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Delaney, Joseph Thomas 2nd Class in Latin and French
Grigg, Edward William 2nd Class in History
Hayes, Dorothy Edith 2nd Class in Economics
Kalaughter, Wilfrid George 1st Class in Mathematics
Leadbetter, Malcolm 2nd Class in Mathematics
Mackenzie, Mary Isabel 2nd Class in History
Mullen, Elmera Chadwick 2nd Class in English and French
Perryman, Henry Lipman Erle 2nd Class in French and Latin
Pope, Eileen Margaret 2nd Class in Chemistry
Ward, Rhoda Amy 2nd Class in History

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Brown, William Binet McGregor, Jessie Alexa
Goodwin, Mary Stewart Roussell, May Vielle
Jackson, Beryl Annie Rowntree, Ernest Henry Walton
(Klimcke, Martin Joseph) Scarrow, Gertrude Victoria

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Bennett, Alice Roma Mackenzie, Fraser
Blakeley, Jack Morris Meffan, James Mann
Boyce, Edmond Ernest Cave Milnes, Ruby Olive
Brown, John Kerr Mitalie, Madeline Nevill
Buchanan, Catherine Mitchell, Lilian May
Burton, Thomas Herbert Moncrieff, Janet Laura
Cameron, Flora Morison Mulholland, Frederick Louis
Cooley, Mary Elizabeth McDonald, Eileen Ailsa
Craig, Agnes Beatrice (Canterbury)
Cumming, Alexander McNiven, Jessie Irene Eliza
Davis, Doris Diana Nicholls, Lorna May
Downes, Alice Mary Palmer, Eric Lee
Elliott, Valda Kathleen "Parker, Gilbert Edgar
Fielder, Leonard Arthur Lockley Patterson, Agnes
Fox, Catherine Dorothy Rendle, Charles Arthur
Francis, Vivian Frederick O’dem Sheppard, Olive Marcia
Gray, Olive Smith, Marion Edith
Griffin, Arthur William Spurle, Frederick George
Hattefield, Ernestine Mirian Steele, James Thomas Villers
Hall, Walter James Tanner, Dorothy Louisa
Hermian, Albert Lawrence Waterworth, Elfried Marcella
Hispel, Thomas Gordon Wilson, Flora Maclachlan
Hogarth, Elizabeth Pauline (at Canterbury)

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Cunningham, Gordon Herriot 2nd Class in Botany
Foster, Laurence Dallington 2nd Class in Chemistry
(Miller, David) 1st Class in Zoology
Fenseler, Wolfram Hermann Albert 2nd Class in Geology
(Ward, William Crabb) 2nd Class in Mathematics

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Brogan, Francis Joseph Anthony
Copping, Alice Mary
Daggar, James Robertson
Dixon, James Roy
Forsyth, Minnie Alexandra
Grocott, Keith Dryden
Haigh, Henry James

Hardie, Lawrence Collins
*Matthews, Kilvert Lewis
Plank, Charles Stephen
*Richardson, George Maxwell
Stuart, Alexander
*Whyte, Robert Orr

*Senior University Scholars.
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1st Class Honours
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Brosmann, James Deen
(Chaplin, Walter Thomas)
Dalglish, Douglas James
Harkness, Philip Gordon
Irvine, Clarence Noel
Kent George Cecil
Miles, James William Yexley
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   From £66/10/-

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And in and out, above, about, below.
This nothing but a magic shadow-show.
Play'd in a box whose candle is the sun.
Round which we little figures come and go.
—Omar Khayyam.

This writing of editorials is a devil of a job.
—Editorial. 1924.

A French savant is reported to have said that if he had been consulted at the time of the creation of the world, he could have given some hints of great value. And we would earnestly desire that all those who, in the days and years to come, will take down this book and read its pages with a discerning eye, when we, perhaps, are old and grey and full of sleep, we would that they all were here, and that we might take toll of their matured opinion and their enlightened experience. But in their absence we have gone to a higher authority: we have drawn heavily upon the wisdom of our fathers. Not a custom has been allowed to lapse, not a rule has been infringed, of all that they set down, and now there remains but to step tremblingly upon the stage and face for a brief moment the ominous silence of the expectant throng, before the curtain is pulled aside and the play begins.
We shall not delay the curtain for long. But the wisdom of
our ancestors has decreed that first must come an editorial.
What is an editorial? The ancient oracles make no answer. How
long must one stand tremblingly before the footlights, and what
is one to talk about to amuse the vast waiting concourse? This
is where the ancient wisdom fails, and one is left to stand forth
alone, like Horatius on the bridge and Mrs. Hemans's boy on the
burning deck. We hope we shall not have to stand as long as
they have been standing there. What shall it be about? About
the desirability of College reform, and the wonderful prospect
that is beginning to loom on the horizon? Or about the impossibility
of reform in this wild generation, which has almost ful-
filled the prophecy of a sad poet in the closing decade of the
last century, that men would "outstrip the winds in speed and
lose the boon of sleep"? Shall we affect the sneer and the
assumed cunning of the weary man of the world, qui mores
hominum multorum vidit et urbes? Or shall we return to the
coming glories of our University when the cloud-capped towers
of her hostels uprear their masonry upon these hills? As one of
the chief rights of man is the right to be different, let us make
a departure from the furrowed track, let us set ourselves up
as an arbiter of College disputes, and let us commence
by adapting a quotation from a brilliant Irish writer of the
Orange school, "There are no facts in Victoria; there are only
passions and opinions." But come, come—one way or another
we must write an editorial, and it is high time that we had
started.

To a Young Lady of V.U.C. on the Occasion of Her
Twenty-first Birthday.

Now is the time when gentle maidenhood
Blooms sweetest, and the world is highest spring.
Now seem old earth and all his creatures good,
Birds and the heart together loudest sing;
Now is day crowned with glory, now is night
Glorious many-starred; for now the sun
Leaps like a lion to the topmost height
Of heaven and shakes his brazen mane; each one
Of night's bright stars glitters as though his light

Alone made visible the firmament.
Now streams run merrily within their beds
For maidens to bathe white-skinned, their beauty lent
To earth and water; great hills lift their heads
For youth to walk upon, and trees are hung
With branches million-leaved for eyes to see.
Oh, is there ancient poet that has sung
Such life, such virginal felicity?
Now laughter breaks in silver, now the eyes
Laugh silently, now is the flood divine
Of joy that is most lovely, joy that's wise.
This be the song I lay upon your shrine!

—SENECX.
Of Clothes

"The two images farthest removed from each other which can be comprehended under one term are, I think, Isaiah, "Hear O Heavens, and Give Ear, O Earth!"; and Levi of Holywell Street, "Old Clothes!"; both of them Jews, you'll observe. Immune quantum discrepant!"

—S. T. Coleridge.

Looking at a stale paper the other night before going to bed, in the somewhat disillusioned hope of finding something of vital importance to the world or myself, I came across one of the advertisements of that accomplished manufacturer of clothes, Mr. Milligan. I tore it out, finished my apple (you may remember how Mr. Babbitt—but I must stick to my point) put my head under the blankets and began to meditate. Mr. Milligan's message to suffering humanity runs as follows (I trust he will not receive a bill for reprinting, though time was when the disconcertingly eagle eye of the "Spike's" business manager lit on all these little things):

"One of the Pleasures of Life Is a Seasonal Change of Dress.
   It Gives a Holiday
   To the man suffering from
   The Dull Monotony
   Of Wearing the Same Suit
   Every Day.
   The Newest Suitings Showing at
   Milligan's
   Milligan's
   Kelburn Avenue
   Are a Real Tonic"

I must confess this struck me as extremely odd. The clothes hung over various portions of my own imperfect anatomy no doubt exhibit a disgusting decline from the true ideal of sartorial perfection; the Platonic idea, the shining form of the eternal, irreproachable pair of trousers laid up in Heaven for the difficult apprehension of dialectic the rare, the divine, bears, I doubt not, but a remote resemblance to the baggy bifurcations which shield my frail limbs from the gusts of winter. The distance between that sublime creation of the godhead, indeed, and a masterpiece of Mr. Milligan's is no doubt far shorter than that between the masterpiece of Mr. Milligan's and the distressful apology that satisfies me. Therefore, on reading Mr. Milligan's advertisement, so chastely worded, so succinctly put, so full of the perfect lines of sartorial precision, I pondered; and as I rapidly fell into that noble oblivion which is sleep, I pondered more. I am tempted here to step aside into a panegyric on sleep, or rather on the comforts of a good bed on these outrageously chilly nights (Shakespeare, if I remember aright, has had a few words to say on sleep, and it would ill become a countryman of his to detract from his glory.) However, I will not digress; the comforts of bed we have all felt, its praises we have all hymned; and it behoves a writer in treating so urgent a subject as clothes to tread a line of like exactitude—shall I say?—as the crease in a pair of Mr. Milligan's
own ineffable trousers. I pondered; for unlike the great minds who apparently exist outside my own inconspicuous orbit, I had never regarded dress in the light implied in this excellent advertisement. Dress as a convenience, dress as a mode of warmth, dress as a mark of that primal physical modesty, that measured restraint, that pudor, that marks off the distinguished product of two thousand years of western civilisation so effortlessly from the wanton negligence of the pre-missionary South Sea Islander, dress as a method, perhaps even now merely temporary, of delimiting the sexes—all this I can understand; but the fact that One of the Pleasures of Life is a Seasonal Change of Dress was a thing to which hitherto my sensibility had been dead. The ineluctable revelation that for untold months I had been suffering from the Dull Monotony of Wearing the Same Suit Every Day was indeed sufficiently blasting. But the realisation that all this had been happening to me, and that I, a fairly average specimen (I flatter myself) of homo sapiens, not unaware of the existence of the League of Nations, Signor Mussolini, Mr. Coates's Cabinet, and other peculiar phenomena, had been ambling through the world in total ignorance, even in a moderate cheerfulness, was more than blasting. Curious it is with what a phlegmatic indifference to the main currents of thought, to the great causes which are agitating the universe, with what a singular nescience of so cardinal a fact as the Tonic-value of Milligan's Newest Suitings, humanity advances on its difficult progress towards a higher life. The immortal Burke, in one of the bursts of expansion that agitated that majestic mind, once defined history as "the known march of the ordinary providence of God"—words themselves like the advance of a panoplied host of Miltonic angels. Alas! Burke was ignorant of the mission of Mr. Milligan—what knew he of the wise preparations of an all-seeing providence for the relief of mankind's ennui? Was his philosophy complete? Marie Antoinette he had seen in her youthful glory, Marie Antoinette's end he foresaw with only too melancholy a clearness; that mighty heart, warmed by the fires of patriotism, lucid with political wisdom, stormy with forebodings, its latter darkness cleft by the lightnings of intuition and desperate prescience, saw his world going up around him terribly in fire and horror. How much better would have been the ebbing hours of the statesman if he had only known that one day in the calm idyllic future, Mr. Milligan would give a pleasant change to the man suffering from the Dull Monotony of Wearing the Same Suit Every Day! Was not Gibbon right (I ask myself in terror) —is not unawareness, however amiable, however well-intentioned, of the Pleasure given to Life by a Seasonal Change of Dress, one of the crimes and follies which (little else) make up the history of mankind? Gibbon, I fear, was the Man with the Message. This horrible monotony! I cringe!

And yet! Perhaps I too have a fragment of the truth! Certainly it is a kindly service to the limbs to cast off the clinging fetters of day, to array oneself in pyjamas, chastely striped, light but warm, to sink into the snug luxury of—but I digress, my main motif is insistent. Perhaps even (for a sufficient sum down) Mr. Milligan would make me a pair of pyjamas, lovely to see, superbly grateful to the body, surpassing in truly pyjamian
qualities all other products of this earth; but I doubt whether that is what Mr. Milligan means. Certain it is that a chief charm of the week-end, to me, is to drape my official (as it were) formal, Monday-to-Friday garments over the back of a chair (I own no trouser-press), and hitch up the wreck of a pair of shorts round my waist with the wreck of a belt; and in this guise to dare the works of Nature. Is this what Mr. Milligan means by those cryptic words, "a Seasonal Change of Dress?" Surely—surely—but no, I feel convinced that Mr. Milligan means something else. He means that Dull Monotony can be banished, but I am afraid he implies only, or most efficiently, or pre-eminently banished by the Newest Suitings Showing at Milligan's (which Are a Real Tonic.) That is what Mr. Milligan means, and knowing it I feel damned.

For do but consider, apart from the ethics of this business, the obstacles imposed. Given the greatest will in the world, many men. I am sure (I am one), even with a full recognition of the sovereign virtue of a Seasonal Change of Dress, have the greatest difficulty in approaching a dealer in clothes. There is the question of the cash basis of the transaction; but there are also more human elements. Let us not too exclusively restrict our discussion to a mere matter of coat, trousers, waistcoat. There is a noble conservatism, apart altogether from the die-hard prejudice of the crusted Tory, which clings to the proved friend of a hundred trials, of a thousand joys and sorrows, of a multitude of changes of weather, be it coat, shirt, or socks. A coat is not merely an article of clothing. It is part of a man's accumulated virtue. It is more—you can throw off a virtue without any great inconvenience; but to change a coat for no coat is inviting all manner of ills. It is stamped with a man's character; it is ingrained with his manifold peculiarities; it is as much a part of him as his skin or the odd cast of his features; it is the man. It is like style: L'habit c'est l'homme meme. A man's clothes are ambulatory history. They are his unabridged and unexpurgated diary. They are the authentic impress of his soul. How, then, are they to be lightly changed, seasonably or unseasonably? Does a healthy mortal suffer from the Dull Monotony of his own personality? His friends may, and our friends may suffer from our clothes; but surely that is their concern, not ours. Consider this coat—it has been new itself at some distant date, fast receding, already gone into the gratefully forgotten limbo; day after day it circumscribes your ribs, it clings round your arms, it fits your shoulders; its colour under the fold of the collar is a rich contrast to the rest of its surface, exposed to the sun and the air and all the healthy influences of nature; the pockets sag, a button hangs loose (you are always meaning to sew it on properly, but always forgetting) its wrinkles are habitual and familiar; it exhales a distinctive and rare odour, compounded—shall one estimate?—of equal quantities of personality and tobacco. In odd places it may be holed, it may display a sewn-up tear, fruit of unequal struggles with head-high gorse, the clutching, tearing bush of many conquered hills. It is a coat mature, a coat individual, a coat to whose making have gone not merely woven thread and uniform buttons, but difficult experience and divine memo-
ries, of street and hill and dale, of rain and wind and sun and mist, of night and morning, of days of endeavour and of sweet indolence. It is a coat a man would be martyred for. And not only of coats do I sing the praises. We shed tears over the open graves of our friends—shall we not weep for a waistcoat that has throbbed with the throb of our heart? Lyric has his immortal triumph, his elegy; with what a melancholy cadence shall we not hymn our sorely tried trousers, that have too long taken the strain of countless strides and bendings? Shall we not breathe a mournful ave atque vale over that seat, too, too effectually rent? But yes!—men have bowels of compassion. They investigate the eternal for their metaphysics; shall we not build a philosophy on a pair of pants?

I repeat, it is not merely these external integuments of our mortality that I discuss. Consider the faithful shirt, how it clings to our bodies, regarding or unregarding, with a love passing the love of woman. No man, I hazard it, sees without a pang the passing of this more than fides Achates; no man willingly leaves off, for the matter of a hole or two, such a symbol of the perfect adaptation of his personality to its environment. And when it is too late, when the last word has been said, when we stoop to place pennies on the eyes of our defeated faith; and mother, wife, or she who is to be considered in all things remains in triumph on the field of battle, while we retire to the precincts of hucksters and those that deal in such things; can we purchase anew without a pang? For money has various uses—books, music, pictures, all the garnered nobility of men's minds will it purchase, things useful, things that will support the spirit of man though the universe totter, though the world burst in flames. To be compelled to pass by these things lovely and of good report, and buy clothes, repellent in their newness, uncompanionable in their very approach to the body, devastating in their price—is not this the authentic abomination of desolation? To cross the very portals of a shop is to enter upon a covenant with despair. Therefore do I, on these rare occasions, hover restlessly up and down the Quay and Cuba Street, approaching in turn every window, recoiling in sudden, nameless panic from each. The plunge must come, like marriage or like death; but man can, in the extremity of his soul, postpone the inevitable. So once at last, purged with pity and terror, did I enter into a shop, a shop advertised as par excellence for men, a shop marked with sight-stunning prominence on its exterior, "SALE," and asked for a shirt. "Yessir," carolled the ineffable exquisite behind the counter, "about what price, sir? Now, here's a very nice line of shirts at 10/6, or 11/6, or 12/6. What size, sir? 14¼? What do you think of this for a nice stripe?" I said: "Haven't you got some in the window for 4/11?" He looked at me as if I had struck him in the face. Then, with withering sarcasm, "Oh, 4/11? Yes, here you are." He rushed to a pile, wrenched one out: "This do you? Here!" He threw a small, pitiful parcel at me like a man who is wrestling violently, despairingly, yet contumaciously, with the indefeasible iniquity of a lost humanity. But I knew his heart was broken. I had won, but I retreated from that shop like a defeated army. I had helped to break a
fellow-being’s faith in human nature. It is no business for a
man of sensibility, this trafficking in the merchandise of the
world. There are too many affections bound up in it. The wise
man, the man of intellect as well as emotion, will wait steadfastly
on Christmas or his birthday, and trust that his relatives will
do the handsome thing. He does not treat even a pair of socks
lightly. There may be more darn in the heels than sock; but he
knows that wearing those socks the cloths of heaven are laid
down before him; he treads on his dreams. Francis Bacon, Lord
Verulam, in his “Apophthegmes” (so I see from a very handy
book of quotations at my side) remarked, “Alonso of Aragon was
wont to say, in commendation of Age, that Age appeared to be
best in four things: Old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old
friends to trust, and old authors to read.” We may add a fifth:
old clothes to wear. And these are my considerations on Mr.
Milligan and his advertisement.

I write not of the dress of woman. That is the last mystery.
But it may well be doubted if a creature of such chameleon-like
changes of affection towards the articles of her clothing can be
worthy of the unswerving fidelity of any man.

—SCRIBULUS.

De Studiis

Artes nosse liberales
Prisci, O Victoria,
Gestiebart: Nunc mehercule
Alia’st historia.

Balbus noster, nec Minervae
Cultor nec Pieridum,
Optionis ope Bacca—
Laureus fit Artium.

Pueros ut rudimenta
Rudis ipse doceat
Et in pilis propellendis
Strenue exercet.

Si quis autem jus civile
Spectat, post triennium
Litterarum expers, frustis
Partus hypomnematum

Satis sapit, et ad finem
Summa laude pervenit,—
Hoc laudandus certe, quod non
Ad posticum confugit.

Educatio, si vera
Referent Duumviri,
Crescit eheu! retroversus
Tanquam coda vituli.

(v. The Commissioners’ Report and the College Song.)
Empire Debating Tour

For the second year in succession, we have had the joy of a call from British Varsity touring debaters. Last year’s visit by three Oxonians was followed this Easter by a somewhat more ambitious event, when New Zealand was invaded by a troupe of representative students from the leading English and Scottish universities. Members of the team were christened A. H. E. Molson, T. P. McDonald, Paul Reed and R. N. May, and they hailed respectively from Oxford, Edinburgh, London and Birmingham.

The quick succession of these two visits must not lead the unwary to conclude that these have been firmly established as regular annual functions, much as we may desire such to be the case. It was indeed with some hesitation that V.U.C. accepted responsibility (principally financial) for the 1926 proposal. Happily, however, the destinies of the Debating Society last year were controlled by some daring and reckless spirits, and the necessary guarantees were forthcoming. As things turned out, Wellington supported the venture with some enthusiasm, and for our part, the tour was altogether successful.

Before passing on to notice the particular debates, we might permit ourselves the luxury of a couple of general reflections. First, and frankly, we opine that the standard of debating was not superior to that commonly reached in local fortnightly debates. Unquestionably, there were points in which the visitors excelled, as in their diction, or in their facility for adapting jokes to the needs of the moment; but, essentially, we adhere to the view that the content and quality of the debates did not conspicuously surpass the V.U.C. standard. Lest this remark be construed as an undeserved insult to our departed guests, we hasten to add that either or both of the debates attained a level some hundreds per cent. above the level of debating in, say, the New Zealand House of Representatives; this surely must restore the self-respect of the Varsity debaters. In any case, the value of an Empire tour of this nature does not hang upon the skill displayed in slaying opposing arguments during the hour or two for which debates are in progress. In all sincerity, we welcome the visitors as representatives of fellow-students at the other end of the world, and we deeply regret that considerations of distance bar them from calling on us more frequently—not to mention the pain with which we confess that we are likewise, for the present at any rate, unable to return their visit.

THE FIRST DEBATE.

The visitors made their debut to a Wellington audience in the main Town Hall on the evening of Thursday, 15th April, when the subject read: “That this House views with concern the present tendencies towards disruption of the Empire.” It is perhaps comforting to reflect that the Debating Society was not castigated by those pestiferous Leagues, journalists, politicians, etc., who a year or two ago would have met the mere announce-
ment of this subject with frenzied demands for the interference of authority in censoring Victoria College Debating activities; and consequently, there was no need to explain that this particular subject was suggested by the visitors.

Two of the visiting men, Messrs. Molson and McDonald, were joined by Mr. A. E. Hurley (V.U.C.) in defence of the Burm-lish Empire, and the negative was taken by Mr. Reed (London) Mr. J. W. G. Davidson, and P. Martin-Smith. The affirmative speakers were shown, by ballot taken at the close of the proceedings, to have convinced 282 members of the audience that disruption was to be viewed with concern. This number was less by thirteen than the number of votes for the negative.

THE SECOND DEBATE.

On Saturday night, 19th May, a tolerant crowd inclined a listening ear while the representatives of V.U.C. and the visiting debaters, without getting anywhere in particular, raged round the subject—"That a national system of education should include definite provision for religious instruction." Professor Adamson, president of V.U.C. Debating Society, presided, and introduced the assailants to the lists.

In slow, sad tones, Mr. T. P. McDonald (Edinburgh) preaching for the affirmative, opened by saying that education should be wide and comprehensive, an ideal which could not be attained unless body, mind and spirit received equal and adequate attention. Without religious instruction, no man could know himself fully. By religious instruction, he meant, not dogmatic teaching, but instruction in the principles of whatever faith the child's parents held. This sermon, apparently, strongly affected some of the weaker-minded students, who were sufficiently stirred to break into a hymn of praise (to the Salvation Army) which was, we believe, quite out-of-date twenty years ago.

Mr. Rollings, opening for the negative, remarked with great condescension that Mr. McDonald, by delving into history, had, in the words of G. K. Chesterton, "been giving votes to his ancestors." Mr. Rollings took as his text "That religion under the superintendence of the state was in the wrong place." A local paper, with characteristic lucidity, condenses his sentiments to this gem: "Religion is that which pervades all things—actable truths!" These journalists!

Miss Cooley, in a popular speech, traced the development of the school from the church, and asked the audience to believe that religious instruction was necessary now that church and school had separated. We heartily agree with her that "the child is always asking why." Whether it is possible to give it "something definite and concrete which it can understand," we leave our readers to decide.

Mr. May (Birmingham) was greeted by several students with a popular nursery song, "Here we go gathering nuts," etc., which, if it had concluded there, would have been equally applicable to the great apes and the singers. In a speech in which faint evidences of humour were occasionally detected, Mr. May
asserted that religion, as a form of emotion, ought to be excluded from a system of education. Religion and morals often confused, were really only customs.

Mr. Reed (London) who, we believe, painstakingly endeavoured to be humorous, said that education should go beyond mere technical training, that the “jazz” age was most unsatisfactory, and that modern women’s capacities, typified by the present fashions in hair, were practically negligible—a worthy sentiment. In passing, we may say that some of Mr. Reed’s jokes we had seen before; the others, we have not yet seen.

Mr. Campbell created a dazed hush when he crept forward with protruding jaw and glittering eye and shouted with dramatic suddenness. “Who is this Education Department that can improve upon the handiwork of the Almighty himself, and delete passages from the Holy Scriptures?” Mr. Campbell appeared much concerned for the defenceless children in the schools.

We do not know whether Mr. Steele has been taking a postal course in self-defence, but he certainly gave a creditable display on behalf of the affirmative. His favourite punch appeared to be a right hook, which would have become monotonous except for his clever exhibition of footwork. We were fortunate enough to gather that, in his opinion, the English Bible expressed the spirit of religion, art, and philosophy, and that religion (emphasized with a vicious uppercut) had as much right to be taught in the schools as civics.

Mr. Molson (Oxford) in a speech that impressed us as a distinct anti-climax, suggested that any compromise on the question of religious instruction would be ineffective, and that any way, it was impossible to teach religion. As is usual in issues of this type, the mass of men students voted against the motion, which was lost by eleven votes.

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**Castlecliff**

Dirty-grey, sandy wastes—
A mournful wind whispers
Its age-old sorrows to the tossing sea,
To the wheeling, screaming gull,
To the low-skied, black clouds.
In the west the sun is sinking
A blazing red disc of fire:
A moment of time, and it falls to rest
In its own funeral pyre.
Dark night comes on apace,
And fills my soul with loneliness;
Half fearing I know not what,
I leave these lands, forsworn of God,
To seek light, laughter, and warm blessedness.

—E.B.
Ode on a Man

Sing, sacred Muses! Praise with one accord
The meek Bond-servant of the mighty Board.
Begin, sweet echoes of the Sacred Nine,
(Unless your charge exceeds a cent a line),
And sweep the reverent lyre with pensive look:
    If it’s in tune,
All’s well; if not, I’ll tell you pretty soon,
And chant the praises of the babbling Brook.

Begin then, ruddy Pope, whose blatant cries
Much lack the grace thy pompous name implies.
With colour less conspicuous than thine,
Paint us his portrait for the Sacred Nine.
Picture, with words impetuous yet not rash,
His portly waistcoat and his limp moustache,
The massive keys that dangle at his side,
And the small smile of unassuming pride.

Next, with a blast of trumpets, Campbell, come!
Proclaiming to the loud, triumphant drum.
The hero’s might, in sharp and well-clipp’d phrase,
The wisdom of his economic ways;
He’d ne’er attempt, though power dimmed his eyes,
To raise the students’ fee to twice the size.

But hush! Be still! A mightier Muse draws nigh.
    Stand back, and mind your eye!
Hence with excuse and vain denial coy.
All ready? Shout aloud, “Malfroy! Malfroy!”
Hark while his glorious tongue sublimely wags;
Far better Oxford beat than Oxford bags!
Hear him describe in long and sonorous roll
The hero’s longing for a higher Goal,
How he excels among the common Pack,
A hero far more Forward than he’s Back.

This ended, enter Nicholls! Warbling Bird—
The often-seen and still-more-often heard.
Hark while this cheery cockerel, minus wings,
Ruffles his homely plume and loudly sings.
Crow of the “Don’ts!” that mark the hero’s tone!—
Chief records on his daily gramophone;
His kindly hand that oft at evening hath
Removed thy person from the public path;
Or how he quelled thy late uproarious noise.
Hinting that bed’s the place for little boys.

Enough! A greater Muse commands the knee,
Bent on reform, shod with authority.
His henchmen cry (excuse the flagrant pun),
    “If ought’s to do, it’s certain to be Dunn.”
With which—still punning—others disagree:
“If you would be a fool, it’s done you’ll be.”
He sinks his head upon his solemn breast,
And mumbling with an undertaker’s zest,
He merely tells the hero, once for all,
That, should he e’er attend a College Ball,
No commendation shall be his, unless—
He’ll please refrain from wearing evening dress.

But what unearthly din assails the ear?
An earthquake’s coming! It’s already here!
What blows of hand on hand! What stamp of heel!
Is it the clash of iron? No; it’s Steele!
No need for fear or panic-stricken screech.
Be seated! He’s delivering a speech.
Give ear awhile to his impressive rage.
Shout, fiery Muse! Great Stamper of the Stage!
In thundering tones the hero’s self may hear,
Describe his long, illustrious career;
His fame so filled his foes with mortal dread,
That none ere smote his much-respected head.
But what is this? What shouts the common crowd?
“Turn out the Muse! His voice is much too loud!”
They howl him down; with anger in his eyes,
“I cannot even hear myself!” he cries;
To which the crowd, devoid of feeling touch,
Replies in concert, “You’re not missing much!”
Desist, Great Bard, before their rage increases;
Depart in peace, or else depart in pieces.

But, hush! What mystic sounds have sweetly met?
Two Muses sing, with harmony sublime.
They’re not come on together to save time;
Nay, ’tis the Great Duet.

Hark, while a paean of triumph each effuses,
The David and Goliath of my Muses—
Great Ivory, like some oak in monstrous boots—
Dainty de Montalk sporting round his roots.
Come, Giant! For a moment take the floor
And praise him, with a most stupendous roar,
To whom I give this metaphoric carrot—
He never quotes the poets like a parrot.

Now, while the thunder for a space is stayed,
de Montalk, leave thy comrade’s sheltering shade,
And from thy mouth, with self-assertive mirth,
Give treble witness of the hero’s worth.
Though pleased to offer fatherly advice,
He never made a public sacrifice!
Nor would he, though ambition seared his eyes,
Make up in clamour any lack in size.

And last with ponderous stride comes footing slow
That curious Muse whom all the world doth know:
The younger James, who (to be quite complete)
Is best distinguished by his size in feet.
With strange inflexion and extended hand,
He proves the hero, takes a solid stand
For freedom, and the student’s right to think
What he desires, and wherewith he shall drink.
Then growing, with his shouting, dry of mouth,
He cries with ecstasy,
Born of deep delving in philosophy,
"O for a beaker full of the warm South!"
Great James, who dost in rhetoric excel,
Thou hast a head which, like the Sabbath bell
That weekly just at eventide is rung,
Has in it nothing else beside the tongue.

Then sing, ye Muses! Praise with one accord
The meek Bond-servant of the mighty Board.
With lyre and saxophone let one and all
Assemble in the hall,
And praise the Man before his very door.
Take parts and raise an undiscordant roar.
Campbell can wield the baton for a start,
And Pope, of course, will take the solo part.
Malfroy and James—the cornet and trombone,
And Dunn can be the Steady Undertone.
The Great Duet can sing; if sing they must,
Nicholls can be the Noise, and Steele the Dust.
All ready? Raise your loud, melodious shout!
His door unclouses. Ha! He’s coming out!
What, is his look a look of love, or hate?
Fly, mighty Muses, fly! It’s ten past eight!
—D.J.D.

Belmont Road

Spring hath attired herself for her last fete,
Last week she mourned in tears disconsolate,
Jonquilled and wonderful her yellow dress,
Fading to brown and crumpled nothingness.

Last week where fell those tears, in rapt amaze,
Breathlessly watch, Spring dances to the lays
With which the cuckoo woos her loveliness;
Golden with trembling sprays of broom her dress.

Deep by quiet-moving streams her glory goes,
Far on the windy hills it scented blows,
Cloudless and blue the wondering eyes of day
Smile on the drifting gold that marks her way.
—M.L.
GRADUATES AT HOME.

What needs we tell their feasts and goodly guise
In which was nothing riotous or vain.
—Spenser.

On Thursday evening, 13th May, an At Home was given for the graduates of the year, instead of the luncheon that has been a feature of recent Capping festivities. The lower Gymnasium Hall was tastefully decorated for the purpose by Mrs. John Hannah, and Mr. S. A. Wiren, President of the Graduates' and Past Students' Association, with Mrs. Wiren, received the guests. The informality of the gathering was a happy characteristic, and the chief contributors to the entertainment were Miss M. E. Cooley, B.A., by a recitation, and Mr. F. Mackenzie, B.A., by a pianoforte solo. Professor Kirk was at his best in a discursive discourse on various views of College life that he had heard, and Mr. Campbell gave vent to the feelings of the new graduates.

THE PROCESSION.

"An ancient writer," remarked Dr. Bumpus, "informs us that the geese of Pontus waxed fat on rank poison. Whatever degree of credibility we may attach to this statement, there is no doubt that it has some truth in analogy. I have in mind the curious occurrences of what is known as Capping Day, but which I think might more significantly be termed Foolsapping Day. These indicate that the pernicious doctrines which are taught by the misguided dons of our local University College serve but to accelerate the energies and enthusiasms of the innocent adolescents who absorb them. I have no patience, therefore, with the view that this preposterous festival is merely the traditional reaction from the intense intellectual preoccupations of the first three months of the College year. It seems to me rather that it is a product of those misdirections of the mind, the novelty of which so intoxicates the undergraduate that he imposes himself upon us as the self-appointed publicity agent of the higher education. Disclaiming all desire to appear captious, I cannot,
then, but regard the aforesaid three months as presided over
by those three familiar embodiments of irresponsibility—the
March Hare, the April Fool, and the Mad Hatter. The last-
named I consider peculiarly symbolic of Capping Day.”

Had the dear Doctor been unkind, he might have gone on to
say that he considered the Welfare League, the Rotary Club,
and the Orphans’ Night, as of much more value socially than the
Procession. The truth is that it performs very much the same
functions. It holds the mirror up to life and shows forth the
essential significance of current events and tendencies; it in-
creases the gaiety of the business community; and it entertains
the people. Life is a sad affair: we might personify it as a sad
dog. The Procession is, to a certain extent, the tale of the dog.
And when the student, in his May madness, jumps over the
moon, the laughter that goes up possibly proves that the ma-
jority is still in the nursery, but certainly proves that the student
himself is of the people, for the people, and by the people. Which
is a very democratic state of affairs.

As with 1925, the Carnival Procession took place in very be-
ign weather. Punctually to the squeal of the noon whistle, an
intellectual-looking constable, the looseness of whose waist-belt
led us to suspect that he was not genuine, cleaned the traffic at the
intersection of Ghuznee and Cuba Streets for the advance of the
Gargle and Smotherum Band, and the visitation commenced to
the inspiring and appropriate strains of “Come all ye faithful.”
The objects of adoration were a collection of animate Guy
Fawkeses arranged in more or less accurate representations of
local incidents and institutions. Admiral Coontz and his gobs
visited us once again, and were followed by the American classical
novelist, Mr. Vain Bray, whose party captivated the crowd by
the diversity of their methods of hooking unfortunate fish. Sea
Scouts baled lustily. Bolsheviks bombed realistically. Edward
P. and another cowboy who rejoiced in the name of Coatesoffski
and looked like one Charles Chaplin (a famous beauty actor) gave
thrilling displays of horsemanship. The close secrets of certain
industries, such as cake-baking, bag-washing, and taxi-driving,
were heartlessly revealed to the multitude. The retirement of a
legal magnate and the non-retirement of a lady politician were
commemorated, and a bevy of beautiful damselsof uniformed in
the Sinn Fein frocks of a well-known educational establishment
sang their way enchantingly through the easier multiplication
tables. More or less delicate and artistic treatment was accorded
a number of other subjects, and the populace howled at them all.

Capping Processions usually degenerate en route, mainly
under the impulsion of the depraved thirsts which appear to
afflict many students on such occasions, but in this case good
organisation maintained the ranks unbroken to the end. The
onlookers were not irritated by any of the silly sorties of other
years; and the beer mug (a person, not a thing) was, if at all
present, decently inconspicuous. A large and expectant throng
gathered in the time-hallowed precincts of the G.P.O. to pick up
the customary pearls of wisdom, but very few could hear the
speeches. A superior form of humour was provided by throwing
the results of Mr. Vain Bray’s sportsmanship about. The crowd
took part in this with zest and enjoyed itself immensely. The exchange of compliments ceased about half-past one, and the dispersal of the artists proved quite as entertaining as the main show.

On the whole, the procession was a respectable affair, quite orderly in its disorder, and very well managed—a distinct advance on the recent past.

THE CAPPING CEREMONY.

"It is pleasant to play the fool, but . . . ."

—Vice-Chancellor's Speech.

No longer does the pallid afternoon light dim the magic of the Capping mysteries. No longer are they celebrated in the presence of the leisure few. The little bird of democracy has whispered in the ear of Authority, and the select matinee of former years has given way to the popular evening ceremony.

Accordingly, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening of the fifteenth of May, devoted hearts in the municipal power-house throbbed with the joy of the knowledge that the exquisite decorations of the large Town Hall glowed the more gloriously for their exertions; the vast multitude of people, who without a doubt had been attracted by the prospect of a free show, resigned themselves to the packed condition of the galleries and tried to feel that they were getting their money’s worth; and the full choir of alumni occupying the floor-space below murmured in happy anticipation of the noises before them. Then, into the warm splendour, moving as if censers swung before them, the second procession of the day entered and solemnly made its way to the place of execution—professors gowned like bishops, professors gowned like Bolsheviks, professors gowned like professors; graduates gowned in all the colours of the spectrum; flower maidens—oh, marvellous pulchritude! and here, even in our own Victoria—gowned beyond the dreams of any spectrum; and also, rans not gowned at all, but obviously great friends of Mr. P. Schneiderman and Messrs. Vance-Vivian. No wonder the dizzy crowd sang “God Save the King!” with such determination; H.M. needed a kind word or two with such competition to meet.

Thus the show commenced.

It is a superstition among celebrated men of mature age to make speeches on such occasions. It is a superstition, also, among other men (not yet individually celebrated and not all of mature age) to make audible comments upon such speeches. The comments are, as a rule, much more interesting to listen to than the speeches. But as a great man has said, formerly, in the days before the War broke the continuity of the College traditions, these audible comments had been reduced to a fine art—the art of concerted interruption. This involved listening to a speech and picking up its points as they arose. The longer the speech (they did not make long speeches in the Golden Age) the more opportunities for comment. The modern idea is simply to make a speech impossible by howling the speaker down. It is a fair valuation of the kind of speech a down-trodden proletariat must listen to nowadays; nevertheless, there was much more
humour and fun and much more genuine enjoyment for all concerned in the old way. An increasing tendency to return to the old method was discernible on this last occasion; a judicious distribution of dummies might work wonders on the next.

Four valiantly tilted at the windmill—Mr. R. McCallum, the Vice-Chancellor (Professor J. Rankine-Brown), His Honour Mr. Justice Ostler, and His Worship the Mayor (Mr. C. J. B. Norwood). Nobody heard much of what they said—not even the reporters—but it amounted to this: Mr. McCallum flapped his hands twice, each time to mean "Stand up and sing the National Anthem." (This rollicking melody opened the performance and closed it.) The Vice-Chancellor said (in effect, of course), "Shut up or I'll chuck the job." Mr. Ostler imparted some advice about hard labour. Mr. Norwood bade Mr. Tennant good-bye. The most valuable lessons gained from the speeches were that men with whiskers have the stronger voices, men without have the greater knowledge, and vocal honours go to the undergraduate, who has neither whiskers nor knowledge.

What is there more to report? The graduates were capped, that is, the Vice-Chancellor muttered an incantation over each one and shook hands with him (or her), the flower-maidens (one is almost tempted to write the mannequins) presented their bouquets, "Absent Friends" was sung, and, for what must be the first time in years, "Just One Stave More" was not sung. A College function is not complete without this most honoured of our songs.

These things being done, the tumult and the shouting died, the rabble departed, and the hall was cleared for the dancing.

THE BALL.

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

—The Winter's Tale.

The brightest and best of the functions associated with capping was brought this year into nearer relations with the capping ceremony. When the last group of B.A.'s had passed before the Vice-Chancellor, and long before fond parents and friends had completely evacuated the Hall, a salvage crew set to clearing away chairs and newspapers, and within an hour the floor was crowded with brave women and fair men, and thereafter all went merrily as a marriage bell, but for very considerably longer. Black & White Cabs (Ltd.) announced the next afternoon a special declared dividend of fifteen per cent.

UNDERGRADUATES' SUPPER.

Now to the banquet we press,
Now for the eggs and the ham,
Now for the mustard and cress,
Now for the strawberry jam.

It is doubtless to the credit of the undergraduates that their peculiar share towards entertaining the graduates at Capping-
time takes the form of a reversion to genuine methods of old English hospitality. Messrs. Gamble and Creed, at their new Willis Street quarters, made their annual attempt to cope with the undergraduate appetite on Wednesday, 12th March. Endeavours to distract the attention of the company were made successfully by Miss Gwen Read in two enjoyable violin solos, and by Miss Peggy Watson, and Miss Mary Cooley in recitations. While numerous toasts were proposed, drunk, and replied to, a genial and loud-spoken appreciation of the feast filled the atmosphere. Mr. Rollings was responsible for some remarks about the graduates of the year, to which Miss Cooley replied. Mr. C. James extolled the virtues of the ladies, and Mr. Davidson was heard in reply. The health of the Professors was entrusted momentarily to Mr. Campbell, and subsequently rescued by Professor F. P. Wilson. Mr. R. McCallum, M.P., made the last and most vigorous speech of the evening, and after invoking the favour of a kind Providence on behalf of His Majesty the King, we filed slowly downstairs and up again to Miss Bates’s Ballroom, which was kindly placed at our disposal for the remainder of the evening.
The Futility of Nesfield

"I swats and I swats,
Till for floating blot
I can't tell a goal from a try;
Till endless equations and Tully's orations
Are fragments of Liddell and Scott's."

"Spike!" 1903.

Yesterday, as I was taking my morning exercises, there
came a small tap at the door. Pausing with clubs in mid-air, I
cried "Come in," and waited. The Astonishing Event entered,
and, closing the door after it, crept up to me. It comprised a
puny, intelligent-looking worm of a fellow, with dark, studious
rings described about his eyes.

"Sir," he commenced, then suddenly clapping his hands to
his unkempt head, staggered weakly, and sank on the floor.
"You have been partaking in the Capping Procession?" I sternly
suggested. He shook his head in a fashion that reminded me of
the reserve champion in a dog fight I once saw.

"What—I lack—is—spirit!" he jerked out between his
gasps. I clapped a thermos flask to his lips. He seemed re-
vived. His eyes brightened considerably, and he sat up.

"What is it?" he languidly enquired.

"Cold tea," I replied. He immediately grew worse. I went
out to ring for an undertaker and a policeman, but it was too
late. His flickering life had petered out as completely as a gasoline
engine on a cold morning, and the pitiable morsel of humanity
lay dead on my bedroom floor. On going through his pockets, I
discovered a letter which I have transcribed word for word.

"Nesfield! Nesfield! Nesfield! How that word rings through
my study-sodden brain! When a mere schoolboy, I looked with
delight toward the time when I should attend University and
learn from inspired lips the glorious history of our mother
tongue. That time came at length, and I bade my loving parents
goodbye and sped southward by express, to take my virgin place
among the honourable undergraduates of this far-famed College.

"But whether it was the nature of the book, or the method
of instruction, or my own too-sensitive mind; whether it was the
sum of these, or any two without the third, or only one minus
the other two, I soon became hopelessly lost in the barren wilderness of this—I will not say 'book'—this Nesfield's Historical En-
glish. Each succeeding night of study saw me less ill than the
one after, and at length I became so thin that it was only with
the help of a carpet-sweeper that I could find my own shadow.
And now, for two whole weeks, I have tasted no drop of food
and drunk no morsel of drink. By day I sit feverishly turning
the pages of Nesfield, by night, green wriggly snakes (the kind
with long eyelashes) whisper ceaselessly around my pillow and
wink significantly at one another:

"I can bear it no longer. I shall go this morning to the only
man who can do anything for me, and if I fail, I shall take my
life; I shall fold my tents like the Arabs and, as silently, steal
away."
This was very pathetic, the more so because I and many others are of the same mind as this poor scapegoat. Why should faces so innocent and young fade from our midst before their chins are, as Shakspeare says, “enriched with one appearing hair”?

Once more, then, I have gripped my pen in the cause of freedom and self-expression. I have sworn, with both feet on the footwarmer, that these things shall not be. I therefore dedicate these lines “to whom they may concern,” and have some idea of forming a Society for the Alleviation of Undue Cruelty in English, S.A.U.C.E. for short. (The initial letters will look rather well on a badge).

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO NESFIELD’S HISTORICAL ENGLISH

(With scrapings to anything that may be left of John Keats.)

Much have I travelled in the realms of prose,
And many most atrocious essays seen.
Round many City bookstalls have I been,
Where printed trash enjoys a sweet repose.
I’d even heard of volumes worse than those,
From which I pray I’ll keep my record clean!
But never did I feel so sickly green,
Till Nesfield trod on my scholastic toes.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When that new star turns out to be “no score.”
Or like stout Cortez when with hazy eyes
He spotted two Pacifics on the floor
Of some wild inn, and woke with anguished cries,
The morning following the night before.

—D.J.D.

The Spider

To-night the sky’s a blue campanula
That rooks a cool and windy autumn earth,
Inside the azure dome a spider hangs,
Bright gold he moves in lovely shining mirth.

He spins a golden web beneath the blue,
A web of strands that gleam across the world;
What monster moth will flutter there to death?
A long, dim shadow drifts with wings unfurled

Too vast, O spider, for your sunset web,
Slow winging passes, but your gold and you
Droop lifeless at its touch and fall away,
While seas of darkness flood your kingdom blue.

—M.I.
Waimakariri

(January 6th, 1926).

This is the last time I shall stand and see
The stars above this valley and its stream—
The last time—and this stream, these stars for me
Henceforth will be distant as any dream.

This is the last time I shall see the hills’
Black circle loom athwart the quiet night,
While the immense deep tide of silence fills
The valley’s floor and swallows every height.

The dark still trees, the glimmering tents I know
Shiver and cease, as friends whose time to part
Hastens, turn each to each before they go,
And a strange fear strikes swift from heart to heart.

In the red circle where we built our fire
The flames fail; and the crumbling branches fall
From wood to ember, ember to ash; a pyre
Where this last night’s last hours have funeral.

I hear the river in its seaward race
Fling its chill waters over sand and stone;
A hundred ice-born torrents to this place
Perpetually leap and speak one tone.

No more, no more this midnight flood will sound
Deep in my ears; no more my face be wet
With spray so thick the very air seems drowned,
Caught in the falling waters’ drifted net.

I see afar in darkness whitely stand
The unscaled peaks, the passes we have trod—
These are the ancient dwellers of this land,
Snowed, silent, and remote, each like a god.

After this night I shall not see them more
Like this, nor tread their snows, nor feel their cold,
Yet will they stand, I know, and lift their hoar
Summits towards the stars even as of old.

The stars! the stars! immutable they reign—
Thick in the eyes’ full circle throb and burn
Their million fires that stab the heavenly plain—
O frozen peaks! O stars! grant me return!

—J.C.B.
Who is Responsible?

Dear Spike,—

I am a recent arrival at this noble institute of learning. A few days ago—last Thursday, to be precise, five days before mid-winter day. Thursday in the coldest week of the year—I was suddenly afflicted with an urgent desire to participate in the pleasures of the Library, about which I had heard so much. Divesting myself of my hat, greatcoat, and several large woolly scarves, and armed with a fountain pen and an air of studious intent, I betook myself to that hall of industry. Pushing the door open, I stepped inside.

Good heavens! What a terrible spectacle greeted my eyes! A whirlwind hurling dust, mortar, bricks and glass in its train, not to mention innumerable books, was roaring round the Library. On the Royal dais the ruler of that realm lay, cold and stiff, pinned beneath Webster's Dictionary, which had evidently caught him on the wing. Even as I stood, transfixed with horror, two of those magnificent hanging lamps collided in mid-air, and glass shot in every direction, with a fearful crash. As my eyes grew accustomed to the dust I could faintly descry half a dozen other corpses lying about. What nobility! what intellect! what idealism! must have been theirs, that, perishing at their post, they should have thus given their youth and beauty to the great cause of learning! Meditating on their heroic sacrifice, I was suddenly brought to earth by a terrific blow on the chest as an ink bottle heaved itself and its vicious contents at me, and with a bowed head streaming with tears and ink, I struggled to the door.

On my hasty passage to the Chemistry Laboratory to see whether there was any known antidote for ink, I encountered two of those Sublimities who sit upon the Professorial Board. I rushed up to them, forgetting my inferior position, and enquired whether they had seen the catastrophic events in the Library.

"I beg your pardon? The Library?" Yes, I believe they are removing the window," I was told, in supercilious tones.

"But it is mid-winter! Why, the place is full of corpses!" I remonstrated.

"That is interesting! Kirk will be pleased to get hold of them! But, of course, you know it is nothing to do with us." So, with an air of superior aloofness they passed on.

Rushing round the corner, half blind with anger, I inadvertently fell over Mr. Brook and his broom.

"The Library?" said he, shaking his venerable head. "I can see that's where you come from! Cruel hard on the students, that's what I think. You understand, of course, that it's nothing to do with me?" His words floated after me as I was nearing the glass door leading into the Chemistry Laboratory. A peculiar chill shivered down the thirty-three vertebrae of my spinal column, and with a sudden shrinking I stopped. There came a hiss like the whistle of wind round an iceberg. "S-s-s-s-s stop! D-d-d-d-d-don't c-c-c-c-c-come in," and there in the corridor stood a beautiful girl, with cheeks of a delicate ivory, corpse-like green—the same ghastly hue, in fact, as that which some deity
ordained should taint the walls of our lofty lecture rooms.

"I am the only one left," she murmured. "The rest are frozen—frozen at the balances, frozen at the bench—all, all are frozen! I, too, am fro—. . ."

but leaping through the door, I dragged her out, just in time. Carrying her to the Women's Common Room and placing her gently on a sofa, I belaboured her vigorously with cushions, and she soon recovered sufficiently to be able to tell me how the heaters had then been off for two days in the Science Wing.

With a bleeding heart I rushed for pen and ink, and hastily composed this letter, hoping that it would not be too late for publication.

And now, dear "Spike," can you tell me—WHO IS RESPONSIBLE? Who will be answerable to the grief-stricken parents for all those bright young lives? With apologies for taking up so much of your valuable space,—I am, etc.,

DOITINSUMMER.

An Economical Encomium

If you've really come to college on the quest of super-knowledge,
And you want to foster Interest in your brain,
Or to be the proud possessor of a humorous professor,
You should come and learn the laws of Loss and Gain.
If the bane of Unemployment is retarding your enjoyment
Of the things you label "Capital" or "Dear,"
Or a lack of common gumption interferes with your Consumption—
Economics will establish your career.

If your waistcoat feels Elastic and your hunger's getting drastic,
And you even want a roof above your head,
You can find Accommodation and a method of Inflation,
If you make Consumer's Surplus do instead.
If you'd like to get instruction in the Factors of Production—
Which the rough, untutored person always loathes—
You can rise with jubilation to the hurdle of Taxation,
And you'll never suffer Rent upon your clothes!

If you're under obligation due to foolish Speculation,
And your Creditors your sad condition learn,
You can make them keep their distance with the dangerous assistance
Of the Canon of Diminishing Return!
You can gleam some Satisfaction when you're having an Extraction,
You can save yourself from Sweating and the like;
And—to go a trifle deeper—you will learn, O heavy sleeper,
Not to worry when the clock begins to Strike!

—D.J.D.
Twenty-Second Annual New Zealand University Tournament.

Held at Dunedin, Easter, 1926.

OUR TEAM.

Athletics:

100 Yards ........................................ M. Leadbetter, F. S. Hill.
440 Yards ........................................ C. B. Allan, E. B. Smith.
880 Yards ........................................ C. B. Allan, E. B. Smith.
1 Mile ........................................... A. D. Priestley.
3 Miles ........................................... A. D. Priestley.
120 Yards Hurdles ............................... W. G. Kalaugher, G. J. Scoats.
High Jump ....................................... W. G. Kalaugher, G. J. Scoats.
Putting the Shot ................................. R. E. Pope.
Relay Race ....................................... Allan, Smith, Eastwood, Leadbetter.

Tennis:

Ladies Singles: Misses E. M. Madeley, O. M. Sheppard.
Ladies’ Doubles: Misses E. M. Madeley and O. M. Sheppard.

Boxing:

Middleweight .................................... G. J. Scoats.
Welterweight .................................... F. Desmond.
Lightweight ..................................... G. B. Richardson
Featherweight ................................... J. K. Hunn.

Shooting:

H. F. Bollard, T. G. Hislop, G. E. Parker, R. O’Connor,
A. Ainslie, I. Macarthur, W. Harris, I. Bertram.

Debating:

R. M. Campbell, .................................... W. P. Rollings.

Tournament Delegates:

F. H. Paul. ...................................... L. A. Tracy.
The Auckland team with barracksers and camp-followers complete arrived in Wellington on Wednesday, 31st March, and spent a brief but happy afternoon in taking shelter from the autumn showers alternately in the Y.M.C.A. building and under Willis Street shop verandahs. Precisely at a quarter to eight the good ship “Wahine” moved out to the accompaniment of rather spiritless hakas, and journeyed on in her usual graceful fashion and the rain to Lyttelton, where further rain awaited the travellers. Still more rain and an excellent breakfast comprised the chief items of interest during our fifty-minute sojourn in the Cathedral City, and with accumulating numbers the gallant company occupied all available seats on one of the many express trains leaving that day for the South. Oamaru was the first dry township reached, but the sun shone merrily from then until we reached the Exhibition. Hospitality was awaiting the teams with open arms on the Dunedin station platform, and in less time than it took (subsequently) to get a turn on the Dodge-’ems, representatives were speeding homewards with their respective hosts.

Friday was spent in Exhibitioning (the nearest conceivable approach to “Wembling”), and a good deal else was spent at the same time. The forenoon was graced with an official welcome by the Mayor of Dunedin (Mr. H. L. Tapley, M.P.), and Mr. A. H. E. Molson, for the Imperial Debaters, and Mr. L. A. Tracy, for everyone else, replied effectively to His Worship’s remarks.

Thereafter followed an official reception by the management of the Exhibition, with afternoon tea accompaniment: a motor-car ride on the Sunday afternoon, and a students’ service at first Church in the evening; then tennis; athletics; debating (in which the number of participants exceed, we believe, that of any former years); more tennis; a little more Exhibition; a thrilling and gorgeous Tournament Ball, and then farewell.

The visiting teams, the Tournamen Shield, the Joynt Scroll and the Athletic Shield set out for the north on Wednesday morning; the customary tears and anguish of parting were dispensed with. The guerrilla warfare on the stations during the journey was sharp and decisive. A prominent Canterbury representative left the train at Ashburton, the Tournament Shield and the Joynt Scroll broke the journey at Christchurch, and shortly after dawn on Thursday the V.U.C. representatives blew into Port Nicholson in the good old time-honoured fashion, and dispersed swiftly to climb once more the hills of home.

ATHLETICS:

From 1922 to 1925 the Athletic Shield was held by Otago, but this year we managed to wrest the coveted trophy from them. A particularly strong team was sent to Dunedin by Victoria, so that the victory was by no means an unexpected one. Last year misfortune dogged our footsteps, but this year, despite one or two surprises, the Shield came to Wellington.

The points for the Shield were as follows:—Victoria, 20; Otago, 14; Canterbury, 8; Auckland, 0.

Easter Monday dawned fine, but a cold wind was blowing across the field. Some very fine performances were witnessed, and considering the state of the ground, which was on the heavy
side and the weather conditions generally, these were all the more meritorious. The University record of 10 secs. for the 100 Yards was equalled by Leadbeater. Jackson won the Mile Walk in 6 mins. 46 2-5 secs., breaking Mackenzie’s record made at Christchurch last year. With the high jump bar at 5ft. 7½ ins. Sceats was successful in lowering the High Jump record.

The starting in the sprint events left much to be desired, everyone except the V.U.C. men attempting to get a flying start; at least one was successful in the 100 Yards. Leadbetter captured both sprints, while Eastwood ran second in the 220 yards.

The middle-distance events provided two thrilling races. Our representatives, Smith and Allan, appeared to be out of the picture. However, both came away with beautiful bursts of speed about two hundred yards from home. Allan won the half and Smith the quarter mile.

The mile and three miles races provided rather a surprise for the Victoria supporters. For Priestley, going to the mark a hot favourite, ran second to Jordan in both events.

In the hurdles misfortune befell V.U.C. In the 120 yards Kalaugher fell when his chances of winning were very bright. Sceats ran second in the 440 yards event.

The relay race was a sore disappointment. We had held the cup for four years in succession, and required only another win to establish a record, but Otago opened up a big lead in the half mile, and although this was considerably reduced, we could not get within striking distance.

We were somewhat consoled, however, by the fact that for the first time since the inauguration of the Tournament we won the tug-of-war. Otago beat Auckland and Victoria beat Canterbury. In the final pull Victoria beat Otago in two out of three pulls.

BOXING.

The Wellington boxers in each case were all triers and put up game and creditable performances; lack of training, however, was a noticeable feature, except in the case of Sceats, who was the fittest boxer in the tournament.

The general arrangements made in connection with the boxing reflect great credit on the Otago University, both preliminaries and finals were well staged, without any tiresome delays. If fault can be found with anything in particular, some criticism may be warranted in regard to the referee’s control of the bouts. The referee’s ruling in regard to in-fighting was very unusual and disturbing to the boxers, and in some cases appeared to be quite unfair. When perfectly legitimate in-fighting was indulged in, his repeated warnings were particularly annoying, handicapped the boxer and on quite a number of occasions prevented good exhibitions.

HUNN put up a good game fight, but was unfortunate in meeting a more rugged and experienced opponent. Although beaten, Hunn was not disgraced.

RICHARDSON, who met a very good exponent of the manly art in Les Cotter, fought very well, but failed to get the decision through not leading. When Richardson develops a more aggressive style of fighting he will be a hard man to beat.
DESMOND, although suffering from a sprained ankle and a severe attack of the “flu,” agreed to box and do his best under the circumstances. In the preliminaries Desmond met Eacles (A.U.C.) and although Eacles fought very gamely, Desmond outpointed him by a wide margin. In the evening Desmond met Petre, and in spite of lack of vitality due to the “flu,” Desmond gave a very clever exhibition of boxing. Great surprise was evidenced when Petre was given the decision.

SCEATS was the surprise of the tournament, and although pitted against boxers possessing good reputations, he was successful in winning the middleweight championship. In the preliminary, SCEATS met a really first-class fighter in Batchelor (O.U.). The Wellington rep., however, soon had Batchelor in difficulties through the medium of a pile-driving right. The Otago man fought a really good up-hill battle, but SCEATS won with a good deal to spare. In the final bout SCEATS met a very awkward boxer; he gained the decision, however, without much difficulty.

PLATTs-MILLS met a very tough customer and hard-hitter in Burrows, and even though he did not receive the decision, there was very little to choose between the boxers at the conclusion of the bout. Great praise is due to Platts-Mills for splendid form displayed against such a dangerous and experienced fighter.

DEBATE.

On Monday evening the Allen Hall, Otago University, was filled by students and members of the public in honour of the Annual Debate for the Joynt Scroll.

The subject was, “That racial equality within the British Empire is a desirable end.” The Judges were the Hon. C. E. Statham, M.P., the Rev. Tulloch Yuille, M.A., B.D., and Mr. H. E. Barraclough, LL.B., and the Mayor of Dunedin, Mr. H. L. Tapley, M.P., occupied the Chair.

The first debate was between Victoria, on whose behalf Mr. W. P. Rollings and Mr. R. M. Campbell affirmed the motion, and Otago, which was represented by Mr. A. H. McClintock and Miss M. Todhunter. Mr. Rollings was greeted with a volley of applause, which continued for some minutes, and was resumed shortly after the commencement of his speech. He explained that a large majority of the world’s population, belonged to the coloured races, and the suggestion was that these peoples should eventually control their own destinies. A portion of the audience was seemingly convinced at this stage and evinced no particular keenness to hear further argument. Mr. Rollings’s remarks closed, as they had opened, in vociferous applause. Mr. McClintock announced that his opponent had completely misconstrued the subject of the debate. Intermarriage was one of the necessary consequences of racial equality, and no attempt had been made to justify that. The speaker foreshadowed general chaos and confusion if ever a measure of racial equality was reached; he, too, was warmly applauded at various intervals throughout his address. Mr. Campbell met with a more appreciative reception than either of his predecessors, and had
perforce to administer his gospel to his hearers in small acid doses, which were lavishly honeyed by the performers in the audience. The present state of relationships between the white man and his coloured brother was, like charity, twice cursed: it blighted both patron and patronised. The speaker intended to deal more particularly with the effect on the white man, the overlord. At just about this stage the chairman’s cell added its vigorous tinkle to the general uproar, and after a brief attempt to overcome their combined effect, Mr. Campbell desisted. Miss Todhunter then rose silently in her place and gazed penetratingly upon the audience for some minutes. She proceeded to wind up the debate by a general criticism of her opponents, and announced her lack of faith in the coloured man’s ability to reach the standard of the white man. The disintegration of the British Empire was also probable if the motion were approved of.

In opening the second debate, Mr. Leonard, of Auckland, placed himself in a judicious position near the dividing fence. All racial talents and characteristics were to be employed in cooperation: nevertheless it was dangerous and ill-advised to give immediate enfranchisement. The white man’s role as a ruler (which words could scarcely overpraise) was challenged, and India demanded self-government, in addition to good government. As risings might occur, costing millions of pounds to quell, it was advisable to commence a movement towards racial equality. Mr. Leonard concluded a well-managed speech with an effective quotation from Winston Churchill. Canterbury’s first speaker, Mr. Haslam, indicted Mr. Leonard for evasion of the point. He pictured his opponents, in pursuance of their motion, entering into the bonds of matrimony with a Hottentot woman, and declared that the resultant offspring would be “a living chaos.” In retort to an interjection, “Is there much water in the Avon now?” Mr. Haslam repeated the moss-covered reference to a certain painful disease of the brain. While Mr. Butler described the British Empire’s unique position and responsibilities as guardian of many a national welfare, the occupants of the back of the Hall returned to their genial task of enlivening the proceedings. The speaker declared that the average schoolboy—(prolonged and enthusiastic applause). There was a popular song, “Let the rest of the world go by”—(Audience much taken with said song). Canterbury owed a large debt to Mr. Brassington, who battled bravely, facing fearful odds, and was perhaps of all the speakers the least perturbed by interjectors. He implored his hearers not to pursue a will o’ the wisp that would lead to the destruction of the British Empire. He too, foresaw a state of chaos where different races attempted to live in unison, as two separate codes of law would then be essential. In short, racial equality was a chimera.

The Judges as usual reserved their decision and retired to consider it. They returned in due course and stood in a dejected manner about the middle of the Hall while the chairman received the results by private messenger and announced them to the audience. Canterbury won the Joynt Scroll; Mr. N. A. Leonard was the best speaker.
TENNIS.

The Tennis Championships were commenced on Saturday morning at the University courts, in beautiful weather. Dunedin, however, was determined to give the Wellington visitors an opportunity of experiencing its vagaries of weather, and play had to be abandoned in the afternoon on account of rain. The rain had held off long enough to allow nearly all the eliminating rounds to be concluded. The semi-finals and finals were played at the Otago Club's courts on Tuesday, when some very fine contests were witnessed.

Victoria's team this year was not a brilliant one, but it was a solid all-round team. During the tournament the team acquitted itself well, and was well up to the standard of the other competing teams.

The play in the Men's Singles was the best of the series. In the first round, R. Fergus was too good for J. Watson (O.U.), while B. R. O'Brien accounted for L. R. Chisholm (O.U.). The semi-finals saw W. R. Robinson (C.U.C.) defeat O'Brien. This game was a very good one, both men driving hard, with good placements. Fergus was too steady for V. N. Hubble (A.U.C.), although in the first set the Auckland man played well. The final thus lay between Robinson and Fergus, and resulted in a win for the former in straight sets. In the first set Robinson used a powerful forehand drive with excellent effect, while Fergus's drive lacked length, and he was slow in coming to the net. In the second set Fergus opened out, and by good net play led 4-3. Robinson, however, was equal to the occasion, taking three games in a row, and the match, 6—1, 6—4.

From Victoria's point of view the Men's Doubles was the most disappointing event. Both our pairs retired in the first round. Fergus-Paul went down to Mercer-Chisholm (O.U.), while O'Brien-Burns were defeated by Turner-Hubble (A.U.C.). The final, between Fulton-Watson (O.U.) and Robinson-Loughnan (C.U.C.) was the best game of the tournament. Otago did not play up to form in the first set, but in the second set they combined well, and their volleying was very effective. The last set was very exciting, the team work on both sides arousing great enthusiasm in the large gallery present. The Canterbury men won out at 6—4.

Miss E. Partridge (C.U.C.) won the Ladies' Singles. She was fully extended in the first round by Miss Madeley (V.U.C.). Miss Sheppard (V.U.C.) played very well in this event, and was perhaps unlucky not to reach the final. She accounted for Miss Saunders (C.U.C.) in the first round, but then went out to Miss E. Miller (A.U.C.) after a long three-set match.

Misses Sheppard-Madeley (V.U.C.) won their first game in the Ladies' Doubles, but then went out to Misses Partridge-Saunders (A.U.C.), who ultimately won the event. Our second string, Misses Goodwin-Metcalf, did not survive their first match.

The Combined Doubles provided some very interesting games. It was apparent, however, that our standard of play in this branch was not up to that of the Southerners. The root of the trouble seemed to be lack of combination in our teams. Fergus-
Miss Sheppard had a good win from Watson-Miss Duthie (O.U.) in the first round, but found Loughnan-Miss Partridge (C.U.C.) too tough a proposition in the second round. Our second pair, Burns-Miss Madeley, went out to Fulton-Miss Ballantyne in the first round.

Thus the Tennis Shield again went to Canterbury, they having won every event. This decisive win in tennis placed the issue of the Tournament Shield beyond doubt. We congratulate C.U.C. on their splendid performance.

HASLAM SHIELD COMPETITION.

In this competition the Rifle Team put up a very disappointing performance. After the success of the team in the Imperial Universities Competition a good result was expected when the Haslam Shield was shot for, but the team failed to live up to its reputation. There was a certain amount of difficulty in getting the Range when it was wanted, and a good deal of delay owing to the Wellington Rifle Association's annual meeting, and this resulted in the team having to fire the match without much practice, but this fact is not sufficient excuse for the team putting up such a poor showing.

The day on which the match was fired was ideal for shooting, good light and very little wind. The shooting arrangements were under the supervision of Lieut. Sugden, whose experience in range supervision helped very much in getting through the various practices without a hitch.

Individual scores in the match were:

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<tr>
<td>Bollard, H. F.</td>
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<td>Hislop, T.</td>
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<td>Parker, C. E.</td>
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<td>O'Connor, R.</td>
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<td>Ainslie, A.</td>
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<td>Macarthur, I.</td>
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<td>Harris, W.</td>
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<td>Bertram, I.</td>
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OFFICIAL RESULTS—EASTER TOURNAMENT, 1926.

Debating.


Boxing.

Bantam ...... W. McAlvey (O.U.)
Feather ...... W. N. Ferguson (O.U.)
Light ...... F. Davis (C.U.C.)
Welter ...... F. Petre (C.U.C.)
Middle ...... G. J. Sceats (V.U.C.)
Heavy ...... J. T. Burrows (C.U.C.)

Athletics.

100 Yards ...... M. Leadbetter (V.U.C.)
220 Yards ...... M. Leadbetter (V.U.C.)
440 Yards ...... E. E. Smith (V.U.C.)
880 Yards ...... C. B. Allan (V.U.C.)
One Mile ...... C. C. Taylor (C.U.C.)
Three Miles ...... C. C. Taylor (C.U.C.)
120 Yards Hurdles ...... H. D. Morgan (O.U.)
440 Yards Hurdles ...... H. D. Morgan (O.U.)
High Jump ...... G. J. Sceats (V.U.C.)
Long Jump ...... C. E. Low (C.U.C.)
Shot ...... C. E. Low (C.U.C.)
Hammer ...... B. Dunne (O.U.)
One Mile Walk ...... D. Jackson (V.U.C.)

Tennis.

Ladies’ Singles ...... E. M. Partridge (C.U.C.)
Ladies’ Doubles ...... E. M. Partridge and L. Saunders (C.U.C.)
Men’s Singles ...... W. R. Robinson (C.U.C.)
Men’s Doubles ...... W. R. Robinson and A. B. Loughnan (C.U.C.)
Combined Doubles ...... Miss E. M. Partridge and Mr. A. B. Loughnan (C.U.C.)

Shooting.

A.U.C.
The Syracusans

Act III, Scene 2.

SCENE:
A public place in the heart of Syracuse. A background view of
the city wall. To R., a temple of Artemis. Absolute darkness. Enter
DION, dressed in goatskins.

DION: The moon is down. Darkness prepares for dawn.
No sound but of confusion, and no sight
Of man or woman. I will seek them elsewhere.
Dawn in an hour, a minute! And who knows
In what fierce garment comes it forth arrayed?

[Enter priestesses, revellers, votaries of Artemis, with
torch; among them PHOEBE and ARSINOE.]

ARSINOE: Cast fire upon black night! Spit forth your joy
Upon the sullen face of heaven! Fierce
Is the delight that blazes in our limbs.
Up, torches!

Women: Io!

ARSINOE:
Marvellous is the night—
Wild and majestic; and the torches spin
On its black cloth edges bizarre and strange,
Patterns of hazard. There’s a wind that comes
Out of the breast of morn, and stirs my hair:
Fawn-footed and swift-handed, we are grown
Things of the wild, beings that on the dark
Ride forth untamed, play with the mane of night,
Filled with a spirit impetuous as the stars
That shoot from heaven to ocean—uncontrolled,
One with the wind of dawn.

A Woman: Torch of the feasting, gay Arsinoe.
That flarest through pillar and shadow, and we laugh,
And follow, follow!

ARSINOE:
Never an arm at rest!
No foot be silent, and no voice be dumb!
O for the passion that bears sense away,
And fills the soul like a tempestuous river,
Too high with autumn floods, that carries down
The oaken pillars of its banks; the clouds
Unite with it, and all dumb nature cries
Wildly articulate, in one symphony
Of thunderous fall and clamour! Like an elm
Caught in the yielding banks, my spirit bends
To its absorption in the proud-eyed night,
That sobs with passion. I am hurled and tossed
Down through a stream of fierce delight; I am
No more Arsinoe, no more myself—
A thing, an element, a fire!—Great gods,
I am no more in Syracuse: no more
See chiselled marbles; I am sunk within
An element of air and flame, that swims
Throughout my body. Ho for ecstasy!
**Women:**

[Dance and sing—red chiaroscuro.]

Leap and lower, thou spirit of fire!
   Turn and twist ere the breath of the morn!
Passion unspeakeable, swell thou higher
   Wild with the night ere it dies in dawn!
   Spirit that dwelleth
   In moving airs;
   Spirit thatuelleth
   The flame of cares:
Laugh as the woods in the riot of sun!
Toss as the wave ere its life be run!

Green things moving o'er meadow and lea
   Bend their brows to the spirit of Pan:
One with the soul of the world are we
   That filled the wilds since the earth began.
   Sea-born anger
   Of storm-ridden wave:
   Wind-wove clangour
   Of thunderous cave:
Woo and work in the heart of thy maid,
   Filled with the god till the stars be stayed!

   [During the above the sole light is the torches, flashing and passing in movement.]

**ARSINOE:**

O star of dawn, lock fast thy impetuous feet!
Sun, sink in the ocean till our torch flare out!
   [A red light flares on the walls in distance.]

**PHOEBE:**

Sun, hast thou risen in wrath to blast our pride?
   [A tumult of bugles and drums.]
Artemis, help us!
   [Cries without. Enter DION.]

**DION:**  Help! help! The Romans! Fly!
   [Tumult continues. Exit PHOEBE. Many votaries, among them ARSINOE, fly to the portico of the temple of ARTEMIS.]

**Arsinoe:**

**ARSINOE:**  What, Dion, and a goatherd?

**DION:**  Where's Phoebe?

**ARSINOE:**  Gone! flown like a frightened swallow.

**DION:**  Come!—seek her out!

**ARSINOE:**  I'll lock my feet to the flags
   Of Artemis's porch!

**DION:**  I'll seek her out or die.

   [Exit.]

   [Enter DIOMED and TERPANDER as from the feast.]

**DIOMED:**  Fly! to your doors! and every man to arms;
TERPANDER: Coarse war that welters in the feasting flowers!

DIOMED: Put on the man, and fight like furies!

CLEON (enters): Myrto! Diomed!—home, and put thine armour on,
Or thou'll not live a breath's while.

DIOMED: I'll be rent
Like beggar's rags, but I'll not stir from hence.
They shall not conquer!
[Shouts and alarum. Enter fugitives. DIOMED, TERPANTER, and CLEON are forced out.]

A woman with a child: Help! help! Marcellus!

ARSINOE Stand behind me, woman.
[Shouts. Enter VALERIUS FLACCUS, MARCUS AGER, and others, with drawn swords. Bright, unsteady light.]

AGER: Fire to their palaces! Death to the Greek!

VALERIUS: On, Romans!

ARSINOE [Steps forward with upraised torch: the woman and child behind her: VALERIUS with sword drawn.]
I charge you, by the name of Artemis,
Her whom ye call Diana, down with the sword!
On this her sacred day would ye come hither
And dare the anger of the gods? Back, thou,
Or I will curse thee for the sacrilege!
Thou waverest, centurion?

AGER: On, stout hearts!

Woman: Pity, sweet lady, though I am in rags!
O proud patrician! gay Arsinoe,
Wilt be a butterfly in death, and save
Thy noble blood while the poor is butchered!

AGER: Let me through! [Seizes her.]

ARSINOE: Curse upon thee if thou touch
The clear sweet life of Greece. Barbarous Roman!
[Enter MYRTO and DIOMED, the latter armed.]

DIOMED: Where is my wife?

AGER (Stabs ARSINOE): There, proud Greek!

ARSINOE: Fly, woman, fly! (Falls.)
[Exit woman with child.]

AGER: Rome looks not where she treads, but still fares on,
Haughty and high.

VALERIUS: Thou hast done badly.

AGER: On!
[Exit with others.]
MYRTO (By body of ARSINOE): O had'st thou lived
   Even as thou'st died!
DIOMED: A thrst for Syracuse!
   The pride of life is on my sword, and grace.
VALERIUS: Purpose on mine!
   [Exeunt fighting. Enter DION.]
DION: Myrto!—Arsinoe!—
MYRTO: Where is Phoebe, man?
   [Stage lighted from burning city.]
DION: Syracuse burns, and all her revellers
   Fly tattered, stained with blood, wild with confusion.
DIOMED (Without): Stand! stand together!
MYRTO (Looking in wings): Ah, Diomed!
DIOMED (Enters wounded, bedraggled, and bleeding): O! I am
   stricken!
   Romans know war at least. My sword is broken.
   We fight in groups, bravely and separately—
   Bring them together, Dion! (Falls.)
DION: Diomed!
DIOMED:
   Leave me—'tis nothing—'tis the blood in my throat.
   I ne'er was hurt before—it is but slight.
   I will not die! by Zeus, I will not die!
   The wound was quick—Why art thou silent, Dion?
DION: What can I say?
DIOMED:
   How dim are all the streets!
   I scarce can speak. Tell me I will not die!
   It were too much to lose all life at once.
   [It grows lighter.]
   Let me stand. (DION AND MYRTO assist him.)
   I will fight death step by step.
   Why do the gods make life so glorious.
   The world so lovable, if they give us death?
   'Twas never willed men should die young. Ah, Phoebe!
   (Sings): Helen went forth upon the towers,
   The wind was in her braided hair—
Send Cleon forth to Aethiopia,
Where spices blow, and people are so fair
They never die—O, gods!—Eternal youth
Lives in a fountain there—and Scythia,
Where griffins with one-eyed Arimaspian feast,
That guard the desert gold—I'll sail with him!
Hold me, my limbs are stiff—with fighting. Zeus,
But I will speak! I will not die! Sweet Phoebe—
   (Sings): And Hector's foe beyond the walls,
   And all the plain of sounding Troy
   Cried loudly: "Fair the doom that falls
      For such a beauty, and such joy!"
The sun! the sun! Thou art my ministrel, Dion.
   [Dies. Sunshine bursts through the flames.]
Entomological Notes

By Our Special Correspondent.

"What little noises stir and pass
From blade to blade along the vulnerable grass!"

—Francis Thompson.

Insects of all descriptions are scarce during the cold weather, but a few answering to the following notes may still be observed amongst us.

The genus Bustrercuttii is very rare now: a few species in the larval stage have been noted, but the only species common in the adult form is Bustrercuttii robertsonii. The male is to be distinguished from the female by the absence of hairs in front of the auditory organs in the former.

With regard to Martiensiensis Smithii, we understand that our clergyman, who is a very keen entomologist, believes that he has every hope of shortly being able to add a female of this species to his collection. We wish him every success. The male has often been seen by many of our keen observers of Nature, who spend their Saturday afternoons watching the interesting movements perpetrated by this sturdy little insect in the scrub.

Often to be seen in the same locality as Martiensiensis Smithii is a gay little butterfly belonging to the genus Julesii. This creature appeals to collectors of the gentler sex on account of its dainty blue neck and thorax. When, as unfortunately occurs only occasionally, it settles in some sunny spot, it preens itself in the most amusing manner. Much enjoyment is to be derived from watching its activities on the wing.

Anatomically, it is interesting to students of biology, on account of a peculiar fungoid growth on the labrum, which is very abundant at certain seasons. We should like to suggest that some valuable research might be done on the subject of this spasmotic growth.

A sombre little moth that is chiefly night-flying in its habits, is Barnia coatii. It is commonly caught while fluttering round sweet-scented flowers at night, although those which are especially attractive to it are difficult to discern, on account of the almost incredible variety which it patronises. Another butterfly which is noticeable in the latter respect is of a more gaudy appearance, and is curious in an almost unique character in the realm of Lepidoptera in that it is equally active both by day and by night. It is a larger and more vigorous flier than the last-named species, and is altogether bolder in its habits. We have been informed by our Chinese correspondent that it is popularly known in that country as EFFpee—a quaint Oriental designation. We are, unfortunately, unable to give its correct scientific nomenclature, as there has been some discussion as regards it, and the question will not be decided until the Imperial Entomological Conference meets next month. The optical apparatus of this butterfly is singularly well developed. Instead of
the usual six muscles for the movement of the eyeball, ten are
present, allowing for free movement in every direction.

If we turn our attention from Lepidoptera to Orthoptera we
shall find insects which appeal, perhaps, not so much to the
popular mind, but which, nevertheless, are interesting speci mens
in their own rather weird and peculiar way. A well-known species
is that belonging to the species Jaydunnii, popularly known as
the Praying Mantis. When at rest this little insect folds its front
legs across its thorax, and presents a most sanctimonious ap-
pearance. When, however, some insect crosses its path, our little
wolf throws off its sheep’s clothing, and, with an expression of
diabolical ferocity, catches and devours its unsuspecting prey.
Some weeks ago we read a list of other insects with which Jay-
dunnii is sometimes found. Localities were appended, such as:—
Moncrieffia upon trellis-work;
Smithii on wistaria;
Cooleyia on lavender; etc.

From our own paltry observations, we noticed that the list
was most incomplete, and humbly suggest that unless our young
entomologists feel able to make a really competent survey of such
a matter it would be much wiser for them to content themselves
with generalities.

In the same large group of Orthoptera, but belonging to an
altogether different family, is that well-known weta, Campbellii.
Though of an exceedingly savage appearance, we hear that it is
not as ferocious as one would gather from a slight acquaintance.
These large wetas are usually preserved in alcohol, and some
instinct seems to warn them of this fact. Accordingly, when the
taintest odour of this fluid pollutes the air, these insects throw
themselves into the most ungovernable paroxysms of fury, and
if by any chance they approach any animal which has been in it,
they tear the unfortunate creature from limb to limb. From this
characteristic it will be seen that these insects have an unusually
strong sense of morality. They differ in this respect from such
members of the Coleoptera as Jamesii, Nichollsius, and Gled-
stonia. These beetles are trapped in great quantities by the
well-known method of painting the boles of trees with rum and
honey.

Any papers embodying original research on these lines, in-
cluding controversial matter, will be most welcome.

The Stoic

I have set my feet to follow a broken path,
From the sun in the groves below I have turned my face,
There will be no children’s voices around my hearth
And the wind itself shall have more an abiding place.

But ever I follow on till the darkness falls
The ineluctable spirit of things unknown,
And I do not greatly care if none recalls
Whither it led; I shall sleep in the end alone. —R.F.F.
The Butcher Shop

The novel going by the name which heads this article has been banned; I accordingly read it. I do not think I read it from any unworthy motive; I read it because the author, Jean Devanny, is a Wellingtonian, and her book is a novel of New Zealand life, and to any intelligent New Zealander the beginnings of a native literature must be interesting. I read it, also, to find out what on earth could have caused the New Zealand Board of Censors to ban it. It was banned, I believe, under that section of the Act dealing with the importation into the country of indecent literature. "The Butcher Shop," ergo, is indecent. Beyond that the Censors give no reason; they are not accustomed to giving reasons. The trio of gentlemen responsible for this action were Mr. Charles Wilson, the ex-Parliamentary Librarian, Mr. Herbert Baillie, the Wellington Municipal Librarian, and Mr. H. C. South, of the New Zealand Bible and Tract Society, acting in his capacity as president of the New Zealand Retail Booksellers' Association. Mr. Wilson for many years wrote, under the pseudonym of "Liber," the columns of innocuous twaddle that figure in Saturday morning's "Dominion" as "Books and Authors"; Mr. Baillie conducts investigations into the original sites of the wharves and lighthouses of Wellington Harbour, and other historical problems of magnitude; Mr. South apparently sells books, including, no doubt, a good many works of unblemished piety. What any of these gentlemen knows about literature I have not been able to discover. They apparently enjoy a certain standing as critics of morals. This is a melancholy reflection.

Now, "The Butcher Shop" is not a great novel; it is not even a good novel; it is, in fact, in some respects an inconceivably bad novel. Mrs. Devanny is a member of that peculiar sect, the Communist Party, and her book is a sort of incompletely welded conglomerate of New Zealand sheep-farming, Marxian philosophy, and Engels on the origin of the family. (One does not like to impute unworthy motives to a censor; but one hazards a guess that if this book had been the work of a Cabinet Minister's wife, it would have got into the country all right. But then a Cabinet Minister's wife could never have written it.) In detail the book is chaotic; a good deal of the life described is very incorrectly observed; and its psychology is so extremely crude in many instances that it is ludicrous. The slabs of the economic interpretation of history (reminding one, oh! so closely of the neatly-packed information of those invaluable tabloid encyclopaedias, the Plebs' League text-books) flung in and industriously stirred into the mixture, like plums for good little Communists, merely bore one to tears; Mrs. Devanny, so I see from an ineffably patronising article by Miss Nellie Scanlan in the "Free Lance," had two final chapters in her book interpreting the story from the Marxian standpoint, which the publishers cut out—we owe them a debt of gratitude. Mrs. Devanny feels the cruelty of the world very deeply, and she sets out to arraign it; but she has not the artist's hand, her indictment is not wrought into a harmonious scheme, it does not strike home; it leaves us as unmoved as a
newspaper account of a murder. It is compact of tragedies—but compare it with a single episode of Hardy! The style is uneven; it ranges from a sentence like this:

"Spring, the laggard, came running to take its place with sweet apologies for malingering."

to the dreadful depths of barbarism of

"...especially Miette, who, being stupid, bungled the manner of her propaganda work. Her 'scabs,' 'slaves,' and other epithets, flung around promiscuously, did not help her any, whether deserved or not. She had quite a knowledge of her science, but," etc.

At the same time, though nothing can alter the essential badness of the book as a work of art, it has its indubitably good points. It is honest, there can be no doubt about that. Its whole-hearted sincerity, indeed, is what redeems it from the ruck of the thousands of other bad novels. It is even ingenuous—there is none of the congenital eroticism of D. H. Lawrence or the discreet suggestiveness of Michael Arlen. It is individual, it is courageous, it tackles a problem which is a problem, and it makes no bones about it. The author has an eye for the failings of her own political party. It is as infinitely below the work of Katherine Mansfield as it is above that of, say, Berta Ruck. As an interpretation of New Zealand life it is odd, but the sheep-farming scenes are alive and convincing. It is a first novel, and the publishers have contracted for four or five more books from the same author; it may therefore be a stepping stone to something worth reading, or it may be merely the precursor of a line of equally bad or worse productions. But it is a first novel, and it shows promise. It is certainly not the sort of book that the New Zealand Bible and Tract Society would supply for the library of a Primitive Methodist Sunday-school; but therein, perhaps, lies its chief justification.

What is the plot of the book? A young girl, between seventeen and eighteen, goes out to service on a big farm near Taialupe (the fact that she does so, with her parentage and upbringing, is the initial blunder of the book); in two days the young farmer of twenty-two, whose parents are dead, and she fall completely in love; they are married shortly after, consummating their marriage the day before the actual ceremony (it is hard to see why). They live harmoniously together for ten years, and have four children, the man still passionately in love, the woman less so. Then, preliminary to a trip round the world, a manager is hired, and arrives while the husband is absent; the wife and he fall in love at sight, and she gives herself to him, realising that her love for her husband was but calf-love, and that this is a far greater and nobler thing. The husband comes back; the manager is ashamed of himself and wishes to leave; the wife, firm in a conviction of the purity of her own love, harangues him on his defective regard for her (he, the typical male, regards her as a mere female, so much personal property, a "slave"), and gradually converts him to her own elevated view of their relations. He and his husband become very friendly; conjointly two relatives from England, a Labour propagandist and his sensual wife, arrive, the one to keep accounts and preach an enlightened historical view of sexual morality, the other, by her continual in-
trigues, at once to stir up trouble on the farm and provide a foil to the passion of the lovers, finely restrained for the sake of the husband and the children. But things work to a crisis; the husband sees that his wife loves his friend, though he does not realise the full truth, and offers to leave the country; the friend has momentarily given way to his passion again, and then in an agony of remorse accused himself to the wife of having betrayed his friend; her nerves give way, she harangues both men once more on her own slavery, and tells her husband the truth. He drowns himself, and in a fit of madness she cuts her lover's throat. There is another murder in the book, and several cases of cruelty, apparently brought in both to illustrate the thesis that life is a butcher's shop and to add to the development of the woman's character; but the connexion is made very awkwardly. The central fact is that the woman remains unstained. ("Tess—a pure woman.")

I confess I fail to see why the book should be banned. If it were banned because its literary quality is low and might deprave the taste of New Zealanders for the highest and best—Henry James, for instance—I could understand, though I should not approve of the method of criticism. But why it should be branded as "indecent" passes comprehension. It might be said that its effect on young persons would be bad. Well, what about the dozens of other books that treat sexual love freely and honestly, or exploit it flippantly and nonchalantly, and yet (by an oversight on the censors' part, perhaps?—for if they had to read everything, how would their libraries and bookshops get on?) make their way into the country? Is it, perhaps, that the style in these books gasses over and redeems the bad morality? But surely a young person of vicious tendencies would ignore the style, good or bad, and go straight to what interests him (or her); and if he couldn't get what he wanted in one book, he would get it in another, whatever its "morals" might be. And is it going to do any harm to a "good" youth or maiden to learn, even through fiction, that there is such a thing as sexual passion, that it may be good or bad, that it sometimes leads to awkward predicaments, and that there are other solutions suggested to those predicaments than the conventional ones? You admit that life is cruel; are you going to ban a book because it distils a good deal of that cruelty in its pages? You say it would give a reader a distorted view of life—and so it might, if it were the only book he ever read. You may say (if you are very simple-minded) that it is a libel on New Zealand, usually known to its inhabitants as God's Own Country. The trouble is that we do not know exactly how God regards these many claims on his particular ownership, and Mrs. Devanny, quite obviously, and a good many other honest people besides, do not believe in a God. And even in a country that is quite peculiarly God's, the devil somehow gets a footing.

The main point about the censorship is that it has no right of existence in a modern country. The very natural objection may be made that New Zealand is not modern; but I understand that it is held by the majority of its M.P.'s and City Councillors—and what better authority?—to be in the forefront of the world's progress. Ever since the war the censorship has been a grotesque blot on our common-sense. We are sheltered from this,
we are sheltered from that. Every now and again some naive Communist, with his pathetic little bundle of tracts, is deported, lest New Zealand burst into flame and smoke, or some gentle-featured proletariat, with a bee in its bonnet, wade through blood to a dictator’s throne. Every now and again the wrong book is held up by our widely-read, profoundly-critical Customs Department, and a Mr. Charles Wilson or a Mr. Herbert Bailleie, or a Mr. H. C. South (emerging from his Bibles and Tracts and somewhat odd theology) holds it at arm’s length in a pair of tongs and deposits it in the moral destructor. Heaven knows what was on the black list during the war; Heaven knows what is on it now. And Heaven knows what harm the censorship does by insisting that a book is “indecent.” There is such a thing as illicit publicity, and it is a thing to which the censorship contributes very materially. “Indecent!” The very existence of a censorship in the modern State is the most “indecent” thing about it. Mr. Charles Wilson, Mr. Herbert Bailleie, Mr. H. C. South are no doubt all very estimable gentlemen, good citizens, of the most impeccable morality. But I think of their joint labours, and I feel nauseated.

Mr. Arnold Bennett was once an essayist of genius. In his “Books and Persons” he has some words on “Ugliness in Fiction.” Here are a few of them:

“I once resided near a young noodle of a Methodist pastor who had the pious habit of reading novels aloud to his father and mother. He began to read one of mine to them, but half-way through decided that something of Charlotte M. Yonge would be less unsuitable for the parental ear. He then called and lectured me. Among other aphorisms of his which I have treasured up was this: ‘Life, my dear friend, is like an April day—sunshine and shadow chasing each other over the plain.’ That he is not dead is a great tribute to my singular self-control.”

It is a great tribute to the singular self-control of that small body of New Zealanders interested in honest, sincere workmanship in fiction (or any other kind of literature) that the Board of Censors has not been deleted several times over.

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The Song of the Gull

Oh, a master of effortless flight am I,
A dweller of the sky,
Where I wheel when the sunny skies are blue,
And motionless move the long hours through
O’er hamlet, field, and steeple high,
And the great white clouds pursue.
So, on and on, till I reach the sea,
Where the rumbling breakers play
And the winds blow free, and the heart of me
Is driven with the spray
To the far-off rocks where my fellows dwell,
With the buffeting winds at play.

—C.H.A.
Some Suggestions for Improving the Library

Sir Anthony Absolute: Madam, a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs Malaprop: Fy, fy, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

—Sheridan: "The Rivals."

A few evenings ago I was in conversation with a fellow-student as to whether or not the Chinese once wore kilts, but, interesting as the discussion was, I was at last forced to inform him that the time for my appearance in the Library had passed, and in consequence thereof my studies would suffer.

This statement caused my friend to embark upon a long and violent tirade concerning this admirable institution, and the strength of his remarks held me so rapt that I temporarily forgot my intention of entering that abode of eternal silence. In passing, he mentioned that it was at least a year since the swing doors had closed upon his entrance, and I, with some diffidence, ventured to suggest that as it was so long since he had paid the library and its keeper a visit, it was possible that things were not now as they were then.

My friend smiled sadly and said, "Ah, when you have spent as many years within these walls as I, you will know that, like Time, these things change not. The whole trouble with the place is that the atmosphere is not congenial to study; there is an electrical feeling in the air which should not be present. I am convinced that this is produced by fear, the fear that some of the rules, both written and unwritten, may at any moment be transgressed.

"Let us take a few examples, to illustrate my meaning a little more clearly:

"One may not even whisper to one's neighbour, and this rule has been gradually extended, until one cannot look up and smile without fear of being accused of creating a disturbance.

"One must use great care in handling the card index, and rightly so, but one dare not stand in front of it for many minutes without being reminded that others may wish to use it, although those others may not appear until the next evening, there being no sign of them at the time.

"Then, there is that beautiful piece of furniture on which various periodicals repose; it is a heinous crime to enter the library with a book and tip-toe across the floor, place the book on the desk, and proceed to devour the contents of one of the periodicals, for some devotee of learning may arrive, and, picking up your book, waste half an hour eagerly scanning its pages before discovering his mistake. No, the book must be held firmly in the hand, or else be deposited on one of the regular reading tables.
“Further, Stephen Leacock says in one of his books that he cannot understand why people insist on having fresh air for if a quantity of fresh air is taken and shut in a room it will keep indefinitely. There can be no doubt that he is correct, provided the air remains uncontaminated. The powers evidently consider that Stephen was absolutely correct, or else that we students are hothouse plants, for the air in the library is rarely, if ever, changed, and with the heaters going full blast the place is stifling. ’Tis no wonder that we catch colds, much to the annoyance of a certain Prof., to whose ear a cough is no music.”

On my enquiring as to whether he had any suggestions to offer for remedying the defects in the present state of affairs, my friend offered, among others, the following, and they are here published for what they are worth. I wish it to be clearly understood, however, that I do not necessarily associate myself with what is expressed, for it is only my sense of duty which compels me to set down what another is too modest to write. The following are some of the remedies mentioned:

1.) There should be a complete segregation of the sexes. A male student cannot be expected to keep his mind on his work and at the same time study the good looks of the woman student sitting opposite. A high partition should be erected. The two portions should have separate entrances, one door being marked, “Women not admitted,” and the other, “Men! Keep Out! This Means You.”

2.) Mrs. Brook should remove with her staff to the women’s portion, and there continue to dispense tea. A great saving of time is thus effected. She should also keep in stock some good standard cough remedy to combat the hothouse effects, a free dose being administered to each student on departure.

3.) Mr. Brook should open in the men’s department a wine and spirit business for the refreshment of the males. The cough remedy will not be necessary in this case, a drop of good “Scotch” being supplied instead.

4.) Cushioned seats and pillows should be supplied for the use of those who feel constrained to take a nap. The rule as to silence will continue to be strictly enforced, so that these shall not be disturbed.

5.) The space necessary for the alterations is to be obtained by removing as many books as necessary to the room vacated by Mrs. Brook. Any of these books shall be obtainable by requesting the librarian to fetch it, and he shall return it when it is finished with.

6.) The heaters should be fitted with a cold water tap, in order that any student feeling a little too warm may cool the atmosphere at will.

7.) A small amount of popular fiction should be provided, in order that students may read and get a first-hand knowledge of the class of literature read by the masses, thus widening their vision, and at the same time getting some idea of the class of book they should not read.

The above are only a few of the suggestions and reforms mentioned to me, but if even these were carried out they would go a
long way to foster that College spirit which is so noticeable by its absence.

—H.S.F.

[Our own personal observation has led to the view that all spirit, whether College spirit or of any other kind, is invariably most noticeable when it has disappeared. For this reason we doubt whether the advent of Mr. Brook into the soft goods business, as suggested above, with its accompanying display of wares, would effect much improvement, though doubtless the Professorial Board would, with one possible dissentient, heartily endorse the scheme.—Editor.]

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**A Fable for Freshers**

Dulce est desipere in loco—Horace.
"Just As You Say, Dear"

An Original Farce in Three Acts.

Men nudge each other—thus—and say,
"This certainly is Shakespeare's son!"
And merry wags (of course in play),
Cry, "Author!" when the piece is done.

It had taken Victoria two years to find an extravaganza deemed worthy the performing; and yet there gathered to witness the first appearance of "Just as You Say, Dear" a strange and ragged crew, too many to be the intelligentsia, too few to be called an audience. Perhaps that one year's lapse had done it, perhaps it was something in the title, perhaps the idea of an original farce did not appeal. Still more possibly, perhaps there was not the vast total of friends and relatives of a big cast to fill stalls and circle. But, whatever the reason, at the time of writing the public has shown no signs of going to see the latest College production, and we may venture to say will show no signs of going to see it.

"Just as you say, Dear" was a mistake. It is hard, but true. In the first place it was not an extravaganza. In the second it was not amusing. One does not idealise the productions of the past. One cannot escape from the fact that in all post-war effort (and we have had a hand in three extravaganzas) there has been only one which had a finely-worked philosophic idea—"Der Tag," which was mainly the product of Mr. Harold Miller and Miss Edith Davies—only one with complete unity of action—"Struth," by Mr. Phil Broad, with epigrams by Oscar Wilde. But there was in those extravaganzas sincerity, enthusiasm, some wit. Occasionally the philosophic justification has been strained, as it was in "Done to Death." Sometimes it has been sheer sentimentalism, as it was in "Pep." But the men who wrote those great extravaganzas of the past, "Boadicea" and "The Bended Bow," made for us something which is unique, gave us a whip for the back of hypocrisy, the laughter that stings self-satisfaction. They gave us a medium of expression which one may say quite seriously was in the Aristophanic tradition. They gave us a conception of chorus work as not merely to fill space and solve the problems of the producer, but as a vehicle for the conveying of ideas to the audience. The run-through chorus went soon after "Der Tag," and it was not regretted, because if the extravaganza was to develop it must achieve greater unity of presentation. But the latter-day expanded action of the "Luv" kind brought with it a penalty. The necessity of making the extravaganza an all-night show has gone far towards killing it. It was only a matter of time before circumstances forced the Students' Association to look outside for something to put on. It looked. It found Mr. Young and "Just as you say, Dear!" And the results look like being disastrous.

Of course it is not Mr. Young's fault that his work is not an extravaganza. He wrote it for another purpose. It is more than possible that he had never heard of our tradition. But it
is his fault that the farce was not farcical enough to be more than very mildly amusing. And it is the Executive's fault that it put on a play which bore not the slightest stamp of being a Varsity production and which was doomed from the beginning. There is not a line in the play which betrays thought. There is not a situation which is not extremely well worn, not a joke which has not weathered the scorn of years. And though the Students' Association may have come to regard the annual production as a source of easy revenue, it would be better that the extravaganza should go down in night that that shows of this kind should become usual.

All this may appear highly unnecessary. But it would seem that the College has reached a point when it would be as well for it to know where it is going. And it should know what says the body of opinion of past students. We have a tradition. We are proud of that tradition and will be gentle to any present-day efforts which fall short of our demands, but a scrapping of tradition will find us regretful and disinclined to take what may be offered in its place.

The faults of "Just as you say, Dear" may be simply stated. They consisted of a superfluous act, poor scenery, too many words, and not enough humour. Whatever he may be, Mr. Young is not a wit. And the first act, which was mainly some unnecessary bridge and some tedious clowning by Messrs. Watkins and Dalglish, would certainly never have survived had anyone else but the author been the producer. They were not only unnecessary, they were a positive obstacle to the development of the play's theme. And an obstacle of boredom. To be candid, the other acts saw the action go ahead far and fast. The biggest flaw thereafter was the entirely unexplained flight from the room of everyone save Miss Mavis Halliday, for convenience in kidnapping, and the astonishing quickness with which the American women accepted the offer of the "mysterious something." The other faults were purely technical and of no interest, and ranged from Miss Cooley's uncertainty as to whether a door in her home opened inward or out to the contrast in the legs and stomach of Mr. Platts-Mills, which very obviously belonged to different periods. The dialogue was not bright, but it was on the whole sound. The exits and entrances were good, and there were no horrid pauses. The cast performed ably and without nervousness; almost without prompting, a big thing for amateurs in a production of that size. The general impression was that for something worth while the College contains more good material than ever it did. But one cannot admire the work itself.

Where all did well to particularise is a luxury, but the "Spike" ever was frank. Let it be said, then, that Miss Cooley's shrewish dame and Irish Katherine were most capably played, and that with her one must bracket Miss Thyrza Baldwin. Low comedy is something new in this young lady, but not the less well done. With them we may rank Mr. Platts-Mills practically all the time, Mr. Noel Lewis at moments, and Mr. Watkins sometimes. Mr. Lewis was good as long as his part flowed smoothly, but in the rapids was as much at home as a bear would be. Mr. Watkins's imitation of George Gee was recognisable, and would
have been quite excellent if only he had not suffered from an
itch for movement and (as usual) tried at least four voices before
assuming natural tones. Whatever he may have felt, Mr. David-
son never looked less than a Labour leader. Miss Mavis Halliday
was charming and effective, Miss Semeloff a thought too intense.
Miss Muriel Cameron was always equal to the occasion. Mr. Dal-
glish had the butler poise to perfection. Mr. Pope lacked the ex-
perience to simper effectively, and Mr. Charles Bollard’s study of
New Zealand youth, be it confessed, intrigued us greatly. Messrs.
Dalglisch, de Montalk, Scott and Thomas made a fearsome array of spinsters, but their words were quite unintelligible.

—C.Q.P.

A Sleepless Night

The night was dark, and loud the wild wind roared
Across the desolate and lonely moor;
It lashed the rain against the rattling panes,
And shook the trembling door.

I was alone. Yet ever, on the gale,
I heard the fitful crying of a child;
I looked, although I knew no child was there—
The night was dark and wild.

Perhaps ’twas raindrops beating on the glass,
Perhaps a bird, or else a dash of hail—
It seemed like childish fingers, seeking there
A shelter from the gale.

And then the latch was lifted stealthily,
I heard a light step on the winding stair,
I crept out, wondering who the child might be—
But there was no one there.

Oh, did some lonely, childish spirit roam
Upon the dreary moor that winter’s night?
Some little angel-child, astray from home,
Crying with cold and fright?

All night I heard it fumbling at the latch,
All night, upon the wind, I heard it weep,
And still the rain fell and the tempest roared—
All night I could not sleep.

—J.M.
Kilvert Lewis Matthews

Born 1903; died 5th December, 1925.

Few more lovable men have entered Victoria College than Kilvert Matthews, who died as the result of a tragic motor accident, shortly after he had, as it proved, successfully completed his examination for B.Sc. last year. It says much for his ability and energy that he was able to achieve so much at his age in view of the disabilities under which he laboured. He was an officer of the Dominion Laboratory, and therefore could not give his whole time to his College work and the activities of College life. Further, he had to undergo more than one operation of a depressing kind owing to disease of the bone surrounding the internal ear. This caused the loss of much time that he would gladly have devoted to study. In spite of this he invariably bore himself cheerfully and was never heard to indulge in a word of complaint or of self-pity. No student had a brighter outlook on life, and none had higher ideals or a stronger determination to realise them. And his ideals were not circumscribed by his College work. He took a keen interest in tennis, hockey, and rowing, and in all outdoor pursuits. The tramping expeditions and the nights in the open, so dear to the young New Zealander of healthy mind and body, had an especial charm for him. The idea of human service was his in a high degree, and the Church to which he was attached found him an enthusiastic worker. His prospects in the Dominion Laboratory were good, and at the time of his death he was looking forward to being engaged with his chief, Mr. Aston, in a soil survey in the centre of the North Island. He had also special aptitude for biological work, and would probably, on the completion of his degree (already in fact achieved), have had good openings before him in biological work, had he wished. We lost a man when Kilvert Matthews died.
The late KILVERT LEWIS MATTHEWS, B.Sc.
The Quest

The moon rose slowly over the last hill and threw patches of light between the motionless branches of the forest, catching the tops of the stiff branches from which the leaves hung heavily. In the pale light all life seemed to have fled. The grass was parched, the vines were limp and withered; the bushes seemed to have stopped suddenly in their growth. It was a living Forest of the Dead. An evil stillness wrapped every tree, holding it captive, yet this stillness was broken by low sobs and moans—the spirits of the trees crying to be free, for as the forest was Life in Death, so it held the Secret of Life and Death, and the chained souls of the trees struggled to reach the light that they might reveal the secret to Man.

On the edge of the trees the same moonlight threw into relief the dark outlines of a mighty castle. From the turret a great crimson banner, embroidered in gold, hung heavy and motionless. Away to the horizon ran a road like a silver ribbon.

In a high turret room a child lay sleeping. She lay there on her white bed in the ghostly moonlight like a figure carved in marble, but for the masses of red-gold curls which clustered round her pale face. For an instant a bat hovered in the window, and its shadow fell across the face of the sleeping child. She stirred in her sleep and moaned, and from the forest her cry was answered by the moans of the chained trees. It was then, for the first time in her sixteen years, Isolde, princess of a mighty kingdom, sleeping, heard the cry of the haunted forest. She stirred, but did not wake, and in her sleep she saw a strange vision. First, a child, bound and blindfolded, passed before her, crying piteously and stretching out its tiny hands; but two figures relentlessly pushed it on. One, a woman, was clad in a robe of scarlet with diamonds in her hair and round her throat. A cruci, triumphant smile curved her lips as she lashed the child on with the whip she carried. The other was clad from head to foot in a loose black cloak, which so concealed the figure that it was impossible to tell whether it was that of a man or a woman. The only part of its body which could be seen was a bony, fleshless hand, wielding a heavy scythe. The vision passed, and in her sleep the Princess shuddered. In its place an old woman appeared, her face brown and wrinkled, but beautiful still, and her grey eyes as clear and kind as sunshine after rain. She smiled on the sleeping girl and her smile was as light after darkness. Then she spoke and in her soft voice the song of birds, the murmuring of waters, the rustle of trees in the wind, the humming of bees, the patter of rain on leaves, the quiet of sunset, all the sounds of the outer world were mingled. “Fair Child! my name is Nature. I am here to show you the meaning of your dream. The child you saw so cruelly treated is the World. The two heartless pursuers are Life and Death. Always have these two tortured the world with uncertainty and doubt and stinging pain. Men and Women have died in the attempt to penetrate the mysteries of Life and Death. They have succeeded in lifting the veil a little, but not enough; and now, for
long years, no heart has been brave enough, no soul pure enough, to attempt the task. You are young and are innocent, therefore the choice has fallen on you. Youth accepts defeat less easily than age. Hope dies hard in the hearts of the young. Children will succeed where grown men have failed. It is for you to lead Youth in the quest.” Nature stopped, and the grey eyes were clouded a little; then her soft voice went on more firmly: “The Forest of Life in Death growing at your gates holds the secret. Go, and have courage! Though you lose your life, you will by your sacrifice loosen the power of Life and Death over the World. Go! and the talismans I give you are your youth and your young hope, your courage, and the faith of an innocent heart.” With one more tender smile, Nature faded and Isolde awoke. The sun streamed in her windows, but she saw it not. Her gaze leapt to the window, nay, past it, and on to the forest beyond, dark and terrible even in the morning light. She saw the darkness and the terror, but heeded them not. The young blood sang in her veins, and her eyes, green as the afternoon sea, filled with the light of purpose.

Though the sun shone brightly outside, in the forest no light entered. The leaves, which had hung lifeless in the moonlight, thickened and formed a heavy roof. In the grey dimness between the trees shapes seemed to hover and float, but Isolde neither saw nor heard, for her heart was filled with pity for the World, and she only saw the face of the suffering child, which she had seen in her dream. Yet the shapes kept always with her, patiently waiting a chance to enter her heart and slowly break her courage, and dim her faith and quench her hope. For these shapes were Fear and Doubt and Despair, Shame and her brother Disgrace, the twin brothers Greed and Selfishness, with Hate and Envy and Jealousy.

Through the pathless ways of the Forest she went, and as she passed the thick vines put out their tendrils to trip her, and the brambles their thorns to catch her. But her faith and innocence clothed her in shining armour, which nothing could pierce. Always she sought the unknown, which she felt would be revealed.

So all day she wandered, and when night came sought a resting place ’neath a spreading tree. She had lain in the darkness, thinking, for some time when a strange glow lit up the Forest, and the same vision she had seen the previous night passed before her—the Child, bound and helpless, the Woman, scarlet-clad, and the sombre figure of Death. She drew back into the Shadows and watched, and the three passed without noticing her. Swiftly she leapt to her feet and ran after the group. As she reached them the child turned, holding out its hands to her, as in her dream. She caught them fast in her own strong clasp and turned to face Life and Death. She spoke in a low, clear, scornful voice—

“You have me to deal with now, not this helpless Child. Throw down your Whip, Cruel Life.”

Life laughed tauntingly.

“So you, a child, pit yourself against the powers of Life and Death! Beware!” Her voice became menacing. “Best leave me and my brother Death alone. We can harm you.”
"Do what you like," said the clear, scornful voice. "Throw down your Whip."

"Give me your beauty and I will. But think, 'tis a big sacrifice. Your beauty against my Whip." The hard blue eyes met the clear grey ones, and slowly they fell, while the merciless young voice went on—

"Take my beauty as you will. What care I? Take it, it is useless to you."

"Nevertheless I will take it. There is my Whip." She threw down the weapon, and as she did so a change passed over Isolde. The fresh young face became old and wrinkled; the wonderful hair turned to a few grey locks; the full red lips withered and shrank. But still the clear grey eyes burnt lovely as ever, with the unquenchable fires of youth and courage.

She spoke again, and her voice was unchanged:

"Ye have my beauty, now unbind the child."

"That means more still. If we unbind the child, you must give us your youth."

Isolde shrank back a minute, then proudly she said: "Take my youth and unbind the child."

So they took her youth and the child's bonds melted into the air.

Red Life pushed past the bent figure. "Now, get you gone, and leave the World to us."

"No! No! Stop!" Isolde spoke, and yet her voice was clear and young. "Unwind the cloth that binds the child."

"Oh, you would interfere with the bonds of death, then? That requires greater sacrifice than you are prepared to make. Only your life can solve the mystery of Life and Death. Nothing else can satisfy. Your life, and the Child goes free in the light of day." Craftily the cool voice bargained.

Isolde had touched the sacred threshold of Death, and she must pay. Yet she did not waver. Her grey eyes were unafraid.

"I am prepared," she said softly. "But first unbind the World." As she spoke a blinding flash lit up the forest. The bandages fell from the child's eyes, but with a sobbing cry it stretched out its hands towards Isolde.

The crafty voice whispered in her ear:

"The price—you must pay." Isolde nodded and bent over the child, and she saw that the upturned eyes were sightless. Then she slipped to the ground, a still, silent form.

So Life and Death took toll of Youth.

In the twilight of a summer evening a boy in a suit of hunting green found her beneath a tree in the Forest.

All her loveliness had been restored to her in Death. The golden curls framed her face—ivory pale—and the heavy, fringed eyelids were closed as if in sleep.

The boy stooped over her and spoke:

"You showed the way to Youth, and, roused at last, Youth follows where your courage led. We shall not fail, for until the goal is won no one of us shall turn aside or lag behind. For ever and a day, for us and those who follow us, we swear our youth and hope unto the quest."

—K.Z.
TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS.

Victoria has been honoured in the doings of her sons and daughters on the academic field. Mr. J. C. Beaglehole, M.A., and Mr. R. F. Fortune, M.A., gained post-graduate scholarships in Arts; Mr. J. O. J. Malfroy, LL.M., is the holder of a post-graduate scholarship in Law; and Miss Una Castle, M.A., has won a travelling scholarship in French.

The following were granted Senior University Scholarships: G. E. Parker (in Latin); F. Mackenzie (in French); G. M. Richardson (additional Scholarship); R. O. Whyte (Zoology).

The “Spike” hastens to bestow heartiest congratulations on one and all.

A COLLEGE HOSTEL.

Salvam Lassie: Excuse me, but are you saved?
The Individual: ME? I come from the Hadfield Hostel!
Salvam Lassie: Oh, I beg your pardon.

—Capping Carnival Programme, 1914.

“We cannot think of any form of benefaction directly affecting student life which would have a more wholesome influence than the building and equipment of a Students’ Hostel.”—Report of Reichel-Tate University Commission, 1925.

We are in the happy position of being able to report definite and promising action towards the establishment of a Varsity hostel. For some considerable time ways and means have been discussed by a special committee representing the College Council and Professorial Board, the Graduates’ and Past Students’ Association, and the Students’ Association. Now a definite proposal has emerged in the form of a suggestion that the College should acquire that piece or parcel of land commonly known as the Martin Kennedy site, which is situated immediately over the Salamanca cable car stop. The Government has made a grant of £5,000 towards the cost of its acquisition, and the Council is negotiating with the Hospital Board for a clear title.

Now all this is admirable, but it has far-reaching implications which must cause us furiously to think. The hostel is for the students, and we must be ready to take an active share in providing it. The building will not drop ready-made from heaven, nor even from the Government. At the most we shall get a subsidy on funds which we raise ourselves. There is not the slightest doubt that it can be done, when we recall what has been accomplished here in the past. The year 1904 saw less than two hundred students at the College, yet when an appeal was
issued for funds to erect the main building the Students’ Association voted £25 from its meagre funds and raised a further £200 in a few days from individual students. Four or five years later, when funds were needed to clear the debt on the gymnasium, students—no less impecunious than ourselves—responded with debentures, commonly for the sum of £5, which were redeemed within six months. Possibly some such scheme might commend itself to this generation of students.

We hope to be in a position in our next issue to record substantial progress. Meanwhile we wish to express unbounded gratitude to the Government for its grant, and we earnestly exhort every student to do his utmost towards providing funds if and when an appeal is made.

PROMOTION.
But I will sit beside the fire,
And put my hand before my eyes,
And trace, to fill my heart’s desire,
The last of all our Odysseys.
—Bello.

The Right Hon. J. G. Coates, M.P., has risen in the estimation of Victoria, and we dare look shortly for substantial justification of this opinion. On Thursday, 17th June, Mr. R. M. Campbell, M.A., LL.B., was appointed to be a private secretary to the Prime Minister. The nature of the post and the method of making the appointment are such that no inconsiderable distinction attaches to our fellow-student’s promotion. Three or four of the important College executives have lost their most energetic member, and every progressive cause in University life will miss an enthusiastic and untiring worker. We humbly tender our congratulations and stand in awe with admiration and envy.

WELCOME.

We hail Mr. N. A. Foden, M.A., LL.M., as Lecturer in Evidence; Mr. L. C. Hemery, LL.B., Lecturer in Procedure; and Mr. Miles, M.Sc., Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics. Mr. Hemery’s advent means the departure of our old friend, Mr. G. G. G. Watson, M.A., LL.B., who has escorted most of the new generation of lawyers through the mazes and pitfalls of Procedure. Good fortune to them all!

ENGAGEMENTS.
It is useless to put your heads together if you cannot put your hearts together.
—Ruskin.

Hinemoa Bennett to Leslie Alexander Tracy, LL.B.
Olive Marie Hiehling to Edgar Charles Wiren, B.A., LL.B.
Flora Morison Cameron to John B. Yaldwyn.
May Joyce to P. Martin-Smith, B.A., LL.B.

MARRIAGES.
Then a sleep there fell on Adam,
And a tiny rib was took,
Out of which there blossomed Madam,
Given to man to be his copy.
—Krishnamurti.
Margaret Harris to Horace McCormick, LL.B.
Marion Whitehorn, B.A., to D. O. Williams, M.A.
Lily H. V. Keeble, M.A., to Felix J. Grigg, M.Sc.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

A three-act farce entitled "Just as You Say, Dear," was staged in the Opera House on June 23rd to June 26th. It was an innovation in several directions—for example, not more than a score of students were concerned with its production, and the play was, to use the words of its author, Mr. G. H. R. Young, "musicless, danceless, songless." The first three nights amounted in essence to three dress rehearsals in public view, and the final performance was given before a large and genuinely appreciative audience. In another part of this magazine will be found a critic's impressions of the play. It is unnecessary to add (nevertheless we add it) that it is not to be taken as an expression of editorial opinion.

VALE.

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Kilvert Lewis Matthews. A motor accident in December last was responsible for his sudden and tragic passing. An appreciation of his life by one who knew him well appears on an earlier page of this "Spike."

GRADUATES' AND PAST STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. John Hannah has kindly written a brief note on the doings of the Graduates' Association:—

The Graduates' and Past Students' Association held a sparsely-attended general meeting at the College on Thursday, April 29th, and unless a little more active interest is shown in the Association it will be impossible to achieve anything noteworthy, or bring to conclusion any of the plans now before the Committee.

The only activities of the Association at present are social ones. An At Home for the graduates of the year was held in the Gymnasium on Thursday, May 13th, and proved a bright and successful affair.

It is proposed to hold one or two Bridge evenings and parties during the winter, and it is to be hoped that graduates and past students will take these opportunities of meeting together.

MISPRINTS.

Owing to the rush involved in getting out the last "Spike" (September, 1925) in time for the promised date, it was not possible to obtain a sight of the final proofs. A number of misprints, therefore, occur in the issue, and, with one exception, may be detected by the least observant of readers. The exception is the word "economics" in line 7 on page 2 of the Editorial. This should read "mnemonics."
The Voice of the Democracy

To criticise all is our portion,
The College at large is our share.
There was a skirmish to windward
But the Spike was a-probing there.
Yes, somehow and somewhere and always
We were there when the trouble arose,
From the last General Students' Meeting
To the earthquake when Beere blew his nose.

—Spike's First Editorial...

Dear "Spike,"—

Is there any objection to our establishing a hot water bottle depot outside the Library? The new lockers in the Women's Common Room are quite inadequate when it is a case of bed-sheets, mufflers, blankets and comforters. These, and these alone, enable us to endure the climatic conditions of the Library. We would suffer willingly the inconvenience of the cold if we were not that our neighbours are constantly disturbed by the irritating sound of our teeth chattering. We feel, too, that purple is a most distressing colour; and the countenances opposite us in various shades of mauve give us the blues.

May we even suggest, in addition to the above, that we are supplied with proper heating arrangements? We have never yet experienced the warmth of the heaters, as we are forbidden to sit actually on them. Nor are we permitted to put our feet in or under them, nor yet, again, turn our chairs towards them. Frankly, dear "Spike," we shiver in spite of ourselves, and we find it quite impossible to pursue our studies further under such deplorable conditions.—Yet we remain, O "Spike,"

STILL SHIVERING.

[We are informed on first-class authority that the miners' strike in Great Britain was responsible for the cessation of activity on the part of the heating system, through the medium of a local sympathy strike. We have noticed that the same anti-British influences have been at work on the lighting arrangements of the Library, which have failed unaccountably and at most inconvenient moments several times of late. The fault is probably to be laid at the door of the Debating Society, which was responsible for first introducing the miners' strike into the College.—Editor, "Spike."]

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—

Do the Professorial Board expect the long-suffering all-day students to spend all their time between the respective hospitalities of Mrs. Brook and the Rev. B. H. Ward? If they do think that we should have a little respite from our hard work, why not provide the present bare Common Room with a few easy chairs and a billiard table? The new Auckland University College has, so I am informed, three billiard tables and beautifully-furnished students' rooms. When are we going to be favoured with the attention of the powers that be?
Also, why are the repairs to the memorial window being undertaken at present? Surely this could have been done during the vacation, and the present dust nuisance avoided.

Yours faithfully,

HARD-WORKING ALL-DAY STUDENT.

[A billiard table has, of course, been maintained in a conspicuous position in the "best room" of the College for some time. But a threatening notice, "For the use of the staff only. Trespassers will, etc.," has seemingly deterred would-be players from making use of it. As to our correspondent's other query, "When are we going to be favoured with the attention of the powers that be?" a member of our staff has been sent to fill a temporary position in the Prime Minister's office, so as to investigate on our behalf any possible channels of influence.—Editor, "Spike."]

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Waste Paper Basket

We appreciate the humble spirit in any student: it is all too much of a rara avis. Nevertheless, where the merit of the contribution is still humbler, we cannot do otherwise than consign it to the waste-paper basket:

It is in the humble spirit of the collector of curiosities that I submit the following fragment, which had its being under rather peculiar circumstances. I awoke one morning with a sense of heaviness upon me, as if I had tasted of the forbidden fruit and had stepped over the bounds of mortality. I arose, and, enveloped in the resplendent glory of my new pyjamas, poked the following literary atrocity—which now I am at a loss to understand.

* * *

Who is the most extraordinary person who has been blessed with so peculiar a name? Is he by any chance connected with these noble piles? Is he dead—or is he merely dying? What does he do for a living—for obviously he must do something? Perhaps some reader of this most mysterious fragment could enlighten me.

Who is it, that in neatly fitting tweed,  
Of placid countenance and chivalrous deed,  
Prolongs the death-throes of an outworn creed  
By scattering wide the barren wisdom seed  
O'er drowsy heads?—X.E.

And so our poet goes on, but we confess that, like him, we are still PUZZLED.

* * *

We instance the following merely to show that we are not the only persons capable of committing atrocities:

OUR EDITOR'S ATROCITIES.

'Tis 11th June, and still we find the following words disfiguring a green baize notice board, placed by benevolent authorities in a prominent place in the College Hall:
WILL ALL PAST GRADUATES, UNDERGRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUETTES WHO HAVE MARRIED OR BECOME ENGAGED SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF THE LAST NUMBER OF THE “SPIKE,” OR WHO INTEND TO MARRY OR BECOME ENGAGED BEFORE JUNE 30th NEXT, PLEASE NOTIFY THE EDITOR IN ORDER THAT THE PERSONAL COLUMNS OF THE FORTHCOMING ISSUE MAY BE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

Ye Gods and little fishes! What an impudence! One would think that the Editor of “Spike” were our maternal parent, our sweetheart, or our private detective agency, that we should be asked to confess to him all the sweetest and bitterest secrets of our innermost hearts.

And even then he puts his words in the most tactless, clumsy and ambiguous way. He doesn’t even show as much tact as does the private detective, who is always considerate enough to broach the question with a, “Yes, sir! But—er, what—er—I mean, if you don’t mind telling me who—er—is the young lady. I hope you don’t mind—er—but it’s necessary to know.”

Clumsiness! Never before have I witnessed such clumsiness! He asks us who we’ve married before we’ve even become engaged. He asks us who we intend to marry before he asks us to whom we intend to become engaged.

He puts the cart before the horse! Excuse the smile—I mean the marriage before the engagement. Who ever heard of getting engaged to your wife after you’ve married her—except in worldly conflict. Or, worse still, who ever heard of trying to break up a happy family by asking a married man who he intended to become engaged to?

And that’s a great deal more publicity than you would get anywhere outside the “Spike,” my dear C. E. de M.!

W.J.H. entertained us for a moment with his ingenious effort, but we resolutely throw it in:

MEMORIES OF C. G. R. JAMES FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

In proposing the toast of the ladies at the graduates’ supper, Mr. James asked what our University would do without them, what our study—the Library—would be like but for furtive glances at some fair beauty across the hall, and so shall he reminisce:

When I consider what I value best
    Among the many gifts which youth conspired
    To bestow on fond hopes I long desired
Before I could discern their secret, lost
    Chill thought should bid them unfulfilled remain;
    A wonder steals upon me, for unknown
The greatest loveliness of all has shown
That even learning does not hate ordain.

My thought drifts back to library and hall,
    To lectures, books, and memories aglow
With furtive glances at my silvered bride
Who there at Salamanca in the fall
    Had captured me, and now, alas, I know
That loves life’s shibboleth of work divide.
The Last Choice
If in a thousand years my dust took form
And in the night, beneath a thunderous storm,
High on the wind there rode a Shade who said,
"Cast back your mind to when you were not dead.
I give you choice, for you have tasted both,
Will you have life once more, or are you loath
To break the silence where your sleep has lain
These many years?" should I say,
"Not again
Can winds awaken the remembered sting,
Or summer days their lightsome sandals bring.
Black was the beech glade in the forest way.
I should see vice acclaimed in open day,
Dives in heaven and Lazarus in hell
Until their lives were done, and both were well.
Life gives ill measure, and, though Death gives none,
Yet Death brings justice underneath the sun.
There is but one God, He whose name is Death,
At whose dread coming evil vanisheth.
Him shall I worship through the lightless days
With voiceless music and with muted praise.
And in his service let my sleep be long.
For in his kingdom there is done no wrong.

I do not know that I should say this truth,
For I might turn, as turned the heart of Ruth
Homeward from labour in the stranger's corn,
To think upon the land where I was born.
I might remember valley, hill and plain.
And, blinded, look upon them clear again.
And I might watch until earth's eventide,
As she whom, watching, by her lord's bedside
Until Death met him in that Flemish land,
They found, her face cupped in her snowy hand.
With wide eyes gazing on the Breton shore,
But seeing nought, and nought; nor ever more.

—R.F.F.

Theatre
Juliet awakes, and solemnly and sweet
Her voice makes music on a sacred night.
Or Faust looks on the stainless Marguerite,
Poised on a powerful alchemy's dim height.
Now swart Othello sees his passion fade,
Strikes, and is left with passion's empty husk.
Cyrano brings his love to Christian's aid
And lutes sob out their strain in deepening dusk.
Silent they sit, mouths moving, minds agape.
Black coats, white shoulders, furs, a jewelled glitter.
"I don't care for it." "What a jolly cape."
"Vanilla ones are nicer." "This is bitter."
On women's laps the chocolate boxes resting,
Their half-chewed dinners quietly digesting.

—C.Q.P.
"Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg celestially as if she had laid an asteroid."—Mark Twain.

If the collective enthusiasm of the students in the activities of the Society has perhaps somewhat lagged behind the record of last year, it is at least gratifying to note that the general public this year have shown more than passing interest in our affairs. Not only their desire to be applied to the debates with the Imperial Debating Team, but also to the regular debates held in the common room. Their support is also further to be appreciated by reason of the fact that their interest has not been aroused by published reports of debates, but rather, we hope, by the desire to lend their support to the activities of a Society which makes humble efforts to ventilate intelligent discussion on subjects of social and political importance.

The annual general meeting was held on 15th March, in the Gymnasium. Perhaps we missed the enthusiastic Conservative opposition which made last year's general meeting such a success. Far be it from us to bemoan the flagging interest of the student in our activities, but this year the organised effort to change the present order of things was missing. Perhaps its absence was not regretted; at least, our Chairman had no regrets. However, Mr. Campbell, in his inimitable way, was not slow to fire the spirit of enthusiasm by moving "That Clause 2 of the Society's Rules shall be amended by deleting the following words, 'Theological subjects being excluded, this, however, not to preclude the Committee from selecting subjects which have theological implications.'" Mr. W. P. Rollings seconded this motion, and although the motion was severely criticized by a clerical aspirant, whose oratory eloquence quite bewitched his audience, the meeting, in a lucid moment, carried the motion in its entirety. Again we were treated to Mr. Rollings' eloquence when he moved a motion—a masterpiece of legal phrasing.—"That the customary method of awarding marks for the Union Prize be changed, so that no speaker who is ineligible shall be credited with any marks; for this purpose the Judge shall base judgment solely on the speeches. Thus, after the debate, hand to the Secretary a list showing eight speakers in order of merit, or as many more than five as there have been ineligible speakers in the debate, such list to be irrespective of eligibility, but only the first five eligible speakers shall participate in points for the prize." Mr. C. H. Arndt seconded the motion. Despite the combined efforts of Mr. J. W. Davidson and Mr. J. T. V. Steele to amend the motion so that the present system of marking be kept in conjunction with the new, the original motion was carried, without amendment. Again Mr. W. P. Rollings claimed the attention of the meeting when he moved, "That this annual meeting ratifies the action of the Committee in undertaking responsibility for the debates with the Imperial Debating Team, and in guaranteeing the sum of £60 towards expenses." Mr. P. Martin-Smith seconded this motion. The legal difficulties arising from this motion were quickly taken up by the legal luminaries present at the meeting. After conflicting opinions had been expressed, in the first place that the guarantee was quite unenforceable, and secondly that all present at the meeting would be bound jointly and severally to produce £60 if required, the meeting, in a quite a confused state of mind, endorsed the motion. Then Mr. C. G. R. James, desirous that the meeting should not break up too early in the evening, moved, seconded by Mr. J. T. V. Steele, "That an account of each regular debate held by the Society be prepared by some member appointed by the Committee and that a copy of such account, in which shall be in-
cluded some criticism of each speaker to the motion debated—be posted (1)
in the Main Hall. (2) the Women's Common Room, (3) the Men's Cloak-
room, as soon as possible after each debate." Mr. C. E. de Montalk sought
to amend the motion to the effect "That a different member undertake
to write the account of each debate." Mr. Gladstone seconded this amendment.
After the practical impossibility of such a scheme, together with the ludicrous results that would arise from it, had been emphasised by other
speakers, the motion and its amendment were substantially defeated.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—
Patron: His Excellency the Governor-General. President: Professor Peren.
Chairman: R. M. Campbell, Vice-Chairman: W. P. Rollings. Hon.
M. Cooley and Miss J. L. Moncrieff, Messrs J. W. G. Davidson and J.
T. V. Steele, Hon. Auditor: Mr. S. C. Watkins.

This concluded the projected reforms, and also the general business of
the meeting.

The first debate of the 1926 Session was held on 26th March. The subject
chosen for debate was the one to be debated at the Easter Tournament, and
as many as time would permit poured forth their ideas on that very dis-
tressing subject. "That racial equality within the British Empire is a de-
irable end," Mr. W. P. Rollings, seconded by Mr. J. T. V. Steele, moved.
while Mr. G. H. Nicholls, seconded by Mr. H. R. Bannister, opposed the
motion. Messrs. Rollings and Steele, in support of the motion, gave very
harassing accounts of the tyrannical British rule in India and Africa, and its ill-effect upon the British Empire as a whole. They contended that
education was being withheld from these native races lest it become a dan-
gerous weapon against British rule. Messrs. Nicholls and Bannister opposed
the motion, on the ground that most native coloured races were not suffi-
ciently educated to be admitted to racial equality. Their contention was
not altogether convincing, so far as the audience was concerned, the motion
being carried by a large majority. The judge, Mr. G. G. G. Watson, M.A.,
L.L.B., after a lengthy and helpful criticism, placed the five speakers in the
following order: Messrs. A. E. Hurley, J. W. Davidson, J. T. V. Steele,

On 10th April the Gymnasium was packed to its doors when the practice
of law was very seriously criticised. Mr. R. M. Campbell, supported by
Mr. W. A. Sheat, moved, and Mr. R. E. Pope, supported by Mr. W. E.
Leicester, opposed, the motion "That the practice of law has a demoralising
effect on the practitioner." The movers were in frivolous mood, and held
up to ridicule the apparent incongruities of the legal profession. They
contended that it was inconsistent with the principles of morality that a
barrister should defend a prisoner whom he knows to be guilty. The oppos-
ers of the motion took up the cudgel on behalf of the legal practitioner,
and justified those high ideals which have always characterised the legal
profession. The audience as a whole appeared to have suffered at the hands
of the legal fraternity, and passed the motion by a large majority: but the
members of the Society, many of whom felt disinclined to desert their profes-
sion, rejected the motion. This was the first debate of the year at
which visitors were invited to take part, and at its conclusion Professor
Hunter, acting as judge, placed the best speakers in the following order:—
Mr. R. M. Campbell, Miss Cooley, Messrs. W. P. Rollings, A. E. Hurley, C.
G. R. James, R. E. Pope, C. H. Arndt.

On 24th April before an audience of some sixty persons the question
as to whether "the censorship of political literature as at present exercised
by the New Zealand Government is justifiable," was discussed. Miss Mon-
crieff, seconded by Mr. C. G. R. James, supporting the present policy of the
New Zealand Government, and Mr. R. F. Fortune, seconded by Miss Cooley,
opposing it. The movers, in their quiet and pleasing way, maintained that
literature which advocated violence and a change of the existing form of
Government by unconstitutional means was a menace to society, but Mr.
Fortune and his colleague deplored any restraint on what they should or
should not read, and instanced the loopholes and general inefficiency of the
present Government policy in New Zealand. The meeting as a whole (most
of whom were visitors) endorsed the motion, but the more sober-minded
members of the Society rejected the motion. Mr H. F. Johnston placed the
best speakers in the following order:—Mr. Rollings, Miss Cooley, Messrs. C. G. R. James, R. F. Fortune, A. E. Hurley, Miss Moncrieff.

Somewhat of a departure from the usual class of subject debated was made when, on 8th May, the highly speculative question of “Cremation” was discussed. Mr. L. W. Fraser, supported by Mr. W. J. Heyting, moved, while Mr. H. R. Rannister, associated with Mr. C. G. R. James, opposed the motion, “That this house desires to be cremated.” The movers of the motion contended that cremation was the perfection of refinement for the disposal of human remains as compared with the hateful practice of cannibalism of early days. Further, burials involve high expense and vast burial grounds; therefore, why not save space and expense and be cremated? The opposers of the motion treated the question in a somewhat lighter strain, and Mr. James, in particular, was rather more entertaining than instructive. Mr. R. Kennedy, M.A., LL.M., placed the best speakers in the following order:—Messrs. James, Platts-Mills, Heyting, Miss Forde, Messrs. Rollings, Davidson, and Arndt.

A second visitors’ debate was held this year, on 22nd May, 1925, when the all-absorbing question of the British general strike was discussed. Mr. J. O. J. Malfroy, seconded by Mr. Forsyth, M.P., moved, and Mr. Davidson, seconded by Mr. W. Nash, opposed the motion, “That the general strike in Great Britain is to be condemned.” The Gymnasium was packed, a number of people standing at the back of the hall, when the movers opened the debate by outlining the sheer uselessness and self-distractive effect of a general strike. The opposers of the motion then drew most harrowing pictures of the plight of the striker, with his wife and numerous progeny living within the confines of a single room, while His Lordship the mine-owner, on the other side of the fence, collected royalties, in one instance to the extent of £115,000. The opposers, apparently, aroused the sympathy of that portion of the audience drawn from the general public, and as the motion was rejected by a large majority, while the members of the Society endorsed the motion with an equally heavy majority. Mr. H. E. Evans, who acted as judge, placed the best speakers in the following order:—Messrs. Malfroy, Davidson, Hurley, Heyting, James, and Arndt.

It is indeed encouraging that the Society has been able to continue its activities during the vacation with such large audiences and so lavish a supply of speakers. It indicates progress, and perhaps also our ambition may next year be realised in securing the return of the Joint Challenge Scroll.

FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB.

_We’re poor little lambs who’ve lost our way._
_We’re little black sheep who’ve gone astray._

—Kipling.

We do not know where truth exactly is, but we are busy sinking wells. Professor Hunter led the first engineering feat of this discussion on 13th April, when he gave an address on the “Future of Morality.” There was a need to keep alive the spirit of free inquiry into such problems, especially in universities; for the great mass of people had never thought out any system of morality for themselves. The morality of a community was not what determined the life of that community—such a statement would be absurd, e.g., in the case of Wellington. An investigation, if possible, into the large number of codes of morals prevalent here would be a very fruitful one. The standards of what was done and what ought to be done differed tremendously—to illustrate which, Professor Hunter read the two codes of Rotarian ethics, so exhilaratingly compiled by Mr. Valder, of Hamilton. With a comparatively few people morality was now getting rid of the dead hand of custom; a double standard and other time-honoured acerations, but it was not therefore to be inferred that moral rules were merely customs. Certain fundamental facts, such as justice and truth, had been very firmly and properly established by the experience of the past and were not be lightly overthrown. The immediate future of morals, in Professor Hunter’s opinion, taking the libertarian tendencies of the world to-day into consideration, lay in a return to Puritanism; but the vital need of the present time was the free development of personality, and ultimately the future would belong to the nation who gave free play to and fostered that development.
The discussion was not pursued with any great fervour, except by Professor Hunter, as everybody agreed with the main points he made. Mr. Campbell wished to discuss the ethics of Dr. J. B. S. Haldane's recent spiritual adventure at Cambridge, but the Professor disclaimed all knowledge of same. Mr. Fortune instanced a case of political persecution at V.U.C. in the wars years, and Mr. Wilson, a Wellington divorce cause célèbre, but it did not seem possible to prove anything of moment from these contributions to the subject. After a fine peroration on the cognate subject of loyalty and the Minister of Education from the leader of the discussion, the meeting broke up, warmed to the heart.

The second meeting of the year was held on Thursday, 29th April, when the discussion was opened by Mr. R. F. Fortune, M.A., who, on the eve of his departure for Europe, fired his parting shot at the Christian religion in all its shapes and forms.

Mr. Fortune was originally billed to consider the "Impossibility of Christianity"; the fact remains, however, that either because he was intimidated by his large audience, or because he feared to leave a bad impression behind him, Mr. Fortune was less his vigorous self than usual, and, apart from a certain wildness in his opening remarks, his statements seemed somewhat reasonable and capable of proof—of a sort.

To Mr. Fortune, Christianity as a religion, was logically impossible—so logically unsound was it that he did not consider it worth his while to show any or all of its anomalies. Therefore, he proposed to consider Christianity in relation to our present civilisation and to modern times in particular. Christianity was held up to ridicule as being a religion for women, and old men, as a religion which tended to disunite the family, and which tended to bar every movement towards the progress of the human race. Christianity was also instanced as conducive towards a "slave morality," as being the religion of the downcast and oppressed, and as having no contribution to make to modern life. God and immortality, the Bible and Jesus, were also disposed of to the speaker's satisfaction—if not to the satisfaction of his wondering audience. Mr. Fortune closed his address by pointing out that he was an Agnostic, and recommending Agnosticism to the consideration of his hearers.

Orthodoxy was quickly in the field to take up this bold challenge of such an important freethinker. Mr. McWilliams, after remarking that he needed at least thirty minutes to reply to Mr. Fortune, contented himself with making a very obvious pun—which some held to be in distinctly bad taste—upon his opponent's name, a few intellectual remarks about his mentality, and ended with several vague and apparently wandering statements about his own religious convictions and beliefs, which failed entirely to hold water.

Either before or after Mr. McWilliams had spoken, Mr. Heyting gave the meeting his views in a rambling statement, which included London, Oxford, America, various Popes and Cardinals in Rome, and which concluded with the astounding remarks, that though Christianity ought to be taught to children—to keep them quiet, apparently—yet it is not good enough for adults and other grown-up persons like the speaker himself. Mr. Heyting was warmly applauded for his lucid and distinctly enlightening summary of his views on Christianity.

As the hour was now far advanced, the Chairman declared the meeting closed; he addressed a few farewell words to Mr. Fortune, giving him an equivocal compliment by saying that though his mind might be broadened he was sure his opinions would never change.

A week later this discussion was continued, and Professor Hunter, as Chairman, summed up the case of Mr. Fortune. Mr. McWilliams came along prepared to defend his faith, and to lead any wanderers back into the fold. He expressed deep regret that Mr. Fortune was not present, as he had hopes of enlightening him.

In reply to Mr. Fortune's attack, he said that the R.C. Church was still true to its faith, and what was more, she practised it. He instanced the figures in connection with divorce, which, as is well known, are much lower. He also mentioned objections. Most people, like Mr. Fortune, who attacked the Virgin Birth, the Bodily Resurrection and other such doctrines, were ignorant of what was really taught. He was prepared to challenge any one to dispute these on his premises. The argument advanced was quite vigorous. Mr. Miles said that Mr. Fortune's sweeping statements showed the extreme dogmatism of youth and had neglected all the facts
of history. He said that Dr. Glover's Clash of Religion in the Roman Empire was a much more impartial authority than J. M. Robertson's History of Christianity.

Mr. James, in his apologia pro vita sua, stated that he was a R.C. by baptism, and was thus entitled to the blessing of the Pope, which, however, he did not want. He did not know where His Eminence lived, but he was sure that his manner of life was different from that of the Head of the Church. Mr. Wilson said that St. Paul was the real figure in Christianity not Christ, but he was promptly told to read the life of St. Paul again. St. Paul confessed that Christ was his inspiration, and whose "slave" he gladly was. Mr. Rollings said that the R.C. Church had burnt all those who had attempted to reform it, Wycliffe for translating the Bible into English, etc. Mr. McWilliams replied that he had not heard of such a gentleman, and would not believe Mr. Rollings's facts. Green's History of England being sufficient evidence. True religion was a matter of the spirit, said Mr. Steele, and was not confined within the walls of any particular Church or tradition. It was founded on the nature of man, and however little he may admire some of its forms or however doubtful we may be of their validity we could not fail to recognise the practical effectiveness and intense human interest. Religion is man's only answer to materialism and pessimism. He quoted Baron von Hugo to show that the true significance of personality and the necessary faith in man and his possibilities were impossible outside of religion.

Mr. Fraser replied to the attack on Christian Missions, saying that while he recognised that there was truth in all religion, and that they all aimed at much the same goal, still, the Christian had the highest conception, any honest study of comparative religion would show this.

Mr. Beaglehem said that he could not see anything in Mr. McWilliams's case that justified his belief. His creed might have been all right in the second or third century, but it "just would not hold water to-day and that was an end to it." He liked Mr. Steele's ideas, but thought that his religion was just "a warmth about the heart."

Mr. McWilliams thought we ought to continue the subject at a later date, and with this wish the meeting closed.
After a highly successful season last year, the College Football Club commenced the season full of high hopes. So far, though prospects are brightening, these hopes have not been fulfilled. The first fifteen is an aggregation of brilliant individuals who, except on one or two occasions, have displayed a lamentable lack of combination, without which no club team can hope to win matches. But it is not the loss of matches that hurts—even though they should have been won; it is the playing of feeble football that galls. As individuals there can be no complaint against any member of the Senior A team, but as a team everyone is to be blamed for lack of co-ordination, the indispensable quality to good team play. As has been already remarked, things are looking up, and if the improvement shown after the end of the vacation continues the College Senior A team should be in one of the three leading positions at the end of the season. The vacation may, no doubt, be to blame, in a measure, for the feeble results so far achieved, but the success of the Senior B team in spite of the loan of players to Senior A shows that we cannot blame the vacation entirely. The success of this Senior B team has surprised even the most optimistic of its supporters. With but a little luck in the earlier games the College would have been now in the lead. The Junior Grade teams have done well, and there are players fresh from school who may rest assured that they are merely serving a necessary apprenticeship to a place in a Senior team next year.

The Third Grade teams have been most unsatisfactory. Well over 100 players put their names down at the beginning of the season, and the Committee accordingly entered six teams in the competitions. It has been found impossible to get a full team out for the Third fixtures. Now this is due entirely to the faint-heartedness and the lack of interest displayed by a number of Third Grade players. If students do not intend to play all through the season, they should not mislead the committee by signing the notice calling for the names of players. The Third B team has now been withdrawn, and the club is confidently looking forward to a far more successful end of the season than beginning. The results of matches played during the season will be recorded in the September number of "The Spike."
CRICKET CLUB.

Wake, my beloved! Take the bat that clears.
The sluggish liver, and dyspeptic cheers;
To-morrow? Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with Hambledon and all its peers.

—Omar Khayyam (impr.)

The 1925-26 season will long be remembered by all the many enthusiastic players and supporters of our Cricket Club. Besides being promoted to Senior ranks, we were able to support four teams in the local competition, and finished up by filling sixth place in the Club Championship. As the club had not had a Senior team since the war, and has never previously even attempted to support more than three teams, it seems that our many lean and struggling years have at last come to an end.

At the close of the season one of our keenest supporters, Mr. J. A. Trip, presented trophies to the following:

2. The best batsman among the Junior teams: J. P. Duff.

It is with great regret and sorrow that we now hear of Mr. Trip's death, and we hope sincerely that we may carry on as he always wished—as sportsmen playing for the love of the game.

Three of the above trophy winners, namely, E. T. Leys, R. H. C. Mackenzie, and A. M. Hollings, had the distinction of playing in Wellington representative teams during the season, though none were fortunate enough to be chosen for Wellington's Plunket Shield Eleven.

We managed to send a fairly representative eleven away at Christmas to play A.U.C. for the Speight's Shield, but unfortunately the match had to be left drawn. A.U.C. led on the first innings, but thanks to a magnificent innings of 94 not out by Mackenzie, we were in a winning position when stumps were drawn.

FIRST ELEVEN.

The Seniors had rather a hard season, as was to be expected. We were greatly handicapped by not having an old hand to lead us, but Mackenzie proved himself a fine skipper, and rarely failed to get us out of a corner. Our two wins were recorded against Thorndon and Kilbirnie, the two teams below us in the Championship. In spite of our inexperience, we managed to thoroughly frighten both Institute and Wellington, and were rather unfortunate in not defeating the latter. Results of Club matches are as follows:

v. Thorndon.—V.U.C. 174 (Kent 45, Hollings 40, Greig 25), and 9 wickets for 174 declared (Leys 60, Hollings 30, Berry 25 not out); Thorndon 100 (Greig 4 for 44, Hollings 5 for 40) and 104 (Mackay 5 for 26, A. M. Wilson 3 for 3). Won by 141 runs.

v. Y.M.C.A.—V.U.C. 168 (Mackenzie 64 not out) and 0 wickets for 35. Y.M.C.A. 320 (Mackay, Greig, Wilson, and Hollings 2 wickets each). Lost by 152 runs on 1st innings.

v. Wellington.—V.U.C. 327 (Mackenzie 107, Leys 71, Hollings 36, Greig 30); Wellington 354 (Hollings 7 wickets for 121, Mackay 3 for 57). For Wellington Haldenby played in fine style for 162. Lost by 17 runs on 1st innings.

v. Institute.—V.U.C. 135 (P. Wilson 38 not out, Mackenzie 24) and 4 wickets for 138 (Hollings 51, Leys 39); Institute 151 (A. M. Wilson 4 for 44, Mackay 3 for 17, Hollings 3 for 39) and 6 wickets for 224 declared (Mackay and Wilson 3 wickets each). Lost by 16 runs on the 1st innings.

v. Midland.—V.U.C. 172 (Hollings 55, Leys 49) and 196 (Hollings 55, Greig 52, Mackenzie 30); Midland 348 (Hollings 6 for 129, P. Wilson and Leys 2 wickets each) and 3 wickets for 22 (Greig 2 for 13). For Midland J. Hutchings made 123. Lost by 7 wickets.

v. Petone.—V.U.C. 202 (Hollings 67, Leys 62) and 4 for 80 (Arnott 42 not out); Petone 6 for 348 declared (Clouston and Hollings 3 wickets each). For Petone both Finlayson and M. Nicholls passed the century and were unbeaten. Lost by 146 runs on 1st innings.
v. Old Boys.—V.U.C. 101 (Greig 31, Leys 26) and 82 (McGavin 31); Old Boys 210 (Mackay 4 for 40) and 182. For Old Boys Ronaldson made 102 not out. Lost by 209 runs.

v. Kilbirnie.—V.U.C. 9 wickets for 270 declared (Leys 118, Arndt 38, Hollings 32); Kilbirnie 229 (Greig 3 for 29, Mackay 3 for 69). Won by 41 runs on 1st innings.

AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

BATTING.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Out</th>
<th>Runs</th>
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<tr>
<td>R. H. C. Mackenzie</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>320</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. M. Hollings</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. H. Arndt</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>42*</td>
<td>26</td>
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<tr>
<td>T. Nelson</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. C. Greig</td>
<td>11</td>
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* Not out.

BOWLING.

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<td>25</td>
<td>771</td>
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FIELDING.—Mackenzie stumped 6 and caught 4; Hollings caught 9, Mackay and Nelson 5 each.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Our Seconds had an exceptionally fine season, and their performance in winning the Junior B Championship without a loss, and after defeating every other team in the grade, was most meritorious. Incidentally, it might be added that no small part of the eleven's success was due to the very capable leadership of C. H. Hain. Many of the games were won easily, but some, notably those against Johnsonville and Porirua, had exciting and close finishes. The matches played resulted:

v. Wellington College.—V.U.C. 292 (McGavin 68, Arndt 44, Clouston 71); College 97 and 7 wickets for 210 (Clouston 2 for 21, Lovell 2 for 12 and 3 for 37, Duff 3 for 19). Won by 195 runs on 1st innings.

v. Wellington.—V.U.C. 310 (P. Wilson 147, Hall 59) and 192 for 3 wickets (D. W. McKenzie 48, Duff 43); Wellington 266 (Clouston 5 for 67, Vietmeyer 3 for 58). Won by 44 runs on 1st innings.

v. Johnsonville.—V.U.C. 178 (McGavin 52, Dighton 27) and 9 for 252 declared (Hain 63, Clouston 47); Johnsonville 245 (Clouston 3 for 96, Hain 3 for 2) and 96 (Hain 5 for 12, Duff 2 for 5). Won on time. No fewer than 23 sixers were hit in the match. Won by 89 runs.

v. Kilbirnie.—V.U.C. 108 and 0 wickets for 36 (Arndt 40, Hain 26); Kilbirnie 78 and 50 (Klaugus 5 for 27 and 4 for 21, Duff 2 for 13 and 5 for 28). Won by 10 wickets.

v. Midland.—V.U.C. 236 (Hall 64, Mason 75 not out) and 1 wicket for 28, Midland 167 and 89 (Hain 4 for 48 and 4 for 45, Clouston 3 for 28, Hall 3 for 18). Won by 9 wickets.

v. Institute.—V.U.C. 268 (Cormack 34, Moore 35, Love 31, Hain 30); Institute 153 and 48 (Hain 5 for 69, Duff 3 for 23 and 4 for 25, Cormack 4 for 15). Won by an innings and 2 runs.

v. Karori.—V.U.C. 140 (Mason 39) and 2 wickets for 72 (Mason 31); Karori 152 and 48 (Hain 5 for 69, Duff 4 for 27). Won by 8 wickets.

v. Porirua.—V.U.C. 150 (Evans 62, Moore 42 not out) and 7 wickets for 58; Porirua 121 and 7 wickets for 163 declared (Duff 4 for 36, Vietmeyer 4 for 13). V.U.C. saved from defeat by Mullins and Love, who in the second innings stayed together for an hour, at one stage playing no fewer than six consecutive maiden overs. Won by 59 runs on 1st innings.

v. Y.M.C.A.—V.U.C. 254 (Mullins 46, Love 33, Duff 30, Cormack 30); Y.M.C.A. 131 (Duff 4 for 34, Hain and Mason 3 for 19 each). Won by 123 runs on 1st innings. Y.M.C.A. met their Waterloo, both teams running level for the Championship prior to this match.
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AVERAGES.

BATTING.

P. Wilson ... 3 1 182 91
McGavin ... 3 148 49.3
Mason ... 6 2 163 40.7
Hall ... 5 155 31
Clouston ... 9 2 201 29.1

BOWLING.

Kalaughter ... 21.5 64 9 7.1
Duff ... 101.6 375 37 10.13
Rahn ... 84.3 369 34 10.85

JUNIOR C TEAM.

This team did excellently to finish half-way in the Grade Championship, considering the many changes which occurred during the season. Ably led by J. D. MacFarlane, our C's had many close games and were unlucky not to win more often than they did.
Synopsis.—Played 9, won 4, lost 5.

AVERAGES.

BATTING.

C. G. Frazer ... 10 3 218 31.1
Buiden ... 6 102 17
J. D. McFarlane ... 16 236 14.7
Whiteman ... 14 3 158 14.3

BOWLING.

F. J. E. Baillie ... 59 293 20 14.6
Bird ... 94 358 23 15.5
Whiteman ... 102 436 29 15.7

FEILDING.—Frazer stumped 3 and caught 4; Pope caught 8, McIvor 4.

JUNIOR D TEAM.

Our Fourth Team, although they did not win very often, gained plenty of enjoyment from the game. It was noticeable that a certain few of this team were the keenest members of the whole Club, and it is to be regretted that those in the higher teams did not follow their example with regard to consistent net and fielding practice. T. F. Mitchell had many anxious moments during the season on account of unexpected last-minute changes, but “discouraged” was a word as unknown to him as to the rest of his team.
Synopsis.—Played 9, Won 2, Lost 7.

AVERAGES.

BATTING.

T. Taylor ... 7 160 22.8
G. A. Poole ... 9 1 39 12.4

BOWLING.

W. B. Gamble ... 17 56 7 8
T. Taylor ... 53.7 265 20 13.2
T. R. Frazer ... 53.3 342 23 14.8
The 1920 season gave promise of being the most successful in the history of the Club, but owing to an unfortunate defection of members after games commenced, it was found advisable to withdraw one team from the competition. However, in spite of this the remaining teams have given a good account of themselves in every match, and are fully upholding the Club's reputation in weight and fast hockey.

The senior team has seen some changes since last year. Messrs. Hollings, Fraser and Cousins have given the game up, although the latter has turned out twice as emergency during the season. The new members of the team are E. McLeod, an Auckland and New Zealand Rep., J. MacDonald, and I. H. Macarthur. The team is perhaps the best the College has had for some years, and has settled down into a very fine combination. If the team, which has a large proportion of young players, can be held together until next season the Senior Championship should be well within its grasp.

The Juniors are handicapped by the lack of scoring forwards, a strange inability to shoot straight and hard, this having shown itself right from the start. With a little more ginger in the circle this team would be a tough proposition and would go near to winning its grade.

The event of the season was the Inter-University Tournament, held in Wellington. This was the first time that the four Universities have been brought together, and was a fitting celebration of the Jubilee year of the Club. The tournament was a huge success in every way and all the games were clean, hard fought, and close enough to keep interest right to the finish. Otago were successful in retaining the Seddon Stick, after a most exciting game in the final with V.U.C. The game has been described as the fastest and most exciting ever seen at Karori, and those who took part will heartily endorse this. The importance of these games cannot be stressed enough as bringing the different Varsity men together and giving them an opportunity to become known to each other. The Tournament is to be continued at two-yearly intervals.

Results of the games are as follows:

Senior v. Wakatu.—Won 2–0. This was a ragged game in which the team was finding its feet and we were lucky to meet a weak Wakatu team. Scorers were Priestley and Simpson.

V. Wesley.—Lost 2–3. The game was fast and interesting, and the forwards displayed much better form after a rearrangement of the line. The game was very close and exciting in the final stages when we were unlucky not to increase our tally. Scorers: Priestley and MacDonald.

V. Hutt.—Drawn 2–2. The team gave a taste of its real quality in this match, and seemed to have found its strength. The forwards carried out some very pretty movements, and the backs put up a wonderful defence. Scorers were Macdonald, who displayed great form, and Simpson.

V. Karori.—Won 2–1. Karori were reputed to be the strongest team in the competition, and visions of our championship were born as a result of our win. The game was hard and gruelling, the scores being a fair indication of the merits of the teams. Scorers were Simpson and Cousins.
V. Wellington.—Lost 5—2. The Capping Ball accounted for this defeat, four members displaying considerable weariness early in the game. Scorers were Lewis and Cousins.

V. Hutt.—Lost 5—7. In the first half our backs were all at sea, and were 1—5 down at half-time. It was too big a hurdle for the team in the second spell, although at one stage we looked likely winners. The game was fast throughout and we were certainly unlucky not to score on several occasions. Scorers were Lewis (4) and Priestley.

V. Karori.—Lost 2—4. A hard and fast game, in which the forward line was upset by the withdrawal of Lewis from the team. Karori were lucky to win as two of their goals appeared to be wrongly awarded to them. Scorers were Simpson and McLeod.

The Tournament v. Auckland.—Won 2—0. The game was fast but not particularly skilful. Paul and Priestley goalied, and Auckland were unable to score, although they went very close on several occasions.

Canterbury v. Otago.—This game started at a tremendous pace and good stickwork was shown by both sides. Otago won 3—1 after a great game.

Otago v. V.H.C.—This was the final, and was a game worthy of the occasion. A tremendous pace was maintained throughout, and the game as a whole was an excellent exhibition of the stick-game. The scores were 2 all at half-time, and the second spell was a long series of attacks by Victoria to reduce Otago’s lead obtained within a few minutes of half-time. The forward line swept down the field time after time only to be stopped by great defence in the circle. We were unable to score, and Otago retained the Seddon stick until next meeting.

Auckland beat Canterbury 3—1. After a fast game for the wooden spoon Auckland displayed better form than in their match with us and deserved to win on the day.

These notes would not serve any useful purpose in singling out individual players for special mention, but the opportunity is appropriate to refer to the play of McLeod, who has displayed consistent form throughout the season and has controlled the forward movements from centre-half in a remarkable fashion.

During the season lectures on the game have been delivered by Mr. R. A. Foden and Mr. W. R. Jacobsen, and the thanks of the Club are due to these keen supporters of the game for their valuable advice.

WOMEN’S HOCKEY CLUB.

The season this year opened quite successfully for us. There was an enthusiastic gathering of members at the general meeting, held early in March, most of those present being members of last year’s team, but we welcomed also several new members.

It was decided to enter a team in the Senior Competitions again. The standard of play is much better than last year’s, probably owing to the fact that we have obtained the use of Kelburn Park as a practice ground, every Tuesday from 4 o’clock to 5. Though this hour is not suitable for every player, it is to be hoped that all those who can will continue turning out in full force.

This year, four of our team were awarded blazers, which is a great improvement on former years. To all appearances, the number of people winning blazers for hockey is going to increase every year.

Having a good credit balance at the beginning of the season, the club spent quite a lot of money on material which, while being made use of by the players, will always be the property of the club.

We were sorry to lose the services of D. Butterfield, a valuable member of the team, who is not able to play for us any more.
ATHLETIC CLUB.

"It is a matter for regret," remarked Noeke, meditatively, as he raised his pickaxe for another mighty stroke. "It is a matter for regret that violent physical exercise is (like early specialisation) imical to the development of the highest mental power."—Excerpt from Beete's "Philosophical Conversations."

Once more the Club is able to chronicle a very successful season. The Club is still practically as weak as ever numerically, but at least it has the quality.

The Inter-Faculty Sports were held this year at Kelburn Park, and the gathering proved very successful. C. B. Allan is to be congratulated on establishing new figures for the half-mile flat. He is, however, capable of much better time still, and we hope to see him bring the figures down to two minutes before long. T. P. Rollings is also to be congratulated on winning the mile walk in record time; and also F. W. C. Jones on establishing a record in the shot-putting. Both of these men should improve very considerably in the next year or two. The Oram Cup for most points won by G. J. Scoats, whose performances during the afternoon were most meritorious, despite the fact that he seemed to be dogged by ill-luck. In the high jump he failed at 5ft. 6in., but immediately afterwards jumped 5ft. 8in., which is considerably better than the existing record.

Unfortunately, the Club was forced to hold the Sports at a time when four of our best men were away, viz: Leadbetter, Kalaugher and McIntosh at Dunedin competing in the N.Z. Championships, and D. L. Jackson at Dannevirke, otherwise we feel sure that more new records would have been established.

At last we have been successful in bringing the N.Z. Athletic Shield back to V.U.C. For the past 4 years, we have been running very close seconds to Otago, but this year we made no mistake, winning the Shield with 20 points to Otago's 14. We were, however, beaten by Otago for the Relay Cup, which has been held by us for four years. Our congratulations to Otago. D. L. Jackson covered himself with glory by winning the mile walk in the record time of 6 minutes 46 2-5 seconds. Rollings was particularly unfortunate in being disqualified for breaking after coming in second. In the mile and three miles flat races, Priestley struck a very hard proposition in Taylor of C.U.C., who beat him by a very narrow margin in both races. C. B. Allan and E. B. Smith collected all the points in both the 880 and 440 flat. It was particularly gratifying to see Smith win the 440 and gain 2nd place in the 880. He thoroughly deserved his success. Scoats established a new record in the high jump by winning at 5ft. 7½in., beating the record held by Kalaugher by ¾in. On the day, Kalaugher was slightly off colour. He had had a very hard season, and a rest will do him a world of good.

In the Wellington Provincial Championships, the Club again filled third place. But our total points again showed an improvement. We are knocking at the door, and before long should win the coveted Shield. Leadbetter was decidedly off colour in the sprints. He tied for first place in the 100 yards, and could only get in 3rd in the 220. However, he brilliantly retrieved his position later on at the N.Z. Championships, where he won both events, and he again scored a double victory at the N.Z. U. Tournament. Scoats jumped well to win the high jump. McIntosh again showed his quality by winning the 3 miles walk, and gaining 2nd place in the mile walk, being close behind Lankey, who had reserved himself for this race. Kalaugher had a day out, winning the 120 hurdles and hop, step and jump, and gaining 2nd place in the high jump and long jump. Priestley ran very well in the mile and 880 yards, gaining 2nd place in each event, and he ran brilliantly in the half mile of the relay race, showing the way home to the whole field. Priestley deserves, also, a special word of congratulation for his brilliant runs against Rose in the now famous Rose v. Hain races at Athletic Park.

The Club is fortunate in possessing some new blood of first rate quality, and these men will do well in the future, provided they look after themselves and do not expect to do too much in their first year or two. At the same time, some of the older runners are dropping out, and there are still large gaps in the team, and ample opportunities exist for new men to distinguish themselves. We are still hopelessly outclassed in the local
handicap events simply owing to the lack of good "handicap runners." Our men are nearly all "back markers," and the Committee would particularly welcome men to run off good handicaps, thus assisting the Club in such competitions as the Dewar Shield competition, and also incidentally improving and developing themselves. One other thing the Committee would like to stress is the necessity for such men indulging in plenty of racing practice during the season. Ample opportunity for this is afforded by the evening meetings and Saturday meetings, and the runners will be abundantly repaid by the experience gained.

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TEennis Club.

"Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort. To taste awhile the pleasures of a court."

—Pope.

The familiar cry, "Love game," no longer rings out at 5 p.m. on our College courts. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of a few ardent tennis players, whose spirits are not dimmed by a Wellington southerly, the majority of racquet players prefer, during the winter months, to follow some other sport, or else remain during the week end in the friendly comfort of an easy chair before a fire. Tennis has "fizzled out" for the time being.

Owing to the fact that tennis is essentially a summer game, our club is handicapped in its activities by the fact that the greater part of the tennis season passes during the College vacation. School teachers also, who are notorious for the number of their holidays, are spread out during the active tennis season in different parts of New Zealand. This being the case, it is little wonder that the Club Championships, which were commenced early last season, were dragged on, and a number of the events not completed.

The Men's Championship fell to R. R. T. Young, who played good tennis throughout. He defeated in the final F. H. Paul, with whom he had had many preceding contests. Mr. Young, who is the Club President, departed in February to take a course at Cambridge University. We are sorry to lose such an active member of our club, but we are pleased to note that he has early struck good form at Cambridge, and has been awarded a full "Blue" for tennis.

The Club ladder, like Ngauruhoe, has shown signs of great activity. This was particularly noticeable just before Easter, when it was realised that the Tournament team would be picked strictly from the ladder. R. McLean Perkins fought his way to top place on the men's ladder, displacing during his progress, Burns, O'Brien, and Paul. O'Brien defeated Paul for second place, and Burns had a narrow victory over Scott for fourth place.

The Club was represented at the Easter Tournament by the following:

Men's Singles.—Perkins and O'Brien.
Men's Doubles.—Perkins and Paul, O'Brien and Burns.
Ladies' Singles.—Misses Sheppard and Madeley.
Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Sheppard and Madeley, Misses Goodwin and Mitalfe.
Combined Doubles.—Miss Sheppard and Perkins, Miss Madeley and Burns.

Misses Cameron and Whyte were not available to make the trip to Dunedin.

The team, while giving a good account of itself, did not bring any championships back to Wellington. Perkins reached the finals of the men's singles, but was defeated, after a close contest, by Robinson, of Canterbury. On St. Andrew's Day the Club played its annual match with the Otaki Club. A party of ten men and six women made the journey, and succeeded in winning the match by a substantial margin.

The Wellington Tennis Association courts at Miramar have now been opened, and sixteen courts are available for play. All tennis players should rally round and assist in making the scheme a success. It is hoped that with the use of these courts inter-club matches will be resumed next season.
BOXING CLUB.

There's nothing like a good knock-out blow to loosen a tooth or cement a friendship.
—Borrow.

We may not feel bound to subscribe to this sweeping statement in its literal meaning and unqualified form, yet it does seem to sum up the attractions of boxing as a game without any pretence or deception, or any smoothing over of its objectionable features. Some might say that this is rather a too candid and not sufficiently candid exposure of the demerits of the sport, yet the truth, however objectionable, is entitled to its place in the sun and not less in "Spike." Certain it is that we of the Boxing Club have of recent years had several instances of loosened and damaged teeth, which, besides being a source of discomfort and inconvenience have entailed considerable expense to the sufferers. The position is this, that boxing being at once the joy of philosophers and the delight of men of action is worthy of being fostered in our midst; moreover, boxing necessarily involves on occasion some slight damage to the participants, and the question arises, as it has arisen, who is to pay the expenses for injuries so caused? Varsity students are not noted for their wealth—ask any establishment of signwriters who prepare canvasses for the procession—and those who have incurred expense through injury and have found no compensation available, seldom return for a second helping. To sum up: What has become of the once mooted proposal for a comprehensive scheme of accident insurance for Varsity athletes, or if that is too presumptuous a term, for Varsity players? Such a scheme has been in the minds of executive officers, and we believe it has been before the Committee at some time in the past. With the increased levy to bolster up the funds, the Students' Association should find itself in a position to do something towards the protection of its members in this direction.

The second point in Mr. Borrow's apt reference to the knock-out blow is deserving of attention. As usual boxers of a sort were much in evidence round the Gym. from early in the year until Easter, and there was even a semblance of enthusiasm as the Tournament approached. In fact, we spent twice as much in coaching fees as has ever been paid for any one year before, and as the fees have not been raised—well, if that is not enthusiasm. It is a pertinent question whether the standard of boxing has shown proportionate improvement; but we believe it is not necessary to show such a result.

On the principle expressed in the ditty:—

"What does it matter who won the race
So long as the race be run;
What does it matter who sang the song
So long as the song be sung?"

We may add:

"What does it matter how much Tim gets
So long as we have some fun?"

Anyway, enough martyrs were found to make a fair showing at the eliminating bouts that were held before Easter, and, in spite of doubts as to whether any of the eighty-odd spectators who gathered would be sufficiently inspired to contribute anything to the suppliant hats that were to be held at the door, there were some sterling bouts that touched the hearts and even the pockets of the onlookers.

Campbell and Taylor set-to in the lightweight just as an introduction, and it looked as though Taylor, with his aggressive tactics, was going to come out on the uphill side of the account. But Campbell had something hidden up his sleeve, the right one (he had bare arms), and when in about the eighth round (there were but four at the most) he knocked his opponent over, the audience was surprised, and the referee, to whom by the way we are much indebted for his generosity in devoting a valuable evening to our unworthy display, counted ten.

Richardson and Todd, in the same weight, had a real clash, in that both were fit and both determined. Richardson's right was the deciding factor, as it connected with Todd's left (eye) annoyedly, for the latter, on numerous occasions.

Sitting: G. E. Parker and W. J. H. Haase (President).

Absent: T. G. Hislop, J. E. Yaldwyn.

V.U.C. RIFLE TEAM (Winners of Imperial Universities Rifle Match, 1923).

—Photo by Crown Studios, Wellington.
In the Feather, the lightest weight (we had no bantams), Hunn beat Webb. The defeated gladiator made a promising beginning, but—training, or lack of it.

Desmond and Childs gave a bright display in the Welter, though it was only an exhibition, as Childs was not prepared to represent, even if selected.

Sceats disposed of Chamberlain in a manner which gave promise of trouble for the reps. of our brother Colleges in the Middleweight at the Easter Tourney. And this promise was fulfilled, as Sceats was the only one of our team to gain a New Zealand "Blue" for boxing.

The Heavyweight bout between Evatt and Platts-Mills occupied the full time. Beyond that it is doubtful whether it deserves mention. The only grounds for the latter being chosen to represent us was that he was the only one eligible.

The evening ended with the Lightweight final between Richardson and Campbell. It was marked by the dogged pluck of the latter against an opponent who had marked advantages.

Last some have forgotten or not read the above, the following represented at Easter—

Feather: J. K. Hunn.
Light: G. Richardson.
Welter: F. Desmond.
Middle: G. Sceats.
Heavy: J. Platts-Mills.

Of the doings of the team there is an account elsewhere. Sceats won, and others might have done so had we been permitted a word with the referee. Apart from the actual contests, the Easter Tourney was a signal success, and every member of the boxing team is deeply grateful to each and every the several worthy citizens of Dunedin who did so much for their entertainment.

---

RIFLE CLUB.

"Go in anywhere, Colonel! You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line."
—Philip Kearney.

In conjunction with an account of the Rifle Club's activities and achievements during the past year, opportunity must be taken to issue a strong appeal for more members. A little band of enthusiasts has put the name of Victoria University College "on the map" throughout Empire Universities by winning the Imperial Universities Rifle match for 1925, and thereby bringing to the College a very handsome trophy, of which more anon. It is the keen desire of the Club to retain this and another trophy at present held by it, but with the present depleted membership it would be difficult to muster even the eight eligible members required for a team to defend the trophies. Such a state of affairs surely should not exist at V.U.C., and the Club appeals strongly for more members. Instead of having difficulty in raising a team the Club should have a large active membership from which to choose the best possible.

Apart from the desirability of defending the trophies held, and of winning the Haslam Shield, rifle shooting should appeal to College students, as it is a fascinating pastime, and enables one to acquire efficiency in an art which, should occasion ever demand it, can be of service in defence of Empire. Rifle shooting with the College Club is very inexpensive, and the initial outlay for a rifle and equipment need not be a figure beyond the means of the average student.

The Club feels confident, therefore, that when the foregoing facts are brought under the notice of students, there will be a large increase in membership next season.

The last season has been a most successful one, as previously indicated. The first shoot was in the Imperial Universities match. In the previous year V.U.C. gained third place, but this year they carried off the trophy by winning from Sydney University by the narrow margin of two points.
The individual scores of the team were as follows:  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Application</th>
<th>300yds</th>
<th>500yds</th>
<th>600yds</th>
<th>Rapid</th>
<th>200yds</th>
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<tr>
<td>G. E. Parker</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>219</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. V. Scott</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>209</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. F. Bollard</td>
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<td>47</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>35</td>
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<td>207</td>
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<td>T. G. Hislop</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>204</td>
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<td>I. H. Macarthur</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>199</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. B. Yaldwyn</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>198</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. R. E. O'Connor</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>193</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>A. Ainslie</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>38</td>
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Grand Aggregate 1,614

V.U.C. gained a double honour in that G. E. Parker’s splendid score of 219 was the highest throughout the Empire.

The trophy, of which a picture appears elsewhere in this issue, is a magnificent bronze statuette depicting the figure of Victory holding a laurel wreath over a kneeling rifleman. The trophy has already received considerable admiration from the general public while on display in a local shop window.

V.U.C.’s win in this competition has stirred at least one of the other University Colleges in New Zealand into entering a team for the coming match.

The next competition fired was for the Wellington District Rifle Club’s Junior Shield, which was won by the Club in 1925, and retained by them for the present year. Conditions on the day of the match were only fair, but the team shot well. Individual scores were: (Possible 105)—

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<tr>
<td>O’Connor, F. R.</td>
<td>95</td>
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<tr>
<td>Haase, W. J. H.</td>
<td>94</td>
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<tr>
<td>Parker, G. E.</td>
<td>93</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scott, H. V.</td>
<td>92</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hislop, T.</td>
<td>87</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bollard, H. F.</td>
<td>82</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yaldwyn, J. B.</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macarthur, I. H.</td>
<td>76</td>
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Next year the Club will have to enter a senior team before they will be allowed to enter a junior one to defend the shield. It is to be hoped that a considerable increase in membership will make this possible.

In the Haslam Shield competition the team did not do so well. This match is reported elsewhere in this issue.

Throughout the past season the shooting of the Club has been of a high standard due to keenness, practice and coaching, and the scores for the year were very high, G. E. Parker topping the list.

Trophies for competition amongst Club members were kindly donated by Prof. F. P. Wilson, and the Club’s President, W. J. H. Haase. These were won by G. E. Parker and F. R. O’Connor, and for a third trophy W. J. Haase and H. F. Bollard tied for first place.

A larger membership will make the competitions within the Club more interesting. Surely a Club having such a record is worthy of your active support, therefore JOIN THE RIFLE CLUB!
SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

"On the whole, we think him better suited for social service, or journalism, or philology, than for a position of responsibility." — Stephen Leecock.

The Social Service Club is an effort to enlist the services of University students in constructive social service.

The Club aims at providing some definite service to the community which will consist of personal service on the part of students, and which will at the same time enable students to study something of the causes of distress in the community.

At present, the main effort of the Club consists of a scheme of service at Porirua Mental Hospital. A party of students visit the Hospital every week, visiting particularly certain patients selected by those in charge of the Institution who have no friends or relatives able to visit them, and who possess no estate, enabling them to purchase any of the luxuries which are commonly brought to other patients with friends and money.

In the recent Annual Report published by the Club, Dr. Jefferies, who was Medical Superintendent at the Hospital at the time the scheme was initiated, Dr. Tizard, the present Medical Superintendent, and Mrs. Fraser, Official Visitor, all testify to the value of the service which is being rendered, and speak in very appreciative terms of the Club’s work at the Institution.

In addition to these weekly visits, a number of the children inmates of the Institution are also frequently taken for motor drives, and concert parties are regularly arranged for all inmates, in which the Club has had the assistance of some of Wellington's best talent.

During the past twelve months the Social Service Club has been singularly successful in obtaining both the assistance of the University Students in carrying out the work and also in obtaining assistance in the provision of motor car transport and supplies from outside sources.

Pursuant to an arrangement with the Motor Trade Association, a motor car is provided for the use of the Club every Saturday afternoon, and all other cars provided are provided free of charge by sympathisers and garage proprietors.

Students are particularly asked to peruse the published Annual Report of the Club, which may be obtained on application to the Organiser and Secretary.

A certain amount of individual social work has also been accomplished. As a result of a visit which was paid to the home of an invalided cripple, some friends of the Club recently made an effort to raise sufficient funds to purchase a wireless set for this particular patient. The man in question is permanently invalided and unable to leave his bed. The friends referred to have now installed a wireless set in his bedroom which will enable him to hear concerts broadcasted in New Zealand and Australia.

Students are urged to offer their services to the Club in the visiting of the Mental Hospital, and in any other aspect of social work which they may desire to follow. Full particulars may be obtained from the Organiser, and any communications regarding visits to the Hospital should be addressed to the Organiser. Supplies and motor cars are provided, and students are only asked to give up their Saturday afternoons occasionally, in order to participate in the work.

Various testimonies to the value of the work have been paid from time to time, not only by the Medical Superintendents, but also by the Press and by prominent Social Workers.

Donations to the Club funds will be thankfully received, but the services of students are particularly required.

If there is any particular piece of Social Service work which a group of students desire to pursue, if particulars are furnished to the Club and a list of those willing to do the work is supplied, the effort will be organised, and any new line of Social Service suggested will be undertaken and supported by the Club.
TRAMPING CLUB.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cark-heel'd soone:
But laird or a' the play was play'd
They wet their hats aboon. —Percy's Reliques.

We mourn the loss of two of our most enthusiastic members, namely, Mr. R. F. Fortune and Mr. H. R. Holt. The former has gone to Vienna to make use of his Travelling Scholarship in Arts, and the latter has gone to America, more or less on holiday.

Our programme has continued to attract many. We offer a few items concerning it.

Butterfly Stream was noted chiefly for its sylvan charm and for its cheerful banter.
Papakahoe Trig was a grand peak, but not worthy of the dread in which it had been held.
Kapakapanui was a "wash out," but a cheerful outing all the same.
Mt. Ceeil—the botanist's paradise.
Smith's Creek has been spoilt by the laying down of a footpath through its wild majesty. Soon some enterprising person will start a store at Smith's Creek. But the surrounding forest has not yet recognised the presence of this stranger, and still remains in all its natural majesty.

The Tararuaus have already had their first dusting of snow, and our party made a very successful crossing at the end of last term. The snow was thin and powdery owing to intense cold, but fine weather conditions. More than one impromptu bath was indulged in.

We found this in a local paper:—

CAMP FIRES.

This is the try-st I keep, through nights of rain
With summer days long fled;
Beside my fire of brazing logs, to dream
Of little fires instead;
Of little fires made friendly by the gloom
Of forests steeped in night.
Bright flames that through the long warm evening knew
No need save to delight;
The crimson buds that for a season bloomed
Within the wilderness,
Kindled by hands that sought for days of toil
A moment of redress.
Of these I dream, and happy hearts of men
Who keep their childhood proof
Against the years, by fostering no claim
To four walls and a roof.
Their friendly voices talking in the dark,
The calm simplicity
Of white stars looking down—these have I known,
And these come back to me,
And all the little camp fires are as eyes
That blink across the gloom
Of friendless winter nights—to leave a dream
Of summer in my room. —Helen Frazee-Bower.

AN EXHORTATION.

You freshers, what is the matter with you? Of course, many of you are working during the day and have your spare time badly encroached on, but do you realise what University life ought to mean to you? You whole-timers—surely you don't think that the sole aim of a University is to provide degrees to be won by sot. Wake up then and realise that your College exists really to give you a chance of rubbing shoulders with your fellow beings, and that this is the finest period in your life. Join a Club and find out what a happy institution you belong to. Join the TRAMPING CLUB and enjoy the happiest of institutions.
MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

"Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own."
—Gray.

The most important event in the history of this society since the last issue of the "Spicek," was the visit of Sir Ernest Rutherford. This great physicist delivered an address at the college on the afternoon of October 26th. There was an attendance of about seventy members of this Society, of the Philosophical Society and others interested in the subject. Sir Ernest spoke on some of the research work being carried out in the Cavenish Laboratory, of which he is the director. His description of experiments carried out by some of the workers under his direction, and of his own investigation concerning the structure of the nucleus of the atom, were of great interest to all those present. The thanks of the Society are due to Professor Floreance for arranging this meeting, and also for occupying the chair on that occasion.

This year, up to the date of writing, two meetings have been held. Professor Somerville, D.Sc., gave a most interesting account of a number of the mathematicians he met on his recent visit to England, and of the meetings of the various Mathematical and other Scientific Societies which he attended while there. This address dealt to a considerable extent with the personal side of many famous mathematicians, and showed the audience that, contrary to the general opinion, mathematicians are really quite human.

The second meeting was held on May 4th, when Professor Floreance gave a most instructive address on the life and work of Lord Rayleigh. This lecture was rendered particularly interesting by a number of lantern slides and by several experiments illustrating some of Rayleigh’s work.

The programme for the remainder of the session consists of a number of subjects which should prove an attraction to all who are interested in mathematics or physics, and includes an evening on an astronomical subject and another on radio. Copies of the programme may be obtained from members of the committee.

In conclusion, the Society wish to thank Professor and Mrs. Somerville, Professor and Mrs. Floreance, Miss Marwick and Miss Downes for providing refreshments after the meetings.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

At last we are able to make a definite announcement regarding the Dramatic Club. On Tuesday, 29th June, an annual general meeting and election will be held in the Gymnasium, and then fortnightly readings will be given regularly. We intend to read as many modern plays as possible, and so improve not only our dramatic work, but also our knowledge of this important branch of modern literature.

It is with regret that we report no activities during the first term, but we hope that the delay will help to reawake the enthusiasm of the members in the comparatively short time that remains. All those who are interested are earnestly requested to attend the meeting, and to take an active part in ensuring for the club its usual popularity.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

"Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight."—Joseph Addison.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to get to Temuka, returned with a new vision of our work in College. We heard accounts of the colour problem as it presents itself in China, Africa, India and Europe from missionaries and others who had actually lived there and who knew the situation at first hand. The position in other lands as it revealed itself to us in these addresses, and our discussions seemed to stimulate our enthusiasm to do what we could for our own Union in our own College.
It was at Conference that we made our first acquaintance with Mr. Donald Grant, our new General Secretary. There we learnt from him something of the conditions of students in Europe, and of the work of the International Student Service. Those who did not make his acquaintance at Temuka, had an opportunity of meeting him at our first General Meeting, and of hearing his impressions of Europe. At the last week-end at Hutt Park, we were given another opportunity of meeting him and discussing our problems with him. We are very fortunate indeed in having a man like Mr. Grant as General Secretary.

By far the most important event of the year is the visit of Dr. John R. Mott, the Chairman of the World's Student Christian Federation. He addressed a meeting in the Taranaki Street Church on “Present Day Trends in Asia, and their Significance for Students.” The only students' address he was able to give was delivered at Training College the following afternoon. The Executives of the Training College and University Unions had an opportunity of meeting him on the same afternoon, and of discussing with him the problems and difficulties with which they are faced. All those who were present at his meetings must have felt what an inspiring man he is, and especially those who were fortunate enough to spend a few days with him at the Waikanae Leaders' Conference or at the Dunedin Missionary Conference. Perhaps one of the thoughts that struck us most was the way in which his whole life was centred round Christ Himself. It made us feel more deeply, than perhaps ever before, the necessity of giving Christ the central position in our lives.

Now that Dr. Mott has left us, we must endeavour to take full advantage of the help he has given us by taking a keen and active interest in all the activities of our College Union. In addition to the usual Study Circles, a special Circle has been formed to study J. H. Oldham’s “Christianity and the Race Problem,” under the leadership of Mr. J. T. V. Steele. Intercession groups are held on Wednesdays in A3 at 8 p.m., and on Sundays at 8.30 p.m. in the Y.W.C.A., Boulcott Street. General meetings are held on alternate Wednesday evenings at 8.15 p.m. The speakers and subjects are advertised on the notice board from time to time.

**BASKETBALL.**

"Janet has killed her green birdle
A little above the knee;
And she has noosed her yellow hair
A little above her knee."

This year the Basket Ball Club has endeavoured to progress in the direction of improving the quality of the game, rather than in increasing the number of players. Even so, the Committee found it difficult to select the Senior A team, and it follows that the Senior B team, which goes under the name of Victoria, has many good players. The Intermediate team have not been very successful so far; but their keenness and regular attendance at the weekly practice held in the gymnasium, ought to stand them in good stead for future matches.

'Varsity Senior team has been fairly successful so far. There are some, including the selector of the Wellington reps, who consider 'Varsity will come first or second in the Senior Championship, but as the team has still two big matches to play in the first round, the matter is still in the hands of the gods. The team includes three members who were picked for the Wellington rep. team this year viz., E. Scarfe, M. MacLaurin, and D. Crompton. The latter was also selected for the North Island representative team.

The Senior B team—Victoria—have two good players in M. Downes and G. Hawthorne. A little more combination would improve this team a great deal.

The finals of the Seven-aside Tournament, which was held on June 3rd, have still to be played. The Senior A team, with three other teams, is still in the competition. It is hoped that here, too, 'Varsity will be successful.

It was perhaps unfortunate that this year 'Varsity was not able to send
its strongest team to take part in the New Zealand University Basket Ball Tournament, which was held at Dunedin. This was owing mainly to the fact that the New Zealand Tournament took place the week after, and players could not spare the extra time from their duties. It is hoped that next year Victoria College will be able to send its best players, and so justify the action of the Tournament delegates in voting for the inclusion of basket ball as an official part of the Inter-University Tournament.

During the holidays the Committee spent a pleasant afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Florence in Kelburn. This interest of the officers in the club's activities undoubtedly helps to keep alive the enthusiasm in the game.

In conclusion, we take the occasion of quoting from the "Times":—"The new Varsity uniforms are distinctive and neat. Their example might be followed with advantage by those clubs wearing similar uniforms to other clubs." Here, again, Wiktoria leads.
Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain
Awe a man from the career of his humour?
—"Much Ado about Nothing."

G. H. R. Y—ng: Sorry that your touching appeal in the Extrav. programme has failed to produce any results; but we are afraid that we cannot insert matrimonial advertisements in the "Spike."

R. M. C—mpb—ll: Congratulations on your win. This is probably the quotation that G. F. D-x-n was raving about:

Of the subject that the meeting was considering at the time,
If he didn’t seem to like it, "Out of order" was his chime;
And he calmly very coolly often subsequently ruled.
His ruling out of order and THAT ruling over-ruled.

—"Spike," 1902.

This sort of thing would certainly seem to be essentially preliminary to collaring a private secretary’s job.

C. G. R. J-m-s: Your newspaper certainly is an oyster for originality. Take this, for instance, from the issue of 29th May, 1926: "The deputation was introduced by Mr. M. J. Savage, M.P., and Messrs. W. E. Parry, J. A. Lee, M.P.'s, and Mason were almost present." But not quite all there, of course. We understand.

T. G. H—sl—p: How awkward! We fully sympathise with your feelings as sponsor for the lads on their little outing. What about "The Griefings of a Godfather" as a title for your apologia?

Prof. XYW: So glad that you have written to the "Spike" about it. We shall certainly preserve the closest confidence in the matter. The students need not have been so deucedly hard on a fellow’s tenderer feelings, although Ostler didn’t seem to mind.
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By far the Largest Importers of British Pianos in the Dominion

England’s Greatest Pianos

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COLLARD & COLLARD  WALTER COLLINSON
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ESTABLISHED 1883
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Parliament Corner
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Coaching in Language Subjects

Successful Men
in all Professions
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And Successful Men are the Best Judges of Value

THEY KNOW!!!

It is worth paying the little extra necessary to get Personality in Dress.

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D.I.C. Graduates’ Gowns and Degree Hoods are made with Scrupulous Care.

Of all wearables the GraduateStudent wants Hood and Gown to be strictly in accordance with the requirements of the particular Degree in question. The D.I.C. has a specialised Section which devotes its experience and skill to the production of Graduates’ Gowns and Degree Hoods. GOWNS and Hoods for any Degree Made at Short Notice.

All Students who are near graduation are invited to make full inquiries of the D.I.C. in regard to this Specialised Service.

D. I. C. — Wellington

Depressed and Worried—Because of Defective Sight

Let Us Examine Your Eyes

That’s why he looks so glum. No need for him to worry, though, because he has only to look us up and we will give him Advice. Our Specialty is Improving Vision; our Method Scientific and Up-to-date. Glasses to suit any sight. They are Reliable and Comfortable, and so light, too, can hardly be felt in wear.

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A Supreme Luxury Pipe Tobacco

Specially recommended for its Purity, Mellowness and Cool Smoking.
Its distinctive rich flavour gives a new charm to pipe smoking.
The manufacturing of the above Mixture has been taken over from Messrs. G. and C. Aldous and the Mixture can now be obtained, together with every type of smoker's requisite.

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SHOES for all sports
BEST AND CHEAPEST

TENNIS SHOES  CRICKET BOOTS
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Call and See Our Wonderful and Suitable Range of Styles

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Bussey’s Hockey Sticks—
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Golf—
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