straight left with great effect, and his exhibition in the final was that of a finished artist compared with the majority of the bouts.

Frean (A.U.C.), who won the Lightwight title, is built on real pugilistic lines, but his work inclines to the spectacular and ineffective. He, however, carries a very respectable punch.

Lewis (V.U.C.) was defeated in the preliminary bout by Cotter (C.U.C.).

Coningham (V.U.C.) in the Welters provided our only win, but it was a close thing. Secates, of Auckland, put up a great fight, and, in the opinion of several, deserved the decision. Coningham makes good use of a short right to the jaw, but when excited he swings from the floor, thus failing to connect in the great majority of cases.

Secates had an easy win in his preliminary round, Petre (C.U.C.) foolishly allowing himself to be counted out.

Burroughs (C.U.C.) won the Middleweight title, outpointing Fyfe (O.U.) in the final. Although not particularly fast on his feet, Burrows can punch with either hand, and has a fair knowledge of the ring game.

McRae (V.U.C.) was very disappointing in the Heavyweight, falling easily to Leckie (O.U.) in the preliminary round. McRae showed his usual faults, leaving himself far too open—a dangerous practice when facing a man with a punch like Leckie’s.

The final between Craven (C.U.C.) and Leckie provided a great fight until Leckie got a chance with his deadly right swing. After that there was no room for any further argument.

When he learns a little more about ringcraft, Leckie will be a dangerous opponent for any amateur boxer in N.Z.

THE DEBATE.

The contest for the Joynt Scroll took place in the Town Hall on the evening of Easter Monday. The Mayor, Mr. R. A. Wright, M.P., occupied the chair. The first debate was not so much a contest between Canterbury and Auckland as between the united speakers and the stage managers of the gladiatorial combat behind the scenes. These benevolent gentlemen seemed to labour under the impression that the fancy of the audience was more likely to be captivated by a pleasing medley reminiscent of a lawn-mower descending the stairs rapidly into a glasshouse at the bottom than by the serious business of the evening, namely, a consideration of the merits and demerits of modern journalism. This idea was unfortunately delusive. The audience began to regret a wasted evening. Finally, matters came to a head. A member of the audience rose and protested. The chairman, hitherto quiescent, was stung into activity at last, and Mr. A. B. Thompson, of Auckland, the last speaker of the debate, was the first to be audible. It is high time, one would think, that University students should learn the elements of fair play. As Mr. De la Mare has pointed out, it is not generally considered sportsmanlike for the spectators to interfere with an
athletic contest. But in a debating contest tripping and obstruc-
tion is entirely legitimate.

What we did hear of Messrs. Brassington and Field above the
smashing of glass and the cracking of thorns under a pot that went
withal was not very specific. They breathed suspicion at every
pore, but vented no specific grievance. The papers gave the public
what it wanted at best and what monied interests decided it wanted
at worst. In either case the standard was not high.
The Auckland men spoke better than they argued. Mr. Black,
leading for Auckland, wandered away into the sixteenth century,
and failed to extricate himself very successfully. The press had
won its freedom toilsomely, and its freedom should be respected.
If the press gave the public what it wanted and the wants of the
public were not ideal, reform the people first. The press would
follow in due course. Mr. A. B. Thompson spoke clearly and well,
and did not allow a rowdy section of the audience to daunt him.
The press was not controlled by moneyed interests in New Zealand.
It reproduced the voice of the people faithfully and well.

The second debate touched higher flights than the first. Mr.
Campbell alone of the speakers of the evening made a good debating
speech. He was specific and pointed—perhaps, as it seems in retro-
spect, too pointed. His reference to Mr. De la Mare’s exposure of the
Auckland “Star” especially was a barb that drew blood. Otago’s
speakers were very weak. Mr. Barrowclough ascended again to
Mephotococygia with a fresh flux of generalities. The press
was an educational medium. His opponents obviously in-
tended the demolition of the press. It was a vicious and
ill-meaning attack on the cause of the furtherance of
knowledge. Mr. Martin-Smith failed to correct Mr. Barrowclough.
Had he shown that the need was for a purified press, and
advocated some practicable measure of reform, Otago’s arguments
would have crumbled up like a pricked balloon. He quoted Dr.
Johnson’s “garrets full of soldiers who have learned to rob and
journalists who have learned to lie” with enjoyment, handsomely
exonerated the R.S.A., and sternly refused to perform a like ser-
vice for the Press. For the rest he said that every true man loved
a lie; the truth was usually unpalatable. And newspapers had to
consider their public and their advertisers, and conceal the naked
truth sedulously. Miss Todhunter’s argument had not been antici-
pated and forestalled by Mr. Martin-Smith. She reiterated Mr.
Barrowclough’s plea, What would happen without the Press? Her
opposers had not shown what they were going to do about it. Ap-
parently they intended the demolition of the press. Miss Tod-
hunter waved a “Dominion” genially at the audience, and read a
matrimonial advertisement therefrom to the evident delight of the
judges. Otago was placed first, and Mr. Martin-Smith was ad-
judged the best speaker of the evening. Victoria was given second
place, with Auckland and Canterbury third and fourth. The extra-
ordinary nature of this placing was amazing, not alone to the sup-
porters of Victoria, and we are quite at a loss to account for it, at
least from the inherent merits of the debate.
## Official Results—Easter Tournament

### ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>First (2 points)</th>
<th>Second (1 point)</th>
<th>Time or Distance</th>
<th>Record</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>440yds.</td>
<td>L. A. Tracy, V.U.C.</td>
<td>C. W. Davies, V.U.C.</td>
<td>51 2-5 secs.</td>
<td>51 2-5 secs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Mile</td>
<td>A. D. Priestley, V.U.C.</td>
<td>K. M. Griffin, V.U.C.</td>
<td>4 min. 31 4-5 secs.</td>
<td>4 min. 32 secs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One-mile Walk</td>
<td>J. A. C. Mackenzie, O.U.</td>
<td>C. N. Nicholls, A.U.C.</td>
<td>7 min. 7 secs.</td>
<td>7 mins. 6 secs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Jump</td>
<td>C. E. Low, C.U.C.</td>
<td>D. R. Stevenson, O.U.</td>
<td>21 ft. 5 ins.</td>
<td>22 ft. 6 ins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throwing-the-Hammer</td>
<td>J. H. Hall, O.U.</td>
<td>E. S. Graven, C.U.C.</td>
<td>117 ft. 5 ins.</td>
<td>131 ft. 8 ins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relay Race</td>
<td>V.U.C.</td>
<td>O.U.</td>
<td>3 min. 53 secs.</td>
<td>3 min. 45 secs.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Athletic Shield—O.U., 17 points.
Ladies' Challenge Cup—C. E. Low.
Trevor Hall Memorial Shield—W. J. Scott.
De la Mare Challenge Cup—A. D. Priestley.
Athol Hudson Memorial Cup—A. D. Priestley
Siewwright Challenge Cup—J. A. C. Mackenzie.
Sandstein and Sons' Cup: Relay Race—V.U.C.

### TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Tennis Challenge Cup—C.U.C.
Men's Singles—W. A. Fotheringham, A.U.C.
Men's Doubles—I. A. Seay and B. B. Loughnan, C.U.C.
Ladies' Singles—Miss M. Tracy, V.U.C.
Ladies Doubles—Misses Saunders and Sowdon, C.U.C.
Combined Doubles—Miss E. M. Partridge and Seay, C.U.C.

### BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Heavyweight—J. G. Lackie, O.U.
Middleweight—J. T. Burrows, C.U.C.
Welterweight—V. P. Coningham, V.U.C.
Lightweight—F. P. Frean, A.U.C.
Featherweight—P. W. Aitken, O.U.
Bantam-weight—J. E. R. Patterson, O.U.
Challenge Shield—O.U.

### DEBATING CONTEST.

Best Speaker—F. Martin-Smith, V.U.C.
Mr. Dooley On The New Theocracy

"They's no denyin' but what Prof. Tresize takes a fine photty-graff," said Mr. Dooley, thoughtfully regarding a copy of the "Free Lance."

"Ye don't say," said Mr. Hennessy, eagerly. "Let's have a look at it."

After a glance he handed the paper back. "I don't see anythin' in that," he said disappointedly.

"What were ye expectin'?" asked Mr. Dooley in mild surprise.

"Sou'pthin' classy-cal? I'm afraid ye'er taste has been under-mined he th' debased notions iv th' Greeks or thin pious Eyetalian fellies that lived in th field of art an' th' aiubest thin' to paint was a rosy blush. I well rayminner how ye niver cud injy a show onless th' leadin lady an' wan hundred per cint. iv th' chorus had calves that bulged like a publican's waist-line. An' if they happened to come on a little forgiving iv th' amount iv clothin' they wore to church on Sundahs ye'd only wink an' say it wasn't as could on th' stage as it was on th' beach, an' anyway they wasn't Varsity students. Ye were a Dimmyocrat in thim days, Jawn, an' baylieved in lettin' th' public have what it wanted, ayven if it did have to look through its fingers sometimes at what it was gittin'. But ye'er morayle has weakened now, Jawn. Th' pitchers has took all th' fun out iv things f'r ye be lavin' nawthin' to th' imagination. An' so ye rist yeer jaded intellec' be attindin' ixtravaganders.

"I won't say ye're not a better man f'r it. Ye've baycome more seeryous. Wanst ye'd almost fall over ye'erself rushin' up to th' bar to ask me if I'd heerd th' latest thin' th' Varsity byes was takin' off an' whether I'd come along an' help in th' fun ye were goin' to have at th' speshul indignation meetin' iv cittyzins called to raypudiate th' sathire. Now ye enther with th' subdued look iv a Varsity byc that's goin' up f'r his diplomy an' wondherin' will th' Chancellor let slip what marks he got. 'Thim kids at th' Varsity has a gr-reat games misthress all right,' says ye in a hushed v'ice. 'Ar-re they administerhin' boot-leg to ould Toot-an'-come in agin this year?' I asks. 'Not thin,' says ye, scornful of th' aspersions I'm ign'rantly castin' on their originality. 'They're cuttin' off th' head iv Charlotte Russe this time,' says ye. 'She's a Bolshevixen, if ye want to know, Dooley,' says ye, 'an' twud be a thrillin' scene on'y th' curtin gits restless an' comes down before th' hangman c'n make it realistic. Nex' year,' says ye, 'twill be fine. They'll put on th' ixicution iv King Charles th' Furrust or perhaps th' burryal iv Sir Jawn Moore. But it ain't all blood an' thunder,' says ye. 'There's a fine intellechual touch given be th' gerrulns an' byes ruminin' aroun' an' wavin' balloons.' That's mint to riprisint youth,' says I. 'I used to play with thin things mesilf whin I was a kid.' 'But,' says ye, 'they's plenty iv rayligion, too. Ye ought to see how howly thin byes an' gerrulns act in th' scene written be Father Ruck. Furrust they marry in solemn like a lot iv clargy goin' to the dintist; thin they lift their hands to hivin; thin they all git down on their knees an' pray just like Culford Bell inspired thin.' 'An' do they git what they pray f'r?' says I. 'I'm not sure,' says ye, 'but I think they make ixpines.' Ain't that enough, Jawn? Ye know what their motto says, that things in th'
head is more thrillin’ than things in th’ pocket? Thim Varsity byes has a sowl above money, else they’d folly in th’ footsteps iv Jawn Puller an’ give th’ public what it thinks it used to want. They cud niver do that, Jawn, f’r th’ College girrrls ain’t coarse enough in th’ grain.

‘But I’m glad they’re cuttin’ out th’ funny stuff, Jawn. Th’ on’y class iv people that c’n handle a joke safely is th’ professors. Besides, th’ amachoorish efforts iv th’ students wud on’y attrhact th’ ojum iv public atttention, an’ ye know how th’ Varsity byes hate that. They don’t like th’ public to know they’re there. An’ th’ public rayspics their feelin’s an’ devotes itself to throwin’ things that can’t hit thin. But supposin’ th’ public was suddenly to thrust its onwELCOME atttention upon thin, can ye imagine th’ cowld horror that wud shudder through their boosoms as th’ vulgar coin iv th’ light-headed proletryat began to pour into th’ vargin coffers iv th’ Stud. Ass. Th’ wan that wud be stricken most wud be Brother Ruck. He’d break his vow iv perseveraual silence. ‘Is it f’r this,’ he’d moan, ‘th’ I’ve cultivated the’ modest ways iv a shrinkin’ vilet?’ Me, he’d say, ‘th’ was th’ first to discover,’ he’d say, ‘be prayer an’ fastin’,’ he’d say, ‘th’ sacred trut’ that wisdom might possibly be more than good? Take away th’ demoralisin’ trash out iv me sight,’ he’d say, ‘but count it carefully,’ he’d say, ‘so that th’ full horror iv th’ sickenation can dawn on ye. An’ I’ll argy th’ pint with ye,’ he’d say, ‘both ways,’ he’d say, ‘f’r ye put me on me disfence,’ he’d say, ‘whichiver side ye take.’

‘What makes me quail to think iv, Jawn, is th’ dreadful invy that wud be stirred up in th’ breasts iv th’ local branch iv th’ Klu Klux Klan whin they met to incite wan another at their annooal confrinence. After gnashin’ their teeth an’ makin’ their eyes flash as demanded be their oath iv initiattion, th’ devoted dilugates wud overcon their warehuse indignation sufficiently to hurri a burnin’ resylvotion over th’ wires. ‘Havin’ effecheoally disposed iv th’ abandooned activities iv th’ Debatin’ S’ciety,’ they’d move, ‘we passionately draw th’ indolent attttention iv th’ Minister iv so-called Idfication to th’ disliel attitude iv th’ Victorya Collige extravigandists in interiv’ into onfair competition with th’ efforts iv our illi organisation to provide comic raylic f’r th’ people iv this onwakeup Dominion; an’ we arrge upon th’ said Ministry to wake up an’ suppress th’ outrageous an’ immor’l propynganda aginst th’ thrue inthirts iv th’ Impire conducted he means iv a student named Wallace atttin’ himself as a Byce Scout.’ No, Jawn, makin’ jokes ain’t goin’ to save th’ Impire from th’ nixt war that we’re lookin’ forward to with such inthooiasm. Th’ better-minded students reellise th’ fact, an’ ar-re preparin’ themsilves be manoverin’ about th’ stage in costymes coloured like th’ flag iv Impire. Discipline is what th’ byes is after, Jawn, an’ that’s why they’ve illiceted Prof. Tresize to th’ position iv Dictator.

‘Th’ Prof’s th’ bye to put pep into th’ Varsity, Jawn. He’ll put his foot down on all th’ student stuff that goes on up there. Wud ye believe, some of thim onrayginiate kids has niver ayven been to the Cabaret. They spind their nights instid crammin’ what they call their intellects until they don’t feel comfortable onless they’re standin’ on their heads. That’s no good f’r progress, Jawn. It makes thim think th’ wurrld’s all wrong. What they want is to be taught how to use their feet. An’ onless they immejitelly put thin silves undher a theocracy they’ll niver know they’s anny use f’r
their feef excipt to carry their heads around with. Theo'll teach thim byes that their heads don't matter. He'll introduce dancin' in th' Library, an' ivry student'll have to git his U.K.A.P.T.D. before he'll be allowed to touch a book, an' thin he won't want to. It ain't likely Theo'll insist on th' other professors larin' to jazz and bunny-hug—not outside iv lechers at any rate—but they'll all have to larrn ellection. Young Hogan tells me he c'n niver hear what a lechur's about onless he takes an alarrum clock into class, an' he thinks some iv th' professors don't like that. An' th' Profs'll have to dress their par-rts properly, f'r Theo don't like gowns. He says they ain't a nacheral costyume, an' don't shrike th' eye th' way a toga wud, or an Irish Republican unyform, or ayven a pair iv kilts. They's somthin' in what he says, too, Jawn; 'twill be a splendid advertisemint f'r th' Collige. They'll be no more need f'r free Varsity idjication. Th' people'll pay double to come.

"Whin Brookie is injuced to tarrn his tay-room into a mino-chor cabaret, thin th' revvylution'll be complete. An' it won't be th' revvylution th' timid publich thinks th' Varsity byes is always plannin'. 'Twill be a revvylution that will please th' publich be givin' it what Prof. Theo thinks it wants.

"No, Jawn; that photograft may not be classyecal, but it's thruly symbolical. Revvylution ridin' in on Terpsichore—that's what th' pitcher means. An' 'twill be a movin' pitcher before long."

"Who'll do th' movin'?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' Stud. Ass.," answered Mr. Dooley. "With its hind feet."

P.J.S.

To Crowds Waiting To See A Procession

What would you, unrequited multitude,
The wind of morning playing at your home?
    Do you listen as the blind,
    Who gather sounds to the mind
    For winter treasure
    As eyes hoard pleasure
    From the familiar courts of summer clouds?
Or do you stand like children at a seaside booth,
    Agape at idlers aiming brilliant balls,
    Longing themselves to have a dime to throw?
There is a gaze bent on you from a shore
    No human sees;
    And backward flees
    The stern imagination through a score
    Of centuries to where one stands
    Before a crowd, with outstretched hands.

The ages leap together.
    Fierce tongues of time are lapping at your feet.
    Time cringes, yet you strain to see a feather
    On a notorious lady's hat,
    And a pitiful man-shape bowing in a carriage.

M.E.H.
The Truth About Tramping

Gentle Spike! a word with you. About this Tramping Club of which we hear so much, which occupies so large a space on the notice boards of V.U.C. and in the lives of its doomed votaries. I want to tell the Truth about Tramping. I come to you, Spike, as the sole representative of the Free Press. Fair play all round, Spike—you have printed many extravagant eulogies, in prose and verse, of this peculiar pastime—now publish this indictment, and let the world know the truth. Magna est veritas, et praevalebit.

I have done a bit of tramping myself, and I think I know what I am talking about. I may not be a great deal of good as a practical trumper—what I mean to say is, in the matter of lighting fires in the pouring rain with a happy smile on my face, or leading a band of lunatics over pathless deserts and trackless hills for days at a stretch, or putting up tents in the dark, or frying sausages and steak simultaneously in a frying-pan much too small in the near vicinity of a fire much too hot—at all these delicate pursuits, I freely admit it, my name may be most emphatically mud; but I flatter myself that I know the underlying philosophy of the business pretty well. That is, what has hitherto been represented as its philosophy. I have read my classics. As a matter of fact, I think I may say that few trampers have the extensive acquaintance that I have with the literature of the subject—the idealistic literature, that is. I have always been fonder of literature than life—so much easier to bear. However, that is beside the immediate point. If you take your Stevenson and read his essay on Walking Tours (where, someone has said, his genius comes nearest to Hazlitt), what do you find? Wash, Spike, utter wash! Listen to this:

"You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mindenthroned in the seventh circle of content—you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite."

That, please you, describes the end of a day's tramp. Rot, all rot. What is the reality? It rains; it gets dark; you stagger over boulders and into creeks; it rains harder and the creeks get deeper; you swear like a hundred troopers, and your swag (Stevenson's "haversack," indeed!) weighs you to the ground; you finally stop and mess around with a clammy tent with numbed fingers. At about 12 midnight you at last get to sleep, and in a couple of hours some fool who has caught a later boat charges into the tent, aggressively cheerful, and puts his foot in your mouth. And as for "last pipes reeking whitely," "circles of content," "parishes of the infinite"—pah! Stevenson isn't the only one—there's Trevelyan ("I have two doctors, my left leg and my right"), Leslie Stephen, that ass Belloch, with his ferrago of Rome, beer and the Faith, Walt Whitman with his barbarous sequipedians ("I who have walked splay-footed in hobnailed boots"), John Burroughe, the smug Thoreau, Hazlitt, typical literary stuff, Jefferies. I've read 'em all. It's all Rot. And then there's those two bards, R.F.F. and J.C.B., who appear—Heaven knows how!—with such monotonous persistency in the pages of the Spike. They must be young and innocent. I doubt, from a perusal of their lines, if they have ever been on a
tramp. There's that thing of J.C.B.'s called "Tramping Song" (though I've never heard it sung, and doubt if it be possible to sing to any tune yet composed)—what does he say, in the midst of lines about tuis, rata, clouds, white roads, and all the conventional poetic appurtenances?—

"And praise we now the Tramping Girl, etc., etc., etc.,
and bright she trims the cheerful evening fire."

Absolute typical Rot! Who ever heard of a girl messing round with the fire at all? They sit on a good dry log and eat, that's about the extent of their participation in the festivities. And hear R.F.F.:

"The morning track and the noontide long,
The swinging pack and the biting thong,
The evening shack, and a careless song,
And friendly fading fire-light."

Sounds all right; the only trouble is, it has nothing to do with actual experience. Except perhaps the part about the biting thong—the thongs (such as they are) bite all right. So does remorse once you get started. And then there's the fellow who contributes the Tramping Notes to the Spike, headed by little bits of poetry, and full of rhapsodies about waterfalls and bush and sunsets and suchlike.

What's he know about it? The trouble with all these coves is, they're out of touch with reality. You can't sit at home in a comfortably appointed room, with your feet on the fender and a complacent haze enveloping your faculties, and negligently drop words of wisdom from the gold-tipped end of your elegant fountain pen. Life isn't like that. Truth is stark; you may gain in decency by casting a veil of words over the outlines of her limbs, by clamping the nerveless fingers of your dull lay figure round the drooping stalk of a drably decorative flower, and saying, "Look, this amorous shade is Romance; note the aesthetic effect of this peculiar horticultural phenomenon, the more or less white bloom of a blameless life"; but is it the fact of the matter? Give us facts. We are no Gradgrind, but give us a few facts. Tramping may be one way of passing the time for the moron-minded—why elevate it to the height of the sole occupation in a better world of the celestial hosts? Stick to the facts. True art doesn't contort itself hither and thither, like a striped python crushing the delicate white body of Truth; it is aloof, austere, simple, direct, like a Greek statute. Come away from the messy morass of mysticism, tread the hard, shapely ground of scientifically ascertained fact. Especially when you are rhapsodising on Tramping—above all, if you are a Tramper. The devil loveth a cheerful liar, but dear unto the Lord is he that walks in the way of truth. Let us see what this Tramping is; let us lay bare the bones of the business. (You may chop my little contribution around, Mr. Editor, but at least let truth prevail this time, if never again.)

What is this Tramping? Let us take the case of a typical victim—a Fresher, say, callow and idealistic, who has baled a bit of the poisoned liquid from the literary bogs I have described, and who reaches V.U.C. in a flutter of eagerness to lead the true University life. What happens? He reads a notice. "Ah-um-what's this? Annual General Meeting—Tramping Club—fresh air—happy days—come one, come all—that'll do me—me for the great open spaces!" So he bowls along and knocks gently at the door. Is this the Tramping Club? It is. They spring on his neck and drag him in. Another sacrifice—good enough—the secretary gets him
down—take a good look, all you lads, and get ready to break his heart. So far, so good; the dreadful truth hasn’t burst on him yet. It won’t—until too late. What next? He goes to a dance (if the Prof. Board happens to forget itself temporarily and permit one), and meets a charming girl. Very charming; health radiates from her limbs—light beams from a vivacious eye—you know the sort of thing. “Oh, Mr. So-and-so,” she says, “are you a tramp? O, I just adore tramping!” “Well,” says he, a bit ashamed of himself, “I haven’t been out yet, but I want to as soon as I can. You know I promised the family in the old village to go to church at least once a week.” “Oh,” she gushes, “do come with us next Sunday! Lorry makes such beautiful billy tea. I always think billy tea tastes better, with plenty of smoke in it, than the ordinary stuff you get at home, don’t you?” Poor fool, he falls for it. How is he to know that his charming confidante is Slogging Sarah, the Terror of the Tararuas, who has led more men to their death on craggy steep and beetling precipice than there are years in his young life? Poor fool! poor fool!

He goes for a Sunday tramp. It’s fine, for a wonder, and the real demon-walkers haven’t come, as the day isn’t hard enough. Girls are all right, though, thinks our young fellow—great game this tramping! And he decides to go for the next week-end. Great heavens! hold back, young man, before it is too late! Arrest your wandering feet! Throw out the life-line, somebody! La Belle Dame sans merci—!—what’s the good—he’s a gone-er. The fool and his folly. The Inmanent Will has him in thrall. Away he goes for the week-end. Fine lot of fellows, these, thinks our Fresher, looking round at the long legs and abbreviated clothing of his companions—Prof too—great man this Prof, I’m told—makes coffee, stew, and so forth—great fund of reminiscences—I must keep close to him. Might make a few marks at French out of it, too. (Poor fool!) Typical Tramping Girls, too, he thinks—fine, upstanding, frank, joyful. What does J.C.B. say, in that Tramping sonnet of his:

“Like Artemis who erst with long, lank limbs—”

He had an eye for beauty, all right, that J.C.B. (He little knows! He little knows!) So off they go, over to the Bay, along the nice hard road, up a precipice, into Gollan’s Valley, up another precipice, down the other side, wade a couple of creeks, more precipices, down again, up again, down again, up again, down again—sun pours down, so does perspiration. Wish they’d stop a bit, thinks our novice, going’s getting a bit hard. Feels a blister on his toe. “Steam bit this,” he says with timid insinuation to the next man. Next man eyes him cruelly. “Oh, fair,” he says, “you wait till we get to Orongorongo, though.” Help! thinks our novice—however, mustn’t give up yet. What man has done man can do. After several hours of this sun sets. Hooray! camping time, thinks he. Not on your life—we go on for a long while yet. On he goes, trailing at the rear, dead-tired, deader and deader every step; trips over roots, swag weighs him down, thongs bite his shoulders. However—at last they are there. Up go tents; fires lighted; Prof clears a space and gets to work on stew. Firelight glances in the dark, obscure moving figures, light laughter, sound of chopping. Very romantic scene this, thinks our man—stars coming out, too; sits on ground, clasps his knees, and begins to wear off that tired feeling. Prof notices him. “Oh, aren’t you doing anything? Dash down the hill and get some bedding, will you?” Crumbs! this is laying it on
a bit, isn't it? thinks he. However, gets up—aches in every limb—stagger off down the hill, trips over tussock, sprains his ankle, hits his nose, grabs gorse-bush to steady himself, pulls manuka for what seems an hour and a-half (only quarter of an hour, really), and staggers back with small bundle. Prof sniffs. "Want a lot more than that," says he. Off goes Fresher again, despair at his heart. Comes back, finds tea started, sausages all gone, manages to dig up a small and a bit of charred wood from the frying-pan; makes the best of it, and chews away steadily. Reaches for loaf. "Oh, cut a bit for me while you're about it," says someone. Chorus rises: "Me, too—plenty of honey for me—have you used up all that paste?" so on and so forth, with variations. Cuts for half an hour, and at last manages to snaffle a bit for himself. Thinks he'll wash his plate, and falls into creek in dark. Never mind, bed now, anyhow. Eight men in tent, feels ribs crack; 11.30 p.m. Prof begins to snore. Fresher restrained by feelings of respect for person of Prof from assaulting him—can't move arms or legs, anyhow. Joints ache, head aches, ankle swells, blisters burn. At 2 a.m. rain starts, wind blows—by an almost incredible stroke of luck he is not on the outside, but a continuous trickle of water falls on his face. Gets to sleep at 4; 4.30 everybody gets up. "Good lord, it's very late," says Prof; "ought to be starting by now." Rain still pours down. Prof and Secretary decide to cut out breakfast, and go straight on till it clears up. Take down tents—soaking wet. Says a smooth-tongued criminal to Fresher: "I say, would you mind carrying this tent? My swag is fuller than it was yesterday." Fresher feels mutinous; starts to prevaricate. Prof steps in: "Oh, yes, he's got plenty of room! Come along, Blank, get a move on; we can't stay here in the rain all day." Fresher struggles with tent, swag weighs about two tons; off they go. This Secretary is stricken by a strange form of insanity—has mania for finding harder ways than the usual track—invariably goes off on this idiotic quest; tramp's mentality is like sheep's—they all follow him, Fresher limping at tail, trembling with cold and indignation, unaccustomed curses on his lips and murder in his heart.

Why continue? They go on all day, so does the rain; bush is soaked and wraps clammy hands round everyone that passes. Supplejacks get in the way, lawyer tears at skin, creeks are swollen, and Fresher is half-drowned—but why continue? A couple of lunatics think they'll put up a record over the last six miles—you know the breed well—long, bony brutes with big feet and laughter like a sudden Bray—off they go and drag in Fresher. Poor devil staggers ten yards, heart breaks—crumples up on roadside. Crawls rest of way on hands and knees, every vestige of skin taken off spine by swag. Gets home, falls on to bed, raw, bleeding, bruised, broken, raves wildly all night, and is taken away in ambulance next morning.

But what's the good? The fool is out for the next tramp that comes along. Incredible? No, highly natural. He has sold his soul to the devil; he is a doomed being. Never more will he be able to tear himself away from the stony road and the flooded creek. He is damned—he is in hell. He knows it, but can he escape? Can a lost soul escape from the sulphur-strewn plains and fiery rivers of eternity? Condemned, given over utterly, he wanders on and on, with the fierce laughter of demons forever sounding in his ears, horror clutching at his breast, and madness dancing before his eyes.
The song of Speed

The engine stutters its fiery song,
As the things of earth flash by;
The race to the swift and the strong, and the strong,
The turn to the sure of eye.
And death is near, but who would care?
For this is the death to die.

And it's oh! for the rush of the blinding track,
And the whirl of the leaping wheel,
The slither of foam bright overside,
The cry of the hounds at heel.

The call of the road is a call of old
When the song of the wind is still,
And the sunset reddens to gold, to gold
When the poplar halts on the hill;
But hill and road we hold them best
As a test of the driver's skill.

And it's oh! for the gleam of the metal ways,
And the thunder of glowing train,
The quiver of deck to the racing screw,
The roar of the reeling plane.

The ring of hoofs on the morning air,
The frost-hard crunch to the ride,
Are good to hear as the distance fades,
Eaten up by the big roan's stride;
But the ways are best when the ways are fair
And the throttle's open wide.

And it's oh! for the thresh of the leeward race,
The stretch of the bulging sail,
The curtain of dust on the level road,
The whine of the speed-made gale.

The engine stutters its fiery song,
As the things of earth flash by;
The race to the swift and the strong, and the strong,
The turn to the sure of eye.
And death is near, but who would care?
For this is the death to die.

—C.Q.P.
What's Wrong With The University Student Of To-day?

Presidential Address delivered to the V.U.C. Debating Society, July 10, 1924.

By G. G. G. Watson.

I have had great difficulty in selecting a suitable subject on which to address you. The subjects usual on such occasions are somewhat hackneyed, and, further, I do not consider myself particularly competent to lecture on art or literature. My present subject has the advantage that, thank heaven, nobody has as yet written a book on it, and accordingly I have not had to read the opinions of others and endeavour to refute such opinions or to reconcile my own with them. I am afraid, however, that I am about to preach a sermon. If so, no doubt it will be just as unpleasant to the listener as any other sermon, but I shall hope for the usual protection of the pulpit and not expect to be cross-examined and questioned at its conclusion.

In diagnosing the ills of the student of to-day, I can claim no special qualification, being but a student of yesterday or, if you prefer it, the day before. No doubt the same ills existed in my day; but, mayhap, the secondary and more violent symptoms are now appearing.

Having no qualifications, and being, therefore, but a quack doctor, I can only hope for the same measure of success that seems to accrue usually to the quack teacher in medicine, art, religion, and education. Although my diagnosis is probably entirely wrong, perhaps it may give you as debaters fresh fuel for the controversial fires, but, please, throw the fuel on the fires after I have gone!

Candid I shall be, but I trust give no offence; certainly none is intended. I have no intention of dwelling on the estimable points and characteristics of the student of to-day. Such are self-evident. I would merely draw attention to the ills of the body student.

I propose first to look at the process which moulds the student long before he reaches the University, and to try to trace back to a very early stage in his life the ills which afflict him. I'm not going as far back as Plunket Society teaching, but only to the position where I find myself up against the educationalists who mould our youthful destinies. True it is merely the opinion of a layman—once a teacher—who saw the error of his ways and his unsuitability for that great profession. My first criticism is levelled at to-day's system of hasty education—an education the purpose of which seems to be to push the infant into a kindergarten, from the kindergarten to infant school, infant school to primary, primary to secondary, secondary to university, through each grade at lightning speed. Push! Push! Cram! Cram! Cram! Turn out a host of neatly-labelled and numbered products, proficiency winners, scholarship winners, junior scholars, matriculated students, B.A.'s, LL.B.'s—label them as quickly as possible even if you do turn out nothing but intellectual machines, the Ford car type of educated product; mass production of a cheap article—good for a particular, limited purpose, useless for any other purposes. Education in a hurry!

What should be the aim of education? As a layman I suggest
that it should be to lead you to think for yourself, to cause you to learn continuously as you go through life, to give you a joy in acquiring knowledge. If that is the aim of a true education, we may ask is our system of education doing this for us to-day? Do we learn for the pleasure of learning, or are we mere Fords, sputtering and fussing along, doing our particular bread-and-butter work more or less efficiently? Are we pursuing knowledge throughout our lives for the joy of knowledge or do we end our College course as educated ignoramuses? Self-examination on these questions would probably be disquieting to all of us.

Let us go back and look at the various links in the educational chain. Take the primary school first. The ambition now appears to be to push the child out of such a school at the mature age of about 13. The useful old seventh standard, where the average child stayed until about 14, is gone. In that standard the child used to be given an opportunity to mature a little. He was able to consolidate the knowledge he had acquired before going out into life or proceeding to a different class of education. To-day he must hurry with all speed through the primary school in order to get the hallmark of a "proficiency certificate" and so obtain a label entitling him to further doses of concentrated education in preparation for further examinations in a secondary school. Excellent that he should have that further education. But what is the nature of his further education? Is it not for the most part education (save the word!) for one of the professions or clerical work? Are we not to-day in our average secondary school educating a race of candidates for already overcrowded professions and candidates for the dull drudgery of clerical positions—a race of clerks? Little seems to be done in these schools to encourage the child with the ideal of service, less to inculcate the idea that he who labours with his hands is leading just as useful a life and probably a happier one than the member of a profession. The pleasure of work well done is unknown. The joy of work is a discredited ideal. Yet what can be greater than the satisfaction arising from the knowledge that one has done the job well, however menial the task? Personally, I believe the greatest pleasure in life is the joy of accomplishment—no matter what it is we have accomplished. A person holding a high judicial position in this country said recently he supposed nobody would work unless compelled to. God help us from such a stage of animal-like stagnation. In such an existence the line of demarcation between the beast and the intellectual being has vanished.

Would it not be better to spend more time in the primary and secondary stages of education? Equip the child above all to think and to derive his pleasure from thinking. Develop something more than the ability to obtain a living; develop the faculty of living. Teach the child the ideal of serving the community. Teach the child that there is nothing unworthy in work done with the hands while the brain is active. Discourage the idea that professional or clerical work is the hallmark of respectability.

But what of the child when he reaches the University? Often he is little more than a child on entrance, as the result of this "education while you wait" policy. Too young probably to benefit by ideal methods of University teaching, ill equipped in general knowledge and, worst of all, his power to think for himself dwarfed and stunted. What does the average student consider at the begin-
ning of his course? How to get through his course in the shortest
time and acquire a label entitling him to earn a living—or rather
make a living. That is his alpha and omega—"to make a living."
Whatever incipient desire there may originally be to acquire know-
ledge is firmly suppressed. He accordingly studies the syllabus
and works out how he is to take his particular course in the shortest
time and how to pass the precious examination with a minimum of
effort. All subjects which have merely a cultural value are
eschewed. The cultural aspect of bread-and-butter subjects is
ignored. The only aspect that is studied is the examination aspect
of bread-and-butter subjects. The scramble for a label once em-
brarked on is pursued blindly until the label is in hand. The wider
aspects of University life are neglected by the majority. It is left
to a few to take part in the corporate life of the College. The
majority regard time spent on active College sport, student activi-
ties, the community life of the College, as precious moments wasted
from the pursuit of a living. Of those who do take their part in
these wider and invaluable activities, the majority at the present
day do so for a short time only. The majority even of these few
stay at College but a few years. The result? There is no continu-
ity in the College life. The leaders of to-day are gone to-morrow.
Few stay long enough to build up the College traditions, which were
so well and truly laid 15 or 20 years ago by students who had time
to think, time to develop themselves, time to build up a College
tradition, and who regarded mere equipment to earn a living as a
secondary consideration. What a small percentage of to-day's
students give a thought either to the welfare of the College or to
the advantages it offers for developing the power of thought, facili-
tating the pursuit of knowledge, and building character! What of
these students at the end of this scramble? Are we broadly-
developed men of culture, able and willing to reason all things and
inquire into all things, anxious to probe into the truth of things, or
are we a collection of singularly narrow-minded, ignorant pedants?
Are we men and women of wide interests, well read, with minds
stored with the riches of knowledge, seeking further knowledge,
and imbued with high ideals? Or are we merely more or less well-
equipped specialists in our particular walks of life, knowing nothing
and caring nothing about things external to the pursuit of a living?
Here again can any of us be proud of the result of a little intro-
spective self-examination on these pertinent questions?

Summarised, then, my diagnosis of the ills of the student of
to-day, wrong as it may be, shows him to be the product of an
educational policy of pushing and thrusting the child forward
along the path not of knowledge but of bread-winning, a policy of
hustle and cram, forcing the student into a University too young,
keeping him there too short a time, and permitting, if not encour-
aging, him to subordinate everything to qualifying, not for com-
plete living, but for earning a living, making him a machine, not a
thinker.

If that is the process producing the student of to-day, what
are the symptoms of his disease? What are the results of the im-
maturity of the student, the brevity of his stay at College, and the
disregard by the student himself in most cases of the opportunity
to develop mind and character?

I leave aside the consideration of the ultimate academic at-
tainments of such a student. I leave to the imagination the sum
total of the store of knowledge of the average graduate. Consider what is the effect on the College and the corporate life of the students. I have already indicated the danger from lack of continuity in strengthening and building up the traditions of the College, traditions which make or mar the institution. It is obvious that if only the few interest themselves in the welfare of the whole, and those few are here but for a short time, the corporate life of the College will be at a low ebb. Certainly those few will reap tenfold the harvest of their work. But what of the majority? Surely they lose the best part of College life. Is not the result of this neglect of the wider College life visible in all our Colleges to-day? What percentage of the students take their share in the work of the Students' Association? How many, if they play any sport, do so for the College? How many spend a single hour in any activity connected with the College outside the lecture-room? Of those who do strive to carry on the College activities—and to whom be all praise—must we not concede that they are handicapped by the system to which I have alluded? While the majority rush madly on with the scamper for a label, can we wonder that College extravaganzas have to be produced by a professional producer, that the production must be one to depend for its success on spectacular effects rather than on any intrinsic literary merit? Can we wonder that we still sing badly the excellent old songs written by an earlier generation and produce no songs of our own, that our muse is silent, or if not silent, only mutters? Must we not confess that as the scamper becomes madder the corporate activities of the students degenerate? Take our own Debating Society, of late so much criticised. Is it not conceivable that some small part of the criticism is merited? Can we always justify our activities? As your President I always try to defend your actions when, not infrequently, I hear them criticised outside the College. I confess I sometimes find it difficult, and regard myself somewhat as advocatus diaboli. Must we not plead in mitigation that our worst offence is youthful exuberance of spirits? Take the titles of our debates. Most of them involve a debate on some current political or social problem. Excellent that such problems be discussed, but does not our youthful love of mischief, our youthful desire to make people jump, cause us unnecessarily to give offence? May it not be that by reason of our joyous carelessness we unnecessarily defy the conventions, merely to have the pleasure of smiling, Puck-like, at the horror of our elders? Are we not in our youth too apt to pose and strike attitudes, to put ourselves on a high perch and crow lustily. All pardonable traits in youthful character, but far better for the institution that a little self-repression be exercised. If all are sincere in their expressions of opinion, if those expressions are the genuine result of careful thought and study, if they are free of any blatant desire to attract attention, devoid of humbug, are something more than popular hot air, then your critics are disarmed, your expressions of opinion are unobjectionable. But let us be sure of our facts, careful in our thought process, and, above all, sincere in our purpose and free of ulterior personal motives before we put ourselves, Bernard Shaw-like, on a pedestal, and seek with the vigour of youth to convert the other few millions of our fellow inhabitants of the earth to our particular fads and cranks of the moment. Let us at least be sure that we have something more solid than an attractive fallacy to offer the world before we insist on ramming it
down the world's throat. Once you are sure of yourself, certain you are sincere, then fear nobody in your activities, disregard capricious criticism, have the courage to defy conventions. Above all, when—but only when—you have fulfilled these conditions, resist all extraneous attempts, whether of politicians or anybody else, to suppress your legitimate expression of opinion or to mould your ideas to a particular model. But until you are certain of your own sincerity, certain that you are standing on the rock of truth and not merely crowing on the perch of youth, then take thought before you say one word or do one thing which gives needless offence, which brings the slightest frown upon the institution in which we all take pride.

Finally, lest I be regarded as merely preaching a shallow, hypercritical sermon, may I offer some suggestions as to how the student of to-day may outdo the student of yesterday, and, while helping his College, help himself. In the first place, why not determine to take a little more time over your University course? I fully appreciate the economic urge that drives many relentlessly forward; but if the sacrifice is possible, then the result will justify it. An extra year at the College will at least give you time to equip yourselves better for the material aim of earning a living. Better, it will give you time to browse among books, to develop your mind, to acquire an education instead of an equipment. Best of all, it will give you time to take your fair share in the general activities of College life. The corporate life of the College should be able to do more for you than all the professors and lecturers put together. It will give you the opportunity to live in a University atmosphere partly of your own creating, to exchange ideas and ideals with your fellows instead of being merely selfish, narrow-minded pupils of a night school.

I realise that in the absence of residential colleges the ideal is one difficult of full achievement; surely not impossible of partial realisation. The provision of a residential college in the College precincts, owned and controlled by the College, is perhaps the most clamant need of the University to-day. Maybe there is scope for your activities in bringing about such a provision. Certainly it won't be obtained without effort. Why not consider how you can assist? Why not organise for that purpose and see if ways and means cannot be devised for assisting the authorities in clamouring and working for such a boon?

While, however, the residential college is non-existent, I suggest you throw yourself wholeheartedly into all the student activities of the day—the Students' Association (which should be the very soul of the College), football, tennis, cricket—whatever be your sport, play it with the College for the College. Football, for example, can do much for the College for good or harm. If, in spite of all the handicaps of a College team—exams, vacations, the short period of membership of a College Club—the team could, instead of being merely an annual surprise packet, head the championship for a season, playing, as it has always, a clean and skilful game, the interest of a public whose god is sport would be quickened. A college flourishes or languishes according to the measure of public support and sympathy it has. Again, with your debating, how few take advantage of your opportunities? Personally, I regard an active part in debating at College just as useful, if not more so, to a student as any single bread-and-butter subject.
Yet how often do we find to-day a University-trained man utterly lacking in the ability to express himself adequately and attractively. Even in the law we find dozens of our brainiest aspirants for positions in our offices, fully labelled with the College label, but always "been too busy" to learn to express themselves in public. And so on through all the splendid list of College activities. If you will take your part in them, not only will you find yourselves better students in every sense of the word, you will find that you will carry through life an enduring memory of your College days as something very precious to you; you will find that in reality they have not only been the happiest but the richest days of your life. Carrying that memory, you will never completely lose touch with your College. You will seek to preserve a close association with the College, to assist in making it the power it should be in the community.

I ask your pardon if in my attempt to analyse the ills of the student I have myself fallen into the blatancy of ignorance and the positive assertion of youth.

In conclusion, I remind you that I have spoken of the average student only, and I realise there are many to whom my remarks have no application. Whether I be right or wrong, I have tried to convey sincere views formed as the result of much observation during past years.

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Night Fancies

Out on the silent, darkling sea of Night
She flies, the airy pinnace of my mind;
She needs no wind to bear her out of sight,
No chart her path to find.

But, solely captained by a Shape of Thought,
She drives upon that foamless ocean, blown
By breath of fancy in her round sails caught,
Unmarked, unhailed, alone—

From sound or sight or seeking holding so
Until she casts her crystal anchor down,
Within some starry archipelago,
Below some dream-built town.

There, gently swinging in that softer air,
She loads her hold with precious bales of Peace—
From shadowy wharves are passed the bundles rare
Of Calmness-without-cease.

So turning, silent ever, on that tide,
Swifter than any bird she wings her way,
Back without falter, where she may abide,
Close-hidden in the bay

Which is my secret Being, safe from storm—
Puts off her charmed cargo, which to me
A quietude of spirit is, the form
Of a high constancy.

—J.C.B.
Capping has become very attenuated nowadays; it may, indeed, be made a mere note. Capping in 1924 may be divided into four paragraphs: (1) The Capping Ceremony, (2) The Capping Ball, (3) The Grads.’ Reception, (4) The Undergrads.’ Supper. The Extra-vaganza having ceased to have anything to do with Capping will be found under a heading of its own, in glory, keeping to itself.

I. THE CAPPING CEREMONY.

This interesting survival of the prehistoric past took place in the Town Hall on Friday, May 9, at (approx.) 3.30 p.m. The graduates this year were placed in the choir seats with the object of getting the rowdy element of the audience under the eye of Authority. Mr. Clement Watson, acting for the Chairman of the College Council, made the usual inaudible speech, being cut off promptly after five minutes by the aforesaid rowdy element. Professor Brown got well on his way in an excellent speech, but defeated the a. r. e. by stopping at 4 mins. 55 secs. The graduates then filed past and shook hands with Professor Brown, who as Vice-Chancellor conferred the degrees. The function then ceased. We do not know who was responsible for the shame and scandal of totally ignoring the College Songs, which were printed on the programme—what might have been done was shown by the way in which “Just One Stave More” was sung by the students after the ceremony was over. There was absolutely no excuse for closing down the proceedings in the abrupt, bad-tempered way that was done; it was an exceptionally orderly Capping—there was noise, but it was well organised, and both speeches were given a fair run and dead silence. Authority threatened to throw up the ceremony during the reading of the graduates’ names, and for this likewise there was no excuse. The only explanation seems to be that Authority had a very bad fit of panic at a peculiarly inopportune time.

II. THE BALL.

This was held in the Town Hall the same night, very well organised by a committee under Mr. H. L. Richardson. The decorations were those used for the Fleet Ball previously in the same week. Supper excellent. Partners ideal. Walk home afterwards divine. A great night.
III. GRADUATES’ RECEPTION.

The graduates of the year were entertained to a very cheerful social evening by the Graduates and Past Students’ Association in the Pioneer Club rooms on the evening of May 8—an excellent variant on the customary luncheon, leaving as it did sufficient time on the Great Day to get oneself sufficiently well-groomed and begowned with an absence of that breathless rush generally so characteristic of the occasion. Miss Pigou sang very well, Miss Thyra Baldwin recited, Miss Frances and Miss Eudora Henry played the violin and piano, and Miss Clachan accompanied the singers. Professor Kirk, in hailed the new graduates, dispensed some characteristic words of wisdom and of cheer; and Mr. D. S. Smith, as President of the Graduates and Past Students’ Association, invited them all very seductively into the fold. Supper and the Final Chorus concluded the evening’s work.

IV. UNDERGRADS’ SUPPER.

The undergrads’ supper straggled in in the rear of a scattered bunch of Capping festivities—“last, loneliest, exquisite, apart,” as Rudyard Kipling lied generously in another connection. The lions of the evening ranged themselves at the long table that Messrs. Gamble and Creed had thoughtfully provided. We others disposed ourselves variously about the room. Jules Malfroy fell upon the floor, the rest of us upon the salad and cakes. The King was drunk. So was the College. But before the latter toast could be honoured Mr. J. Nicholls vented a grievance. He had entered Victoria College in all innocence. He had found the place given up to learning. He felt like John Bunyan’s Christian in Doubting Castle (if they knew what he meant) with Professor Despair for overlord. Could not something be done about it? Had his audience read Tennyson’s “Princess”? There was an education now. What? They had not read it! Very well, had they been to Miss Baber’s? There should be more social intercourse, amicitia magis sapientia, a Chair of Social Intercourse.... Mr. Nicholls’s vision of the future faded. Mr. Yaldwyn took up the cudgels, and proposed the Profs. What would the College be without them? Utopia. Eden, yes Eden. Personally, he liked them very well privately, but publicly—no. They were one of the afflications due to the Fall. Professor Boyd-Wilson defended the Profs. Without them there would be no students, none at all. He had degrees of affection for students. Footballers and trampers lay nearest his heart. He proceeded to draw a ground plan of his heart. Mr. Lockie rose to propose the toast of the graduates. He also had a heart. Those who scraped through degrees were nearest his. Mr. Byrne thanked the undergraduates on behalf of the graduates. He exhorted his fellow-graduates to join the Graduates’ Association. Yes, he had joined himself. Mr. Baume wound up the proceedings with an announcement that the lower room would be available for dancing until 11.30 p.m. The usual solicitude for the King’s salvation was expressed feelingly, and the assembly dispersed to the shrines of Morpheus and Terpichore variously. Mr. Baume and an efficient committee saw that the proceedings ran smoothly, and Mr. L. Daniells and Miss Pigou enlivened the tedium tunefully.
Mr. Trezise’s Extravaganza

The greatest extravaganzas in the history of humanity are immortal. The father of the extravaganza, at his height in “The Acharnians” and “The Birds,” has outworn the stage, though not the study; the greatest English production, “The Beggar’s Opera,” intensely topical as it was, has lasted to our own time. It is true that in the case of Gay’s play even a close study of the history of the time could not bring us much nearer to appreciation, because though we knew ever so much of the love affairs of Miss Skerrett or the politics of Walpole, we could not recapture the mental attitude of the time towards them. The appeal of “The Beggar’s Opera,” on revival, I hazard, was in the main due to its quaintness, its old songs, the wit that outlives two hundred years, and its perfection in presentation.

In the case of this year’s extravaganza we had production first, last, and all the time. Always the producer’s hand was apparent, always the really well-judged handling of the performers by Mr. Trezise made one forget what they were there to represent. The author afforded the producer opportunities, of course, but he did nothing more. The theme was slender, badly thought out, and wholly poor philosophy. It was youth’s plea for youth, no doubt, but its muddled intent was not made any clearer by a muddled preface. The solution propounded was no solution. It would need more than the piping of a gilded Pan and the dancing of a sylvan chorus to a latter-day and wholly sophisticated air to convince the critical that the moment had come for the proclamation:

God’s in His heaven, all’s right with the world.

Mr. Byrne, in fact, has tilted at the nature of things, and his shattered lance has no whit rocked the existing order. He was obviously very serious about his subject, so serious that he had to drag in so-called “comic relief” by the heels in a manner which made it appear both unnecessary and inartistic. He gave us no humour of situation and little of dialogue, and he was singularly ill-served by a caste almost entirely lacking in a sense of the comic. But he has a very real dramatic sense, an ability to visualise the possibilities of the stage, and it was this which saved the play. Poorly presented, “Pep” would have been intolerable.

The extravaganza began well, the first act being the best, though it suffered much from shocking scenery. In the Athenian setting the author was nearest to his subject, and his lyrics were not the stiffly articulated things which later they became. Youth here is sacrificed to save the State, and though the intervention of Theseus was not entirely necessary, it was pardonable and part of the picture. The trio of gentlemen in semi-evening dress could have been omitted with profit. The second act, however, was wholly false, and the production failed to “put it over.” A crowd in the act of rending a woman does not stop at her first word, nor are the canaille so easily (by which I mean so shortly) to be swayed as they are here depicted. But, more important, the author was most unfortunate in his choice of a subject. To represent Charlotte Corday, a fanatic and a murderess, as “one of the driving forces in the path of progress” was nothing but rank sentimentalism. Marat was nothing of the character that conventional histories have
made him—the sort of histories now talking of "Germany's unforgivable crime." We now know that the famous John Brown was in reality a murderer, a notorious thief, and a thorough scoundrel, and that he cared nothing for the cause of the negroes. It will make no difference; his soul will still "go marching on." Even in the historically dark days fifty years ago, Flaubert was moved to protest that "on the stage Richilieu was always cruel, Louis XI. always kneeling to the leaden figures in his hat." These things may go down with the multitude, but from a University man one expects more.

The second act was thoroughly artificial if crudely effective. If one did not suspect that the part of La Corday was written for Miss Mary Cooley one would feel inclined to thank heaven for her. It needed all her talent and personality to save the show from going on the rocks there and then. The connection of the second act with the theme of the extravaganza was dubious; but about the third act there could be no doubt. It had no connection whatever. The author's purpose can be understood; but by employing mechanical men he defeated it. The "abolition" of youth is merely relative; there must be someone for the Robots to labour for, and that someone must once have been young. The introduction of the "R.U.R." idea was largely due to a misunderstanding. The message of the Capek play is that men are at the mercy of the machinery which they themselves have invented; it deals with the trend of Western "Progress," "based on machinery and maximum production at the mercy of demand." You remember the reasons why it was impossible to stop making Robots even when it became clear that they were a menace. And there would be nothing against their production so long as the manager's idealism prevailed and the manufacture was aimed at removing the ills of mankind. It was when the folly of humanity turned the Robots into soldiers that the crash came.

Of the performers one can say little. Miss Mary Cooley deserved her headlines, and it was a pity that Miss Thyra Baldwin's parts were so colourless. With growing assurance she reveals real ability. Mr. Knell, who recited long lists of obscure jokes, was superfluous. The "dame" was first introduced in "Done to Death" and revived in "Luv." The only justification for his being forced upon us again would lie in his possessing unusual humour. Mr. Knell does not. To introduce Rampageous and Co. was playing to the gallery with a vengeance, while Mr. Priestley's good-humoured voice as Theseus quite undid the fearsome impression created by his knees. Mr. Baume acted the ruffian in a manner calculated to endear him to Baroness Orczy, and would have done better in something bigger. Will E. Robbem, the King of Industry, was played by Mr. T. Moses, who had to struggle with an accent before he was heard, while Captain Gussey (Mr. N. White-man) and Corporal Sparr (Mr. J. Lockie) were as safely mediocre as the gentlemen they burlesqued. The indefatigable Mr. Nicholls made three appearances, all with credit; Miss Marjorie Buckridge danced with abandon; Mr. H. Gledstone piped tunefully as Pan; and, ensconced in the orchestral well, Miss E. Fair and Mr. Byrne sang the closing duet. The one genuine comedian was Mr. I. Wallace, whose legs were priceless; and the dancers this year were Misses M. Tracy, G. Barnsdale and J. White. These four I confess to having enjoyed unreservedly. The chorus did its part splendidly
and was a pleasure to watch. Finally, one must mention Miss Molly Campbell, whose work was so important a factor, and congratulate the College on the possession of Mr. W. Kohn, the best conductor within post-war memory.  

C.Q.P.

Laus Montium

O' er the sunken harbour that once a sun-swept grassland
Raised its head to heaven, now the long tides surge and sweep;
Troubled are the waters that break beyond Penearrow,
Stinging stilly rock-pools from their silent summer's sleep.
Misty loom the mailboats, slow steaming up the roadstead;
Eerily gaunt cranes grope out and swing their arms cloud high;
Swirling o'er the grey mist there comes a storm-black blanket,
Blotting earth and heaven, swift enshrouding sea and sky.

Now the storm-rent velvet veils dim the hills from vision,
Hills where I have loitered through long, lilting summer days,
Climbing to their summits, and turning, far below me,
Lo, realm on realm of ocean beyond the breaking bays.
See, they gather round me, they burst the black frost curtain,
Rough and frozen winter has drawn o'er their dreamless ease,
League on league of wonder, the stars that shine above them
Call my heart a-leaping from their lapping, crooning seas—

Kapakapanui, the snow-clad Tararuas,
Orongorongo hills, and the hills that look away
Across the Southern Ocean, where Tapuaenuku
Leans and lures and beckons from Oterongu Bay.
These still I see ice-pale as once of old I saw them,
Grandly then aloof they stood against the arching sky;
Now this I know full well, where circling mists enfold them,
All grander and lonelier they watch the summer die.

Fuji-Yama, Everest, Hills of the Buried Land,
Kanya, Karakoram, the Mountains of the Moon,
Calling in the twilight clear from a serried strand,
Lined with hills of morning and affire with gold at noon.
Cold and grey your Southern day drifts o'er your tree-tossed hills,
Rude and blind your viking wind rides bare from Polar skies,
Far away your blowing spray steals from the storm and stills:
Sail behind where straggle-lined the summering swallow flies.

L'ENVOI.

We have builded our camp in the wilderness while the stars marched over the hills of night;
What matter the dearth or the day's duress so we flinched no summit, but held it light.
There are hills afar in the Happy Isles, and care is fled in the stranger seas,
But dearer the call of the winding miles of the hills of home than their tropic ease.

—R.F.F.
The Trezise Benefit

Sir Charles: I don't care if every friend I have leaves me!
Francis: My dear fellow, the great British public is your friend. What more do you require?
Sir C.: You may laugh. But nobody can stop me from going ahead, and I shall end in the House of Lords.
Francis: It is the very place for you, Charlie. No sensible person would think of trying to stop you from going ahead, right into the House of Lords. You keep on giving the public what it wants just as long as ever you can. That's your mission in life. Only prepare for the rainy day.
Sir C.: What rainy day?
Francis: The day when the public wants something better than you can give it.
—Arnold Bennett: "What the Public Wants."

Sapientia magis auro desideranda.—A forgotten proverb.

If the controversies which have rippled around this year's Extravaganza have not given the College furiously to think, at least the financial results of "Pep" should do so. These have not yet been disclosed, but the poor "houses" which attended "Pep" arouse little optimism. When the annual Extravaganza was primarily an expression of the Capping spirit and the fun of the thing was the chief consideration, the credit balance was as substantial as it was incidental. The fact that the Stud. Ass. came to regard the Extravaganza as the chief source of its revenue did not alter the position, for the College followed its own sweet will in the selection and treatment of its themes. Traditions were followed, but the traditions were those of the College.

With "Luv" and "Pep" a new order arose. "Luv" failed to appear at Capping time, and when it did appear owed its character to the "paid professional producer" called in at the last moment. By means of spectacles copied from the garish displays of Oscar Asche and J. C. Williamson a thin show was padded out until the traditional idea was smothered under a mass of pomp and pageantry. Dazzling colours begat dazzling dreams. The moment it was discovered that College amateurs could creditably imitate hyper-successful professional shows, at that moment an ambition was born to obtain the monetary results of such shows. The means was simple. Give the public what it wanted, and the public would pay, pay, pay! "What the public wanted" was considered to be the things it was accustomed to obtain from professional companies. Let the Extravaganza follow the traditions of these professional companies and money would roll in.

"Easy money" brought in by the compulsory levy simply excited the appetite for more. Visions of a residential college, new tennis courts, and what not arose—noble objects to be achieved at no greater cost than the jettisoning of a few College traditions. A Spartan stand on the ground of the College motto resulted in the loss of some of the finest executive officers the College has had the good fortune to possess, and the "Please the Public—We want Money!" party took charge.

They forgot two little things: one, that what the public wanted was novelty; and the other, that each Extravaganza advertised the one that came after it. The result of the first was that the public would not waste time over a College show that merely imitated what professionals satisfactorily provided all the year round. The result of the second was that "Luv" owed its success, not to its
own merits, but to the expectations raised by its predecessor, and that "Pep" failed for the same reason. Even had "Luv" succeeded by its own merit, the success of a similar show twelve long months afterwards was not a reasonable anticipation. It is a question whether the traditional idea is out of date and behind the times; there is no question whatever but that "Pep" is out of date and behind the times by exactly twelve months.

The title itself was based on an out-of-date notion. "Struth" was a strikingly successful title; the word was an advertisement in itself. "Luv" equally simplified the efforts of chalking parties, but lacked in the quality of arresting the attention. "Pep" was as feeble as "Struth" was striking, and came, moreover, when the novelty of the short and snappy title had been exhausted. It is good business for Wood's Great Peppermint Cure to stick to the one advertising idea year in and year out. A University Extravaganza that not only deserts its traditional character but also deserts its traditional advertisement can no more succeed by a change over to a hackneyed method of advertisement than it can succeed by a reconstruction upon hackneyed lines.

The traditional advertisement of the Extravaganza is the Capping procession. The traditional character of the Extravaganza is the Capping burlesque. Divorce the Extravaganza from Capping and it loses at one and the same time both its reason for existence and its most effective means of advertisement. Divorce it still further by changing it from a burlesque into a second-rate spectacular revue and it fails also in its money-making purpose. The cry of "We want Money!" stands or falls by "Pep." It was to satisfy that cry that an outside dancing master, without the faintest understanding of or sympathy with College ideas and ideals, was brought in and given complete control of the Extravaganza, its production, and its policy. It was to satisfy this cry that College originality, College intellect, the College joke, the College Song, the College burlesque, and other things of a non-commercial character were carefully excluded and the lines of an assumed public taste as carefully catered for. And an ungrateful public, accustomed to attending Extravaganzas for something that it could not obtain elsewhere, namely the College flavour, simply stayed away.

If the present tendency is followed, the Extravaganza will be lost to the College for all purposes. A producer to produce what the College wants may or may not be a necessity; a producer to decide what the College should have is a calamity. The thin end of the professional wedge has already entered; the completion of the process will be the handing of the Extravaganza over to professionals entirely. It was surrendered first to a commercial purpose, next to the dictation of a "paid professional producer"; the remaining degeneration is only a matter of time.

It is difficult for a new body of students uneacquainted with the past of V.U.C. to realise the character and worth of College traditions. In the matter of Capping, some light may be obtained by a perusal of Mr. De la Mare's article in the Jubilee "Spike." Mr. De la Mare's opinions are valuable in that he is the "Father of the Extravaganza" at V.U.C. On the top of his statement of the position, the experience of "Pep" proves that the following changes are necessary:—

(1) The reinstatement of the Extravaganza as a Capping entertainment;
(2) A return to burlesque as its dominant note;
(3) The restoration of the ideal of literary merit; and
(4) The treatment of the money-making object as of secondary
ingimportance.

The reappearance of the Capping procession (in a chastened
form) will, it is to be hoped, provide an occasion upon which to
undo the work commenced by the difficulties in hiring the Grand
Opera House in 1923 and completed by the hunt after strange gods
in 1924.

P.J.S.

A Winter's Tale

Out beyond in the rain-storm's sting,
In the hail and the wrath of the rain-storm's might
Perchance there are sufferers there to-night
From the icy stones that the hail-clouds fling.

But here in my chair where the pipe-clouds hover
I thank my Fates for the things that be,
For the roomy chair, for the fire's red glare,
The fragrant tobacco, the volume rare,
The excellent things that be.
(And the things to come when the Winter's over.)

—S.E.B.

A Pawn-Shop

A white, impassive, careful face
Peers from behind the polished boards
That bear upon their sagging lengths
Quaint, varied, damaged, useful boards.

Quick, nervous fingers take the gem,
A single look—the offer made.
Masked features watch the caller's whim,
Ready to bargain or to trade.

Hearing each woman's threadbare tale
With scarce-concealed apathy,
Or, if her tears impede the sale,
With self-regarding sympathy.

Be cash for food or gaiety,
To dress a maid, to quench a thirst,
A man devoid of questions, he,
Of all compassion surely first.

—S.E.B.
That Effective Word

I have never been able to understand the attitude of the Englishman towards swearing. Naturally open-minded, he indulges in it with the furtive appearance of a detected criminal. We are an honest race; why, then, this prudishness?—this stuffing of cotton-wool into our ears and talk of "protecting the public"? There seems no edict so absurd to me as this which holds it an offence to allow a policeman to hear what four-fifths of the population are saying every day of the week. Swearing is a relief to the feelings by the use of words sufficiently strong to meet the case. That these words mainly consist of adjectives and nouns is explained by the fact that most strong language is abusive. In the Elizabethan era, at once the most vigorous and vitriolic age in our history, all strong language was abusive. It is conceded that a man may swear to his heart's content, so long as nobody hears him. This is a stupidity worthy of the Saxon. Swearing, like singing, has its pleasure intensified by an appreciative audience. And many men find a keen delight, or at least a humorous wonder, at listening to a really fluent flow of bad language. Anyhow, all of us, solicitor and sergeant-major, swear at times, regardless of policemen.

In literature the movement is towards an intenser life. The Victorian publisher, entrenched behind the barriers of good form, printed D—— and H—— only when he couldn't avoid it altogether. Now, who in creation ever heard of "H——"? Yet, in Dickens and Thackeray this is amplified over and over again. Mr. Mantalini temporises with "dem," and humbles himself profoundly on the 'one occasion when he uses the honest English equivalent. And this prudishness is carried over into our own day. Walpole and Henry James would not sully their plays with a really genuine curse-word, more's the pity. But the tradition is dying, though dying hard. "Damn" and "Hell" are not merely spelt out by our younger writers; they are woven into an embroidery of abuse.

Sylvia Scarlett's "Blast the whole bloody world" has its parallel in many passages of modern literature. It is inevitable, for realism is in the air. When Compton Mackenzie delights in introducing us to a landlady whose husband was attendant at an urinal and George Moore must describe his sweetheart in the bath, it is not to be expected that they will stick at niceties of language. Nor have we any right to complain. For if fiction is to be worth the writing, it must give us an approximation of life, and not the sugared imitation of the Victorians. And one of the myths to be destroyed is the language bogey, the notion that men speak as they are made to in Wilde's plays, or that the adjectives "wretched" or "rotten" ever came to a man's lips if his vocabulary included the expression "Bloody awful!"

Alec Waugh has done much towards destroying the schoolboy myth of "bounder" and "blighter," and his "bloodies" and "damn silly little scugs" are much nearer the mark. It is a remarkable thing that most literature concerned with the two sources of bad language—schools and the sea—has been so tame. Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, and Dana have evaded coming to grips with the real issues of their theme. They have striven to obtain their atmosphere by the dexterous use of sails, cordage, and storms, and the
skilful employment of technical terms. Which is as if we could get a prose portrait of a man by elaborating the wallpaper on which he gazed from bed of a morning. One real oath is worth fifty "Main topgallant stay-s'ls." Perhaps Joseph Conrad has been the precursor of the movement towards sincerity of style. "The Nigger of the Narcissus" (1897), his third book, abounds in forcible language vividly presented. And the result is a work which consigns Dana and his disciples to the dust-bin.

As for the schools, Dickens' "Dotheboys" has led to a legion of papers, from the pre-war "halfpenny wonder" to that eminently respectable journal in which Stevenson published his "Treasure Island," and the general impression of the writers seems to be that our college youth does not indulge in swearing at all. This is rubbish, as every old collegian knows. The ordinary language in the college is only one degree removed from the training-camp.

Much might be written of the feminine influence upon our youth, and freed from the peril of the petticoat the lad is in no mood to choose his terms. Even if he arrives a fairly mild youth, he is soon infected by the atmosphere of swear-words and smutty yarns. I neither condemn nor condone him. These things are facts; and it is not the realist's duty to palliate, but to present.

It is in the literature of the realities of military life that we would have sought an approach to the actual, and with the war we have had it. Those products of the five years, "Sapper," Robert Nichols, and Siegfried Sassoon have not been schooled in the niceties of language, and were in no mood to mince matters in the "terrible teens." Sassoon's

"Oh Jesus, send me a wound to-day,
And I'll believe in your bread and wine,
And get my bloody old sins washed white"

is a fair specimen of his frankness. He has not been popular with the authorities in consequence, and the printing by a newspaper of the poem from which I have made this extract led to a prosecution for blasphemous libel. Nichols, "the arduous and endurious one," and Robert Graves, the author of "Over the Brazier" and of "Fairies and Fusiliers," are blunt, but scarcely approach the brutal bluntness of Sassoon.

It is characteristic of Kipling that with all his Army jargon and violent language he has not given us one every-day expression of the modern "Tommy." Masefield has been more honest—too honest some people thought before the war years upset all our standards. In the light of more recent writing, the fires of "The Everlasting Mercy" seem to have burned pretty low. "You closhy put" is a term of endearment after some of Thomas Burke's Chinatown Tales. Still, all these men have been busy in verse, and it is to the novel that we must turn for our full emancipation. Poetry can but pave the way at best.

The movement now in progress is not merely a revolt against established conventions, it is a plea for plain speech, for a return to truthful and not temporised expressions.

The Elizabethans, overflowing with vitality, have spoken more freely than any other age—in those days there were no policemen. And always a period of national vitality has been reflected in our literature. Our younger men are not afraid to pen a word which would echo in the drawing-rooms. Perhaps the fact dates back to
the lead given by Hubert Crackanthorpe and John Davidson in the early days of the revolt against the meaningless mediaevalism of the Pre-Raphaelites.

"I am a woman as well as yourself and no she-dog," cries Betty, the chambermaid, under the assaults of Mrs. Tow-Wowse, and the scene might be taken as a model by many moderns. Smollett has pointed the way, and I look to such of our younger writers as have not yet been initiated by their elders, and have realised that for the artist there can be no such thing as "good form."

—C.Q.P.

The Phoenician

Far in the darkening East sinks Tyre o'er the shimmering waters:
Broken her towers, and bowed 'neath the proud Persian her locks.
Bent to the earth are her virgins, and naught the pride of her merchants;
Furled are her sails for aye, rent her benches and looms.
Into the West I bear me, that once was captain of thousands,
Now of forty the chief, fleeing in shame from the sword.
Naught but the loud wind claps in the shrouds, and the manes of our horses
Toss as they neigh to the foam, anxious, unsettled and strange.
Still is the moon, and the sky mocks the wild passionate ocean,
E'en as the mood of my heart frets at the calm of the gods.
Are ye laughing in scorn, that so ye tear your creation?
Her ye built in delight, child of all pleasure, our Tyre—
Lord of dangerous seas, and blood that throbbed at adventure,
Born to seek the unknown, build on all desolate coasts—
Her ye give to the bent-browed Cyrus, the lover of bowmen.
She is destroyed, my life! She is laid bare, my love!
Tyre! shall thy worthless sons bear naught of thee forth to the ocean,
Yet the blood of thy heart throbs in alien lands?
Tyre! wherever we sail thou art, thou proud one, not fallen,
Thou art not castles and towers, thou art our hearts and our souls.
Wide through the world we wander, and scatter thy restless endeavour,
Build we a little Tyre e'er when our foot shall tread earth;
E'en to the Blessed Isles sow we the seed of thy thirsting,
Seekers of farthest lands, of Ultima Thule the lords.
Never a lyre is wrung on the cliffs of ocean-kissed Hellas,
But the wild sound on the wind sings to the sailor at sea.
Never a fight is fought on the brow of the Asian mountains,
But with the milk of the bard suckles the warrior born.
Never a city dead, but her soul on the wings of the ages
Into the mouth of the new blows the great breath of the old.
Shout, for Tyre shall survive, and over the years that are dawning;
Ever her spirit of quest run like a wind through the grass.
Shout, for the day that stirs is the child of the day that is waning,
She that is dead is born, Tyre, for the ages, Tyre!

—E.L.P.
Lloyd George

Le Roi est mort—vive le roi!

The Right Honourable David Lloyd George, M.P., is essentially a man with a past. From his commencement of life in an insignificant Welsh hamlet, he has risen to occupy the traditional dwelling-house at No. 10, Downing Street, to be "the pillar of a people's hope, the centre of a world's desire;" and now he is gone—le roi est mort: another is in his place—vive le roi. Whether he has a future left to him or whether great men like great institutions must pass away when their life's work is accomplished, depends on whether he can admit the futility of his present creed and the folly of his past mistakes, and begin again with fresh principles the slow process of gaining the nation's confidence.

He is, as we have said, a man with a past; but it is one of those 'storied pasts' that are the peculiar glory of the British race and of British men. He was born at Manchester early in the year 1863, of Welsh parents, and at his father's death, eighteen months later, the family moved to the little Welsh village of Llanystumdwy, there to find a home under the roof of Richard Lloyd, Mrs. George's brother, who divided his time between the humble profession of bootmaking and the worthy pastime of lay preaching. The income derived from the bootmaking was enough with care and economy to supply the simple wants of the widow and her three children; but "Uncle Lloyd" possessed a hunger for things intellectual—time and again the midnight doctor or early morning wayfarer saw the candle burning in his bedroom window—and he resolved to give his foster-children that opportunity for loss of which he spent his life in unsatisfied longings. Little David was a rapt listener at the village Parliaments in his uncle's workshop, where the evicted farmers and the underpaid labourers gathered in the long evenings to discuss their grievances with the village oracle; he had attended the larger gatherings in the local smithy; he heard with childlike sympathy "the deep sighing of the poor," and sparks of ambition were beginning to smoulder in his mind. "I am going to be a giant like that tree," he would say to his uncle. So young Lloyd George must go to school. He had already acquired a great deal of primitive learning from his self-educated guardian, but the school was the only place where he could hope to climb the barriers which blocked his peasant neighbours from the fuller life of the mind, so to the Established Church School he went, and Uncle Lloyd paid the fees. One of the boys who attended the school with David Lloyd George has declared that David was the quickest of the group; he could do twice as much work as any other boy in the same time. The plain living and high thinking of the cottage home provided him with sufficient stimulus to hard study. It taught him to seize the opportunity that lay within his grasp and to do the duty that was nearest. But if the villagers expected to have the parental pleasure of holding up Lloyd George to their wayward offspring as an example of the ideal youth, some of them were sadly disillusioned. Wherever the ribbons of David's small Scotch cap were seen flying in the wind, somewhere not far behind was his band of gallant-spirited followers; whenever the village mother found her fences laid low, it was "that David Lloyd George."
When he reached the age of fourteen it became necessary to choose an occupation. The ministry was the obvious choice: it offered a State-endowed, the nearest approach to a royal, road to learning, and a comparatively easy life to follow. But the strict views of the religious sect to which the family belonged proscribed any pay or reward for preaching the Gospel. Richard Lloyd dreamed of a medical career for his nephew—would David like to be a doctor? No, David would not. What he would like was to be "a lawyer like Mr. Goffey," the kind-hearted old family solicitor who had befriended the family at the time of their father's death. The uncle wisely yielded to his nephew's wishes, and David Lloyd George joined the great army of lawyers-to-be.

The period that follows speaks, in its strangely pathetic and inspiring scenes, of Richard Lloyd's great-heartedness to his sister and her orphaned children. The first obstacle in the young aspirant's way was the Preliminary Examination. He must know more Latin and more French; he must be able to read the classical authors. The village domine could carry him no further, and a public school was altogether beyond possibility. Uncle Lloyd was the only tutor available; but he knew neither Latin nor French. Very well, then, he would learn them. So hand-in-hand the uncle and nephew wrestled with dictionaries and grammars, and in the dark winter nights, with the light of a candle, they together spelt out the sentences of Cæsar and Sallust and laboriously read Æsop in French. Pause, O ye readers, bursars and scholarship holders, and reflect—reflect upon that great system of free education which teaches everything except resource and industry. Here was a poor village lad, a member of a despised race, speaking a despised tongue, living among peasants on land which was not their own, yet sitting down each night in the stone-floored cottage kitchen to struggle with the terrors of a dead language. Such industry seldom loses its need. When the examination day came Richard Lloyd took his nephew up to Liverpool, the place of trial, and accompanied the boy each day to the examination-room, calling for him each evening. At the end of the week they returned to the village, and soon the news arrived that young Lloyd George had passed. There were five years without earnings to be faced then; but the bootmaker dipped deeply into his small store of savings, and the lad was articled to a country firm of solicitors.

For the next five years David Lloyd George applied his youthful enthusiasm to the study and practice of law, politics and journalism. He worked industriously in the office, and he discussed with much vigour in the town debating society the burning questions of the day (let us hope they were not so burning as to be, like the notions of certain present-day debating societies, distinctly red), and he contributed boyish effusions to the "North Wales Express" under the imposing pseudonym of "Brutus." In due course, he passed his final examinations, and was enrolled as a practising solicitor. He immediately commenced practice, first in his home village and then in the seaport where he had passed his clerkship days. It was then that those tales of woe he had heard in the bootmaker's workshop came back upon him, bringing with them the inspiration of a cause. With his easily-aroused defiance of authority and his gift of clear, forceful speaking, he very shortly became known far and wide as the champion of the oppressed; his fame spread from town to town and borough to borough like the rumour of a coming battle.


Second Row.—Miss M. Tracy, Miss I. Thwaites, R. R. T. Young, H. McCormick, Miss R. Gardner, Miss E. M. Madeley, L. A. Tracy.

Front Row.—V. F. Coningham, C. W. Davies, J. O. J Malfroy.
It was inevitable that in these circumstances he should turn his eyes towards Westminster. But the way was strewn with difficulties—the ancient system of electing the squire, ex officio, as it were, had not died out. To use Lloyd George's own words: "The Tories had not yet realised that the day of the cottage-bred man had dawned." Even the common folk did not altogether approve of the young Criecethy solicitor as their Parliamentary representative. But the coach of opportunity stopped even before he expected it, and he immediately seized the hand-rail and clambered aboard. In an unexpected by-election he defeated a Die-Hard Tory by eighteen votes, and at the age of twenty-seven took his seat in the House of Commons.

Slowly the "pettifogging little Welsh attorney" made for himself a place of renown in Parliament. He was at first not a little chilled by the party atmosphere of the House and its indifference to the great social evils he had come there to remedy. But when the South African War was declared in 1899 he had reached recognition as a future leader of the Liberal Party. Nearly ten years of political life had left his principles untouched. He hastened home from his tour of Canada, and opposed the war with all the vigour and eloquence that was his. He declared it to be the result of bad statesmanship. He had to face many of his fellow-Liberals, including Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith, in bitter controversy. He became unpopular to a degree; but he faced the country. In courage and self-confidence he has never been lacking; and he needed them both here. As time went on, his opposition to the war deepened, and on several occasions he narrowly escaped with his life from the fury of crowds mad with war-passion. In his constituency he seemed to have sacrificed everything. They burnt him in effigy in three of his boroughs. Mrs. Lloyd George was stoned in her motor-car as she was waiting for her husband at one of his stormy meetings. Finally he went down to Nevin, his own special borough, where he was the idol of the populace. They received him in stony silence, but he gained an audience by talking about everything of interest except the Boer War. Then he broke out sternly:

"See here now—five years ago you handed me a strip of blue paper to give to the Speaker as your accredited representative. If I never again represent these boroughs in the House of Commons, I shall at least have the satisfaction of handing back to you that blue paper with no single stain of blood upon it."

The effect was electrical. The whole audience rose to its feet with a shout; he had won back their allegiance.

Mr. Lloyd George's life so far would provide splendid material for a Plunket Medal oration. But narrow and alas for the transience of human loyalty! He continued his devotion to "the cause" until August, 1914. During 1912 and 1913 he announced his intention of carrying through a much-needed reform of the antiquated English land laws by giving effect to the conclusions of the Land Committee. Shortly before, he had pushed through both Houses the famous Insurance Bill, providing relief in cases of unemployment or sickness. But in 1914 came another war. At first Mr. Lloyd George opposed it; then news of the invasion of Belgium's neutrality came, and he swung over to the other side. We believe he was sincere; would that he had remained as sincere when the real facts, one by one, were brought into the daylight. Once decided, however, all his Celtic fire and confidence were thrown into
what he believed to be a defence of the right. But if one were to examine his public speeches and the reports of his private interviews, one would find, we think, that the love for a small nation which led him raging into the conflict was gradually but completely swallowed up in his hatred of the foe. On his appointment to the Ministry of Munitions he threw his whole mind into the one pursuit—the manufacturing of war material. He made a private collection of flame-throwers, bombs, and shells, which he kept in the basement of the old Metropole Hotel. He showed a friend one day a row of model shells, rising one by one to a giant's height. He lingered half-way along the row and put his hand on one: "When I started the Ministry our shells went only as high as this. The German shells went to the top of the range."

"If I never again represent these boroughs in the House of Commons, I shall at least have the satisfaction of handing back to you that blue paper with no single stain of human blood upon it."

"The Cause" has suffered a change.

At the Peace Conference Mr. David Lloyd George let slip his greatest opportunity. It is true that he faced almost insuperable obstructions—M. Clemenceau is reported to have said in one of his speeches, "President Wilson talks like the good Christ, but acts like Lloyd George." Conciliation with such a firebrand is difficult—but the obstructions stopped short of the absolutely insuperable, and if the delegates had met in a neutral city, farther removed by time and distance from the horrors of that last strenuous year, they could have created, perhaps, a sane and a just peace. As it was, they carried the dash and glamour of war with them into the Conference chamber, and disaster was the result. Having succeeded in war, Mr. Lloyd George failed in the greater tasks of peace, and it was not long before his end came. Of course, he has never meant any great harm. He has been ready at all times to issue statements of good intentions: they would make a wonderful pavement.

He is now a man of the past. It is a glorious past, in some respects, indeed; but he is shut off from all that by his gross mistakes. If he wishes to regain the confidence of the British nation, he must make confession full and free, and come before the people with a new charter of liberty in his hand. The old one is torn beyond hope of repair. He had a cause, but it was narrowed down until it became lost in the worship of office; and now that defeat has come, his refusal to accept it in a straightforward manner seems to place him beyond recovery. His early political life showed such promise that one might have thought he was to take his place in the narrow ranks of the truly great, that he

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.

But his subsequent conduct has shown that he is of an age and not for all time; his later achievements testify eloquently to the deceiving power of words, and his fall supplies proof of the saying of a great Englishman: "The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do some more mischief."
Reviews

Christian and Maori Mythology --- By Elsdon Best

Mr. Best is nothing if not sympathetic in his handling of two systems of beliefs that he plainly thinks will find their ultimate repository in brotherly communion in the dustbin of religious curiosities. For, keenly alive as he is to the romantic carelessness of reality that characterises the Maori mind in its grapple with things infinite, he realises to the full that the culmination of the tussle is never a complete defeat. He possesses a remarkably keen sense of the poetic beauty that always seems to be engendered more readily from the friction of the mind of primitive man with reality than from the loose rubbing of the mind of civilised man with the screen of conventionalities that usually contrives to hide away the elemental facts and foundations of life. Indeed, one would be surprised to find it otherwise. For Mr. Best, a traveller in the Far West, a stout hand in the lumber camps of Canada, a wanderer in wildest Mexico, an intimate friend of the Maori in days when the Maori granted his friendship but rarely to the uncomprehending pakeha, is still a vagrant and a poet at heart, and the stirringly earnest expounder of a mythology of which he seems almost at times to be the devotee. But he is withal a realist uncompromisingly. And in his character as such he knows how real the fairyland of Rangi and Papa, of Tiki and Tane and Whiro may become. In the lecture before us, he tells how the prestige of the Maori race, their tribal pride, their civic institutions, their daily round of use and wont were all sustained and supported by their fervent faith in the directing and enlivening guardianship and power of these mythopoetic personification of earth and heaven, of light and darkness. Such was their faith that the man who believed he had displeased the gods by breaking some rite of tapu was convinced that he would die from their hands within twenty-four hours—and of the greatness of his faith lay down and died accordingly. Consider now the plight of a people so dependent upon the goodwill of their gods, so helpless if they believed their gods were alienated, when there came to their shores the sky-breaking white men of the antipodes, white men who told them their gods were false, that their worship was futile. Well might the Maori feel that the ancient mauri ora of the race was noa, its mana long since shed, the tapu violate, the moral code desecrate, and license paramount where law had prevailed of old.

What wonder that decadence set in long, long before the missionary destroyers of the code Maori could implant the code Christian! Shorn of its ancestral institutions, incomprehending the new, the Maori saw the grandeur of the old simple life of fishing, fighting and feasting pass before his eyes and sink into the whirlpool of the commingled mixture of beer, bluestone, and kerosene that inaugurated and symbolised the new era. In New Zealand, as in so many lands, the advent of Christianity destroyed the older, more primitive faiths only to enshrine Mammon and European commercialism in lieu thereof. "I come to find Christians and spices," said Vasco de Gama when he landed in India. "I come to find Christians and broad acres" might well have been the parallel comment of Edward Gibbon Wakefield in 1839. For no
Maori strong in the faith of the dead gods would have dared to outrage their pride by alienating their land (and his) to the tipua, the sea-demons of the north.

How the Maori ever came to accept uncomprehendingly the God of the white man to the destruction of his own ancestral gods might have remained forever an unsolved problem in the strange psychology of the Neolithic mind had it not been for Mr. Best. For the exchange of the familiar morally potent gods for the unfamiliar, incomprehensible and therefore morally powerless God of the pakeha seems at first sight a poor bargain. So indeed it proved. But the Maori did not see it in that light until it was already too late. How he actually did see it is powerfully told by Mr. Best with all the verve of the born teller of tales in his story of how Christianity came to Maungapohatu. We shall not spoil his tale by retailing it here.

Appreciative as Mr. Best is of the departed glory of Maori tradition and custom, he is not maliciously destructive of the Christian tradition that killed and replaced it. And herein he displays that wideness of sympathy and breadth of outlook that we noted above. For although he deplores the ignorance of the early missionaries, he realises that they built worse than they knew, and that their motives were of the highest. And he is ready to acknowledge and appreciate the changed attitude of modern churchmen such as the Rev. A. Hopkins, the Rev. W. J. Durrrad, and Father Le Roy. Nevertheless, no one realises more fully than Mr. Best that in some respects the ancient Maori tohunga taught a code that was vastly superior to certain of the dogmas promulgated by the Rev. Samuel Marsden and those who followed him.

"The religion introduced by these energetic and assuredly courageous men," he says, "was that of our own forbears, plentifully besprinkled with hell-fire and burning lakes. It was now that the Maori learned, to his amazement, that the human soul has a troublous time of it when he leaves this world and fares out upon the Broad Path of Tane. No longer, as of yore, was he to lead a carefree life in Raroengaha, where the ex-Dawn Maid ever protects the souls of her descendants, or ascend by the whirl wind-path to the uppermost of the twelve heavens, there to be welcomed by Mareikura, the celestial maids of that superman realm. His doom was to be case into a furnace of so fierce a heat that it can destroy immaterial qualities, an all-embracing fire in a drear region where the diet consists of brimstone and treacle."

And Mr. Best knows, too, that the Maori religion was not to be condemned in too facile a manner. The conversion of the heathen may be a very worthy object, but a strict searching of heart to determine who is the heathen is a praiseworthy preliminary. And after all, Mr. Best hints delicately, is it not possible that tohunga and priests, Maori and Christian, were all heathen together. For Christian origins are knit up with the cultures of far-away Babylonia and further Sumeria, the legendary cradle home of our own far-voyaging Maori. In the name of Io the Parentless, Io the Supreme Being, of all things the parent, himself uncreate, it is probable that the Maori has preserved an Asiatic equivalent of Jehovah known variously as Yahweh, Iahone, Iahou, and Io. The legend of Adam and Eve and the serpent also is found in Maori mythology, and other parallels abound, such as the belief in the ingress or egress of the spirit in sneezing, which is preserved in the Old
Testament story of Elisha’s raising the daughter of the Shulamite from the dead. It may appear paradoxical to dub your Christian teacher heathen, but we cannot resist the reflection that Mr. Best is in sober earnest and entirely in the right. For he who clings to the unrecognised shadows of forgotten gods secure in the belief that they are the living substance of an ever rejuvenescent Deity, is your truest heathen. He is no pagan who discerns behind the God-head the first troubled stirrings of the awakening spirit of man from its long puparial sleep, no longer oblivious of the ever unsolved mystery of the origin of the cosmos, or behind the belief in immortality the slumbering chrysalis enshrouded thought of aboriginal man in his explanation of the wandering of the thinly material soul in dreams and the cessation of the breath in death. Rather is he your true pagan who sheet-anchors his faith to the falsely facile world explanations of man the primitive. He it is who weaves thicker the warp and woof of the chrysalis. But despite his efforts upon a day will come a breaking of wings, and in the heat of the noonday a shrivelling of the old protection of superstition. It was very beautiful and very comforting while it lasted. But, alas! it was but a grub’s paradise.

Such appears to be Mr. Best’s faith. And the upshot of it all? Well, it is this: Let us no longer be intolerant of the beliefs of the Maori. But they are false. Well, how, think you, our own will fare in ten thousand years? Mayhap we were grubs together.

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The Problem of Industry

A Discussion Concerning Profit-sharing and Co-Partnership, by F. A. de la Mare, B.A., LL.B.

Life is a series of practical problems. These problems arise through the operation of laws. A review of man’s history shows that the orthodox have seldom contributed to the solution of these problems. They have been content to analyse and to state the position as it actually exists. Even in the most practical of realms—the economic—this is true. The orthodox economists have contributed relatively little to the solution of our great economic problems. When a working day of long hours was the vogue, economists could be found to justify this as the necessary outcome of “economic” law, and the same is true of the employment of women and children, the evil conditions of employment, and similar matters. In general, reform has come from without the ranks of orthodoxy.

To-day one of the social problems—perhaps the greatest—is the relation of Capital and Labour. Many suggestions have been offered for ending the conflict, and various forms of co-partnership and profit-sharing have been attempted by enterprising business men of wide views. The economists have discussed, condemned, approved, or suspended judgment on these proposals.

In New Zealand a very interesting experiment has been made by Mr. Valder, of Hamilton, and in his pamphlet Mr. de la Mare—one of the first students of this College—aims at showing what are the fundamental principles which govern the relations of Capital and Labour, wherein some notable schemes have fallen short, and
why Mr. Valder’s methods seem more in conformity with the principles laid down.

The master idea of the pamphlet is that the future depends on the application of the principles of justice to our industrial life. The principles that ought to rule are:—

1. That men must be treated as men and not as machines. “That which uses the product of the past to produce more wealth for the future is man using a thing. Capital is merely one of the tools of trade.”

2. That a man’s “reward should be in a broad sense based on service, after due recognition of his status as an individual in the community scheme in which all men are units.”

Mr. de la Mare’s summary of his treatment of the principles is to be found in these words:—

In the first place, we must cease to regard the man who gives service as a machine, a thing, or a commodity. We must recognise this in considering the respective rewards given to “man” and “thing.” In the second place reward for “thing” must, after recognition of “man,” be based on real values, and the market value gives a foundation which is easily understood and clearly rational. Finally, beside each man in the world of labour to-day stands the spectre of poverty. Accident or misfortune, causes over which he has no control, may leave him, with his dependents, stranded in a community to which he has paid all his debts. Insurance against unemployment for himself and his fellows is a demand which, it is thought, cannot be resisted on grounds either of expediency or justice.

Then follows an outline of the following schemes that have been tried:—(a) The Lever Plan; (b) Leitch’s Industrial Democracy; (c) the Scheme of Rowntree and Co.; (d) the Scheme of Austin Hopkinson.

Mr. de la Mare shows that, while all of these schemes have features of strength, there are some aspects in which they fail to conform to the fundamental principles laid down; they fail to place responsibilities of management on labour, they make an unreal distinction between brain-workers and hand-workers, or they depend merely on the goodwill of the organiser. Mr. Valder aims at avoiding these errors.

1. He distinguishes between Capital and Labour. Those who supply capital are money-lenders, those who give personal service in using capital constitute labour.

2. He pays the owners of capital the market rate for the use of capital, together with an insurance or risk-rate.

3. He distributes the profits to all labour on the basis of the service rendered. This is determined by the wages or salary received.

4. He allows the owners of capital to elect half of the directors and labour to elect the other half.

5. He achieves the end aimed at in (3) and (4) by issuing “Labour Shares” to all those who give services.

A Bill to embody his principle in our Companies Act will be before the coming session of Parliament.

“When this Bill becomes law,” says Mr. de la Mare, ‘Labour’ will acquire a status hitherto unknown. A Company will be able to issue ‘Labour Shares’ which have no capital value and are not transferable. Shares nevertheless, which confer upon the holder, by virtue of service, a proportion of the total net profits (including an equity in the yearly reserve) and a proportion of the total voting power. It is a very curious thing that an employer like Mr. Valder, who wishes to make a courageous and vital experiment in company organisation should be virtually precluded
by statute from so doing. That the experiment would be an intelligent one is not open to dispute. There is no compulsion about the Bill. It merely opens a little wider the doors of freedom."

Mr. Valder states his own case thus:—

The scheme I wish to adopt is to limit the reward for capital, insure it against loss, and then pay the surplus to the human element in proportion to the service rendered by every individual employed in the business. This is a reversal of the present practice under which owners of Capital are the residuary legatees, but it is one of those reversals which will stand a great deal of close examination at the bar of common sense. If the argument is true in regard to profits, its validity is not less well-founded in regard to control. Considering all the limitations of the human element and other factors which may be used against Labour control, I am of the opinion that voting-power may well be distributed evenly between Capital and Labour shareholders.

We live in a period of transition. We cannot live by the past: we must look forward, not backward. If the Bill becomes law it will be interesting to see whether the great body of entrepreneurs are willing to divest themselves of the great power the present system rather unfairly gives them. Much will depend on the measure of prosperity achieved by those industries in which the new method is adopted. If Labour rises to its responsibilities and opportunities it may soon be borne in upon the entrepreneurs that the road to success lies along the way of the new method. They will be compelled to fall into line if they wish to compete with businesses that have the dynamic force of real co-operation. If the Bill passes we shall see some interesting experiments; we may even make history again in New Zealand.

CO-OPERATION.

Pagan

Though I be salt spume on the wings of Chance,
Storm tossed from the cavernous void of Time,
A marionette in a gibbering dance
That the cold gods call while their glasses chime,
Though the night roll down when their feast is done,
I will cry no moan to the careless sky,
For these I have loved, the seas and the sun
And the silver stars; and so when I die

All I ask of God is a silent sleep,
For I know no gift in His shadow lands
Can be more rare than the earth has given.
Should He wake me there I shall mourn and weep
As I think of the touch of sundered hands
And the windless waste 'twixt earth and Heaven.

—R.F.F.
The Student of yesterday

The Student of today

What will the student of tomorrow be like?

Evolution
College Notes

THE HAIR QUESTION AGAIN.

Dear "Spike,"—What have we done to deserve this? Is V.U.C. a University or a Kindergarten? Have the numerous girls' schools of Wellington decided to absorb the University, and have we fallen to the level of a mere extra form in Miss Baber's excellent Diocesan School for the daughters of Pious Gentlefolk, or what? Is this another symptom of the universal unrest consequent on the Great World War? Is it the harbinger of another Bloody Revolution? Or has some fair Debussy-ite decided to do homage to the master in the semblance of La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin?

Excuse my French, dear "Spike," as our good friend C.Q.P. would say at a moment of heightened emotion like this. What I am referring to is the fact that not one only, but several—how am I to describe them?—women of immature years have positively been seen, observed, and accurately noted to walk the hallowed halls and corridors of V.U.C. with their hair down! Oh, "Spike!" blush for human depravity! weep for the brazen effrontery of our little sisters! shudder at the abyss down which, horrible dictu! frail femininity has tottered and incontinently fallen!

What is there to say, O "Spike"? The horrid fact is out. Mayhap by the time these lines appear Deceneey will have already prevailed; even now Duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God" (Wordsworth), may have stepped in; this very night, if heaven so wills, these eyes may gaze upon the semblance, if not the reality, of Women walking under the eye of Mr. J. S. Brook; honour, even now, may be satisfied. Else, what to do but imitate the noble Japanese, and, with due ceremony, having offered prayers and obligations to Minerva and Apollo, austere partners of learning and the arts, and to the nine gracious Muses of Parnassus; having purified the heart and washed the hands, commit hari-kiri in the middle of the hall between the hours of five and eight? So a nation makes tribute to Bushido. Shall a Seat of Learning do less?—I am, etc.,

SORROWING GRADUATE.

P.S.—If they don't like to put it up, why not bob it?

AU REVOIR (WE HOPE).

The best and brightest continue to leave us. We drop a tear of blessing on the heads of Miss Hilda G. Heine, M.A., Mr. Gordon Troup, M.A., and Mr. J. G. Myers, M.Sc. We pass no superfuous encomiums, for among friends such are not needed. We gaze with admiration, envy, something of awe, on the departing ones; good students and true, we hope to gaze upon their faces many times again before the night descends. Miss Heine goes, via London, to Berlin, to study economics at the fountain-head. Gordon Troup is on his way to Poitiers with the French Travelling Scholarship for a two years' post-graduate course. He is to represent New Zealand at the biennial meetings of the General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation at High Leigh in England early in August, and will attend one of the British Student Christian Movement Summer Conferences at Swanwick. Mr. Myers goes to Harvard with the 1851 Exhibition Science Research Scholarship.
Mr. H. L. Richardson, M.Sc., also departs for London in the near future with a scholarship at the Imperial College of Science and Technology.

MARRIAGES.
Marie Priestley to K. M. Griffin, M.Sc.
Marjorie Carr, B.A., to S. A. Wiren, B.A., LL.M.

ENGAGEMENTS.
Margaret Harris to H. McCormick LL.B.
Marion Whitehorn, B.A., to D. O. Williams, M.A.
Roma Fabian to H. A. Heron, M.A.

(Apologies for any omissions)
Good luck to them all!

COLLEGE SONGS.

It has been suggested—and the suggestion is worth serious consideration—that the best of the College songs should be reprinted with the music. The words are now printed in the Old Clay Patch and the C.U. Handbook, but the only copies of the music to which they should be hung seem to have been tattered and torn beyond all possibility of reclamation; this when they have not disappeared altogether. And it is not as simple as it might seem to hand down tunes, as it were, by word of mouth. They would not make a very big book, and the expense should, therefore, not be prohibitive. One thing is certain—the songs are not known as they should be; and this may be the method of getting them known. The matter anyhow will not be allowed to rest here.

MR. BROOK’S ADVENTURE.

We thought for a time it would be necessary to have this number of the "Spike" black-edged. Fortunately, however, things have turned out otherwise, and we are glad to inform our readers that Mr. Brook is recovering as quickly as may be from the brutal attack made on him recently by a burglar in his house. Mr. Brook was a good deal knocked about, but we are proud to think he put up a good fight before his assailant got the upper hand. The sympathy of the "Spike," as well as of the whole College, is with Mr. and Mrs. Brook.

SIR WALTER Buchanan.

We can only express the most profound regret also at the sudden death of Sir Walter Buchanan, the latest and not the least of the College’s benefactors. He had the interests of education at heart, and his foundation of the Chair of Agriculture and his expressed intention of further providing for work necessary for agricultural teaching was a very practical illustration of his interest. Such men are all too few; their loss, even at the advanced age of Sir Walter Buchanan, is all the more to be deplored. The Executive of the Students’ Association at its last meeting passed a motion of regret, and a wreath was sent to the funeral.
SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

What has long been lacking among College activities, a club for social service, has recently been started, and is hard at work. The aim of a University, after all, is fundamentally social service: and one of the most pressing of contemporary needs is that of educated men and women having a sympathetic understanding of social problems and broad vision in their consideration. We have had libraries of theories hurled at our heads in the last few years; we attempt now to put one or two of them into practice. The aim is not indiscriminate and ill-directed charity, but constructive work of real value, involving personal contact with fundamental human realities and a solid understanding of the principles involved. The Club is working in with other organisations where possible, and has enlisted the help of such able men as the Rev. T. Feilden Taylor and Mr. P. Fraser, M.P. Prosper the work! Funds are wanted.

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My Sky-Line

Out from my bedroom window wide,  
Across the quickly pulsing town,  
In lazy slope the hill runs down;  
And oft on its morning sky-line grey  
Swift winds tear tangled clouds aside,  
And through will glint the tardy day.  
And oft against the dingy skies  
Slow figures move in quaint array,  
Till soon will lift book-weary eyes  
And wonder dimly who are they  
Who flit on the sky-line phantom-wise  
When white dash breakers in the bay.

—C.H.A.

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That Divine Afflatus

[In the Silver Jubilee Number of "The Spike" a foreword by Sir Robert Stout and some verses by 'S.E.' were headed by this quotation (as, quite by coincidence, it is cited in Cassell's Book of Quotations):—

"Tempus abire tibi est, ne . . .
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas."

Reference to the original, Horace Epistles II., 2, shows that the omitted words represented by the dots are:—"potum largius aequo."]

Sir Robert Stout and Eichy! Them two with one quotation  
As laudators of the temporis that acts as inspiration!  
But did they take the trouble to look beyond the dots?  
And would Sir Bob have used 'em had he known they stood for "spots"?

—J.H.
The Society is particularly fortunate in having a very active committee at the present time, and the prospects for a successful year are extremely bright. The levy of 10s. 6d. per head on the student body has resulted in an increase of about 50 per cent. in our membership, with the result that we have from fifteen to twenty speakers taking part in debates, not to mention the hordes of fascinated listeners who throng our meetings. Our financial position is a very satisfactory one, the Students' Association grant and the profits of the annual Plunket Medal contest proving quite sufficient for our extensive advertising and printing programmes.

In order to provide for particularly topical debates arising during the session, the Committee decided to leave half a dozen blank dates for insertion of subjects. We should like members of the Society to hand in suitable subjects for debate to the Secretary not later than fifteen days prior to the fixed date of the debate.

The Society's year commenced early; the Annual General Meeting being held on the 18th March.

The Society is particularly fortunate in securing the services of the Rhodes Scholar for 1920, Mr. H. G. Miller, who has so kindly consented to act as chairman during the 1924 session.

The syllabus of debates for the year is a very full one, containing no fewer than fifteen debates, and the subjects cover a huge range, with selections of everything, from religion to the activities of the Navy League. Already seven debates have taken place, the details of which have in most cases appeared in the daily press, except in the case of the debate on the wages of railwaymen. Here one of the dailies confined its remarks to the announcement of the debate and the placing of the speakers. We feel glad that our representatives in the J yacht Challenge Scroll—Messrs. P. Martin-Smith and R. M. Campbell—expressed our opinions of the Press in no hesitating manner.

On March 22nd a debate was held on the subject, "That social progress is retarded more than it is assisted by the Christian Religion." This debate would have been rejected by the terms of our constitution had it not been for the broad-minded legal acuteness of our late Secretary, who succeeded in passing, against a storm of opposition, a motion to the effect that the words "theological subjects being excluded" in clause 2 of the constitution should contain the following proviso:—"This shall not preclude the Committee from selecting social subjects even though they have theological implications."

The debate proved a very interesting one, and enabled our heretical friends, Misses R. F. Fortune and J. C. Beaglehole, to inveigh against the Christians and their usages to their hearts' content. In spite of the complete drubbing which the faith received, the opposers, Mr. W. P. Rollings and Mr. I. L. Hjorning, still we understand adhere to the tenets of their faith. It was urged against Christianity that it had opposed humanitarian legislation. The bishops of the House of Lords had fought against the anti-slavery laws and divorce amending enactments that gave women the same rights as men. The Church had opposed science and scientists from Bruno and Galileo through Simpson and Darwin to Dr. Marie Stopes and Freud.

Mr. Rollings replied by asking his hearers to imagine a literature with all Christian references deleted. Christianity had provided the strongest of inspirations, artistically and socially. Mr. Beaglehole pointed out that Luther had played the part of sycophant to the rulers of Germany, and that the practice of the Church had been as depraved as its ideals were lofty. Mr. Hjorning said that partial views of Christian practice were dangerous. Mr. J. A. Humphrey acted as judge, and placed the first five speakers in
the following order:—(1) Mr. S. E. Baume, (2) Mr. W. P. Rollings, (3) Mr. J. B. Yaldwyn, (4) Mr. J. W. Davidson, (5) Mr. R. F. Fortune. The motion was rejected by a large majority.

On April 5th Mr. J. W. Davidson moved, and Mr. J. B. Yaldwyn opposed, a motion, “That the action of the MacDonald Government in abandoning the Singapore base is to be commended.” Mr. Davidson and others pointed out that according to the Washington Pact, Great Britain, Japan, and the United States had contracted to refrain from building fortifications in the Pacific east of 105 deg. E. longitude. The longitude of Singapore was 103 deg. 50 min. E. It would have been very nearly a violation of the letter of the law, and certainly a violation of its spirit, to build a naval base at Singapore. The imposition of an additional burden of £10,000 on an unemployment stricken England for the purpose of fomenting jealousy and rivalry between Britain and Japan was a maniacal policy. Mr. Yaldwyn protested that the protection of our trade routes demanded an efficient fleet, and the abandonment of Singapore crippled our Eastern squadron. The motion was carried. Colonel G. Mitchell, D.S.O., placed the speakers thus:—(1) Mr. Rogers, (2) Mr. Pope, (3) Mr. Davidson, (4) Mr. Yaldwyn, (5) Messrs. Hurley and Rollings.

On April 26th Mr. Haigh moved “That this meeting is convinced of the justice of the railwaymen’s strike for increased wages.” Mr. Arndt opposed. The movers emphasised the inadequacy of the wage of £2 19s. 10d., and showed that the Government had blocked conciliation proceedings for fifteen months. Mr. Arndt said that the lower orders should be kept in their place. Nothing justified direct action while arbitration was possible. The motion was carried. Mr. G. G. Watson placed the speakers as follows:— (1) Mr. Yaldwyn, (2) Mr. Campbell, (3) Messrs. Davidson and Rollings, (5) Mr. Haigh.

The next debate concerned the decadence of the British Empire. Mr. Heron moved, “That the Empire, being founded on force, must inevitably decay.” Mr. Heron showed that the Empire had been established by force. Mr. Baume, opposing, admitted as much, but failed to see that it was maintained by force. It was maintained by goodwill, which old not decay as easily as navies and armies might. The motion was lost. Mr. H. H. Corish placed Mr. Campbell first, the other speakers as follows: (2) Mr. Yaldwyn, (3) Mr. Baume, (4) Mr. Davidson, (5) Mr. Rollings.

On May 24th Mr. Beaglehole moved, “That the conferring of titles on New Zealand citizens should cease forthwith.” Mr. Atmore opposed. Mr. Beaglehole pointed out that once men won their spurs on the battlefield; nowadays in the soap or beer business. Mr. Atmore said that titles were the reward of industry and a necessary Incitement to self-sacrifice. The motion was carried. Mr. P. J. O’Regan placed the speakers: (1) Mr. Baume, (2) Mr. Campbell, (3) Mr. Rollings, (4) Mr. Davidson, (5) Mr. Yaldwyn.

June 7th saw the motion up for discussion: “That the publication of the grosser details of Law Court proceedings, being a menace to the morality of the community, should be prohibited.” The discussion centred round the newspaper “Truth,” which littered the tables plentifully. Despite Mr. Dowsett’s indictment of that newspaper—evil associations corrupt good manners—Messrs. Cousins and Croker succeeded in persuading their audience that the publication of obscenities pandered to no morbidity, but provoked storms of righteous indignation against the criminal. Mr. C. H. Taylor placed the speakers: (1) Mr. Cousins, (2) Mr. Dowsett, (3) Mr. Leicesters, (4) Mr. Campbell, (5) Mr. Rogers.

On June 21st Mr. J. Steele moved, “That in the event of the Government committing New Zealand to participation in a war outside that country, University students should refuse to render military service in any capacity.” Mr. F. A. Marriott opposed. Mr. Steele said that no Christian could bear arms under any pretext. Mr. Marriott said that failing our support the war outside might very well be carried inside our own country. The motion was carried. Dr. Gibb placed the speakers: (1) Mr. Campbell, (2) Mr. Rollings, (3) Mr. Baume, (4) Mr. Davidson, (5) Mr. Steele.

Free Discussions Club

The annual general meeting at the beginning of the year attracted a good muster of students. After the formal business, election of officers, etc., had been disposed of, Professor Hunter opened a discussion on the Modern Press in Relation to Democracy. He showed that the rapid growth of in-
dustralism, with the attendant ease of communication and the spread of education, were not unmixed blessings. If all that these benefits were to lead to was the presentation of unlimited facilities for propaganda for vested interests, then perhaps it might be better to revert to the days of the Regency. Man had forged himself weapons of destruction that might prove his complete undoing. His ingenuity had outpaced his morality. He had misapplied the discoveries of science, devoting them to destructive purposes. The late war showed that the art of printing was capable of being abused. It was used for the fomentation of sectional hatreds, irrespective of truth or fairness. In peace the distortion and selection of news did not cease. The press was becoming vested in fewer and fewer hands, and its views were those of the financial magnates who controlled it. Remedies had been proposed by Norman Angell, Walter Lippman and others. The former wished to have the press controlled by the elected officers of a guild of journalists; the latter wished to make the collection of news a State enterprise, out of the control, however, of politicians. Both Professor Hunter's address and the discussion which ensued were particularly valuable at this juncture in furnishing the College representatives at the Easter Tournament Debate with a mine of information for what appeared to be their congenial task of inducing modern journalism as a menace to Democracy.

For the first ordinary meeting of the term we were fortunate enough to secure Mr. Elsdon Best. Mr. Best rather overwhelmed the meeting with his comparison of the Maori and Christian mythologies—certainly one of the finest addresses the Club has had the privilege of hearing. The Club has had Mr. Best's address printed, and as it is reviewed elsewhere in this "Spike," it is not necessary to traverse the ground again in these notes. The discussion, though interesting, was short, and came rather as an anticlimax.

The second meeting was opened by the Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party (Mr. H. E. Holland). Mr. Holland laboured valorously to wreck our patriotism. He assured us that we erred if we thought of Britannia as of Sir Galahad—"Her strength is as the strength of ten, Because her heart is pure."

If Britannia's strength was as of ten it was rather because her digestion was good. Many unwholesome morsels had contributed to her present puissance. Mr. Holland instanced several. There was the Opium War in the early forties. Coming down to more recent times, Mr. Holland lingered awhile over the Boer War. The ostensible reason for this war was the securing of voting rights for the Outlanders on the Rand. Yet thousands of the men who laid down their lives in South Africa had never enjoyed political rights at home. The scramble for territory was the true reason for warfare. For territory meant exclusive trading rights, the opportunity for the raising of taxes to build walls against competitors, and, above all, a field for the investment of the capital that piled up at home owing to the profiteering at the expense of the public and the plundering at the expense of the workers. Our entry into the late war was itself based on the entangling alliances that were the outcome of a world game of beggar-my-neighbour. The installing of a Labour Government in the Treasury benches at Home was the reply to the illiberality of a Liberal Government that had not trusted the people in the pre-war years, as well as to the jingoism of a Conservative Government that was willing and ready to salve its conscience with the precious degree or two of longitude that legally absolved Singapore from the conditions of the Washington pact. In the open diplomacy of the Labour Government was the hope and the promise of better things. The discussion following was somewhat desultory. The main issue involved was the five battle cruisers. What was the meaning of this display of militarism by a Labour Government? Mr. Holland pointed out the precarious position of Mr. MacDonald's Government; it had to make some conciliatory overtures to political opponents. The cruisers were for replacement purposes only. And the naval programme that Mr. Baldwin had contemplated had been vastly shorn even apart from Singapore.

Mr. Harold Miller opened the third meeting of the year with a paper on Anglo-Catholicism. The old antithesis of materialism and spiritualism was sunk forever in the philosophy of James and Bergson, opined Mr. Miller. But Bishop Gore had done even more than those two very worthythinkers to ensure the eternal felicity of mankind in a universe that was a probationary anteroom to the hereafter. Whether there was going to be no need of probation when the dissipation and degradation of energy was com-
plete and the solar system run down was not quite clear. Mr. Miller left this point somewhat obscure, and it troubled one or two of his audience in the discussion that followed. Bishop Gore, it appeared, was born in 1853. But the devil effected a countermarch with Bernard Shaw in the same year. Bishop Gore believed in confession and in the real presence of Christ on the altar. Bernard Shaw did not, although Mr. Miller did not dwell on that point. It appeared that where Bishop Gore and Bernard Shaw differed was in the credibility of the New Testament. Bishop Gore thought that it would be a greater miracle that the writers of the New Testament were the victims of exaggerated and false rumour than that a man was born immaculate, and rose bodily from the dead. Bernard Shaw apparently thought it more likely that rumour was a fickle jade than that such prodigies really occurred. Bishop Gore believed in the Disestablishment of the Church of England and in the Labour Movement. He disbelieved in Protestantism. The discussion led from the indebtedness of the prophets to the Code of Hammurabi, to the questionable morality of the doctrine of immortality. The opinion was expressed that an eternal lease of life might induce laziness. If there were only three score laps and ten in the race the pace would be swifter than if there were laps innumerable. Mr. Miller dissented. Mr. Puck explained the doctrine of transubstantiation lucidly and forcibly. The meeting broke up amicably.

At this stage of the year it was beginning to be felt that outsiders were being afforded more than their fair share of the limited time available for meetings, and members not enough. Mr. Mackie accordingly opened the next meeting on Christianity and War with a brief exordium lasting only a quarter of an hour. He showed that evolution proceeded from individualism to co-operative aggregations of individuals. The World State of the future would bear the same relations to the warring nationalities of to-day as the metazoa to the protozoa. It must come, and come quickly, or else the transition will never be effected. The strides made by destructive science demand a rapid leap in the evolutionary process, or else its entire reversal. Commonsense and religion were comrades in arms in the struggle against war. Christianity taught the loving of one's enemies. Miss Moncrieff could not agree with Mr. Mackie. War had brought out the heroism latent in men. Moreover, it was a continuation of the struggle for existence that was the foundation of all evolutionary progress. Mr. Davidson thought it was high time this struggle for existence was raised to a spiritual plane. Let it continue in a World Tribunal, not on the battlefield. Mr. Baume said that the Quakers in Pennsylvania had failed to live up to their pacifism after the death of Penn. Various speakers failed to see why we moderns living in a different age and under vastly different conditions should necessarily follow suit. Messrs. McCaw and Steele said that Christ was a pacifist, and added that the service of God was above all worldly considerations, even existence itself. War was unholy. Better the Empire were wiped out than continue in Godless fashion. Mr. Wilson wanted to know if all the pacifists present would contentedly watch a bully maltreat a child, or a militaristic State ride over a peaceable small neighbour. Mr. Beaglehole read Mr. Wilson a lecture on the international politics of the last twenty years, and remarked that his analogy was an impossible one. Miss Gardner pointed out the menace of unequal degrees of disarmament in different States. Other speakers pointed out that war, unlike the struggle for existence in the lower organisms, led to the survival of the decrepit and unfit, that the Sermon on the Mount was undoubtedly pacifist, but as it was hardly likely that it was the voice of God, and still less likely that it was God reported correctly, that such a fact was not decisive. The meeting terminated abruptly at 9.30, and overflowed outside to wage the war above the tennis courts. Projected meetings are to be opened by Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland, on "Human Nature and War;" Dr. Gibb, on "The Efficacy of Prayer;" and Mr. E. H. Dowsett, on "Pacifism;"
Rifle Club

This season the Rifle Club did not commence operations until the end of January, but subsequent fine Saturday afternoons saw members journeying out to Trentham by the 12.15 train. Of course, the membership has not, so far, been large, but it is now over 20 and is steadily growing in preparation for next season. The Club has been carefully examined by the powers-that-be and finally gazetted as a Defence Rifle Club, so that we can now take our rightful place among the rifle clubs of Wellington.

On February 16 the Club entered a team for the Wellington Rifle Association Junior Shield Contest, and succeeded in gaining third place—quite a good performance for Wellington's youngest rifle club.

In this year's tournament our luck was out, but next year we are going to put up a big fight for the Haslam Shield.

When the Special Service Squadron was in Wellington, a rifle match was arranged between the naval men and a representative team from the local rifle clubs, Victoria's two representatives being Pres. W. J. H. Haase and J. B. Yaldwyn. Despite the miserable weather, the shoot proved a great success and an easy win for the local team.

The Club Championship match was held on April 12, and was won by Pres. W. J. Haase with a brilliant 112 out of 120, A. W. Free being runner-up with 102.

During the winter a team is to be entered for the Imperial Universities' Rifle Match, in which a shield, presented by the Australian Universities, is competed for by Universities throughout the Empire. It is hoped next year to enter one team from the four Colleges in New Zealand, but this year each College will enter a separate team.

At the annual general meeting of the Students' Association the Blazer Scheme was amended to include the Rifle Club, and accordingly the following members have been nominated by the Club for blazers this year:—

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<td>J. B. Yaldwyn</td>
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<td>F. H. Jennings</td>
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Boxing

During the past year the "Noble Art" has continued to maintain its proud place amongst the leading branches of sport at the College. Training operations for the Easter Tournament were entered upon in January, and carried on right up to Easter.

One lamentable feature this year, however, has been the lack of enthusiasm displayed by the younger members of the Club. And this is especially unfortunate at the present time, as of the previous boxing representatives at least four will be ineligible to represent the College next year. With these vacancies to fill from entirely fresh material in the College, it is up to as many students as are able to join the Club, so that a strong team can be selected to send to Christchurch next Easter.

Although the bulk of training for the Easter Tournament is put in from January onwards, if the numbers and enthusiasm of the members warrant it, it is intended to continue training operations through the balance of the second term into the third term of this year. Boxing has of late years been steadily coming to the fore in the realm of sport, and is now a feature of the sporting life of almost every secondary school of any standing. The College has the services of one of the best coaches in New Zealand, and an exceptional opportunity is here offered to get tuition in the art.

In connection with the selection of the team to represent the College at Easter, there was only one challenge, which was in the middle-weight class, the challenger being S. E. Baume, and the fight with Miller, the present champion, was held in the College Gymnasium on the evening of Wednesday, 9th April. The fight was an interesting one, Baume using his reach effectively against his more sturdily built opponent during the first three rounds. By the fourth round, however, he had tired considerably, and Miller gained a very close decision.

The men selected to represent the College at the Easter Tournament
Christian Union

We are now well on in what is in many respects a memorable year for what with Jubilee celebrations, tournaments, the visit of the World's Student Christian Federation Travelling Secretary (Mr. Hurrey), and our unusually full programme of retreats, one-day conferences, social teas, and such-like, we have had a busy time.

A most enjoyable retreat was held at Day's Bay just before the commencement of last term. The stimulating effect of this "preparatory effort" has been most noticeable, for we have decided to try the combined circles, which are admitted by other centres to be desirable but unworkable. So far, these have been a success, but they have as yet not reached our ideals, and we hope and pray for greater achievements in the near future.

A men's week-end was held in connection with the visit of our N.Z.S.C.M. Secretary (Mr. H. J. Mackie), about the middle of last term. This camp brought from under the bushel the hidden light of many of our members, some of whom made the discovery that a C.U. retreat is something more than a cloistered seclusion from "worldly things." So delicate were the preparations for ministering to the needs of the inner man that many of us would find it very hard to "take no thought for the morrow, saying what shall ye eat or what shall ye drink."

The value of such a visit as that of Mr. Hurrey cannot be estimated. Many of us feel that we have actually had "our sight renewed," for we have been given in every way a newer, brighter, and higher outlook; we now see and know something of what our fellow-students are doing in the world over. So helpful and inspiring did we find our "Yank friend," as he called himself, that we look forward with the greatest of pleasure to the assured visits of such men as Dr. Willis King, Mr. Koo, Dr. Eddie, and numerous others of that great band of W.S.C.F. Secretaries.

Another factor which we feel is helping to make the spiritual tone of our Union is the weekly intercession group, which is run for about twenty minutes by one of our own members.

We are in deep debt to Mr. M. A. Tremewan for again conducting our leaders' circle, and to Miss England for her willingness to take the Sunday morning O.T. Bible Study Circle.

Great enthusiasm has been raised in many quarters of late by the founding of a Social Service Club, from which we hope great things. "Be ye doers of the Word and not hearers only."

The study circles are again working on "Jesus in the Records," but many of us are dissatisfied with their results, and trust that members in the future will make their search for truth more earnest and diligent.

Next year's Conference is to be held at Cambridge or thereabouts; to this we are looking forward with some enthusiasm, as we did for Waimate, waiting to be again refreshed and to meet our old friends in the other centres.

We express our most heartfelt thanks to our friend, Mr. G. S. Troup, M.A., whom we farewelled last term on the event of his departure to the Old Country. While extremely sorry to lose such a good and trusted friend, we are equally glad to be able to welcome back another old friend, the Rev. John Allan, M.A., who has just successfully completed his studies at New College, Edinburgh. We wish them both the best of luck and success in their future careers.

We wish to thank all fast friends among old students and Professors for the help they have given us during the year, and to assure our "old-timers" that we are endeavouring to do our best to live up to the high traditions which they have set before us.
Mathematical and Physical Society

This year promises to be a successful one for the Mathematical and Physical Society. The attendances at the meetings and the interest aroused appear to be greater than in previous years. Moreover, the popularity of the Society will be much increased by the generous offer of Professors Sommerville and Florance to provide supper after each meeting, so that the discussion of problems raised at the meetings may be continued in an informal manner.

It was decided, on the Physical side, to have a series of addresses on the structure of the atom. At the first meeting, which was chiefly introductory, Mr. L. A. C. Warner spoke on "Radio-activity and Its Bearing on the Atom," giving an account of the radio-active substances and the three types of rays and their properties. Professor Florance, in "Aspects of Sir Ernest Rutherford's Work," gave an account of the historical side of the subject, and also a brief sketch of Rutherford's work.

At the second meeting Mr. L. Shotlander gave an account of the various attempts to prove Euclid's parallel postulate, and Professor Sommerville explained the systems of non-euclidean geometry which have arisen out of these attempts. The meeting then adjourned to the Physics laboratory for supper, where Mrs. Sommerville acted as hostess.

Shortly before our second meeting the Society suffered a sad loss in that our President, Miss E. D. Leech, left us to take up a position at the Stratford High School. Mr. M. McWilliams was elected to fill the vacant position.

Tennis Club

The Tennis Season opened last year, or at least did not open, with a serious calamity. There were plenty of anxious players, and plenty of racquets, balls, and nets, but unfortunately there were no courts. The contractor engaged to top-dress the courts was possessed of the "go-slow" policy to an extraordinary degree. Despite numerous entreaties and threats by various members of the Club, our none-too-hasty contractor did not finish the work until well into the month of November. Then there was the serious problem of marking the courts. Many thanks are due to Mr. C. G. S. Ellis, who, with his knowledge of surveying, was able to determine the extremities of the courts to a nicety. A busy gang of workers was collected, and the work was completed in a few days. Alas! Our troubles were not then over. The supposed and alleged top-dressing was of a most unusual nature. It consisted of the usual tar but instead of sand our "go-slow" friend had used fine shingle and sand. The result was that millions of small pebbles were off the upper surface of the courts and formed minute roller skates, on which the unfortunate players would go skating in all directions in a most bewildering manner. The "spills" were numerous, so numerous, in fact, that many players contemplated giving up the game and taking on some quieter and more harmless game, such as football, in which one has a soft ground to fall on at least, and not a rockery. However, after some of the energetic members had burned the loose shingle off our supposed tennis courts about two or three times, the courts at last became playable.

Inter-club matches this year were displaced by a new idea of a Wellington Association Ladder, on which each Club had a certain number of representatives. On the ladies' ladder Miss Gardner just missed representative honours for the match, Wellington v. Canterbury, while on the men's ladder R. R. Young and N. A. Foden were successful in climbing a number of rungs.

Our own ladder has been very keenly contested this season by the men players. R. R. Young has succeeded in holding first place on the ladder during the season, defeating last year's champion, W. P. Hollings.

W. P. Hollings has not been playing in his best form this season, partly due to the fact that he was studying for the March Exams. During the latter part of the season and failed to keep in good training.

F. H. Paul was very successful on the ladder, climbing many rungs, and was only stopped by W. P. Hollings in a match for second place. Paul is the most improved player in the Club this year, and well deserved his place in the Tournament Team.

Although the men's ladder has been keenly contested, the ladies' has remained practically the same throughout the season. It is only on very
rare occasions that a lady ever challenges for a ladder position, and it is on even rarer occasions that a match is played to decide the challenge.

The Club Championships witnessed some good tennis. The biggest surprise was the defeat of R. R. Young by F. H. Paul in the final of the Men's Singles.

The finals were as follows:—

Men's Singles.—F. H. Paul defeated R. R. Young, 6—4, 8—6.
Men's Doubles.—R. and M. Young defeated Ellis and Paul, 6—4, 7—5.
Ladies' Doubles.—Misses R. Gardner and E. Madeley defeated Misses T. Thwaites and O. Sheppard, 7—5, 8—6.
Combined Doubles.—R. R. Young and Miss Whyte defeated C. Scott and Miss R. Gardiner, 6—3, 6—4.

The Ladies' Singles were not finished, owing to the disinclination of the contestants to play off.

The Otaki Tennis Club kindly invited a team to play them at Otaki on St. Andrew's Day. Messrs. R. Young, N. A. Foden, W. P. Hollings, M. C. Gibb, F. H. Haigh, D. F. Stuart, J. Stewart, and C. E. Scott, together with Misses M. Tracy and A. Madeley, accordingly journeyed up to Otaki. After defeating the Otakians and spending a most enjoyable day, married only by an unfortunate disaster that befell the Secretary in distributing the train tickets and obtaining the cash therefor, the team returned home in high spirits.

We were fortunate in obtaining Miss M. Tracy for a tournament representative, and, as expected, she won the N.Z. Universities Championships. It is the first time we have won a singles event for many years.

On the whole the members have not been very keen during the past season, and the courts were seldom crowded. This is attributed to the facts that tennis throughout Wellington has been quiet this season owing to the absence of the inter-club competitions, and that the courts have been in a poor condition. Nevertheless, the season has been a merry one, and those who did play passed many bright hours on the courts and in the "tea-shop," excepting, of course, those whose turn it was to "wash up."

Next season is expected to be more enthusiastic. Especially so owing to the possibility of the completion of the Miramar scheme, which will provide 60 or 70 courts for inter-club competitions. The probability of a busy season is all the more strong because of the fact that under the new Students' Association Consolidated Fund scheme membership of the Tennis Club has increased from 80 to over 120 since March of this year.

Let us hope that next season will see the awakening of a new enthusiasm among the members and the rising of some new champions to make a name for our Club.

Basket Ball Club

The Basket-ball Club, which has for some years past been a source of amusement to the more prosperous Clubs of V.U.C., is this year a very enthusiastic and active Club. Although we as a club are not as strong numerically as we might be—and we take this opportunity of saying that all women members of the Students' Association can become Basket-ballers—yet we have some excellent and very keen players.

This year we have two teams in the Wellington Basket-ball Association, one in the Senior Grade and one in the Intermediate. The Senior team has so far been very successful in the Saturday matches. On June 3rd, in the Seven-a-side Tournament, the Senior team were runners-up, being defeated only by the Y.W.C.A. A team. We shall hear more of the Seniors as the season advances.

A victory to the credit of V.U.C. was the winning of the Shield at Easter time. Basket-ball is not an official part of the Inter-Varsity Tournament, but the Clubs are allowed to make their own arrangements to play off for the Shield at the same time. Since the play at Easter was of an excellent standard, we have hopes of seeing Basket-ball a recognised part of the Tournament in the near future.

On Monday evenings, from 8 to 9 p.m., we have the use of the Gymnasium to practise. This is a good opportunity to get in some really beneficial training, and we would urge upon members the necessity of turning up regularly to these practices. "Practice makes perfect" should be our motto if we hope to do anything really worth while.
Tramping Club

“Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.”
—Walt Whitman.

One sometimes wonders, not that so many go tramping, but that so few do. The joys of the road are many, and surely are well known by now. There is hardly a poet or an essayist who has not expounded “the cheerful voice of the public road,” or grown lyrical over the surpassing beauty that surrounds the hill-track or the trail through the bush.

The trapper, knowing their words are true, goes out free and light-hearted, the world before him. But what of those who feel the call, yet fail to answer? Is this restraint mere lassitude? Or is it because they doubt their ability? The one is weak, the other foolish; trampers are no super-men, nor their tramps endurance trials. Long tramps are undertaken, but they are arranged in easy stages. Thus, the most noteworthy tramps since last “Spike” appeared were those that filled the long weekends of Dominion, Labour, and Anzac Days.

On the Saturday before Dominion Day a large party set out on the “Wairongomai Trip,” past the Wainui Reservoir and Semple’s tunnel. As on the previous occasion, this route proved to have some peculiar charm that makes it stand out from all other tramps. It may be the exceptional variety of the abundant wildlife, the abundant camping-grounds on the river flats—or the combination of these and other things: certainly, the Wairongomai trip is always recalled with special pleasure.

This route has been followed for the last time, unfortunately; the new waterworks reserve is closed to trampers. With some changes in the earlier part of the trip, though, the Wairongomai itself is still available.

The most ambitious of all Club tramps till that time was probably the Labour long-weekend. Some fifty miles of walking were involved, over every type of country—road, bush track, trackless bush, and river-bed. Included in the route were two crossings of the Rimutakas; the first, by Matthews Saddle, was interesting enough, but hot to be compared with the second traverse, made by map and compass near Bau-Bau trig. Ours was probably the first party since the early surveyors to cross those bushy ridges; certainly, no women had gone through there before.

After the Exams, a new Tararu route was tried, but it is not recommended for people on a budget. The party went to Alpha from Kaitoke, via Marchant; next day descended a long ridge to Renata, and then turned northwards to the Waiotauru stream. About eight miles was the reward of a twelve-hour day. The journey next day down the Waiotauru to Otaki Forks was better rewarded; there was splendid river scenery and abundance of wild life.

Later in the Long Vacation a larger party made the complete journey over the Tararu track; fortunate in having fine weather, they had a most successful trip.

The conquest of Mount McKerrow was a very satisfactory beginning for the week-end tramps of 1924. This bush-covered hill is readily accessible from the Wainui Valley, yet it was only after the seventh attempt, or projected attempt, that the summit was achieved—bad weather had vetoed the previous trials.

When Anzac Day and the College Council conspired to lengthen the Easter Vacation, a number of trampers took advantage of this to go around Palliser Bay, in order to see the Putangirua Pinnacles. Although the country covered was not in general difficult, the distance was considerable, and time was too short for all to reach the Pinnacles. Those who did, however, were well rewarded. As only one tributary of the Putangirua stream was examined, and there are a number of others with similar rock pillars, the whole valley will some day, we hope, be explored by the Club.

During the Long Vacation a party of Club members spent an exceptionally enjoyable (and cheap) holiday in the Tongariro-Taupo district. Ruapehu was climbed, and all the lesser mountains. There was a lengthy stay at Tokaanu; a visit to Wairakei; a beautiful bush track past Rotoaira; everything, in fact, to make a holiday memorable.

Since last September there have been shorter tramps, too many to enumerate; but attendance on Sunday tramps, considering the membership
of the Club, has been low. This is a pity, for the longer of the week-end tramps become much easier if one has done some tramping before.

We hear that—

The French for "little pig" is "tomahawk."

There will be a Winter Tararua Trip at the end of the term—for those who are fit.

Several of this term's week-end trips would be Sunday tramps in summer time.

To the chemist the reaction between Fe and Kid gives Venison. The wind (?) at Burling's Creek levelled a tent with the ground. And that porridge and sausages took wings.

A certain fowlishouse at the mouth of the Orongorongo is a draughty place on a cold night.

On the authority of an expert biologist, tramping is fine training for the more strenuous sports, such as jaiing.

A number of "members" have not yet been out on a tramp. And that the easier tramps often occur in the first half of the term's programme.

A recent wedding was extremely " well organised;" and that the happy couple outdid Tom Mix in escaping to the taxi.

During the Long Vac. empty pineapple tins were deposited on the summits of Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, Tongariro, Hauhungatahi, and Hector. And that anyone who carries a fifteen-pound half-plate camera and tripod up the slippery slopes of the sliding scoria of Ngauruhoe must be keen.

It is never too late to begin; the secretary still has some blank application forms.

Since two prominent debaters came to grief early one morning—one crashing physically, the other verbally—week-end tramps have been arranged so as not to interfere with debates.

The most philosophical of philosophers can forget his philosophy at 2 a.m. And that certain vocabularies have been enlarged by a luscious word.

Tramping parties are desired to leave gates as they find them, but shut for preference; and not to extract staples from fence-posts.

The ambitious mountaineer can get good practice on the steel towers of the power-line beyond Ngahauranga.

One of Semple's Co-ops. wouldn't mind chaperoning any number of parties at seven-and-six an afternoon.

If you keep to the left in Orongo-erongo, you are bound in the end to go wrong, go wrong. For it's a wrong creek that has no turning, yet among a multitude of nodules is a botanist.

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Football Notes

Wellington weather has this year excelled itself; but despite the fact that so far we have had only one fine Saturday, all players have turned out and thoroughly enjoyed the mud fights which have been the order of the day. Although none of the four teams entered have done exceptionally well, the Senior team has been very unlucky, and should have won four out of its five matches to date. The committee has this year decided to give every encouragement to the Juniors, and hopes to raise the standard of play by creating keen competition.

Fitness and combination are the two chief factors which lead to success in football, and it is most unfortunate that we have so few facilities for training, and so little opportunity of working up combination. However, the fine sporting game for which 'Varsity has become famed is always in evidence wherever 'Varsity teams assemble, and if success does not always come our way it is not from want of trying.

The retirement of Albert Jackson from active participation in the game has robbed the playing field of one of its most familiar figures. Percy Bryden, who for two years has been a most energetic secretary, as well as a most conscientious forward in the Senior team, has also retired this year, and will mean a big loss to the Club.

The Senior fifteen is this year captained by A. D. McRae, who has represented Wellington and the New Zealand Universities for the last two years, and who is again playing as well as ever. On the whole, the team
has shown an all-round improvement on last year's form, and with many juniors knocking at the door, it should do better still.

Results of matches to date are as follows:

**Senior Fifteen.—(Captain, Mr. A. D. McRae.)**

V. Selwyn. Lost—8 to 6. Played in pouring rain, which did not suit our style of play. However, Varsity were very unlucky to lose on the trend of the play. Riggs scored a good try and Blathwayte kicked a penalty goal for us.

V. Old Boys. Won—15 to 4. Our men, both back and forwards, played a great game, and the score might easily have been greater. Riggs, Wallpole, and Brittland scored tries, one being converted by McKay, and Wiren potted a fine goal.

V. Poneke. Lost—18 to 0. Another very bad day, on which Poneke were superior, both back and forward.

V. Berhampore. Lost—5 to 3. This game proved a great fight in the mud, and Berhampore were very lucky to snatch a last-minute victory, scoring as the final whistle was blown. Hart scored for us.

V. Hutt. Won—15 to 6. A fast and exciting game, which was sternly contested. Riggs, Mackay, and Pope scored tries, and O'Regan kicked two penalty goals.

**Junior A Fifteen.—(Captain, Mr. P. M. Brooker.)**

V. Poneke. Lost—12 to 0. Our team was short, but put up a good fight, in the mud.

V. Hutt. Lost—14 to 8. Hutt were a vastly-improved team to that defeated by the B's the previous Saturday. Leadbetter scored two fine tries. V. Eastbourne. Lost—11 to 0. Eastbourne owed their victory to their combination, which was very good.

V. Training College. Drawn—3 all. Training College put up a good fight, and a hard game resulted. Goodwin scored for us.

V Porirua. Lost—15 to 8. The Porirua backs showed good form, and were instrumental in bringing victory to their team. Goodwin and Ellis scored tries, and Stewart converted one.

V. Marist. Lost—16 to 3. Marist were a little too good for our men. Stewart kicked a penalty goal.

**Junior B Fifteen.—(Captain, Mr. N. P. Cress.)**

V. Hutt. Won—9 to nil. Played in pouring rain, with only 12 men, but backs played a fine game. Goodwin, Arndt, and McParland scored tries.

V. Eastbourne. Lost—23 to 3. Again only 12 men turned out, but our men made a fight of it. Davies scored a try.

V. Training College. Won by default.

V. Porirua. Lost—16 to nil. A good, even game, with the Porirua backs a little better than their opponents.

V. Marist. Lost—34 to 3. The Marist backs were too good for our men, who were short. McParland scored a brilliant try.

V. Oriental. Lost—8 to 3. Our team was unfortunate, as two men had to retire injured. Kells scored a good try.

**Third Grade Fifteen.—(Captain, Mr. R. A. Burns.)**

V. Athletic. Lost—17 to nil.

V. Institute. Won by default.

V. Old Boys A. Lost—22 to nil.

V. Technical Old Boys. Lost—8 to nil.

A Junior seven-a-side team, captained by P. M. Brooker, competed in the Palmerston North Tournament on the King's Birthday, and after winning two games were eliminated in the semi-final by a Feilding team. The team played good football, and McParland played brilliantly, scoring five tries.

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**Cricket**

This season the Cricket Club has had a most successful season—the best since the end of the war. Although there were sufficient members to justify the entrance of only two teams, nevertheless these teams showed such good form that the prospects for next season are indeed of the best.

The first eleven was successful in winning the Junior A Championship—the first championship that has ever been won by a Varsity cricket team. They played eight games, all of which were won with the exception of the game against Porirua, which was lost on the first innings, we being unfortunate in losing the toss. We obtained 26 championship points, the runners-
up obtaining 21 and a fraction. Considering that only two of last year’s eleven played for us again, this performance is exceedingly satisfactory. The second of our successes was the way in which each member of the team played keenly for the team—they played together as a team and not as eleven individuals. Our strongest point was fielding, and it was this that won the two final games, against teams composed of players of great experience, though lacking youth. Another pleasing feature is that several of the team are excellent “all-rounders.”

We played our annual match with Auckland University College at Easter, and came out the winners of the Spieght trophy by an innings and 267 runs.

The second eleven, though not so successful as the first, performed creditably, and it is hoped that the conditions under which junior teams play will be improved next season. It is our aim to enter three, and if possible four, teams next season, and the Committee takes this opportunity of exhorting all students to join up with the “king of games.” Every endeavour is being made for entrance into senior ranks, and if this is successful the Club should become stronger every season. Join up, then, and help the Club to regain its pre-war status.

The match against Auckland University was played on Easter Saturday and Tuesday at Kelburn Park. We were favoured with warm summer weather, and Auckland, having won the toss, elected to bat first. Wickets fell fairly cheaply at the start, but Sutherland played a good innings, and improved the score. When Wilson was put on, he found his length at once, and quickly disposed of the rest of the side, the innings closing for 76. Wilson bowled very well, keeping a great length with his leg-breaks and googlies and clean bowling four men. Hollings and Greig also bowled well.

Hollings and Evans opened our innings, and Evans’ wicket fell at 25. Kent and Greig batted well during their stays, while Hollings was scoring in great style at the other end. When Mackenzie became associated with Hollings a great stand was made, which added 103 runs to our score. Hollings was eventually out at 136, after a fine innings, in which he scored freely all round the wicket. When stumps were drawn Mackenzie was not out for a patient 50.

When play was resumed, Mackenzie hit out in great style, and added 83 to his score in a little over an hour, mainly by beautiful cuts and off-drives. Hain and Mellins batted well, and Wilson scored quickly off the tired bowling. Our innings eventually closed for 405.

In the second innings Auckland batted three short, owing to the railway strike, and were quickly disposed of for 62, leaving us winners by an innings and 267 runs. Greig secured most wickets, and was well supported by Hollings. Mackenzie kept wickets very well all through the match.

By this victory we secured possession of the bat presented by Mr. Speight. We are looking forward to defending it in Auckland next season.

The following are the detailed scores:

**AUCKLAND.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Innings</th>
<th>Second Innings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Macklow, c. sub., b Arndt</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, b Hollings</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bannister, run out</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freeman, c Hain, b Greig</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whelan, b Greig</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sutherland, b Wilson</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrews, b Wilson</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, b Hollings</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faram, not out</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kalaughter, b Wilson</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gray, b Wilson</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extras</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong></td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First innings</th>
<th>Second Innings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hollings</td>
<td>2 for 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greig</td>
<td>2 for 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson</td>
<td>4 for 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arndt</td>
<td>1 for 3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Bowling Averages.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Innings</th>
<th>Second Innings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hollings</td>
<td>2 for 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greig</td>
<td>2 for 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson</td>
<td>4 for 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arndt</td>
<td>1 for 3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Grand total** 138
VICTORIA.

Hollings, c —— b Kalaagher 136
Evans, c —— b Bannister 7
Kent, b Whelan 18
Greig, b Andrews 19
Mackenzie, c and b Whelan 133
Arndt, c Whelan, b Andrews 3
Martin, b Kalaagher 3
Hain, c Freeman, b Andrews 22
Wilson, 1.b.w., b Whelan 22
Mullins, not out 18
Cresswell, c sub., b Whelan 4
Extras 19

Total 405

Bowling Averages
Kalaagher 2 for 9b Whelan 4 for 46
Bannister 1 for 100 Andrews 3 for 85
Sutherland 0 for 49 Faram 0 for 20

CLUB MATCHES (First Eleven).


v. Porirua: Lost by 35 runs on the 1st innings. Varsity—1st innings, 89; and 118 for 8 wickets. Porirua—124 and 175.

v. Petone: Won by 9 wickets. With 20 minutes in which to make the 63 runs required for victory, Wilson and Anderson treated Petone to some leather-hunting, making the runs with five minutes to spare. A feature of the match was a good century by Kent. Varsity, 283. Petone, 97 and 248.

v. Selwyn: Won by 78 runs on the 1st innings. This was one of our hardest games, our opponents up to this game being leaders in the championship. Owing to catches in the slips by Hollings and Wiren, two of our most redoubtable opposers were dismissed cheaply. The fielding of the team was nothing short of marvellous, Selwyn being decidedly frightened of attempting anything but sure runs. Varsity, 193 and 168. Selwyn, 115 and 136 for four wickets.

v. Kilbirnie: Won by 80 runs on the 1st innings. This was the final of the championship. We lost the toss, but they sent us to bat. We batted practically the whole afternoon on a very sticky wicket, and compiled 204 by necessarily slow cricket. At one stage we had 4 for 142, but the tail refused to wag. At the close of the day our opponents had 0 for 10. On resuming next Saturday, the wicket was very sodden, favouring the bowlers. Our opponents' score went up; at one time it was 3 for 75. Excitement was intense until Hollings had two men caught, and Wiren finished off the final two, giving us a lead of 80 runs. Although a completed two innings game was out of the question, we batted again, and occupied the crease until time was called. Our fielding was again excellent, although not quite so accurate as against Selwyn. Varsity, 204. Kilbirnie, 124.

The following were the best averages for the season:

BATTING.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Not out</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mackenzie</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>424</td>
<td>38.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollings</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>——</td>
<td>323</td>
<td>35.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>324</td>
<td>29.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiren</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>203</td>
<td>25.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greig</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>——</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>16.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kent</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>——</td>
<td>264</td>
<td>16.5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

BOWLING.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Overs.</th>
<th>Maidens</th>
<th>Runs.</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>244</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>10.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollings</td>
<td>172.1</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>532</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>12.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greig</td>
<td>86</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>236</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>13.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiren</td>
<td>66.6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>412</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>14.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>258</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>19.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Athletic Club

This Club has added another very successful year to its age, and can easily claim itself to be one of the chief summer clubs of the College. A few years back the Club was weak numerically, and the quality of its members was comparatively poor; but now, thanks in a large measure to the efforts of its Club Captain, Mr. H. McCormick, it can now hold its own with any other Athletic Club in the Dominion.

The annual inter-faculty sports were held at Athletic Park on April 5th, in anything but ideal weather. In spite of the rain, which fell all the afternoon, some good performances were registered, and in three events new records were established, namely, the 120 yards, R. W. Lander (a first-year student), 16 3-5 secs.; L. A. Tracy, the 100 yards, 10 2-5 secs., and 220 yards, 22 4-5 secs. The Oram Cup for the most points gained by a competitor was tied for by D. Priestly and L. A. Tracy, who each secured three wins. The latter also won the Graduates’ Cup for the best performance on the day.

Against the other Wellington Clubs, the Club can be proud of its record. The Club was second equal in the McVilly Shield competition, and second in the John Dewar Imperial Challenge Shield Competition. It should be pointed out that in the Provincial Championships the Club members easily obtained the most points in the track events, but did not have the field event men in support.

At the annual Inter-University Tournament, the College gained second place in Athletics. All the members of the team were members of the College Club, and can be proud of their performances. The College, it can be said, was unfortunate in not winning. It should be the aim of all College athletes to do their best for next Easter, and strive to win the Athletic Shield.

Special mention must be made of the Club’s relay team, the present holder of the Heenan Baton, which is a baton for competition over the one-mile relay race between Clubs in the Canterbury and Wellington Provinces. The club won the Baton early in the season and easily defeated all challengers. The relay team also defeated the teams representing the other three Universities. The Club can easily claim to have the premier club relay team in the Dominion. The following were the members of the relay team during the year:—A. D. Priestly (880 yards), C. W. Davies (440 and 880 yards), M. Leadbetter (220 yards), H. G. Whitehead (220 yards), F. S. Hill (220 yards), and L. A. Tracy (440 yards and 220 yards).

The Club has members who have during the past season held their own successfully against champions from all over the Dominion, and have gained the following honours:—


Won 100 yards, 220 yards, and 440 yards, Canterbury Prov. Champs.

Won 220 yards and 440 yards, Wellington Provincial Championships.

Won 220 yards New Zealand Championship.

Won 220 yards and 440 yards N.Z. University Championships.

He established new or equalled existing records in the following events:

- 440 yards Tasmanian Record ——— 50 3-5 secs.
- 100 yards V.U.C. ——— 10 2-5 secs.
- 220 yards V.U.C. ——— 22 4-5 secs.

A. D. Priestley: Won 880 yards, 1 mile and 3 miles Inter-faculty Champ., 1 mile and 3 miles N.Z. University Champ., and established the following record:—

1 mile N.Z. University Record, 4 mins. 31 4-5 secs.

K. M. Griffin: Won 880 yards Auckland Inter-faculty Championship, and gained 2nd place in 1 mile Auckland Inter-faculty Championship and 1 mile N.Z. University Championship.

M. Leadbetter: Won 100 yards Wellington Provincial Championship, and gained 2nd place in 440 and 220 yards Inter-faculty Championships.

R. W. Lander: Won 120 yards and 440 yards Hurdles Inter-faculty Championships and 120 yards N.Z. Championship, and established a new record in 120 yards V.U.C. Championship,—16 3-5 secs.
S. G. McIntosh: Was selected to represent New Zealand at the Australasian Championships, but was unable to make the trip. Won 1 mile and 3 miles Walks, Wellington Provincial Championships; 3 miles Walk. New Zealand Championship; 1 mile Walk, Inter-faculty Championship; and gained second place in 1 mile New Zealand Championship.

The Club’s congratulations go out to the above members, but more especially to the following, who were responsible for the Club winning every “B” Grade Championship competed for during the season:

F. S. Hill on winning 220 yards Wellington Provincial “B” Grade Championship.

C. B. Allen on winning 440 yards Wellington Provincial “B” Grade Championship.

R. C. Christie on winning 880 yards Wellington Provincial “B” Grade Championship.

The New Fascism

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Last Monday evening a large body of men and women (whose age, I suppose, averaged somewhere about twenty-one) gathered together in the Gym to discuss the question of a guarantee for the proposed visit of a Debating Team from the Oxford Union. I need not recall to you the fact that the meeting was packed in the most obvious and unblushing fashion. That, however, is the usual thing.

The following motion was brought forward:

Moved by Mr. Nicholls, seconded by Mr. Brooker:

"Provided that the motion or motions for debate between the Oxford Debaters and any team representing the V.U.C. Debating Society shall be such subjects for the argument of which it shall not be necessary or probable that both or either of the opposing teams of debaters shall have to advocate, speak in favour of, or favourably comment upon any matter or principleavouring of Bolshevism, Socialism, extreme labour, or the like, or involve the making or upholding of any disloyal or seditious acts, utterances or sentiments; subject however to this and this only qualification that if it is found impossible to arrange for debate as described, then and in such a case the team or teams of debaters representing the V.U.C. Debating Society shall speak only for that side of the motion which does not involve advocating, speaking in favour of, or commenting upon any matter or principleavouring of Bolshevism, Socialism, extreme labour, or the like, or involving the making or upholding of any disloyal or seditious acts, utterances, or sentiments; provided further that all the motions to be debated shall be subject to the approval of the Executive of the Students’ Association, who shall decide whether or not they infringe the spirit of this motion."

This farrago of long-winded and ill-digested nonsense was subsequently dropped in favour of an amendment that the approval of subjects should be left to the Executive of the Students’ Association. I do not wish to enlarge on the merits or otherwise of the movement that is in progress, of which the above motion is apparently the first shot to be fired. No doubt the dull reverberations, like those of other famous events, will go muttering into eternity. I understand, from the utterances of the mover and seconder and their devoted band of followers—the parallel with Signor Mussolini and his black-shirted band of melodramatic heroes is too obvious to be missed—that they are highly dissatisfied with the tone of
College life. This tone, which in their years at College they have done so much to raise and purify, putting forth all their efforts to make the name Victoria College a symbol of all that is noble and true and dignified in life, has, in spite of their single-minded efforts, degenerated. The place, in the minds of the Public, has become a hotbed of sedition, a forcing-house for disloyalty and disaffection, a crawling mass of corruption. Mr. Nicholls, it appears, wishes to dissociate himself, as publicly as may be, from this sinister reputation. Mr. Nicholls, Mr. Brooker, Mr. James, Mr. MacDuff, desire to intimate to the Empire that they are loyal; and that therein they are a true reflex of student opinion. I do not doubt it. These gentlemen bear all the marks of extreme loyalty. As one of them not inaptly remarked, they had not come to the meeting to reason. They showed all that strange and intense delight in mere noise so characteristic of small boys and other primitive minds. Their references to Bolshevism, Socialism, Communism, extreme labour, and other "disloyal or seditious acts, utterances or sentiments," made clear the prolonged study and lucid thought they had given to these burning questions. Their swiftness of apprehension and rapidity of thought were shown by the excellence of their arguments and the apposite nature of their retorts. Their courage and sincerity were evident from the singular unanimity with which they were decided that something must be done at once to free Victoria College from the unworthy aspersions that had been cast upon her name. It was indeed evident that they were thoroughly loyal.

So far so good. It is not for me to throw unworthy doubts on any man's reasoned convictions, so reasonably expressed. But what I do protest against, and very vigorously, is the newspaper reports of the meeting that appeared next morning. As there were no reporters present, these reports can only have come from one source. That in the "Times," though ridiculously garnished and festooned, was in substance correct. That in the "Dominion," on the contrary, contained statements directly contrary to fact. I pass over the question of the ethics of the report in itself. How far private students are justified in handing to the press reports of College proceedings may be a moot point; Messrs. Nicholls, James and Brooker may find their justification in the fact that the report was garbled. I note here three examples of this garbling:

1) "Speaking on behalf of the Association, Messrs. Nicholls and James both emphasised that the minds of the public," etc.

2) "It was decided that immediate steps be taken to assure the public that no such trend of thought existed amongst the students."

3) "It was decided that support would be given to the visiting speakers only on one condition, that no arguments of a Bolshevistic or Socialistic nature were made use of."

I hold no brief in this letter for the Debating Society, the first of what I may perhaps call the intellectual clubs of the College to be made the object of this curious attack. The members of the Society who are evidently the object of the attack have both convictions and courage, although they may find a certain difficulty in defending themselves against a rabble that has neither the brains to come to any reasoned conviction, nor, I dare hazard, the courage to maintain one against the weight of a conservative public opinion.

But if reports must be handed to the newspapers of such meetings as this one, surely it may be expected that students will abide by the truth, or at least refrain from wilful distortion. Victoria
College has hitherto had a reputation for clean methods of controversy, even if, as these gentlemen maintain, its reputation otherwise is very shady. The Debating Society may be a sinister organisation—it may even be, though I doubt it, one of the far-stretching tentacles of that evil octopus, the Labour Party, the object of so much apprehension to Messrs. Nicholls and James; at least, it has never stooped to the depths of unfairness which this report reaches.

"Speaking on behalf of the Association"—the Stud. Ass. must indeed be proud of its new representatives.

There is a constitutional way, Sir (so much admired by the representatives of law and order), of reforming the tone of the College. That is to join the offending clubs, and by strength of personality, by process of clear thought, by overmastering weight of argument, to bear down opposition. It is a process for which the "Spike" has been appealing for some time now. It is a change in the policy of the student body which would be welcomed, not by the "Spike" alone. I hesitate to recommend the writings of John Milton to Messrs. Nicholls and James; though regarded with some admiration now, he was, I remind them, once proscribed as a dangerous revolutionary. I am reluctant to quote so hackneyed a sentence as

"And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?"

I doubt whether quotation carries any weight. And I doubt if the change, so earnestly hoped for, will take place. Direct Action, noise, misrepresentation, is so much quicker, so much more exciting. Your Mussolinis are the only true prophets. We will maintain our College's integrity with noise. We will trample Truth in the mud, for by a singular paradox (I fancy Messrs. Nicholls and James are saying), it is by this method, speedy and infallible, that she will prevail. This is the New Evangel. The Prophets of God have embarked on their ministry.

Sir, be so good as to pardon the length of this letter.

I am, etc.,

J.C.B.

Victoria University College, July 29th, 1924.
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