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SPIKE

— OR —

Victoria College Review

JUNE, 1912.

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THE SPIKE

. . . OR . . .

VICTORIA COLLEGE REVIEW

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The Editorial Committee invites contributions, either in prose or verse, on any subject of general interest, from students or officials connected with the College. All literary communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, Victoria College, Wellington.

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No. 1.



Editorial.



HERE are two big classes of people in the world—those who think habitually, and those who do not. Some of the former class, after a while, weary of puzzlement, drop out of the ranks, and say with the non-thinkers (the orthodox), "What we were seeking for has been found long since. Therefore, further search is incredibly foolish.

That is a fine, full stream of happy unthoughtfulness. It vexes not the land with sudden flood, but flows calmly on its way, placid in the sunlight.

And of the thinkers, there are some who thought too long, or thought too sadly. Theirs is a gloomy stream of thought, flowing cold and cheerless through a dark-walled ravine. They say, "What we were seeking is not

to be found"—a remark as sweeping in its way as the first we quoted. It narrows our path in the same fashion. It postpones the arrangement of things (which some say was virtually completed long ago) to the infinitely distant in time.

Then, too, unless we possess cheerful temperaments it is a decidedly depressing statement. It leaves us in darkness thick as night, and we cannot walk surely into the blackness, seeing no glimmer of light ahead.

Let us walk through a country in the soft haze of twilight. We can see a long way dimly, a little way clearly. The shadow-land is rich in possibilities. Warm lights are beginning to twinkle from homesteads here and there, and, as we look, more sparkle out to cheer us. Then suppose us, as we walk along, to be of that other band of thinkers who say, "What we are seeking has not been found, nor is it unfindable. It *may* be found, so we shall search for it in many places."

And so these people search. It wants good courage to be a seeker, for the twilight can grow thick at times. The lights wink and disappear, the shadows loom strangely. But, given good courage, the search is ex-novo, faint-glimmering truth; eagerness at drawing nearer to it till it glows bright before us; desire to lead other people into this wonderful twilight land, stretching who knows whither on each side of us—all these are the seeker's portion. We must be very kind in the twilight-land. There is a strong temptation sometimes to play will-o'-the-wisp and lure strangers into a marshland. But, generally, the strangers will not come, neither from the night-woods of the "Can't-be-found" country, nor from the sunlit paddocks of the "Has been found" land.

In short, it would be an excellent thing if people who still were seeking could make others seek also. Anybody of enterprising seekers would be a blessing (perhaps, not an entirely unmixed one) to any community. But trying to widen the paths of other people's thoughts, and, incidentally, our own, is a slower process even than the widening of Willis Street. Everyone *knows* that his path of thought is no narrower than anyone else's, and this knowledge is apt to lead to some little delay in

the widening operations. Nevertheless, something is effected, sooner or later.

A University is, of course, a blessing to the community. Victoria College is showing its beneficence by the formation of a Heretics' Club, at whose meetings are to be discussed Art, Philosophy and Religion. The club should fill a need in our University life. Each day, as we increase our store of knowledge, we are apt, through want of time, to be more instructed than educated; and so the getting of wisdom is slow. Perhaps our Heretics' Club will help a little to fulfil what Professor Raleigh calls "the true purpose of the University." He says, "A University should guard and increase our inheritance of knowledge, and, above all, keep knowledge alive. Life implies decay and renewal; a University must be perpetually alert to discard superseded methods and to detect the importance and significance of new studies and new ways of approach."

So we agree and disagree with one Professor who deplored the formation of "yet another College Club." We are sorry there is another club, but we are glad it is one such as this. College clubs are greedy monopolisers of spare time. In these days

"The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds."

But it takes a long time "to end in words," especially on such subjects as the Heretics' Club discusses. The talk runs on, flame-like. The hose of "I declare this meeting closed" cannot put it out. It breaks out again in several places, flickers and flares. Little groups form to argue afresh, and break up, still argumentative, into talking fragments. There is something exhilarating in talking about "isms." People far apart as the Poles rise to an Equator-like heat. But they will always keep excellent tempers in the Heretics' Club. The most conservative in art will listen patiently to the Futurist with his psychological fantasies. The Determinist and the disciple of Bergson will each state his case calmly, secure in his stronghold of belief, self-deemed impregnable.

To state a case calmly, to listen patiently, to weigh justly, are strong tools for widening one's paths of

thought. The Heretics' Club should teach the use of them. Then may it, to use a quotation cited by the esteemed President, "go gallivanting down the Avenues of Posterity."

A SONG OF SUMMER.

The Winter storms on the cold gray sea,
And the curtained mists in the valley lie,
The streamlets swirl o'er the flooded lea,
And the wrack scuds low in a rainy sky.
Yet memories linger ; and fancy's fain
To squander the wealth of the days that be,
With visions of smoke by the river's roar,
And white-foamed surf on a crowded shore ;
But the shores are bleak where the surf-waves foam,
And Summer-days know them no more.

A fern-clad bank on the further side,
A darkened pool where the river bends,
A fuchsia-bush that the tuis know,
An eddied swirl where the waters glide
To the fall and the foam, and the rapid ends.
The storm beats full on the southward wall,
And dims the lights with each gust and squall ;
And mem'ries spring from the pine-logs' glow,—
A Summer-stream and the ripening grain.
But the rose is blown. Will it bloom again?

So, when the Rata flowers once more,
And the Summer sleeps on the Austral seas,
When the river is warm by the new cut leas,
And the grain is ripe for the garnered store,
Old friends, perhaps, by the waters cool,
By a waterfall and a darkened pool,
Shall bask and dream 'neath a fleckless sky
For a few brief days, and then,—“Good-bye.”
But now,—brown floods on the waterfall,
Banked fog and sleet, and the fireside's call!

—PIRI KEREI.

Victoria College Easter Tournament Representatives, 1912.



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American Notes.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

DEAR SPIKE,—

On my arrival in New York I received your letter offering to secure my nomination and election as Life Member of the Students' Association in consideration of an account "in my own bright unexpurgated style" of my wanderings under the Star-Spangled Banner. I am unable to accept your offer of a cheque for the full amount of your profits for the year, but I shall be glad if you will pay it into the C.U. Fund. I would ask you to remember that I am an amateur, if nothing else. Many thanks for the balance-sheet of last year, which arrived safely. It took me six days to reach this city, six days in which I learned and laboured; and let me say right here that Professor Mackenzie himself would have grown haggard if he heard let loose certain flowers of speech which passed for Anglo-Saxon on the "Overland, Limited." A few of the select periods which the seventh and subsequent days brought forth I am saving for a night at the Heretics' Club—and for Von.

For the present I must accept the handicap which your columns place upon my thought and speech, though I must confess that the easy grasp of fact, the great variety and richness of colouring, and the cheerful political invective which are characteristic of the journalism of the "Pacific" Coast make even the gentle puerilities of a *Times* cartoon on Mr. Massey, or the restrained tenderness of the *Dominion* towards Sir John Findlay, appear rather flat and unsatisfying. Why, the *'Frisco Democrat* would have called Sir John * * *. But I must not digress. Just another word before I start. Your name was an "open sesame" to every door, especially after had, in one of my celebrated disguises, got inside. I never met a celebrity in America who had not taken the SPIKE. I was told so without the slightest shame or hesitation. Uncle Jonathan adds to his linguistic enterprise a frankness which is surprising.

As a private citizen I had hoped to pass *incog.* through the land of Stars and Stripes. Your letter cast other duties and responsibilities upon me, and I set out at once for Philadelphia. (My account for travelling expenses you will receive by next mail.) On my way I took counsel with myself as to the disguise I should use to gain admittance to the President. I remembered the effect produced at a Tennis-Afternoon-Tea-Party when I masqueraded as "Brookes." I remembered once, before my friend Cleghorn became Treasurer of the Hockey Club, "passing off" on the "Duchess" as the "Master of the Band," and I had the liveliest recollection of creating quite a sensation on the "Aorangi" by stowing away as the "Wireless Spark." My subtle impersonation of "The Gentle Sausage" had created such a furore in Chicago that I had again to stow away, this time as a grape-nut, in order to evade the unsolicited tributes of the populace. Pondering, I trust with becoming modesty, on these small successes, you will not be surprised to hear that I determined to enter the White House as "Star and Tripe."

Armed, then, with my frock-coat, specially designed by David Milligan (adv't.), a silk hat set at a slight yet perceptible angle to my diamond scarf-pin, and a moustache copied from nature by the famous Wahren, I looked a star indeed. In my left hand I carried a collected edition of my poems.

No sooner had I climbed the steps of the White House than I found I was expected. I was surrounded by pleasant officials, who seemed interested in my past life and future plans, and who passed me on to other officials, who passed me on to elevators and other officials, until at last I was ushered into a large room, in the middle of which stood a huge desk. Behind it I saw a stout figure, and I heard what appeared to be the scratching of a pen. My training as lecturer in Anglo-Saxon now served me in good stead. My nerve did not desert me for a single moment. I eluded the official who stood by me, and, going up to the figure, proffered the right hand, which I had left ungloved for that purpose. "On behalf of the subscribers," I began, but the figure was not moved by this fine flight of imagination. "That," said the official shortly, "is 'Mr. Sigheter.'" Anarchists and other people

in haste usually have their first (and incidentally their last) shot at 'Mr. Sighter.' " You will notice that even this trained officer had not yet penetrated the disguise.

However, I was now permitted to enter the next room, and from the smoke rings which were chasing one another in quick and geometric succession to the ceiling, I felt that I was in the presence of greatness. The speech I had prepared faded before his easy and kindly greeting.

"Have a 'Teddy,' " he said, holding out a box of very stout and aggressive cigars. "I call them 'Teddies,' " he went on, in answer to my inquiring look, "because each tries to give the impression that he is the one and only angel of light. I think you will find," he added without the least sign of embarrassment, "that the ones you were kind enough to put into your breast pocket as mementos of your visit, are not inferior to the one you are now smoking."

"They are matchless," I replied artlessly, dropping a ring over a coat peg on the wall opposite.

"On the contrary," said the President, notching my shaft (so to speak) with two rings in quick succession, "that is merely the 'Teddy' illusion. They will end their match, and end in smoke."

Feeling that he had the advantage of the ground, and not wishing to throw my weight on either side in the Presidential struggle, I skilfully changed the subject.

"Yes," he said, in answer to a question, "although I have given no close study to the details of your party fights, I keep in touch with your great names, and occasionally I have the pleasure of an official visit from one of the more distinguished of your citizens."

I had hardly returned his courteous bow, when he continued:

"It may surprise you to know that I have followed the careers of Sir Joseph Ward, Sir John Findlay, and Mr. Payne, with more than ordinary interest. The friendly intercourse between nations, and more especially between the public men of the foremost Powers, will lead to international understanding and sympathy, and ultimately to the fullest reciprocity. The first step in this direction

must be taken by the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is for this reason that I see without jealousy that Mr. Roosevelt has invited Mr. Payne to contribute to the *Outlook* an article on 'Election Pledges' or 'Home Truths for Foreign Consumption,' while it is rumoured that Theodore himself has promised to write the introduction to a second edition of 'Humbugs and Homilies.' "

I was not able at that moment to penetrate the smoke which shrouded those inscrutable eyes, but I thought it wise to change the subject once more.

"I believe you are a pillar of the Unitarian Church," I observed. "My friend John Gammell——"

"Ah, yes," he interrupted, and it did not escape me that he pressed a button. "Saint John, the Divine. I see you carry a Unitarian Hymnal in your left hand."

At this moment an unctuous official announced the Turkish Ambassador, and before I could make an explanation I found myself once more on the front steps.

Pressure of social engagements, the receiving of presentations, and a severe snowstorm kept me a prisoner for some few days. I had, however, planned a little trip to Harvard in the interests of your paper, and, as you will guess, I was not denied. It is well known that the President of Harvard is harder to approach than the President of the United States. However, a letter from our old friend Dicky Maclaurin, your august name, and the repute of the New Zealand LL.B., procured me the entrée. This time I assumed the part of the "Devil's Own," a rôle which I fill with a perfection which I attribute, not so much to my natural ability, as to the fact that for some years I was the chosen understudy of Charley Skerrett.

"I particularly wished to ask," I said, after the formal preliminaries had been negotiated, "whether you have any suggestions to make with regard to the Reforms proposed in the University of New Zealand."

"Ah," he replied without hesitation, "the presence of so distinguished an educationalist as Sir Robert Stout as Chancellor is sufficient guarantee of efficiency and progress." "Not only is this so," he continued in his most

impressive tones, "but we have the best evidence of its truth. The Judge himself has taken the witness-box, has submitted himself to cross-examination, and, returning to the Judgment Seat, has summed up in favour of the accused."

"It is very cheering," I said, "to know that the outside world places so high a value on our Chancellor, and incidentally upon our degrees. Are there any other words of hope you would like me to take back with me?"

"The appointment of examiners," he said, again without hesitation, "is a very important matter. The appointment of so great a jurist as Mr. Logan Stout by your University has done much to steady your LL.B. stock. Do you take me?"

"You mean," I ventured, "that as the Chancellor sets the value the stock is just about 'par.'"

"Precisely," he continued, "but apart from that a University which can turn out an 'Old Clay Patch' is in no need of Reform."

Feeling that I was clean bowled, I began to regret that I had not masqueraded as a "Pair of Specs," a character in which I had several times come before the home public, each time with complete success. However, I decided to try one more hit.

"It is difficult," I remarked, "for one who, like myself, fronting the world with an open mind unclouded by a priori conclusion, clothed, so to speak, in maiden innocence, to choose between the conflicting claims of Heretics' Clubs and Christian Unions, Hall-Jones and Professor Picken."

"Sounds rather a hopeless choice," he agreed, tapping gently on the floor. "Why discard the open minds and maiden innocence?"

At this moment a menial appeared. Behind him, in the doorway, I observed a deputation of millionaires preparing to offer huge sums if the University would accept them.

"Good-bye, come again," chirruped the President, "sometime when I'm less busy."

Before the mail closed I decided to pay one more call. Through Professor Starr Jordan, by the courtesy of Sir Robert Stout, I had obtained a letter to the Poet Riley. The letter, with your card, I sent by post to herald my approach. They were entirely unnecessary. Disguised as "Spring," I approached his door. He was out. He had gone away that very morning for change and rest. On the day I left San Francisco, however, I received a note. No address was given, but it ran as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I receive about 4,000 letters a year, containing in all about 36,000 Spring poems. The letters, as they are received, are noted and dealt with in order of receipt (Transfer system). I have just received your budget. To say that I am impressed is an understatement. I have, in fact, decided to publish all you sent me in my next book of poems. This is a triumph rare indeed. I make no charge, however, and my publisher will be instructed, on receipt from you of five dollars, to send you a copy of my book specially bound in American hide. This is the only acknowledgment you will receive. I can promise you, however, that your work will be read and appreciated wherever the American Eagle spreads his talons, and that you will live in the minds of my countrymen under the name of your brother poet, Riley."

You will, I am sure, Sir, after such a tribute, find room for a little spasm which Bertie Church and myself concocted for our American contemporary. I have no doubt it will be published (almost contemporaneously) in the United States.

I HAVE AN OATH. (A. S. adh.)

(A Rondeau).

"An oath, an oath. I have an oath in Heaven."

—*Shakespeare.*

I have an oath, a little thing from Stylee
('Twas really 'Frisco, but of rhymes I'm chary,
For far away's my rhyming dictionary).
A very oath, I value it most highly.
Not such a flower as David Smith might use,
But one of bright and variegated hues.

(I'd have you understand I hate puerilities,
And have distaste for unrelieved sewer-ilities.)
An oath for high occasions planned, for life, death,
providences, and—Riley.

Its breath is redolently roof-and-tiley,
Its tongue is forked, both serpentine and wily.
(The Rondeau much restricts the muse.
The special one that guides abuse
Likes something rather more diffuse).
I love its wondrous skewer-ilities.
I have an oath.

Time is not yet, for commonplace dogs fancy nighly,
But when I slip the leashes (note the figure) slyly,
When suddenly the pack its tongue lets loose.
(You will excuse these healthy doggerel-ities
When you shall see the rhyme how well-it-is).
Then shall blasphemers tremble (even Bertie), whispering
shyly,
Mystic, thunderful! it may, will, must, pulverize—that
poet Riley.
I have an oath.

N.B.—As a matter of fact, in justice to myself, I must add that I have several. To put them altogether and describe them as one is, however, a legitimate use of Poet's License.

Aftermath.—It will be noted that a good deal has been left to the imagination. In fact, I have left out all I intended to say. This is quite common with the essayists of the English Class, and accounts for the popularity of most of the major poets. With poesy as with painting, the beauty often lies in what is suggested—and left out. Only those who know me and the purlieus of Chicago will realise how much I have left to the imagination.

Addenda.—I could supply (gratis) a few odds and ends which would describe the *N.Z. Times* trimming its sails for the impending fall of the "Great Liberal Party."

Give my love to Von, Kirk, and the Frog.

Your disrespectful correspondent,
EICH.

FAN.

I think Fan has a grief—how sad her eyes;
As melancholy as a Quaker jacket.
She that was giddy as the sugared flies,
She the lightwinged Dryad of the racquet,
Now is contemplative as angler mused
Beside the brook, where all the babble's fused
Of sleepy hamlet. Fan, art thou Love's toy?
Doth the blithe morning from the furrowed cloud
Colour your chamber, where the rose hath vowed
To find your sweetness, so she may compare
Two such incomparables? Who is the boy
Whom thou adorest with a ledgered joy—
Part credit and part debit, foul and fair?

Fan, when I drew a bow at venture, proud
To touch the flying gleam of beauty bared
O'er the dull pool of earth like dragon fly
Glittering with splendour, very often I
Found Love a disenchantment; like the weed
Smuggled by a sailor carle from Teneriffe,
So fondly smoked in fancy. Fate decreed
The slimly got cigar be very poor—
The shining sail must draggle on the reef;
And Love's light breath be like a draughty door.

Love bears a yoke like milkmaid to the cows,
With cedar pails to catch the hippocrene.
Drudging it back the monstrous burden bows—
Nought is so heavy as the love that's been.
Fly, fly from that deluding harlequin.
Keep clear those charming eyes for other joys
Than those the privilege of lucky boys
Who'd find the happy way to enter in
Your heart to ravage it. Procure a key
That nobody can take impression of.
Lock, lock your heart as safe as safe can be.
If any wish to open it for Love,
Say, pretty Fan, "You get no more of me!"

—HUBERT CHURCH.

Certain—Triflings.

Who was the man, one of the gracious company of idlers, who was wont to write on low-tide sands reviews of life, to which pitiful waters afterwards gave sweet oblivion, restoring the scalloped sand to its own again? All honour to him, for this is the page on which I would everyone might be content to write, a page secret from the searing eye of the critic, where all thoughts of all dimensions should find a refuge, where there was no Open Sesame, and where alone the Creators, little and big, knew the number of the combination. Then at the ill-written, there is none to laugh, and as to the well-written, is it not our own, which we may keep at heel without reproof? Yet the peacock side blinds us to its folly, and the Editor gives to one Gold, to another Glory, to each according to his article. So the secrets give place to the truisms, the enchantments of mystery to the misery of disillusion.

It is not this Unsolicited Wisdom that is the want of our civilisation. So much profit from another, so much loss to ourselves. Work out your own salvation. Man rushes us with tumultuous experience, odds of this and ends of that, flung pell-mell over our senses; we swirl apart awhile, and then the sluggish current catches us, and along we straggle after our successors, haphazard as Maoris down a highway. Easily comes the habit: the article is made in Germany, and as we slip down the ages, there comes monopoly and the loss of individualism. The tender fancy, the gay phantasy, the absurdities which are ours (for though Woman is informed that she must not ape man, the Humorist, yet there is little in my sex that I cannot find comic), these may not find expression; but all the merely commonplace, or even the abstruse, if only another created it, is possible to the shunner of *ostracism*.

Those old hermits, society forsaken, found in solitude alleviations of loneliness other than "cushions plump." Jettisoned were the ceremonial counters with which of aforetime they had to play—with minds unfettered by routine and rigmarole, they in themselves found them-

selves. But hermits are not fashionable—to see such a one in speech with himself on his way down Willis Street (for your modern hermit is a man of cities) is immediately to revile, or at the least to ridicule him. “The hermit leaves unperformed his duty to Man.” I tell you that it is Man, or the rest of him, who leaves unfulfilled his duty to the hermit. The root of the hermit aspect, that primitiveness you would have us discard, and what that root becomes and grows are the real : that which we graft on to the root is the artificial.

Which is why “Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers.” Knowledge comes unasked, a wretch thick-skinned, but Wisdom dallies long with the invitation. Leave alone the Andes, till you know your Rimutakas—to stroll dreamwise through the glades another has fashioned is “to lead thyself the road of Nothing down.” Be wise in your own right!

W.F.

PAN.

In verdant dales a wreathéd flute
Sings out its mellow, gladsome lay,
The morning sunbeams to salute,
And welcome in the joyous day.
“Oh, joy! Oh, joy!” the music shrills,
“Oh, joy! Oh, joy!” ring back the hills.

The lusty sun his foolish face
Thrusts in among the lacéd leaves,
And with his burnished copper mace
Strikes at the golden honey-thieves.
“Oh, joy! Oh, joy!” the music shrills,
“Oh, joy! Oh, joy!” ring back the hills.

But when the leaping sunset flaunts
His farewell signal in the West,
And brooding Night the woodlands haunts,
While wearied creatures seek their rest.
“Forlorn, forlorn,” the music thrills,
“Forlorn, forlorn,” breathe back the hills.

—P.Q.

DEGREE RESULTS AND SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following Victoria College Students completed degrees this year:—

Bachelors of Arts.

Cathie, Winifred A.	Bates, Frederick A.
Everett, Gladys G.	Benge, Alfred J. H.
Fogelberg, Norma E.	Brock, Herbert F.
McHardie, Winifred E.	Castle, Arthur P.
Palmer, Alice M.	Hall, Vincent J. B.
Pemberton, Leila E. I.	Hall-Jones, Frederick G.
Scott, Jessie	Henderson, Hubert
Hird, William E.	
Jackson, George C.	
Kibblewhite, Bruce M.	
Morrison, John C.	
Robinson, Alfred H.	

Honours in Arts.

Casey, Ellen C.	Third-class	Latin and English
Graham, Elsie D.	Second-class	Latin and German
Isaac, Nora G.	Third-class	Botany
Jenkins, Harriette	Second-class	Botany
Saxon, Gwendoline	Second-class	French and German
Teychemné, Annie	Second-class	Mathematics and Mathematical Physics
Burns, John C.	Third-class	Political Science
Caddick, Alfred E.	Third-class	English and German
Watson, Ronald S.	Second-class	Mental Science

Bachelors of Science.

Levi, Leila E.	Robertson, George H.
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Honours in Science.

Burbidge, Percy W.	First-class in Electricity; Second-class in Heat
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Senior Scholarships.

Cathie, Winifred A.	Botany
Brock, Herbert F.	Latin
Robertson, George H.	Zoology
Robinson, Alfred H.	Greek

Bachelors of Law.

de la Mare, F. A.

Eichelbaum, S.

Oram, M. H.

The Jacob Joseph Scholarships were awarded to
Jenkins, Harriette Burbidge, P. W.

The Sir George Grey Scholarship was awarded to
J. G. Fulton and R. Bruce

The University Senate has nominated T. Rigg to the
1851 Exhibition Research Scholarship, and has specially
recommended P. Burbidge for a second scholarship.

The Eleventh Inter-University College Tournament.

HELD AT DUNEDIN, EASTER, 1912.

In the June edition of the SPIKE, 1902, appeared a report of the first University Tournament, held at Christchurch. "Honour to Whom Honour is Due" stands as the headline of one notable paragraph, and beneath are keenly appraised the services of F. T. M. Kissel, F. C. Long, W. M. Thomson, and G. F. Dixon, the representative secretaries respectively of Canterbury College, Auckland University College, Otago University, and Victoria College. Our own Sports Committee in that year comprised R. Beere, G. F. Dixon, P. S. Foley, H. H. Ostler, J. Stout, G. M. Henderson, D. Matheson and F. A. de la Mare, the last three being elected as a Selection Committee. To all of whom, Honour.

So much by the way. On the evening of Thursday, April the fourth, one thousand nine hundred and twelve,

the "Victoria College Hooligans" boarded the Mararoa for Dunedin. For the first time since the inauguration of the Tournament, George Dixon did not accompany the team, but we found him on the wharf sure enough, to wish us good luck. The Auckland Brigade had journeyed South on the previous evening, so that our send-off lacked the sting of bitter hostility which is alone productive of the true haka. We arrived in Christchurch just too late to catch the first Dunedin express, but in plenty of time to enjoy the enthusiastic hospitality of Canterbury College at morning-tea, before proceeding South by the midday express.

TENNIS.

On Saturday the weather had apparently set fair, and 9.30 found most of us assembled on the Kaituna Courts, where an open-air Civic Reception was in progress. Our tennis prospects were never very bright,—same old complaint, too much Jennings,—but our hopes well nigh vanished altogether as we watched D. Smith, of Canterbury College, demolishing our own representative, J. B. Parker, to the tune of a *love* set. In the second set, Parker showed considerable improvement, and fully extended the Canterbury man, who ran out at 6—4. Our second string, Brown, fared little better at the hands of E. Partridge, of Otago, who scored a comfortable win in the third set. In the Doubles, Parker and Cleghorn had things all their own way against Scott and Jacobson, of Auckland.

Meanwhile the women representatives had been settling their disputes on the Otago Courts, where a battle royal was fought out between Miss Hunt, of Otago, and Miss Tennent, of Victoria College. The former led 8—5, and on at least two occasions was within an ace of game and set. Thereafter Miss Tennent settled down, and with a well-sustained effort captured the next four games.

In the afternoon, the preliminary rounds of the combined events were played, Miss Cross and Jennings accounting for Miss Cook and Parker with consummate ease, while Miss Tennent and Cleghorn wrecked tem-

porary vengeance on Canterbury College by disposing of Miss Jameson and T. D. Smith.

THE PICNIC.

The picnic was held on Saturday evening, and was a huge success in every respect. Among those present we noticed F. A. de la Mare in a beaming smile and no hat at all; in fact, everyone noticed him. The steamer left with admirable punctuality, so that many undesirables, including J. B. Parker, were left lamenting on the wharf. So we rejoiced noisily, and even contrived something in the way of a dance until we reached Portobello, whence we made our way inland, to find a tent, tremendously stocked with provisions. After supper, the respective Colleges arose in their might, and in turn made night hideous with song and haka. Then, somewhat weary, but at peace with all the world, we retraced our steps to the steamer.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Monday was a day out for Victoria College. Our first success fell to F. F. Reid, who wrested the Mile from that time-honoured athlete,, L. A. Dougall, of Canterbury College. On this occasion, Dougall was not quite his old self; he failed to make his characteristic dash in the third lap, and for three-quarters of the distance he was unable to shake Reid off. Half-way round the last lap, Dougall made his effort, and established an imposing lead of some fifteen yards, but his bolt was shot, and Reid, racing with great heart, came up relentlessly. Fifty yards from home he took the lead, and won a beautifully judged race with a couple of yards to spare.

A. S. Reid, of Otago, accounted for the Shot event with the phenomenal put of 37 feet 3½ inches, breaking his own record. In the afternoon the same performer established another record, throwing the hammer 107 feet 7 inches. The Long Jump was won by Bennett, of Can-

terbury College, and Goodbehere ran home comfortably in the 220 yards sprint. It was a cheering sight to watch our old-time crack once again leading the field, and augured well for the remaining sprint events. At the luncheon interval the score stood:

Canterbury College	...	4	points
Victoria College	...	4	„
Otago	...	3	„
Auckland	...	1	„

In the remaining nine events, Victoria College secured no fewer than six firsts and one second. Goodbehere won the 100 Yards by inches from Mansell, and the 440 Yards from Thomas, both of Canterbury. The Quarter Mile was the best event of the day. Goodbehere drew inside running, and went for the lead. Thomas was not so fortunate, starting from somewhere near the outside. Half-way round Goodbehere put in a remarkable dash, and established a lead of fully ten yards. The field trailed helplessly after him, and it was some seconds before Thomas drew clear of the ruck. Goodbehere was palpably weary, but Thomas entered the straight like a whirlwind, and with a series of desperate rushes strove to reduce the gap. Right on the post he made a superb effort, but Goodbehere broke the tape with a foot to spare.

F. Hall-Jones scored a win in the High Jump with the fairly creditable leap of 5 feet 3 inches. George Strack landed a good double, pulling off both hurdle events, Con. Strack gaining second place in the shorter distance. The Three Miles Flat proved another fine struggle. Williams, of Victoria College, jumped to the front in his usual style, and obstinately resisted all attempts to displace him. Rutherford, of Otago University, and our own first string, Hall, clung desperately to his heels, but Williams kept pegging away in heart-breaking fashion. At the bell, Rutherford dashed to the front, but his effort was ill-timed, and entering the straight Williams was once again in his old position. A desperate finish resulted, but the order remained unchanged, not five yards separating the first three men, Williams, Rutherford, Hall.

THE DEBATE.

The Debating Contest for the Joynt Challenge Scroll was held on Monday evening. Unfortunately, the report promised us by the judges has not yet drifted our way, so that a detailed account of the debate will have to stand over until our next issue. The contest took place in the Old Settlers' Hall before a crowded audience, and proved tremendously entertaining, despite the fact that certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" persisted in making more noise than was seemly. However, as six of the eight contestants had spent several months advocating Prohibition from many sultry platforms, something in the way of a hostile demonstration was almost necessary to make them feel completely at home.

In the first round, F. G. Hall-Jones and G. W. Morice (V.C.) took the affirmative, and argued that "Compulsory Military Training is in the best interests of the Dominion," while C. Marsack and E. Kavanagh (A.U.C.) demonstrated conclusively that it is nothing of the kind. In the second round, the motion was affirmed by H. H. Cornish and O. C. Mazengarb (O.U.), and opposed by R. N. Gray and F. C. Spratt (C.C.). When the judges retired to consider their verdict, there was a fairly general impression that the Scroll would go to Otago; nevertheless, Victoria College were once again proclaimed the winners, to the uproarious delight of the supporters of the Gold and Green. The Colleges were placed in the following order:—Victoria, Otago, Canterbury, Auckland.

TENNIS FINALS.

Tuesday opened in the perfect glory of a cloudless sky, and the canny Scotch folk about us took the risk and bragged immodestly of the weather. With a twofold victory to its credit, Victoria College betook itself light-heartedly enough to the tennis courts, but our hopes were sadly reduced when Miss Tennent and Miss Cook fell before the prowess of Miss Cross and Miss Jameson, an undoubtedly stronger pair. At this stage Victoria's

chances were generally estimated at nil, and even the old sport, de la Mère, refused to have "a bit on."

Meanwhile the big black clouds had been gathering from the south, and the weather outlook was becoming more atrocious every minute as Miss Cross and Miss Tennent took the field in the finals of the Ladies' Singles. Miss Tennent was in fine form, and annexed the first three games with great expedition. Down came the ugly drops, and the match had to be temporarily abandoned.

All the morning the rain pattered merrily on the roof of the pavilion, and after lunch there was no sign of abatement. As it was absolutely impossible for some of our players to wait another day in Dunedin, it was decided to go through with the tournament. The match between Miss Tennent and Miss Cross was resumed, and the latter, playing with great accuracy and fine judgment in adverse conditions, succeeded in wiping off her deficit at six all. Miss Tennent played up well, but the rain militated against her. In the previous rounds she had indulged in some awe-inspiring tosses, but on a wet court it is undoubtedly the long sweeping drive that is peculiarly noxious. Miss Cross adapted herself admirably to the conditions, and gained a well-deserved victory, 9-6. That ended the matter as far as the Tennis Cup was concerned, but Canterbury College had not yet completed the destruction of her enemies. Parker and Cleghorn were the next victims. Jennings's drive was as powerful and destructive as of yore, and T. D. Smith was quite up to the standard required. The Canterbury pair ran out easy winners at 6-2, 6-3.

By this time Miss Cross and Miss Tennent were ready to renew hostilities in the finals of the combined event, but again the Canterbury pair proved themselves immeasurably superior to our own combination. Jennings was everywhere, Cleghorn was anywhere, while Miss Cross was as sound as ever. So ended the Tennis Tournament. For five years Canterbury College has held the Tennis Cup; for five years L. S. Jennings has maintained an unbeaten record, and as a fitting memento of

his triumphs, his College has, in his last year, succeeded in winning all five championships. Next year Canterbury will be without her warriors of the past; Miss Jamieson and Miss Cross will participate in no more triumphs, and the other Colleges will be fairly leaping at Canterbury's throat. As for ourselves, we should like to have beaten *Jennings* (confound the fellow).

THE BALL.

Of the University Ball, held on Tuesday evening, little need be said here. Suffice it that the fleeting hours passed too quickly away, and the ball was soon another bright link in the memory chain of the past.

THE MANAGER.

One last word of appreciation is due to the unflagging energy of Manager J. C. McDowall, under whose masterly hand even the most unavoidable of hitches faded into nothingness. From start to finish James was a stalwart in our midst, a veritable Dixon of old time.

Appended is a list of the official results:—

OFFICIAL RESULTS.—ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Event.	First (2 points).	Second (1 point).	Time (or distance).	Record.
100 Yards	...	F. W. B. Goodbehere, V.C.	11 sec.	10 1-10 sec.
220 "	...	F. W. B. Goodbehere, V.C.	24 4-5 sec.	23 2-5 sec.
440 "	...	F. W. B. Goodbehere, V.C.	54 1-5 sec.	51 2-5 sec.
880 "	...	C. S. Thomas, C.C.	2 min. 7 4-5 sec.	2 min. 3 1-5 sec.
1 Mile	F. F. Reid, V.C.	4 min. 52 1-5 sec.	4 min. 36 sec.
3-mile	...	H. Williams, V.C.	16 min. 52 sec.	15 min. 30 sec.†
120 Hurdles	...	G. S. Strack, V.C.	17 2-5 sec.	17 1-5 sec.
440 Hurdles	...	G. S. Strack, V.C.	66 1-5 sec.	62 2-5 sec.
Long Jump	...	W. Bennett, C.C.	20 ft.	22 ft. 8 1-2 in.
High Jump	...	F. G. Hall-Jones, V.C.	5 ft. 3 in.	5 ft. 6 1-2 in.
1 Mile Walk	...	A. Hamilton, O.U.	7 min. 15 1-5 sec.	7 min. 15 sec.†
Shot	A. S. Reid, O.U.	37 ft. 3 1-2 in.*	37 ft. 1-4 in.
Hammer	...	A. S. Reid, O.U.	107 ft. 7 in.*	93 ft. 11 in.

POINTS SCORED :

Victoria College	17	LADIES' CUP (most points scored by one competitor) F. W. B. Goodbehere, 6 points.
Otago University	11	DE LA MARE CHALLENGE CUP (One Mile Flat) F. F. Reid.
Canterbury College	10	TREVOR HULL MEMORIAL SHIELD (Long Jump) F. G. Hall-Jones.
Auckland University College	1	

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Men's Singles	...	L. S. Jennings, C.C.
Men's Doubles	...	L. S. Jennings and T. D. Smith, C.C.
Ladies' Singles	...	Miss Cross, C.C.
Ladies' Doubles	...	Miss Cross and Miss Jameson, C.C.
Mixed Doubles	...	L. S. Jennings and Miss Cross, C.C.

DEBATING CONTEST.

F. G. Hall-Jones and G. W. Morice, V.C.

*Record.

†Standard fixed but not hitherto broken.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

The following represented Victoria College at the University Tournament, 1912:—

Athletics—

- 100 Yards : F. W. B. Goodbehere and G. S. Strack.
- 220 Yards : F. W. B. Goodbehere and E. M. Mackersey.
- 440 Yards : F. W. B. Goodbehere and E. M. Mackersey.
- 880 Yards : F. F. Reid and H. Williams.
- Mile : F. F. Reid and G. H. Seddon.
- 120 Yards Hurdles : G. S. Strack and C. H. E. Strack.
- 440 Yards Hurdles : G. S. Strack and C. H. E. Strack.
- Long Jump : B. B. Egley and F. G. Hall-Jones.
- High Jump : F. G. Hall-Jones and A. East.
- Mile Walk : A. B. Sievwright and G. M. Cleghorn.
- Shot : G. C. Jackson.
- Hammer : G. C. Jackson.

Tennis—

- Men's Singles : J. B. Parker and C. A. Brown.
- Men's Doubles : J. B. Parker and G. M. Cleghorn ; C. A. Brown and R. W. Reed.
- Ladies' Singles : Miss Tennent and Miss Mason.
- Ladies' Doubles : Miss Tennent and Miss F. Cooke ; Miss H. R. Mason and Miss D. Mason.
- Mixed Doubles : Miss Tennent and G. M. Cleghorn ; Miss F. Cooke and J. B. Parker.

Debate—

- F. G. Hall-Jones and G. W. Morice.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.

In No. 2213, vol. 89, of "Nature," a writer reviews the work published last year by the Reform Association. After a more or less kindly criticism, the writer makes the strange statement that it is hopeless for a small colony like New Zealand to try to eradicate an evil still adhered to in England. He is referring to the examination system. Of course New Zealand is notorious for its unprogressive legislation, its aversion to reforms not elsewhere carried out.

The Persecution.

Daphne put her hands on my shoulders. She assumed her persuasive air. Daphne can be *very* persuasive.

"Walter, dear," she said, "I wish you would stay home on Thursday. Mabel Courtenay's coming."

"Thursday," I said, hurriedly. "Oh, yes. Jack Smith'll probably want me to go boating on Thursday."

"Oh!" said Daphne.

"Yes," said I. "We arranged it last Friday."

"Jack Smith," said Daphne, solemnly, "has been away a *fortnight*. Oh, Walter, how *can* you be so nasty? I *would* so like you to meet Mabel. She's the *dearest* girl."

I broke away and left the room. It's no use arguing with Daphne—it only ends with my giving in, and I felt very strongly on this subject. For the best part of a year I have been regularly trotted out to show myself to, and otherwise blend amusement with instruction for, the numerous girl friends of Daphne. At first I rather enjoyed it, but in time the novelty of the thing wore off, and the general inanity of the sex became very evident. I stood it as long as I could for Daphne's sake, for I really believe that Daphne is above the usual run of sisters. But even my patience became exhausted. I made up my mind to put my foot down.

I went back to Daphne and told her this. "No cart-horse on earth," said I, "could now drag me into an acquaintance with Mabel Courtenay. At the same time, I am willing to provide the funds for her entertainment, and to compensate her for her natural disappointment. You can take her to the zoo, or the circus—expense is no object." I put down threepence, and left the room haughtily.

At the same time I thought it the part of wisdom, under the circumstances, to abjure the house for the remainder of the day. Daphne can be very unpleasant when she is angry. I put some biscuits in my pocket (it's a cardinal rule of my existence never to move without biscuits), and set out for a ramble.

The day was warm and fine. Nature was happy, and it was not long before I fell into her mood. By the time I had reached my objective, a thick belt of trees some eight miles distant, I was once more on good terms with the world.

I chose a comfortable place under a shady tree and sat down for a snack. Hardly had I bitten into my first biscuit when I was abruptly, though, I must admit, most charmingly, arrested by a voice from the heavens.

"Oh, please," said the voice.

I looked up. Half-way up the tree under which I was sitting was a girl—a deucedly pretty girl.

"Hullo, Helen," said I.

"I can't get down," said Helen.

I climbed to conversational distance up a neighbouring tree.

"Now, tell me all about it," I said in a soothing tone. "How did you get up?"

"I don't know," she returned, "and I can't get down."

"Delighted to hear it," said I.

Helen looked surprised, and rather annoyed.

"Aren't you going to help me down," she said, in her most polite voice.

"Not at the moment," said I. Silence.

"It's a nice tree you're on," said I. No answer.

I determined to try another tack.

"Up to now," I ventured, "I have preferred fair girls."

"Oh," said Helen, obviously interested.

"Yes," said I. Now we were all right.

"Why 'Helen'?" said she.

"I like the name," said I; "I've always wanted to know a girl named Helen."

"It's a nice name," said she.

"Yes," said I; "if there is any name that I could have preferred for myself, it's Adolphus. Whenever you start an argument, Helen, it's always best to define your terms at the outset."

"Couldn't we argue better on the ground?"

"You don't understand the position, Helen. Roosting on this tree you see a desperate victim of feminine oppression. Pursued on all sides, I have sought a

precarious sanctuary in the depths of the forest. For the moment I believe I have eluded pursuit."

"Poor Adolphus!" said Helen.

"Yes," said I. "While you're up the tree I'm safe. How am I to know you're not a minion of the oppressor?"

"Oh, I'm not," said Helen. "I like men—nice men."

"Then you'll like me," said I.

Helen demurred. "No nice man would let me remain here," said she.

"I'm going to," said I.

"I've had no lunch," said Helen.

"I carry sustenance in my pocket. Have a biscuit." I tossed over the bag, and—wonder of wonders—she caught it.

"Tell me about the oppressor," said Helen, munching happily, and apparently resigned to her position.

"It's Daphne," said I; "Daphne's my sister, you know. She's a very popular girl, with a large following. She brings them all home—all kinds of girls—and I'm expected to go through my tricks. I've stood it for a long time, because I'm naturally fond of girls."

"Of course," said Helen.

"Yes," said I. "But the thing's got beyond a joke. I've jibbed at last. She's got a new friend—a girl named Courtenay—and of course she wants to show me to her. I refused, and escaped. They're after me now."

"Are they using bloodhounds?" said Helen.

"I believe so," said I. "The position's desperate."

"I'm so sorry for you, Adolphus," said Helen.

"That's sweet of you," said I.

"Don't you think I might help," said she. "If you let me down I could tell them I'd seen you going the other way, or something."

"I don't know," said I. "I rather like this."

"What do you like?" said Helen.

"I like looking at you," said I. "Besides, the situation's a novel one. I don't remember anything quite like this."

"But I want to get down," said Helen.

"Your position's nothing to mine. You'll get down from the tree all right."

"Will I?" said she.

"Yes," said I. "But I'll *never* escape Mabel Courtenay."

"Poor Adolphus," said she.

"Yes," said I. "What's your opinion of the Suffragette question?"

"I don't want to vote," said Helen.

"Good," said I. "Daphne's friends mostly do. I say, I wish you knew Daphne."

"So do I," said Helen.

"I wouldn't mind *your* coming to see me."

"Wouldn't you?" said Helen.

"No," said I. "I say, do you play tennis?"

"I did before I got treed."

"Helen," said I, "you really ought to know me."

"If you helped me down I believe I'd like to," said Helen.

"That settles it," said I; "my trusting nature is overcome."

I helped her down. She said she lived close by. She would not let me escort her home. So I told her that I should lie low in that spot or thereabouts until the pursuit might be expected to have slackened. I begged her aid for a fellow-being in distress. She granted it. I requested her to do her utmost to put the bloodhounds on the track of the butcher's cart, and to report progress the next day. She agreed, and we parted. As dear old Pepys would have put it, "she left me and I her."

Each day for the next week we kept up the pleasant little farce, and I found myself looking forward strangely to the meetings. Another cheering thing was that during the week the attitude of Daphne had been rather decent. Usually she gets distressingly bad-tempered after one of our little tiffs, but on this occasion she seemed to see in it a subject for mirth. Indeed, when I casually mentioned Miss Courtenay's name she was almost overcome. I was rather pleased she took it so well.

On the eighth day, when I got to our conspirator's tree, Helen was already there. Her air was tragic.

"Adolphus," said she, "all is lost."

I sighed. "Tell me at once. I am prepared for the worst."

"The enemy have arranged to waylay you *at dinner*," said Helen.

"All is indeed lost," said I (it is a cardinal rule of my existence never to miss my dinner). "I resign myself to the inevitable. I have fought a good fight, but it's no use holding out any longer. This very night I shall give myself up. Life is sweet and liberty is sweet, but I can't miss my dinner. It is very sad."

"*Very* sad," said Helen. She sighed.

"Yes," said I. "Won't you shake hands before I go to my fate?"

I took her hands in mine. She looked at the ground.

I can't explain how it happened. For a moment things were a bit mixed up. It was all over in a second.

"How dare you kiss me," said Helen, pulling her hands away.

"I don't know," said I. "Must have been bit above myself, I think. I feel it coming on again, too."

Before I could stop her she was gone—and I did not even know her name. I went home savagely.

Something told me that the attack would be delivered that very night. I spent the afternoon reading in the library. I read of the stoical indifference to torture of the Red Indians. I took courage. I would face it smilingly.

I went down to execution (hitherto known to me as dinner) in good time. Daphne met me in the hall.

"Walter," said Daphne. Daphne was smiling.

"I surrender," said I.

"What do you mean?" said Daphne.

"It's all right," I said. "I'll come quietly. Where is she?"

"In the drawing-room," said Daphne. She giggled.

I followed her. We entered the room.

Ye Gods! Miss Courtenay was not there—but *Helen was!*

"Hullo, Helen!" said I.

"Hullo, Adolphus!" said Helen.

"Have you two met before?" said Daphne, with a break in her voice.

"I k——." I was going to say "I kissed her this morning," but somehow it did not seem the sort of thing one *ought* to say in a drawing-room.

"Used to play together as children," said I.

"Oh," said Daphne.

"Yes," said I. "Old sweethearts, in fact."

Daphne went to the door.

"Then why wouldn't you meet Miss Courtenay before?" said she. She shut the door and giggled in the hall. Helen—er—Miss Courtenay—laughed also.

I *had* been an ass—as usual. I dropped into a chair, and groaned aloud. I felt bad. They had played a pretty trick on me. What a fool I had been! I began to get angry. I stood up and glared at the visitor.

"It's all right," said I. "The joke's over; I'm the fool." I walked to the door. "You two can enjoy the fun better without me. I can't appreciate it, Miss Courtenay."

Miss Courtenay stopped laughing. I turned the handle.

"Don't go just yet," said she.

I waited. She traced the pattern of the carpet with her toe, and seemed in doubt as to what to say next. When she did speak it was in a whisper.

"I think Helen is a *much* nicer name than Miss Courtenay," she said.

I began to feel less angry. I shut the door—from the outside. I relented altogether.

"What do you think of Adolphus?" said I.

She did not answer at once. It was not until I was quite close to her that she lifted her head.

"I think Adolphus is perfectly delightful," said Helen.

I made no excuses this time.

C. A. BERENDSEN.

MUTATOSQUE DEOS FLEBIT.

"Hor. *Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.*"

—Horace.

Must the Past with its joys mingle care? Must the
Present bear fruit from the Past?
O Goddess thy face is not fair, and down from thy throne
thou art cast.
O'er the days is the Sceptre of Sorrow, thy kingdom a
kingdom of tears,
And Grief holding sway o'er the morrow has banished
all bliss from the years.
When thy lips were as wine, and as sweet as the scent
where the roses blow,
And thy cheeks as the skies that greet the morn with a
crimsoned glow,
Forgotten were griefs for the season ; soft laughter and
lips that were red,
Had banished from earth bitter reason's regret for the
years that are dead.

O Queen of the waves Cytherean. O Goddess of ages
past,
Foam-born of the flashing Aegean. Thy kingdom has
fallen at last :
And the face of the earth is forlorn as the face of a
desert, and bare.
The day has died in the morn, and thy night is a night
of despair.
Thy words are bitter, and sting like the salt of the wet
sea-spray,
For thou givest thy counsel and sing that thy pleasures
are not for a day.
"Seize ye the joys of the present." But the joys of the
present are past,
And the days are dark and unpleasant ; and their shade
o'er the future is cast,

For the unborn regrets of to-morrows shall yet bring their
grief and their tears,
And join in the flood-tide of sorrows that flows down the
river of years.

—PIRI KEREI.

Our Two New Lecturers.

On behalf of the students of Victoria College, the SPIKE has much pleasure in extending a welcome to both Mr. Barton and Mr. Tennant. We hope that their connection with us will be a long and pleasant one.

Mr. J. S. Barton was born and educated in Melbourne, Victoria. In 1891 he entered the service of the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank, Ltd., remaining in its employ for eight years in Victoria and four in South Australia. In 1903 he resigned from the Bank's service and came to New Zealand, and founded Bank's Commercial College. He acted as Director of that institution for eight years, during which time he passed accountancy and law examinations. In March, 1911, Mr. Barton was admitted to practice as a solicitor of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, and is now practising his profession in Wellington. In February, 1912, he was appointed lecturer in Accountancy and Auditing at Victoria College. Mr. Barton is the author of "Twentieth Century Commerce and Bookkeeping," "New Zealand Company Secretary," and "Australasian Company Secretary." He was also Editor of "Business Life" for seven years.

Mr. J. S. Tennant was for some time a public school teacher. He spent a good many years in Dunedin, being connected with the Technical School, and being for a short time locum-tenens Professor of Biology at Otago University. In 1898 Mr. Tennant became Headmaster of Ashburton High School, a position he held till 1905, when he became Inspector of Schools in Wellington district. In 1912 he became Principal of the Wellington

Teachers' Training College, and, consequently, Lecturer on Education for Victoria College. Mr. Tennant is one of the players in the first inter-university contest (held at Christchurch in 1884), when he represented his College in tennis and football.

The Cinderella of the College.

We reprint the following sub-leader from the *Evening Post* of May 23rd. Comment is unnecessary:—

Some time ago a member of the College Council struck an apt phrase, "the Cinderella of the Colleges," which fairly describes the condition and position of the youngest member of the University College family. The needs of the College grow out of proportion to the income from grants of public money and students' fees. The State policy of placing secondary education within the reach of deserving boys and girls with capacity for work naturally lengthens the roll of students at Victoria College, but the money and the equipment for the proper teaching of them do not correspondingly increase. Other colleges have the advantage of endowments, but Victoria College has only a peppercorn income from that source, and has to rely mainly on direct subsidies from Parliament. Public opinion is against additions to the scale of fees, and therefore the College Council has to get more money from the representatives of the people if those representatives' education policy is to be effectively carried out at this University College. Mr. C. Wilson yesterday very plainly put the urgency of the need before the Minister (the Hon. J. A. Hanan), and the answer was sympathetic. Mr. Hanan remarked that the Inspector-General (Mr. Hogben) was preparing a report on the financial position and requirements of all the colleges, and this information was to be placed before Parliament next session. We expect that this report will clearly indicate the amount of public money (direct and indirect by way of public endowments) as an annual charge against

each student, on an average, at each of the colleges. In the matter of public money, Victoria College, in common fairness, has to be on a basis of equality with the sister colleges. Of course, Wellington cannot expect to get an equivalent in public money for the private benefactions which have benefited the colleges of Christchurch, Dunedin and Auckland. Any such balancing would tend to dry up the springs of private generosity. The Middle District asks for absolute fairness in the allocation of public money, and the reasonableness of such a plea must get justice for Victoria College.

O, GIVE ME PEACE.

The sun is white upon the streets ;
The dust is thick upon the pane ;
And summer, with its burning heats,
Has dried my life, and tired my brain.

The busy clock ticks ceaselessly,
And people chat, but little say ;
While thoughts that struggle to be free
Fail in the fight and die away.

When will the twilight shadows come,
And make the day-things soft and grey ?
Then shall I walk when eve has come,
And try to find some peaceful way.

And pushing at an old church-door,
Find, as I tread the dim, hushed aisle,
A calm my yearning fades before,
I'll shut my mind and brain awhile.

Woo Memory, and kneel and pray,
The simple words unrest bid cease ;
So for this moment of the day
I'll have what I am seeking, "Peace."

—M.L.N.

About a Mug.

Below, the river "murmured at its own sweet will," forming a right-angled pool, where it was turned aside by the bush-clad cliffs. Sixty feet above, among some scattered straight-stemmed trees, a party of eight, mugs in hand, watched the "Billy." However peacefully the river flowed, it was evident that its peacefulness was not shared by the watchers. Furtive glances travelled towards the "vessel" which the Man from Erin held in his hand, and then back to the Billy, finally resting on the Man from Erin. They were thinking hard—all save the Man from Erin.

"I bag the lid," from an individual who had forgotten to bring a "mug," as requested. He placed more dry sticks under the Billy as it started to steam, and glanced occasionally towards the Man from Erin as if in doubt. But the Man from Erin was watching the Billy.

"There she goes; put the tea in," remarked a thirsty one to the man with the tea-bags. The face of the Man from Erin brightened as the lid closed on the bags, but he still watched the Billy.

"Where's the milk?" The party's gaze turned to the man who was trying with more energy than science to punch a hole in the condensed-milk tin; silently all watched him—all save the Man from Erin. He watched the Billy.

"Off with it." Eager hands swung the Billy off the fire and extracted the tea-bags. The Man from Erin moved closer, but he still watched the Billy. As the man with the milk commenced operations, a thick white cord connected the milk-tin with the tea, but the milk showed a marked reluctance to part company with the tin.

"The man who opened that tin ought to be shot," volunteered the tall one stirring the tea with dead twig.

"Make a bigger hole," wisely remarked the Scot, whose appetite, whetted by the morning swim, had caused him to feel that his last breakfast was a thing of the dim and hazy past. A further surgical operation was then commenced on the tin.

Meanwhile the Man from Erin watched the Billy. The others watched the Man from Erin—and calculated,

"If X is greater than Y, can Y-X be greater than O?" murmured a brother Scot, with a miniature mug, and glanced apprehensively towards the Man from Erin. But the Man from Erin was watching the Billy.

"Is a bucket a mug within the meaning of the Act?" and the stirrer of the tea glanced nervously at the Man who still watched the Billy with a happy smile.

"Can a muglike-bucket or a bucketlike-mug be called 'a mug'?" We were asked to bring "a mug," whispered the man with the condensed-milk tin in a tone of considerable doubt; and he, too, glanced nervously at the Man from Erin. The latter's face grew brighter as the milk disappeared into the Billy. His eyes twinkled—but he never took them off the Billy.

"Does the constitution——," but the secretary had left the constitution at home.

As the milk whitened the tea, the Man from Erin moved still closer to the Billy. The Scot grasped his miniature mug tightly, and the light of a sudden resolve came into his eyes.

"That's enough milk; anyone can add more if he wants it," and the Man from Erin prepared to transfer the contents of the Billy into his—vessel. But the miniature mug dived and rose triumphant as he started to pour, and the Scot retired with his prize. The remainder watched.

" . . . to me Little remains," quoted a timid voice; but the Man from Erin still poured.

"Five loaves and two fishes,—is the age of miracles past?" questioned another.

"Can X-Y be positive if $Y = \text{infinity}$," was the only reply..

The Man from Erin watched his "mug"; the rest watched it too, and wondered.

"'Tho' much is taken" and he relinquished the Billy. (Chorus.) "A-h:"

The Billy wasn't empty,—BUT the "mug" wasn't full.

* * * * *

Rumour has it that the biggest "mug" (enamel) in the 5th Regiment's Camp was in a certain tent of the O.T.C.—but that is another story.

PIRI KEREI.

When the Tennis Players Work at Plays.

In the month of March it was my misfortune to attend a dramatic entertainment in aid of the "V.C. L.T.C." Certainly I should have known that anything run under the auspices of a club with such a title would prove more or less disheartening, but a fair performer inveigled me into buying a ticket—and I make it a practice never to miss anything when I have been rash enough to pay cash for it.

Such is my apology for my presence, and here follows my opinion of the performance. In the first place, may I be allowed to quote two extracts from my little book, "Advice to Amateurs"? One is, "Players should remember that feeble fooling is not acting"; and the other, "In selecting plays, amateurs should be careful to choose those least familiar to the general public."

In this latter connection I may say that there are few men who reach the age of thirty without having made the acquaintance of "The Duchess of Bayswater" and "A Pair of Lunatics," and, as most of us are aware, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

The first curtain rose on "A Pair of Lunatics"—or rather one lunatic—Mr. P. B. Broad, who, by the way, was evidently a great favourite with his audience. He is an actor of some little skill, but he seemed to be labouring under the delusion that all English Army captains have a particular affection for gesticulating wildly with their eyeglasses and for falling on their knees at every conceivable opportunity. Moreover, he had acquired H. B. Irving's abominable snarl and atrocious pronunciation, and although his burlesque of Irving's "Hamlet" was distinctly clever, I cannot admire his imitation of faults such as those.

"Terbe or not terbe—thash question," is a typical example of Mr. Broad's pronunciation throughout the piece.

I regret to say that the lady—Miss I. Tennant—playing the second lunatic, did not look the part. She was, in fact, less like a lunatic than I am, and every one



MR. J. S. BARTON,
Lecturer in Accountancy and Auditing.

of her actions was hopelessly sane. Her "Ophelia" was easily eclipsed by the acting of Miss Pritchard, who took part in the recent local competitions. On the other six occasions when it has been my misfortune to witness this little comedietta, the lady playing the second lunatic has always commenced her performance of "Ophelia" by removing a number of hairpins and allowing a few straggling locks to "fall round her shoulders in a glorious cloud." Miss Tennant's back hair, however, had apparently—in the words of the Bab Ballad—"taken long in dressing," for the only action she made was to unwind a scarf from her shoulders. Surely for Ophelia to wear a scarf is an anachronism. One feels that Miss Tennant might have created more effect by removing her shoes. Her pronunciation, also, was impossible, and I give below two examples of her faults in this direction :

"Cold in iz head" (cold in his head).

"Mice wan balloon yu kno" (my swan balloon you know).

The second item on the programme, "Feed the Brute," was a play I had not before run across, and thus it seemed to me a clever little piece, and quite creditably acted. As the British workman and bullying husband, Dr. Isaacs appeared genuinely at home ; while as Susan Pottle, his wife, Miss M. L. Nicholls, showed decided ability in the realms of cookery and demureness.

Dr. Isaacs, by the way, has evidently marvellous powers of endurance, for he got rid of an enormous dinner in a remarkably short space of time, and looked none the worse for it. Indeed, I doubt whether I have seen in New Zealand a more natural piece of acting than his method of eating that meal.

One cannot but admire Miss P. Nicholls, who played Mrs. Wilkes, for her utter lack of vanity. Most amateur actresses are always anxious to appear as beauties, and would be horrified should one suggest that they donned curl-papers and a frowsy, unbecoming costume. Two women, who sat just behind me, could find no words sufficiently strong to express their appreciation of Miss Nicholls' feigned ugliness, and indeed she deserves commendation.

"The Duchess of Bayswater" did not arrive until after an intolerably long interval, and owing to my previous acquaintance with the piece, I had but little interest in it. Yet when the curtain finally rose I was surprised to find an entirely new scene before me. Presumably it was a garden—since the "Duchess of Bayswater" always is connected with a garden—but although magnificent palms grew in profusion (out of pots), the lawn beneath the performers' feet was far more board than I.

Kathleen Joles, Miss R. M. Thornton, made her appearance with considerable dash and a red umbrella—the only piece of colour in the whole of her acting. The presence of grease-paint made blushing impossible, but Miss Thornton's one idea seemed to be that she must "produce blushing's effect" by gazing floorwards and playing with her parasol. Her most natural action throughout the play was the manner in which she blew her nose, and this was obviously merely a preliminary to dropping her handkerchief at the feet of an ardent suitor. Miss Thornton has that abominable method of pronouncing "girl" as "gairl" at present so popular in England. Further mistakes in her diction were after this manner:

"Budoo be sarious" (but do be serious).

"Carul izntit deredful" (Caryl, isn't it dreadful).

Mr. G. H. Nicholls, as Caryl Stubbs, gave one the impression of having rehearsed his part too well to be altogether natural in it. His walking-stick seemed to serve much the same purpose as Miss Joles' umbrella, but he had palpably forgotten to borrow a ring, thereby rendering Sir Jeremy Joles' statement, "Your grasp is hearty, and you wear a ring," wholly absurd. Such little omissions on the part of an actor show lamentable lack of artistic interest.

Miss M. L. Nicholls gave a fairly good rendering of the rôle of the Duchess, but was a little too fond of her Pork Pie posters to be entirely convincing. I protest against her pronunciation of "Berkeley," which every true Englishman knows should be "Barkeley," and also of "Bayswarta" for "Bayswater."

To Mr K. Munro's Duke of Bayswater I have but one objection. He was inclined to be too effusive in the part, showing thereby a lamentable ignorance of the

manners of a Duke. The cold-hearted way in which he delivered his "Hush, mother, don't interrupt," brought to my mind that little couplet of G. B. Shaw's:

"They say there is no other
Can take the place of mother."

Mr. Munro's diction was at times peculiar, as, for instance:

"Spechees of ullo fibrine" (species of aloe fibrine).

Mr. A. Fair, as Sir Jeremy, was decidedly a crochety invalid, but he gave one the impression that he was a little afraid of his bath-chair—an unwieldy piece of furniture, which appeared to be rather too large for the stage.

In pronunciation he too had his peculiarities, the worst fault being:

"Iz hezo veririch, m' deer" (Is he so very rich, my dear).

Mr. J. F. Thompson—an exceptionally tall man, of a somewhat weary appearance—made an excellent "Jenkins," and said his half-dozen words with quite creditable incorrectness. His was, perhaps, the best piece of acting in the whole performance.

In conclusion, I feel called upon to say that when the few faults mentioned above have been rectified, all these performers will doubtless prove successful amateurs, but the Gods preserve me from such another evening as that I spent on the 29th March, 1912.

C.N.B. (for the "Triangle").

LADY MINE.

I do see you, Lady Mine,
In that half-awaking time,
When the peeping moonbeams find
Access thro' my lacy blind;
And they fill my little room
With a pearly glimm'ring gloom.

Then you come in thoughts to me
Like a sweet reality;
Not a timid sheltered maid,
Primrose-like, 'neath leafy shade,
But who has with sorrow slept,
Known Earth's griefs, and for them wept.

And the knowledge leaves you kind;
Tho' you've felt the bitter wind,
You thought always, when it blew,
Of those sheltered less than you.
And your voice is soft and sweet,
Slow to rate, and swift to greet.

You've for friend the cunning sprite
Humour, with his rogue's delight.
You love flowers, tender things,
Babies' smiles, a bird that sings,
Reading, and the many tasks
That a little household asks.

In your woman thoughts so wise,
Life-love shining in your eyes,
Round my heart you do entwine,
And I love you, Lady Mine!

—F.H.J.

Orongorongo.

A TALE OF THE FAIRIES.

In the far Eastern Sea lies an island, Rapanui—outermost of the South Sea Islands—unregarded and isolated. It is a lofty island, rising abruptly from the sea, and sequestered in its leafy mountain shades there lived long ago Minatira, Queen of the Fairies, and her Fairy band. This is the tale of their migration to a land which mortals now call New Zealand.

It was a behest in Rapanui that no Fairy should ever gaze on the face of a mortal. But the behest was broken, and so it came to pass that the Fairy Goddess decreed that Minatira and her retinue should be banished to a land west of the Setting Sun. In great grief, they left their Fairyland, and embarked on a ship fashioned from palm shadows on the lagoons, rigged with sea lace and sails of sea spray. In a single night (for Fairies could not be abroad at day), on the wings of the West Wind made they the journey across the unknown sea. As the wind came off the sleeping sea it sang sweetly through the Wind Lute affixed to the prow, and so were appeased the Gods of the Ocean.

But soon the Lute ceased its singing, and the Fairies knew they were nigh unto a new land. On a brimming wave the Fairy ship sped silently into a crescent bay encircled by lofty mountains forested to the sea edge. For a moment their ship hung on the silver margin of the sea, and then touching the beach dissolved into the enfolding night haze. Sadly the Fairies crossed the ribbon of beach, and passing into the shadows, were received into the mountain fastnesses beyond.

Many nights did the Fairies wander South through the new land, enthralled by its abiding beauty. At last came they to a mountain crossed and scarred on the Western slope, but clothed about by forests of deepest green. Beneath lay a vale, secluded and quiet, through which a stream with many curves and frettings moved quietly down to the Sea.

In this land of quiet, broken only by the murmuring of waters and the sighing of the winds through the Forests the Fairies abided. Banishment was endurable, and joy and pure content again became their lot.

Then came a night in early Spring when the Fairies, fishing on the Seashore, heard the sound of paddles plashing and the singing of mortals in high strange tones. Great was their surprise, and great the haste in which they gathered their nets of rushes from the Sea. But while Minatira the Queen yet lingered she beheld in the streaming moonlight a canoe filled with Native warriors leap across the waters and pass swiftly into the darkness.

Broken was the spell of contentment, and the element

of unrest entered into the lives of the Fairies. From the scarred mountain side, when the horizon held no night mist, they saw far to the West, where the Stars were near to the Earth, the glow of fires, and they were curious. Again to seek mortals was to court peril, but the spirit of unrest conquered.

Stealthily they crossed to the lofty Islands, that lay in a chain to the West of the scarred mountain. The tide had slipped back from the land, leaving bare the dripping reefs, and the Fairies, by the light of the waning moon, made the crossing to the mainland. Towards the fireglow they fared on their pilgrimage athwart a narrow hill and adown a deep ravine. At last came they to a Bay lit by an untended fire. Half fearfully they approached, but taking courage, they gathered about the fire; and in the fitful flickerings they danced, and strange business was abroad.

And while the Fairies made merry about the fire the canoe of Makura, Chief of all the Southern Isles, sped into the Bay from sea fishing, and Makura prepared to land. But suddenly unto him at the water's edge appeared Minatira, beautiful and enchanting, her face illumined with the fire glow, her eyes mystically imploring. Enthralled, he leapt to embrace her, but in a moment she had gone, followed by her fairy band across the silver beach; and even as he gazed spellbound, a sea passage opened after her as she fled across the land. Hastily seizing his paddle, he drove his canoe swiftly through the racing waters of the passage; but to no end, for always did the Fairies escape him.

Sometimes Minatira would linger near him, but ever as he sought to take her to himself she eluded him and baffled his desire.

Suddenly, as day began to dawn, the passage emerged into open sea, and Makura saw that the Fairies tarried on a reef that stretched from the sea margin. Lo, while yet his canoe fled towards them, the sun rose out of the Eastern sea, and Minatira, garmented in the colours of the dawn, rose with her Fairy band on a veil of sea mist and vanished in the skies.

Makura ceased paddling and gazed in wonderment. The islands that at sunset had stretched in a chain across

the sea to the scarred mountain, now rested on the horizon to the far North. Turning his canoe from the sea, he speedily returned through the narrow passage to tell of strange happenings, of Minatira, and the Fairies.

Out on the Western Coast are the Islands which once formed the bridge for the crossing of the Fairies. To-day Mortals call them "*Mana*" and "*Kapiti*," and across the blue Straits the "*French Pass*" marks the sea passage through which Makura fruitlessly pursued Minatira and her Fairy Band. To-night I look out across the crooning waters of the Bay. The sun is down, long shadows creep across the waters, and the mantle of night slowly enfolds Fairyland and the Scarred Mountain which rises out of the hills called "*Orongorongo*."

JAMES F. THOMPSON.

Olla Podrida.

"The New Shakespeare," according to the Junior English class: "Juliet swallowed the phial, and then fell asleep."

"Let good digestion wait on appetite."

* * *

Another item from the English class: "Milton, in writing his divorce pamphlet, used his wife as a concrete foundation."

Can there then be any truth in the statement, "Frailty, thy name is woman!"

* * *

A kindly correspondent suggests a new version of the old saying, "Plain as a pike-staff." It is, "Plain as the spike-staff."

There is nothing like frankness.

"To conclude this most enjoyable evening, 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung, whereat the guests departed."—(An exchange.)

The last straw!

* * *

"We are out of the world down here. Occasionally, the quiet is broken by the welcome sight of a school hat-band."—(An exchange.)

Up this way we can't hear hat-bands for sox.

* * *

At the Takapau Camp a sermon was preached on "The Piety and early life of Daniel."

"Let your light so shine before men."

* * *

"Irvine, Rapson and Osborn were a quartet of hefty men."—*Dominion*.

Evidently another case of "celestial arithmetic." For solution apply to F. G. Hall-Jones or Robert Blatchford.

* * *

The following is an extract from the *Dominion*:—

Some Gazette Announcements.

A Civil Service junior examination is to be held in November, 1912, beginning on or about June 18th.

Strange things happen in Leap Year.

* * *

Professor Mac, Clairvoyant.—Life's story truly told; no humbug; science, accuracy, truth; gifted from boyhood; Tory Street, Wellington; 2s. 6d.—*Evening Post*.

It's just as well to have something to fall back on.

* * *

"In ancient times, if a man went to prison for debt, he stayed there till he got out."—Prof. Garrow.

Very probably they do still.

"Let him approach to the very brink of what Mr. Micawber called 'the demnition bow-wows.'"—"Liber," in the *N.Z. Times*.

It is so very seldom that our bright little contemporary is responsible for an error, that "when found make a note of," as Mr. Mantellini used to remark.

* * *

Sir Robert Stout.—Brilliant crimson; shaded maroon; very showy and effective.

Harry Kirk.—Long and elegant; colour deep sulphur yellow.

Rose and Carnation Catalogue.

SMOKE-RINGS.

Around the corner, whistling sounds of greeting,
 My friend the wind comes panting in his haste,
 Like some young fellow rushing to a meeting
 With her who all his thoughts has lately graced.
 The smack of brine is still within his taste,
 And while to me the freshest news he brings
 Of streaming horses over surges raced,
 I sit aloof in peace and blow my rings.

He tells me tales of wild sea-breakers beating
 Against the cliffs distorted and defaced;
 Of avalanches treacherously cheating
 The glaciers of the finery they've traced.
 The slender boughs along my lattice laced
 He takes and in his clutches roughly swings;
 But, telling him his anger is mere waste,
 I sit aloof in peace and blow my rings.
 I blow my rings and watch them softly fleeting
 Within the shadows; see the phantoms chased
 By memory from their silent dim retreating,
 Of youth and years which seem too closely spaced.

Go back, old wind! The mountains you've embraced
May be your pleasure, and the sea that sings,
And while you go your way with step swift-paced,
I sit aloof in peace and blow my rings.

Envoi.

My friend, the lords on high may be abased,
And pussy-cats may look their fill at kings,
But while this orb remains where it was placed,
I sit aloof in peace and blow my rings.

—S.E.

The Islands of the Blest—and Others.

Like Neptune's forefinger pointing out of the sea, illumined by the rising sun, it came up over the horizon. Undoubtedly it would have been the most beautiful sight I had ever beheld had I been out of my bunk to behold it. But by the time I awoke and stole on deck, we were already anchored under its lee, while, drawn by an asthmatic and lazy little steam launch, a flotilla of native boats laden with fruit was making its way towards us.

A dazzling white beach ; a quiet green lagoon whose waters fall sleepily upon the dazzling white beach ; a broad coral reef which surrounds the quiet green lagoon ; an intensely blue sea which pounds upon the broad coral reef ; and a background of sloping cocoanut palms and luxuriant green foliage which set off the intensely blue sea which pounds upon the broad coral reef which surrounds the quiet green lagoon whose waters fall sleepily upon the dazzling white beach of the Island of Rarotonga. Here indeed are all the accessories for your rough Island story, with its dusky hero and heroine ; and should you wish to dispose of its still duskier villain, why there

are always a few willing sharks swimming about the lagoon for that purpose.

Happy are the dwellers of this little Eden,
Where they dance their weird fandangos
'Neath the luscious, blooming mangos;
Softly murmur "Kiaorana's"
When you buy their ripe bananas.

They live in a world of dreams, into which the spectre of work is not allowed to enter; but strangely enough they regard money, especially the traveller's, as rather a friendly visitant. In their kindly feelings towards it, indeed, they bid fair to outrival their next of kin, the Maoris. We took a little company of them on board, bound for Tahiti, and one evening they performed in native wise. Weirdly their moaning chants mingled with the swish of the water alongside; rhythmically their bare feet pattered on the deck as they danced; systematically, from time to time, they emptied the pie-dish which, placed on the deck, served as a receptacle for the fast mounting cash receipts. The climax was reached when, in the middle of a horrible war dance, the great chief, Ava Dupois, trod upon this improvised cash register, and its contents rolled in all directions. Whereupon the lusty warriors unanimously ceased dancing to gather the scattered spoils.

The only correct thing for the visitor to do in Rarotonga is to hire a buggy with a horse and native boy attached, and to drive around the Island. The boy drives the horse, and the visitor drives the boy. When the boy sleeps, the horse stops; but when the horse sleeps he still keeps on moving, and doubtless dreams he is back among the wild herd, no end of a gay fellow. That, however, was really long ago, before his coat became so confoundedly small and uncomfortable for his ribs.

We drove through grove upon grove of banana, coconut and orange, and by the side of the coral-strewn beach. Everywhere we encountered natives, always greeting us with the same happy smile, like the children at a Sunday-school picnic who have attained a comfort-

*Kiaorana. Native for "Good-luck."

able plenitude before the supply of buns gave out. What struck us most, however, was the number of private cemeteries. For when a Rarotongan dies he can, if he so desires, be quietly interred in his own back yard, and many are the plain concrete slabs which mark the spot where the rude forefathers of the island sleep. O' nights, when the warm wind blows the leaves along the garden paths, you can hear the ghostly creaking of hinges and the soft voices of these domestic spirits telling one another, over the gate, tales of the days when they bearded the cocoanut in his den and squeezed the buxom orange for themselves alone, and not at the behest of a white tyrant. And the Hibiscus blooms which spurt out of the green like jets of blood seem to plead

'Ah, lean upon us lightly, for who knows

From what once lovely Lip we spring unseen?'

We certainly did think the limit of luxury reached, however, when we found a tombstone in the middle of a household kitchen. A skeleton in the cupboard would be no term of opprobrium to these people.

The Island of Papeete, some two days distant from Rarotonga, is a French colony, and Tahiti, its capital, has, besides its native population, some hundreds of French and Chinamen, and some millions of centipedes. "It came like a centipede in the soup" is a Tahitian method of expressing polite surprise at any not altogether unexpected event.

The arrival of a ship is the great event of the month, and as she noses her way very carefully through the reef, she touches a button which automatically sends up all the prices in all the shops and markets of the town. The entire population then gathers at the wharf; white, brown, half-caste, quadroon, octoroon, macaroon, and the gendarme. So, literally and metaphorically, the Tahitians see you coming. But, as you walk along the narrow vanilla-scented "Rues" of the old-fashioned town, or at night see the gleam of Chinese lanterns flitting hither and thither, and feel the land-crabs crawling like huge spiders over your feet, you know that at last you have reached the land of the Lotus. The material and worldly fall away from it like a tattered garment.

There is a little French tavern in the town, and there, in a small side room, some of us frequently sat us down. Next to us were men lazily sipping absinthe, so weak, however, that only the cheapest assortment and lowest quality of dreams and visions could possibly result from it. Our host was a relic of the Renaissance, whose Adam's apple sloped down to his throat on either side at an angle of 45 degrees. From the main room beside us came the noisy laughter of French toppers, the click of sabots, and the clink of glasses. Had we heard a thousand swords leaping from their scabbards, we should not have been surprised.

The dwellings of Papeete are like dolls' houses, raised from the ground, and some days those inland are bound to become bored and to stride along on their stilts to look at the sea. Who will blame them, for the sea front is one of the most attractive of Papeete's many beauties? To stand under the archway of branches which covers the road by the shore, with the little island schooners drawn up stern first along the beach; to watch the sun gleam on the fish of many colours in the water, chiefly blue, white, and red, arranged tricolour fashion, as all patriotic French fish should be; or to watch the same sun sinking out at sea and the quick dusk coming up, and the lights bursting out of the darkness amidst the trees; that way danger lies, and Ulysses himself would have found himself hard put to it to resist the siren song of the tropics, to say nothing of his crew.

Indeed, the hand-books issued by the shipping company advise you not to linger too long upon these islands or the blest, as, once under their magic spell, you may never more return to your native hearth and home. With this end in view, they unselfishly urge you to buy a return ticket from them at a greatly reduced price. Perhaps they are right, for I can imagine nothing easier than to stand on the white beaches and watch ship after ship go hull down and under, homeward bound on the long trail, while you firmly convince yourself that the next ship will carry you too away. So it may continue till the light catamaran of Charon himself ferries you to the tropics of another world, and the dusky god murmurs a warm "Kiaorana."

—S.E.

LATE, LATE, SO LATE, YE CANNOT ENTER NOW.

"After 5 p.m. the use of the building shall be restricted to males. . . ."—V.C. Gymnasium Regulations.

Il faut qu' une porte soit . . . fermee.

—Musset

La jeune étudiaute,
Attendant patiente,
D'une voix somnolente
Exhale son souci :

"Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte!
Vous m'y trouverez morte
Demain, si de la sorte
Je dois attendre ici!

Exposée à la brume
Déjà je gagne un rhume :
J'ai laissé là ma plume,
Mon carnet, mes amours!"

L'étudiant de garde
Par sa vitre regarde,
Puis d' une voix cafarde
Lui lance ce discours :

"Eloigne-toi, rebelle!
Porte ailleurs ta querelle!
La défense est formelle,
Le règlement est strict.

Quand le soleil se couche,
La femme devient louche,
De grande désordres souche,
Ecoute mon verdict!

Notre consigne est fixe :
Pour éviter la rixe,
Dans un collège mixte
Cet être superflu.

Quoique tu cries, pleures,
Tétemptêtes, jures, meures—
A parter, de cinq heures
Du gymnase est exclu.”
(Elle tombe morte).
d'après M.L.N.

Old Students' Column.

“We shall meet, but we shall miss him.” F. A. de la Mare has left College to its own devices, and has departed to Port Chalmers. There he is managing the business of Mr. Platts, who is away on holiday for twelve months.

L. F. de Berry was appointed recently Rector of the Hokitika District High School. He also represented the Grey Educational Institute at the Conference of the New Zealand Educational Institute at Timaru in January last.

G. R. Barnett writes from “The Vicarage,” Hokitika, where he has been for the past eighteen months. Since leaving College in 1907, he went first to Auckland, as Assistant Master at St. John's. Then he studied Theology at College House, Christchurch, and was ordained Deacon in 1910, Priest in 1912. He finds the West Coast climate splendid, the trade prospects flourishing, and the scenery magnificent.

C. B. Collins writes from Marton, where he is practising as Barrister and Solicitor.

Misses E. M. Hind, E. M. Johnston and E. Pickering are on the staff of the Wellington Girls' College.

Miss G. M. Saxon is an Assistant Mistress at Nelson Girls' College.

H. P. Richmond is a partner in the firm Buddle, Button and Co., of Auckland. He takes the “common law” side, and has appeared frequently for the last three years in the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeal. He is a

member of the Council of the Auckland Law Society. His letter ends with a tribute to the value of the College Debating Society, and wishes success to the many College clubs.

J. A. Ryburn writes from Scrinagar, Kashmir, and says that though he is far away in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, he has not forgotten the College on the Hill.

J. L. Short is partner with Mr. Shortland, Barrister and Solicitor, Taumarunui.

E. Lyon is leaving the firm Kirk and Lyon, of Otaki, to begin practising on his own account in the Auckland district.

On April 25th, G. F. Dixon was married to Miss Adams at the Thames. The SPIKE wishes both Mr. and Mrs. Dixon every happiness.

We re-print the following paragraph from the *Evening Post* of May 18th:—"Mr. Siegfried Eichelbaum, M.A., LL.B., recently of Victoria College, was admitted by the Chief Justice (Sir Robert Stout) to-day as a barrister, and also as a solicitor of the Supreme Court, on the motion of Mr. A. Gray. In making the formal orders of admission, His Honour expressed the hope that Mr. Eichelbaum's career at the Bar would be as distinguished as his career at the University."

M. H. Oram is entering into partnership with J. Mason, solicitor, Palmerston North.

Miss C. M. Taylor is doing research work in chemistry under Professor Pope, of Newnham, Cambridge. She recently attended "The World's Student Federation Conference" at Liverpool, at which over two thousand students were present. She writes that she is thoroughly enjoying her life in England.

Miss E. R. Fell has just returned to England after a holiday in Switzerland, Italy and France, and intends to resume studying at Newnham.

John A. Brailsford is at Hankow, China. He is Editor of the *Central China Post*, the first revolutionary paper published.

In March B. D. Ashcroft was appointed curate to St. Matthew's Church, Masterton.

Miss Jessie Abernethy is now Travelling Secretary for the Australasian Students' Christian Union.

Miss Mary Blair holds the position of Staff Doctor at one of the London Hospitals.

G. V. Bogle is still in Edinburgh, studying for his medical degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reid left for Dunedin in March, Mr. Reid having been appointed to a Lectureship in Otago University.

In Memoriam.

CYRIL ASTON,

December, 1911.





BALLAD OF PAST STUDENTS.

Still do the forms pass to and fro,
 Still at six does the staircase fill,
 Gone are faces I used to know!
 Only memories linger still.
 Where are the ones that climbed the hill,
 Buffeted by the winds that blow—
 Seeking learning or time to kill?
 Oh, for the days of long ago!

Still we journey to meet the foe
 At Eastertide, when winds blow chill;
 I somehow find these meetings slow,
 And cannot feel the same old thrill.
 My distant friends I think of still
 (A sentimental thing, I know),
 And under-rate the present skill—
 Oh, for the days of long ago!

From far Japan or Tobago
 (Or some such place by sea or hill)
 I sometimes get a line or so,
 To show that I'm remembered still.
 One writes he feels the winter's chill,
 He must be growing old, I trow,
 And cooler blood his veins doth fill
 Than in the days of long ago.

The scraggy pine-trees crown the hill,
 The healthy gorse gleams gold below,
 Sure ev'rything doth flourish still
 As in the days of long ago.

—A.O.



*"Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious vessels were, and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all."*

—Omar.

The Debating Society is experiencing, as usual, an entirely successful season. The debates so far have all been of an interesting nature, and the keenness of the members has been evinced to such an extent that at several meetings the "ten o'clock closing" rule has had to be suspended. The number of new speakers this year is greater than it has been for some years; this is a particularly gratifying feature—possibly the result of withholding the New Speaker's Prize last year. The only feature in which an improvement is desirable is in the matter of audiences—not, of course, in quality, but in quantity. We ought to have, not forty or fifty people at the meetings, but the Social Hall filled.

The annual meeting was held on Monday, the 25th March, Mr. Oram being in the chair. The usual business peculiar to College annual meetings was soon disposed of. Several minor alterations in the constitution were made, the most important being a new rule to the effect that at the end of each year the Committee shall choose four subjects for the following year's syllabus.

The first debate of the year was held on 30th March. The motion, moved by Messrs. Morice and Watson, and opposed by Messrs. Hall-Jones and C. Strack, was: "That the tactics adopted by the Government in the late political crisis were not such as should be adopted by political leaders in the future." This was an innovation in the matter of a subject, being the first time that the Society has debated current politics. Undoubtedly it was a great success, judged both from the speakers' point of view and that of the audience. The debate was characterised by an air of virtuous indignation on the part of both sides; one gentleman who regarded the matter with great

equanimity was assured by a subsequent speaker that "his morals were truly shocking!" The judge, Mr. A. R. Atkinson, placed the five best speakers in the following order:—Messrs. Hall-Jones, Watson, Morice, Quilliam, C. Strack.

The next meeting was held on the 20th April. The Chairman announced the fact that our representatives (Messrs. Morice and Hall-Jones) had been successful in once more securing to Victoria College the Joynt Challenge Scroll for debating at the Easter Tournament. It is interesting to note that their opponents, Messrs. Cornish and Mazengarb, of Otago, are now enthusiastic members of our own Society, being now students at Victoria College. The subject for the debate for the evening was "That the present system of granting free secondary education to all is unsound," moved by Messrs. Caddick and Quilliam, opposed by Messrs. Broad and Treadwell. After the "principles of true democracy" had been hurled from speaker to speaker in a most dangerous fashion, the motion was put to the meeting and carried. The judge, Mr. G. M. Hogben, Inspector-General of Schools, made the following award for the Union prize:—1, Mr. Watson; 2, Messrs Hall-Jones and Stevenson (equal); 3, Messrs. Caddick and Morice (equal).

The third debate took place on the 4th May. The subject for discussion was that old friend, "Party Government." Mr. McEldowney, seconded by Miss North, attacked that system, while Messrs. Oram and Quilliam strenuously upheld it. The case was exceptionally well argued by the leaders, both of whom made appeal to history. This debate called forth the greatest number of speakers (seventeen) and the largest audience we have had this year, but the latter gradually faded away before the end of the evening. The meeting by its vote upheld the present system of party Government. The judge, Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, placed the speakers thus: 1, Mr. Hall-Jones; 2, Mr. Mazengarb; 3, Miss North; 4, Mr. Stevenson; 5, Mr. Cornish.

The next debate, held on May 18th, was on the motion, "That it is in the best interests of the people of New Zealand that the ownership of land should be nationalised." This was moved by Mr. Kennedy, seconded by Mr. Mazengarb, and opposed by Mr. Cornish, seconded by Mr. Lomas. Whether it was a result of the array of academic honours on the part of the leaders or not, we can not presume to say, but this was emphatically the most interesting and most keenly contested debate so far this year. Neither was it lacking in humour—of the "dry" order and otherwise. Land nationalisation does not appear to be regarded by our members as the ultimate solution of all social problems—both the majority of speakers and the

vote of the meeting were entirely against it. The judge, the Rev. A. M. Johnson, Vicar of St. Paul's, gave us a very candid and, needless to say, very useful criticism of the various speakers. Messrs. Kennedy, Lomas, and Taylor were ineligible for the competition. The award was: 1, Mr. H. H. Cornish; 2, Mr. G. G. G. Watson; 3, Mr. F. G. Hall-Jones; 4, Mr. A. Treadwell; 5, Mr. A. E. Seaton.

WOMEN'S DEBATING SOCIETY.

So far this year we have been but a select few. We should, however, like to take this opportunity of announcing to women students that our meetings are intended rather for the many; and to all who feel within themselves the promptings of ideas we extend a hearty invitation to be present.

The annual general meeting of the Society was held on April 17th, when a new scheme, which met with much favour, was brought forward for increasing the interest of the Society. This year we are having social meetings in the gymnasium, about once a month, when there will be present some woman visitor who will read a paper upon a subject of interest to us. If a debating society can ever lose all trace of stiffness, ours will do so at these meetings.

The first debate of the year was held on May 3rd, when Miss Nicholls, seconded by Miss Casey, moved that "Separate University-Colleges should be established for men and women." The motion was opposed by Miss Edwards, seconded by Miss Hursthouse. Four other members also spoke. Miss Waller, who judged the debating, gave a helpful criticism of some of the speakers.

Another debate was held on May 17th, the motion being, "That a regular education tends to the repression of vigour and originality of mind." This was moved by Miss North, Miss Houghton seconding, and opposed by Miss Tolley, seconded by Miss Edwards. Miss Nicholls supported the motion. Our judge at this debate, Miss England, made some very interesting remarks upon the subject and the speakers. Our thanks are due to her, as well as to Miss Waller, for acting as judge.

The first social evening was held in the gymnasium on Thursday, May 23rd. Despite the inclement weather, the attendance exceeded the Committee's most sanguine expectations. Mrs. Rutherford spoke to us most delightfully on "The kind of

woman the world needs," and gave some quiet criticism on some of the kinds of women the world has. Music, recitations, and plenty of conversation, followed by supper and more conversation, filled the rest of an enjoyable evening. At 9.30 we obeyed Gymnasium regulations, and proceeded homewards.

The Heretics' Club.

In the words of its constitution, the Club has been formed "to promote free and open discussion on problems of religion, philosophy and art." The Club is at once a protest and a proclamation. It protests against those who seek to obstruct all research and investigation, and it proclaims a doctrine of freedom of thought and of speech for all. Recognising the truth that "there lives more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds," the Club has as its chief object the desire for all to express their opinions, their beliefs, their doubts, and their speculations.

The Club makes a universal appeal. To all is it open to participate in the work.

Since the Club hopes to discuss social, ethical, and philosophical (as well as religious) problems, an effort is being made to include in this year's programme at least two lectures on non-religious subjects. Eugenics and some philosophical matter will probably be chosen.

The first meeting of the year was held in the Social Hall on 19th April. Professor von Zedlitz, the first speaker, gave a most humorous address on Heresy. He was followed by Mr. Hall-Jones, who put in very general terms the position of the Heretic in regard to the orthodox doctrines of Christianity. Mr. Hall-Jones criticised at some length the Christian doctrines concerning God and the Divinity of Jesus Christ. He then proceeded to describe the difficulties of the modern man in reconciling orthodox Christian doctrine with the discoveries of science.

The second Club meeting was held on Friday, 17th May, Professor Picken being the lecturer for the evening. The Professor spoke on "Christian Heresy," and put the case for the student Christian movement. After a general introduction, showing how all great religious reforms were the products of heretical movements, the speaker dealt more particularly with

the student Christian doctrine concerning Hell, Jesus Christ, the Atonement, the attitude of the student towards the Bible, and the Trinity. A strong plea was put forward for Christianity's claim to be recognised as the universal religion. Jesus Christ had always been and was still man's Saviour, from his greatest enemy—himself. All that was needed for salvation was the belief in a living Christ, and the first essential for belief was the desire to find Christ's doctrine true. A discussion of some interest followed the paper. It was pointed out by more than one speaker that Christianity was, at bottom, really idealism; and why not adopt any other ideal than the idealistic Christ? The world had progressed since Christ's day; at this very day it is progressing, and no human being can say what the next stage in human history will be; why then bind ourselves to the idealizing of one who lived two thousand years ago? Would it not be better to pay more attention to the future? Should we not have our eyes on the far dim horizon, rather than on the track we have left behind?

Two more meetings will be held this term, the respective speakers being Mr. John Gammell and Professor Kirk.

Christian Union.

A new departure has been made by the Christian Union this year, in the formation of a Students' Christian Social Service League. The objects of the League include the studying Social Problems and the undertaking of social work. A committee, consisting of Christian students, has been set up to manage the business of the League, which is not constitutionally connected with the C.U. The actual work taken in hand by the men's branch of the League is the management of the religious and educational work of the Boys' Institute. The women have formed a Girls' Club in Frederick Street, and are at present directing their activities towards instructing the girls in physical culture, cooking, and dressmaking.

Bible Study is being conducted on the lines formerly adopted, its place being taken by Mission Study every fourth week. The book used for Mission Study throughout the Union is Mr. Donald Fraser's "The Future of Africa." Bible Study in both branches is based on Bosworth's "Teaching of Jesus and His Apostles."

Intercession meetings are held every fortnight immediately before the general meetings.

Miss England is again holding a Sunday morning class. The subject taken this year is "The Book of Ezekiel," considered from an historical standpoint. The class is unavoidably small, but makes up in enthusiasm what it lacks in numbers.

An At Home for new students was held in the gymnasium by the Women's Branch at the beginning of the term. A large number availed themselves of this opportunity of becoming acquainted with other students. Competitions were engaged in, and much pleasure was derived from the short programme of music and recitations. Miss Jenkins gave a brief outline of the history of the World's Student Christian Federation.

PRE-SESSIONAL WORK.

The annual conference of the N.Z. Christian Union was held at Cambridge from December 29th to January 3rd. Sixteen delegates from Victoria College were this year able to attend. The keynote of the Conference was the social problem and individual responsibility towards it.

Sunday, February 25th, was observed as a day of universal prayer. A special service for students, conducted by the Rev. Gibson Smith, was held in St. Andrew's Church. After the service Professor Picken conducted a students' intercession meeting.

MEETINGS.

At the end of last year, Dr. Karl Kumm addressed a large meeting of students, his subject being the present conditions existing in Africa, and the future possibilities there. He gave a vivid picture of the struggle of the Central-plateau tribes to withstand Mohammedanism.

The first general meeting for the year was held on April 13th. Mr. Haslett, travelling secretary of the A.S.C.U., gave an address on "The Student Movement." Professor Picken occupied the chair.

The meeting held on April 27th was addressed by the Rev. Gibson Smith on the subject of "Faith." He pointed out that faith is fundamental to human intercourse.

On May 11th the Rev. Johnson delivered an address on "Early Church History." He traced the history of the Church from its beginning as a weak and despised body to the time of its official recognition by the Roman Empire. He also sketched the lives of some of the outstanding Christians of this period, and gave an account of early Church doctrines and heresies,



*"It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I'm aware,
But still it distinctly resembled an air."*

—*Bab Ballads.*

To all appearances, the Glee Club is entering upon a most successful year. The membership—which was limited in numbers a few years ago—has reached that limit, and the finances are on a most satisfactory basis.

During the second term of last year the Club's concert was held, and was an unqualified success, both artistically and financially.

In November the Club paid its annual visit to the Porirua Mental Hospital. A concert was also given at the Missions to Seamen Institute.

This year, as usual, there is a scarcity of tenors, but we hope that the want will soon be supplied. Once more Miss Clachan has kindly taken up the arduous duties of pianiste. Under the conductorship of Mr. Stainton, we are looking forward to great things being done.

A TRIBUTE.

My heart leaps up when Phyllis sings
Some soft refrain of long ago.
Such music's borne on fairies' wings
Where thro' the woods night-breezes blow.
This sweet bird's note I'll e'er remember,
The Glee Club claims her as a member.

—OMICRON P1.

Women Students' Hostel.

Now in the fifth year of its existence, the Women Students' Hostel still continues in its part as a prominent institution in connection with College life. Social affairs seem to be quite as numerous, and quite as enjoyable, as when the Hostel was first opened.

At the annual meeting of resident students, held at the opening of the session, it was unanimously decided to include, among our social functions for the year, a fancy-dress dance for girls only. This dance, which eventuated on May 18th, was a huge success. Many and varied were the costumes in which the dancers disported themselves. All present enjoyed the evening to such an extent that the powers that be are seriously considering the advisability of making the affair an annual one.

That life at the Hostel is not all play, however, is amply demonstrated by the fact that, among our academic successes for the past year, was the winning of the Jacob Joseph Scholarship. Our House Captain, the successful one, has our heartiest congratulations.

The flow of midnight oil is, of course, regulated by the season of the year, and consequently the current is just now but poorly. Strict enforcement of the silence rule, however, is doing much to aid the toilers of the night, who as the term progresses will prolong their weary vigils. We wish them all possible success.

Bishop Hadfield Hostel.

All vacancies at the Hostel were quickly filled this year, so that several applications coming later had to be refused. Of the sixteen students in residence, two are theologians, one of them a new man filling the place of an old student who has taken up ecclesiastical work at the Hutt. Last year, in a capping song, the Hostel produced the theory of the career of a Junior Scholar; now we have two of them to give an exhibition of the practical side. Mumps, though not included in the theory have been forthcoming in the practice, at least as far as one is concerned, this being the only case of sickness that there is to report.

Health and happiness—I almost included the customary “wealth,” but someone struck into a song about “The fees he owed in Kelburne O!” so I refrained—but health and happiness have been the keynotes of the Hostel life. We may say first, with regard to one of the chief purposes for which we are here, that all who reached the stage of sitting last year for degree exams. were successful in passing. Then for other branches of activity: We had our representative at the swimming sports, and several entries for athletic events; a freshman’s performance in the latter department leading us to hope for bright things to report at some future date. We had, too, a Tournament representative. Then there are players of Rugby and Hockey, and a number of enthusiastic exponents of the pugilistic art. Where the composition of football teams varies so much as it does at College, it is difficult to say definitely to what team a man belongs; but two of our number, and perhaps in future a third, may be accounted members of the First Fifteen. McKenzie is treasurer of the College Boxing Club; and he and several others have worked up the almost defunct Hostel Club, purchasing a new pair of gloves, calculated, some of us hope, to permit of less damage to the person than those we had before.

Now it seems to be the mark of all flourishing institutions to indulge on occasions such as this in self-laudation. The Hostel, perhaps, is no exception to the rule. Yet each year, when we come to speak of what may now be considered our annual matches with the Training College, we have in some measure to climb down from our high pedestal. However, even in this connection, we can boast that in football we were beaten this time by less than ever before—by only nine points to nil. We leave it to our opponents to tell how we were outclassed, and ought to have suffered worse defeat. The game was fairly fast and most enjoyable—so much so, indeed, that two of our number have been converted from other followings to that of Rugby.

There remain the Hostel Dance, the formation of the Limited Liabilities Billiard Club Company—may Prof. Garrow be pleased to pardon any inaccuracy in the name we give to the product of some of the legal minds he so carefully nurtures—and the doings of the Hostel Debating Society. All have interested us considerably; but we have some scruple about going into details. Speaking of the first, we should like to mention our indebtedness to the Hostel authorities for permission to hold the dance, and for the very valuable assistance given. As for the second, we should say how much we are indebted to the magnanimity of those gentlemen who have faced the financial risk involved in providing us with a billiard table-top; but

further we dare not venture, for fear of going astray in the maze of Company Law,—and equally for fear of arousing a hostile interest among profs. who have a jealous eye to the time to be devoted to their work. Then as regards the third, we may say that we have almost a dislike to confessing that we have so far proceeded along the paths followed by the College Debating Society; but having now decided in favour of Party Government, and disposed of Land Nationalization by six votes to five—the thought of the votes that would have been cast by the absentees enabling the losers to adopt the policy of never admitting defeat—we hope in the future to strike out on more original lines.

Boxing.

Revel of blows and fierce flushed faces of fighting foes.

—Gordon.

It is again a matter for regret that no boxing contest was held at the Easter Tournament at Dunedin. A strong effort was made to arrange one, but it was not successful. It appears that our University is the only one in the Dominion that has a Boxing Club worthy of the name.

The general meeting was attended by a fair number, and a strong committee of active members was elected.

Owing to the generosity of the Club's Vice-Presidents and to the keen enthusiasm of its members, the prospects of this season are exceptionally bright. The valuable services of Mr. T. Tracy have once more been secured, and on Tuesday evenings a large number of enthusiasts receive the benefit of his tuition. New matting has been purchased, and other improvements have been made, so that a first-class ring can be erected within a few minutes.

It is hoped that, besides the contest with the Star Boating Club, a College tournament will be arranged. Last year this tournament fell through owing to the scarcity of active members. This year, however, some decidedly good talent has been unearthed from among the numerous new-comers, whilst all the "old brigade" are still actively enthusiastic. Some of these latter are showing decided improvement, and it is expected that Victoria College will be well represented at the Wellington Provincial Championships next month.



*"Tout est perdu fors
l'honneur!"*

Once more the senior team has to chronicle a series of defeats. The record to date is certainly somewhat depressing. Matches played, 5; Drawn, 1; Lost, 4; Won, 0. Points for, 20; points against, 61.

At the commencement of the season it was confidently expected that the Club would have a very successful season. Enthusiasm ran high. The annual meeting was an eminently successful one. But even at this early stage there was not wanting premonitions of disaster. First and foremost, Arthur Curtayne announced that he would not be able to play. The loss of such a captain and player meant much to us. Then we learnt in quick succession that W. J. Robertson, J. D. Brosnan, G. C. Jackson, H. Ponanga, and others would not, for various reasons, be able to assist us. Such defections were surely sufficient to shake the confidence of any team.

Fortunately, we had a splendid set of new players and juniors as a reserve, and these have rendered great service. But, naturally enough, experience is wanting, as are weight and strength. This statement is in no way intended in disparagement of these players, who have done excellent work under great difficulties. But the fact remains that the lack of these requirements—experience, weight and strength—has told heavily on the Club.

The enthusiasm which was so severely tried by the above and other rebuffs has nevertheless shown itself in regard to the practices, which have been, comparatively speaking, well attended. But the difficulties in the way of regular, systematic training seem to be insurmountable, and unless these difficulties are removed, the standard of football can never be expected to

improve. Enthusiasm is of little use when unaccompanied by training.

We think we are justified in claiming that the points scored against us do not in all cases faithfully indicate our strength. That finished play, which is so essential to try-getting, is just what the conditions under which we labour prevent our acquiring. Consequently, although our team may be making a good fight and getting a fair share of the game, we cannot take the best advantage of the opportunities afforded us.

We have reason to think that our football will improve even during this season. The younger players are showing commendable energy, and the presence of so many promising juniors should augur well for the future of the Club. We are arranging matches with Auckland 'Varsity at Auckland, and with Canterbury College at Wellington. Then, too, the Sydney University Football Club is sending a team to New Zealand in August, and a match is being arranged between that team and ours. The prospect of these games should make for improvement amongst our players.

We would like to make two complaints here. The first is in reference to notification re inability to play. If players would intimate their inability at the earliest possible opportunity, the Secretary would not be so hard pressed as he is now to find substitutes. Again, a number of players (this applies especially to the senior team) make a point of arriving late. Apart from the disrespect shown to the officials and our opponents, the practice is one that causes inconvenience to other players. As in both these matters the remedy lies in the hands of the players themselves, this short reference should be sufficient to bring about improvement.

This brief commentary would be incomplete without mentioning the senior team's indebtedness to P. W. Burbidge for the assistance he gave them in the match with the St. James Club. Owing to a misunderstanding, our team was short-handed, and "Burb," at a minute's notice, played with us and rendered yeoman service. The Club heartily appreciate his action.

In conclusion, we wish to say this: We have endeavoured worthily to uphold the high traditions of the Club in regard to what is known as "playing the game." We hope that we have played the game in the proper spirit, that the crushing defeats have been received in the right way, and, generally, that we have acted like sportsmen. Whatever the odds, we have faced them cheerfully. And, when all is said, it certainly looks as if we

derive some benefit from our football when, Saturday after Saturday, we stand up to heavier and better teams, and take defeat smilingly.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES PLAYED.

		Played.	Drawn.	Lost.	Won.
1st XV.	5	1	4	0
2nd XV.	4	0	2	2
3rd XV.	4	0	4	0

1st XV.

(Captain: P. J. Ryan).

- v. Oriental. Lost, 12—3. With a very weak team, College put up an excellent fight, but experience and superior condition gave victory to our opponents. Faire scored for College.
- v. Wellington. Drawn, 6—6. College had bad luck in losing. The forwards tired visibly, and the backs were entirely unsupported. Salmond scored both tries for College, both being splendid efforts.
- v. Old Boys. Lost, 5—3. This match should go down in the history of our Club as probably the worst exhibition ever given by our team. Quillian scored an easy try within 15 minutes of commencing, and this lead was maintained until five minutes from time. Despite the repeated attacks made by our team, lack of finish prevented additions to our score.
- v. Athletic. Lost, 18—5. In reference to this game, the "Evening Post" said: "This game was not the easy win for Athletic that the scores might indicate." As usual, when pitted against a really good team, we played well. Both forwards and backs put whole-hearted energy into their work, which deserved greater success. A greater change from the exhibition given on the preceding Saturday could scarcely be imagined. Ryan and Sandel played particularly well. Paulsen scored our try from a splendid opening made by Beard, and Ryan converted.
- v. St. James. Lost, 20—3. This game was played in very bad weather, anything like good football being impossible. College played with 14 men. Our points were obtained by Beard, who kicked a very good penalty goal.

2nd XV.

(Captain: T. O'Shea).

- v. Oriental. Lost, 17—3.
 v. Petone. Lost, 51—0. The better team won.
 v. Ponake. Won, 6—5. The tide turns.
 v. Porirua. Won, 17—6. Played at Porirua, and we were so affected by our second win that we had to bribe the residents not to keep us there.

3rd XV.

(Captain: W. J. Melody).

- v. Wellington. Lost, 20—3. Jamieson scored.
 v. Wadestown. Lost, 24—3. Longhurst scored.
 v. St. Patrick's College. Lost, 6—3. History is silent as to who kicked that penalty goal.
 v. Selwyn. Lost, 6—3. Longhurst scored.

Our scoring is remarkably consistent, and had our defence kept the opponents off it may be assumed that all these matches would have been ours.

Cricket.

When reviewing the doings of the Cricket Club during the last season, one feels a fatal inclination to moralize. The Club has done so well on some occasions and in some directions, that one cannot help feeling surprised that more success in local championship matches has not been its reward. During the season we met not only Canterbury College, but also the Auckland University team, and we would have played Otago University had the Southerners been able to bring their team here.

So far as the Senior Eleven is concerned, the season has been the most successful we have yet experienced. The eleven obtained fourth place in the Championship, winning four games out of eight; and except in two games, and despite the adverse criticism consistently bestowed by the Wellington press, worthily acquitted itself, and proved beyond doubt its claims to rank as a senior team. But it is chiefly in regard to the junior and third elevens that one feels disappointment. The junior eleven might

well have gained a large measure of success, had the efforts of its captain been backed up by the individual members of the team, with even ordinary enthusiasm. But the regrettable thing is that members of the team, with few exceptions, showed but little of that keenness which is essential to success. It was a common thing for the team to roll up on the second day of its match with two or three members absent at a swimming or athletic meeting. Under these conditions, success in the competition, and enjoyment of the game are out of the question. Much the same remarks apply to the third eleven, which had the additional disadvantage of having no lower team to draw on when short of men. A word of praise is due to O'Shea and Cox, who successively had charge of the team, for their self-sacrifice and enthusiasm, in keeping the team together during the season.

In interprovincial games we were represented by Berendsen against Hawke's Bay, Canterbury and Auckland; Dickson Auckland, and Martin against Marlborough.

Following is a record of the Club's doings during the season, with the exception of the Northern tour and the Canterbury College game, which are more fully reported elsewhere:—

SENIOR ELEVEN.

v. North: Won by 40 runs on first innings. College 148 (Fanning 22, Burbidge 19, Berendsen 34, Salmond 29 not out), and 82 for 9 wickets.

North 108 (Saunders 5 for 45, Dickson 3 for 47).

v. East B: Lost by 51 runs on first innings. On the first day East batted, and made 303, while we fielded with most gentle and consistent inefficiency. On the second day, amused and encouraged by the hysterical and incoherent ravings of the "Dominion," we flung caution to the winds, and put together 252. The popular features of this game were Sammy's smile (40), Dickson's caution (58), Miller's success (35 not out), and Caddick's brilliancy in cutting straight balls (28).

v. East A: Lost by an innings and 19 runs. We made 32 (for full particulars and criticism see Dan McKenzie) and 190. Fanning was the chief culprit, making 43; Burbidge, however, was very little better, making 38 not out.

East made 251 for 6 wickets.

v. Hutt: Lost by 88 runs on first innings. Hutt made 200. Without Saunders, we had to rely on Bosanquet-Dempsey, who did nobly. Even his worst balls were so envenomed with cunning that the most reckless Huttite didn't dare to play them with anything but his pads. We made 112 (Griffiths 20, Fanning 33, Burbidge 15).

v. Central: Won by 5 runs on first innings. College 99 (Dickson and Salmond 19 each) and 122 (Burbidge 30, Fanning 17, Broad 18 not out, Caddick 13). Central 94 and 115 for 9. Dickson's fine average (10 for 102) tells its own tale.

v. South: Won by four wickets. South 132 and 78. College 172 (Dickson 48, Griffiths 23) and 40 for 6 wickets.

v. Petone: Won by 55 runs. College 126 (Burbidge 37, Dickson 19, Caddick 17) and 103 (Dempsey 62 not out). Petone 67 and 106.

v. South: This match was the play-off for third place in the Championship. College was beaten by 16 runs on the first innings. South 160; College 144 (Dickson 44, Burns 27).

Batting Averages: Senior Championship Matches. Dickson, 23; Burbidge, 15.3; Dempsey, 14.3; Miller, 13.25; Fanning, 12.5; Caddick, 10.9; Berendsen, 11; Salmond, 10.6; Griffiths, 10.5.

Bowling Averages: Senior Championship Matches. Saunders, 12.75; Dickson, 13.75; Atmore, 15.

SECOND ELEVEN.

The team failed to play up to expectations, and won only one out of its eight matches, six being lost and the last unfinished. However, the material of which the team was composed was so promising as to give hopes of a much better season next year. But to bring this about a greater sense of loyalty and just a little attention to the neglected art of fielding will be necessary. Following is a summary of the matches played:—

v. Wellington College: Victoria College 117 and, 110 (Miller 51, Duncan 28, Atmore 25). Wellington College, 184 and 44 for 0 wickets (Martin 6 for 49). Lost by 10 wickets.

v. Central: Central 237 (Atmore 7 for 54). College 98 and 135 (Jameson 58 not out, Duncan 22, Schramm 20). Lost by innings and 4 runs.

v. Catholic Club: College 171 (Jameson 47, Bruce 33, Longhurst 35, Martin 18 not out) and 153 (Broad 28, Atmore 58, Martin 20, Duncan 20). Catholic Club 214 and 5 for 49 (Bruce 3 for 24 and 3 for 41). Lost by 41 runs on first innings.

v. Hutt: College 53 and 53. Hutt 98 and 19 for no wickets. Lost by 10 wickets.

v. North: College 87 (Atmore 22, Mackay 16, Martin 15) and 190 (Joplin 45, Atmore 26, Mackay 31, Duncan 19, Martin 16 not out). North 158 (Mackay 4 for 9) and 131 (Martin 4 for 58, O'Shea 3 for 16). Lost by 12 runs.

v. South: College 142 and 113 (Bruce 42, Mackay 22, Duncan 22, Millar 21, O'Shea 21). South 217 and 1 for 43 (Schramm 4 for 52, Martin 3 for 55, Bruce 2 for 26). Lost by 9 wickets.

v. East: East 154 (O'Shea 5 for 32, Duncan 4 for 22) and 49 (Martin 5 for 20). College 167 (Martin 54 not out, Le Cren 36, Joplin 18, O'Shea 15) and 38 for 1 wicket (Broad 34 not out). Won by 9 wickets.

v. Y.M.C.A.: Y.M.C.A. 245 (Mackay 6 for 59). College 27 for 5 (O'Shea's score as recorded by stop-watch 1 run every 12 minutes). Game unfinished.

Batting Averages: Jameson, 28.8; Atmore, 18.5; Bruce, 18.4; Broad, 17.4; Martin, 14.7; Millar, 14.2; Joplin, 13.2; Duncan, 11.6; Mackay, 10.9.

Bowling Averages: Bruce, 14.4; Duncan, 15; O'Shea, 15.11; Martin, 16.57; Mackay, 16.62; Schramm, 17.11; Atmore, 17.37.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Matches played, 13; won, 4, tied, 1; lost, 8.

During the season the team suffered from lack of members, so under the circumstances its record is creditable.

v. Catholic Club: Lost by 6 runs. College made 102 (Longhurst 22, O'Shea 19 not out, Cox 14, chief scorers).

v. East: Won by default, a three point win.

v. North: A three point win. College 74 (S. Castle 23, Cox 15) and 50 for 4 wickets (Armstrong 25). North made 57 and 56.

v. Templars (ultimate Championship winners): Lost—87 (Rupert Reed 43) and 53 (Joplin 20), against 125 and 2 wickets for 17 runs.

v. Petone: Won by 10 runs.

v. Karori: Lost by an innings. College 68 and 43 (Rupert Reed 14 and 13).

v. St. Mark's (114): Lost. College 91 (A. Castle 23, Cox 10) and 65 for one wicket (Paul 52 not out and Egley 12 not out).

v. Central: A tie—69 each (Paul 18, Longhurst 22).

v. Templars: Lost by 128 runs. College 76 (Paul 41).

v. Central (184): Lost. College 132 (Longhurst 27, Davidson 23 not out, Reed 18, Dundon 19, Cox 18).

v. Catholic Club: Lost by 130 runs. College 71 (Dundon 17, Cox 10).

v. St. David's: Won, 101 to 78 (Graham 41, Dundon 14, Gus. Stuart 13).

v. North: Lost by 29 runs. College 40.

Batting Averages: Paul, 34.25; Rupert Reed, 17.8; B. Egley, 17.5; Sid. Castle, 14.4; Graham, 14.0; Dundon, 11.66; Cox, 11.57; Longhurst, 10.5; O'Shea, 10.0.

Bowling Averages: No record.

CANTERBURY COLLEGE v. VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Our annual match against Canterbury College was played on the Wellington College ground on 22nd and 23rd January. Canterbury batting first, made 182; Donnelly being responsible for 23, Paterson 34, Reid 22, Denniston 16, Rowe 14. Our batting was disappointing. After an excellent start by Burbidge and Jameson, the side went to pieces, and except for Dickson and Salmond, the procession was a mournful one. We made 136, Burbidge (23), Jameson (33), Dickson (20), Salmond (22) being the chief contributors.

In their second innings, Canterbury made 146, the last wicket adding over 50 runs to the score. With 193 required to win, we were unable to rise to the occasion, and were defeated by 67 runs; our second innings realising 125, to which Fanning contributed 32 not out, Broad 20, Salmond 18, and Burbidge 11.

THE NORTHERN TOUR.

The team, composed of Dempsey, Caddick, Griffiths, Salmond, Stuart, Le Cren, Martin, McConnell, and Broad, left Wellington by the Main Trunk express on the morning of Saturday, 23rd December, 1911. At Hamilton, where we played our first game against the South Waikato Association, we picked up Jackson and Howden. The game began on Monday (Christmas Day), but after two hours' play, rain set in, and put further play out of the question. On resuming on Tuesday, our opponents made 209. To this we replied with 125, and were thus beaten on the first innings by 84 runs. We left Frankton for Auckland by the morning train on Wednesday, 27th December.

The game against Auckland University began on the Thursday. Dempsey won the toss, and decided to bat, but rain again stopped the game after half-an-hour's play. The next day we continued batting, but managed to make only 65. Over our shocking display of fielding, whilst the Auckland team were batting, it were best to draw a kindly veil. It is sufficient to note that at least fifteen catches were missed in the field. Auckland declared with five wickets down for 316, and had no trouble in disposing of us for 48 in our second innings, thus beating us by an innings and 203 runs.

Saturday and Sunday we spent in Auckland seeing the sights. On the Monday we took the down express for Taumarunui, and

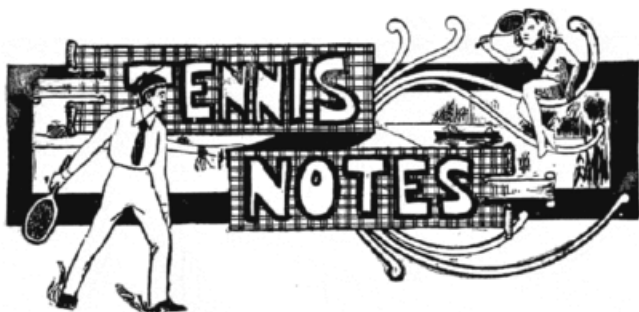
on Tuesday played the King Country representatives at Manunui. To most of us the fast matting wicket came with something of a shock after the turf, and we managed to put together only 76. This total is perhaps accounted for by the fact that several of our men had been at a dance the night before, and as a consequence came on the field rather seriously affected in the cardiac regions. Our opponents made 237, and in our second innings we had two wickets down for 75, when our old friend the rain remembered us, and effectually put an end to the game.

Next morning (Wednesday) we caught the express—fortunately, an hour late—for Marton, and in the afternoon commenced a game against a Marton eleven. After a due adjournment through the rain, we completed our innings for 49 runs, McConnell, to his own surprise and delight, contributing 19. Marton made 121 in their first innings. That night we were most hospitably entertained at the Marton Club, and subsequently at a neighbouring bazaar, where one of the team supplied a very enjoyable and unlooked-for entertainment. We began our second innings next morning, but made only 59, and were thus beaten by an innings and 13. That night we took the train for Palmerston.

On Friday we played an eleven representing the Old Boys of the High School, and for the first time the fickle goddess smiled on us. Palmerston made 109. To this we replied with 223; Dempsey (43), Caddick (37), Broad (30), and Howden (26) being the chief contributors. At the call of time Palmerston had made 178 for seven wickets.

We took the early train from Palmerston next morning, and arrived in Wellington at mid-day, concluding a tour which no member of the team is likely to forget. From the point of view of cricket, the tour was an excellent experience for everyone, and though we came off sadly second best in nearly every game, the ultimate good we derived from our experience was demonstrated by our decided improvement in championship games in the latter half of the season. It only remains for us to express the Club's gratitude to our many friends up-country for the kindness and hospitality with which we were everywhere received.

There seems to be every chance of our playing Canterbury College and Otago University at Christmas time. If these two games do eventuate, the incoming Committee would do well to try to arrange a Southern tour to fill up the fortnight's holiday. Matches no doubt could be arranged at Ashburton, Timaru and Oamaru. All members might bear this in mind.



*"Here be players that I have seen play, and heard others
praise, and that highly."*

—Hamlet.

The season 1911-1912 has marked an advance in the progress of the Club. The two courts at the eastern end have been levelled to the same grade as the other two, and the whole four courts have been top-dressed. The cost of having this work done was very heavy, and it was with some misgivings that the Committee decided to have it carried out; but the result has been highly satisfactory, and it is hoped that the Club, after having paid this and the usual working expenses, will be able to show a small credit balance on the year's working. In this respect the thanks of the Club are due to the College Council for a contribution of £10, and to those ladies and gentlemen who arranged and carried through a dramatic entertainment, by means of which the not inconsiderable sum of £13 was raised. We desire especially to thank those ladies and gentlemen, not members of the Club, some of them indeed not even students, who, at no small sacrifice of time, came forward and assisted the Club's members both in the preparation for and the carrying out of the entertainment. We trust that it will be some satisfaction to them to know that their efforts have resulted in such material assistance to the Club.

An effort was made to induce the W.P.L.T.A. to revert to the former practice of having one competition for ladies and gentlemen, but that body thought it better to continue the system introduced last year. In the Men's Competition, the College has been most successful. Two teams, the Shield and Cup, have succeeded in annexing the championship of their respective grades; while the Racquet A team, after tying for the championship of its grade, was defeated in the play-off.

This is the first time in the history of the Club that it has secured a championship, and it is the more to be congratulated that it has been successful in the two highest grades. In the Women's Competitions, the Club has not been so successful, and it is with regret that we have to chronicle a falling off both in the number of women members and in the standard of their play. There are many vacancies for women players both in the teams in the inter-club competitions and in the tournament team, and it is hoped that all women-students interested in tennis will support the Club.

The following are the results of the Inter-Club Competitions for the season:—

Ladies.

			Won.	Lost.
Shield	2	3
Cup	2	5

Men.

			Won.	Lost.
Shield	5	1
Cup A	7	1
Cup B	3	4
Penant	7	4
Racquet A	3	2
Racquet B	2	2

Swimming.

The Summer of 1911-12 was not of the kind that makes the swimmer's heart rejoice; yet, despite cold southerlies and cloudy skies the season passed pleasantly for the Club members, except for the sad news of the death of our Treasurer, the late Mr. Cyril Aston. He always had the welfare of the Club at heart, and by his death we have lost much; his quiet manner and unfailing generosity had made him a favourite with all who knew him.

Owing to the inclement weather, no races were held before the Christmas holidays, and the same unkindness of the elements delayed the first race until the 24th of January, when a 200 yards handicap was decided at Te Aro Baths. From then till the end

of the season races were held weekly, when Jupiter Pluvius was kind. The following are the detailed results of the events:—

200yds. Handicap, on 24th January, at Te Aro Baths—P. Grey (scr.), 1; G. M. Cleghorn (scr.), 2; S. R. Mason (38sec.), 3. Time, 3min. 2 2/5sec. 9 starters. Won by a couple of feet. The race was the scratch men's from the first lap, the handicap men being too severely treated.

400yds. Handicap, on 31st January, at Te Aro—P. Grey (scr.), 1; N. A. Middlemas (90sec.), 2; G. M. Cleghorn (scr.), 3. Time, 6min 18 4/5sec. An exciting finish. By the help of unsolicited outside pacers, the scratch man won by six inches from Middlemas, with the third man close up.

50yds. Handicap.—W. J. Robertson (8sec.), 1; C. Gamble (13sec.), 2; T. U. Ronayne (scr.), 3. Time, 39 1/5sec. This race was held on the same night as the 400yds. Handicap for the benefit of the sprinters, whose training was not equal to the longer distance. The winner proved to be a "dark sea-horse," and won pulling-up by a yard, with the scratch man a touch behind Gamble.

100yds. Medley (50yds breast-stroke and 50yds on back), on 7th February, at Thorndon Baths—G. M. Cleghorn (4sec.), 1; T. U. Ronayne (scr.), 2; G. H. Nicholls (6sec.), 3. Time, 1min. 52sec. 8 starters. A neck and neck finish for first and second places. There seemed to be a difference among the competitors as to the use of arms, but the user's example prevailed—save in the case of a virtuous one.

100yds. Breast-stroke Handicap, on 28th February, at Te Aro—N. A. Middlemas (12sec.), 1; G. H. Nicholls (16sec.), 2; T. U. Ronayne (scr.), 3. Time, unknown, but not a record.

The Club did not find itself strong enough to hold a public carnival, though a date was allotted to us by the Wellington Centre for that purpose. Our decision in this instance was a fortunate one, for on our allotted date the day dawned with a rainy sky and a bleak southerly. A carnival held on such a day would be doomed to failure in every respect, and especially financially. But owing to the courtesy of the Headmaster, we were enabled to hold our Second Annual Carnival in the Wellington College Baths on the 24th February. The attendance of spectators was good, and "the fine bright weather, the good work of the officials, and the promptness of the swimmers, all contributed to the success of the gathering."—"Dominion.") Except for the Wellington College Old Boys' Handicap, the only "outsiders" race was the 100yds. Invitation, in which Messrs. R. Ronayne, Brice (Thorndon), and Seymour (Hawke's Bay)

kindly competed to assist the Club. The Lyall Bay Surf Club also assisted us by giving an interesting and instructive display of life-saving. The results are as follows:—

50yds. Handicap—E. G. Bell (14sec.), 1; A. N. Hancock (10sec.), 2. Time, 42sec. N. A. Middlemas (6sec.) and T. U. Ronayne (2sec.) also won heats.

25yds. Maiden—A. W. Reed (1sec.), 1; W. T. Dundon (2sec.), 2. Time, 21sec.

100yds. Championship—P. Grey, 1; G. M. Cleghorn, 2; T. U. Ronayne, 3. A good race, Grey winning by about one yard. From a good start, all were even at the 25yds., but the winner gained on the turns, and gradually forged ahead. Time, 75sec.

Apple-gathering Competition—F. L. G. West, 1; P. Grey, 2. This provided much amusement—to the onlookers. But after swallowing half of the water in the baths in the vain attempt to fix one's teeth in an "evasive, elusive" apple, even apple-gathering palls. However, with the help of the sides of the baths, the two placed men managed to gather 6 apples each in the given time, West collecting his apple first in the "gather-off."

Wellington College Old Boys, 75yds. Handicap—E. Levi (5sec.), 1; L. Blundell (8sec.), 2. Time, 51sec. A close finish. Won by a touch.

25yds. Handicap—G. S. Clark (11sec.), 1; H. Lawson (7sec.), 2. Time, 18sec. The handicappers were rather liberal to the winner in this race. A. M. Salek (3sec.), A. N. Hancock (6sec.), and S. R. Mason (7sec.), also won heats.

Neatest Header—T. U. Ronayne, 1; D. F. Duigan, 2.

100yds. Invitation Scratch Race—Brice, 1; R. Ronayne, 2; Seymour, 3. A great race, Brice winning as above stated.

50yds. Medley (25yds. on breast and 25yds. on back)—A. M. Salek (scr.), 1; A. N. Hancock (4sec.), 2. Time, also started; still going.

Teams' Race (teams of 4 men representing their Colleges, each man to swim 25yds)—Wanganui College, 1; Wellington College, 2. Time, "forgotten and unknown." This event proved to be the most exciting of the day, and made a fitting finale to a pleasant afternoon's sport. The fourth men of the placed teams left the tiles together and raced the length of the baths amidst the encouraging shouts of ex-Collegians. A yard from home it looked as if Wellington would win by a touch. But the race is not always to the

swift. The Wellington man missed the tiles with his stroke, and—well, Wanganui won. Somebody whispered “ringing-in,” but Wanganui only laughed while Wellington swore vengeance.

A competition was arranged with the Y.M.C.A. Club over 50, 100, 150, 220 and 440 yards for a team of three men from each club, but owing to the Territorial Camps intervening, only the two shorter distances were swum, leaving Y.M.C.A. 6 points in the lead. The remainder of the distances were postponed till next season, when we hope to even matters over the longer distances.

On the 28th of January a water-picnic was held at the old pool at Maori Bank, on the Hutt River. A lucky five motored from the station, but the unlucky majority followed on foot. The water was not as warm as was expected, nor were the skies as blue as they might have been, but that detracted little from the pleasure of the day's outing. The pool had not altered since our last visit a year before, but we missed the Maori canoe from its accustomed haunt.

A relay-race between the Captain's and Secretary's teams resulted in an easy victory for the former. Some of the swimmers showed a tendency to go with the stream instead of across it, despite their partisans' encouraging yells.

At noon the “Billy” was boiled in the old place above the pool, O'Shea's mug (of which more anon) providing the subject of an entertaining interlude till lunch was o'er. The party then went exploring to the neighbouring manuka-blossomed hill till such time as the water could once more be disturbed with safety. When homing-time neared we returned to the station, where one of our “brightest and best” deserted us,—Alas!

“Why does he fear to plunge
Into the tide: or through what aberration
Like poison shun the sponge
And embrocation?”—Old Clay Patch.

Two weeks later a party again sought the translucent depths of Maori Bank pool. O'Shea's mug, “the pride of the regiment,” was again in evidence, but this time one “Tinney” owned its peer. After lunch the party was lured across the fields to the distant blackberries, “and great was the slaughter thereof.” Then a final swim, afternoon tea, the homeward journey,

“And after that the dark,”



For various causes we were compelled to find five new men for the Senior Team. The Selection Committee spends many an anxious moment considering the merits (and otherwise) of the men aspiring to senior honours. Of the team of 1911 remain the two Stracks, Gaze, Burbidge, Salek, and Rowntree. Of the new-comers, first and foremost is Captain Beere—hardly a new-comer, for it is after a year's spell that he has returned to wield the stick again. The other new men are Dunn (from Wellington Club), Griffiths (sadly missed from 2A), Morice and another. Who this other is, or will be, is costing the Selection Committee a certain amount of thought, and the "Free Lance" a considerable amount of space. The team is slightly weaker in the back division than it was last year, whilst the forwards are showing some of their 1910 form. The record of the matches to date stands: 1 win and 1 loss.

V.C. v. Karori.—We had hard luck in meeting Karori, who are stronger even than last year, on the first day. They beat us to the tune of 4 to nil, although this is by no means an indication of the play. The game was fairly even, our weakness being in the rearguard.

V.C. v. United.—Won 4—3. I don't know whether United ought not to have won this. The game was fast and furious. Again the backs were fairly weak. Goalkeeper Morice played a great game, and "Burb" worked like a Trojan. G. Strack (2), C. Strack (1), and Beere (1) were the scorers.

IIA.—At the beginning of the season this team seemed quite good enough for senior grade, but several players were unable to "turn out" this year, and the team was considerably weakened. Nevertheless, it is a strong team, and should be able to carry off the Junior Cup. At the time of writing, we note that the team, captained by Fair, has had two wins and one loss.

V.C. v. Metropolitan.—Won 5—2. Our forwards were too good for the opposing backs. Scorers for College were: Grif-fiths (2), Cleghorn (1), Castle (1), and Delamore (1).

V.C. v. K.Y.M.I. (B).—Won 11—0. College had a day out against a very inferior team, our goalkeeper having practically nothing to do but watch the seniors, who were playing near by. College had a splendid forward line. Grif-fiths (4), Foden (2), Cleghorn (1), A. Castle (1), Watson (1), and Delamore (1) were the scorers.

V.C. v. St. Mark's.—Lost 3—2. College ought to have won. Bad shooting by the forwards, who sorely missed Grif-fiths, was the cause of our downfall.

II.B.—This team, captained by Ross, is getting into form quickly. The team was weak at first, but is a good deal stronger now. So far two games have been played and lost, one being lost by default.

V.C. v. Wellington.—Lost by default.

V.C. v. St. Augustine's.—Lost 7—0. College played a very disappointing game. Hall and Stainton were the best.

V.C. v. Karori.—Lost 4—1. College played much better in this game, against one of the best teams in the competition. Winder scored for College.

III.—This year No. III.B team has been entered, it being a difficult matter to find enough players for one team only. So far College haven't had a full team out once. Although we haven't secured a win yet, the games have been fast, and for the most part very enjoyable. Results:—

V.C. v. Gregg's.—Lost 7—5. The game was very scrappy, our men being very much in want of training. Scorers for College were Pownall (2), Burr, Findlay, and Smith (?).

V.C. v. Kilbirnie.—Lost 8—0. College played with half a team.

V.C. v. St. Mark's.—Lost 8—5. College played much better, but were again hampered by having to play several substitutes.

LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

We are told,

*"It is not dead. It only sleeps,
'Twill wake again to-morrow."*

—Editor.

The Athletic Club.

*"Rough, heavy, long the way—deadly the wind,
Deadly the swift, sure paiter of the foot behind."*

1911-1912.

It is only at the end of a season's work that one is enabled to gauge properly its accomplishments. On taking the results as they appear, the Athletic Club can certainly claim that it has enjoyed one of its most successful seasons. Assuredly it may be said that an unsurpassed sports meeting was the harbinger of the now famous victory at Dunedin.

Favoured with an ideal autumn day, we all, competitors and spectators, spent a most enjoyable afternoon on Kelburne Park. The competition was keen, the standard good, and the onlookers enthusiastic. The thanks of the competitors are due to all the students and those interested in College affairs who attended our meeting.

On turning to the actual performances, we note as the finest effort the high jump of Hall-Jones, who cleared 5ft. 7½in. Had he been able to reproduce his form at the Tournament, a University record would now have stood to his credit. Ashley Duncan, and Brian Goodbehere fought out the sprints, and the latter showed a revival of his old form, and raised many hopes for Victoria College successes at the Tournament. Duncan established two fresh College records: in 100 yards and 220 yards flat races, the times being 10 2/3sec. and 23sec. respectively.

Competition for the Inter-Faculty Banner was keen throughout, and exciting to the end. The present holders, the Law Team, suffered defeat at the hands of the former champions, the Arts and Science Team, which won by an aggregate of 39 points to 32 points.

The Championship Cup, awarded for the "best performance," was won by F. G. Hall-Jones. The Oram Challenge Cup (for the best individual aggregate of points in handicap events) was won by A. T. Duncan, with 9 points.

The following are the detailed results:—

100 YARDS HANDICAP.

FIRST HEAT.

R. Bruce, 9yds., 1; F. W. B. Goodbehere, 3yds., 2; G. S. Strack, 3yds., 3.

SECOND HEAT.

C. A. Davies, 8yds., 1; A. T. Duncan, scr., 2; F. W. Schramm, 5yds., 3.

FINAL.

A. T. Duncan, 1; F. W. B. Goodbehere, 2; C. A. Davies, 3
Time, 10 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

It is rather regrettable that Duncan was not eligible to represent V.C. at the Tournament, as he was at the top of his form. He has served his time, and everyone will wish him further success in open championships.

880 YARDS HANDICAP.

F. F. Reid, scr., 1; V. J. B. Hall, 50yds., 2; J. Rigg, 10yds., 3
Reid ran a well-judged race in fine style.

HIGH JUMP HANDICAP.

F. G. Hall-Jones, scr., 1; A. East, 2in., 2; Longhurst, 3in., 3.
Height, 5ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

A fine leap, the winner's jumps going up an inch at a time from 4ft. 6in. Was it the cooking, Fred?

120 YARDS HURDLES HANDICAP.

FIRST HEAT.

G. S. Strack, 1; C. Strack, 2. Time, 18 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

Both competitors were off the scratch mark for the purpose of gauging the time.

SECOND HEAT.

J. Bullard, owes 5yds., 1; Mackie, scr., 2. Time, 20sec.

FINAL.

G. Strack, owes 13yds., 1; J. Bullard, 2; Mackie, 3. Time, 19 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.

G. Strack showed that he has mastered a correct and graceful style, but the time should be improved.

ONE MILE WALK HANDICAP.

A. B. Sievwright, scr., 1; W. J. Clachan, 120yds., 2; G. C. Jackson, scr., 3. Time, 7min. 47sec.

The time of this event also shows a falling off as compared with that of the previous year.

220 YARDS HANDICAP.

FIRST HEAT.

R. Bruce, 17yds., 1; F. W. B. Goodbehere, 5yds., 2; C. A. Davies, 17yds., 3. Time, 23sec.

SECOND HEAT.

A. East, 15yds., 1; A. T. Duncan, scr., 2; Spratt, 3. Time, 23 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

FINAL.

A. T. Duncan, 1; R. Bruce, 2; A. East, 3. Time, 23sec. A College record.

An interesting race, and an exciting finish.

ONE MILE FLAT HANDICAP.

T. Rigg, scr., 1; V. J. B. Hall, 130yds., 2; J. Rigg, 60yds., 3. Time, 4min 42sec.

T. Rigg's effort was deservedly applauded.

PUTTING THE SHOT HANDICAP.

Longhurst, 1ft., 1; G. E. Jackson, 1ft., 2; Dudson, 3ft. 6in., 3.

Certain competitors will make fine bowlers with more practice.

BROAD JUMP HANDICAP.

F. G. Hall-Jones, 1ft., 1; G. C. Jackson, 1ft. 6in., 2; E. Mac-kersey, 3. Distance, 18ft. 8in.

It is said somewhere: "Look before you leap."

440 YARDS HURDLES HANDICAP.

G. Strack, scr., 1; C. Strack, 5yds., 2; A. East, 3. Time, 68sec.

The Strack Brothers appear to have a perpetual mortgage over this race. They are fine exponents over the hurdles.

THROWING THE HAMMER.

As in the previous year, there was no competition for this event. Surely there is someone at V.C. who will take an interest in this branch of the sports and train hard to aid the Club in its effort to place the event on the programme.

The successful culmination of enthusiastic effort on the part of the individual members of the Athletic Club has placed a standard before those who will have the honour of representing their College on future occasions. Next year the Tournament will be held in Wellington. It behoves every man at Victoria College to determine that he at least will do something to ensure that the Championship Shield of the University shall continue to adorn the hall at Salamanca.

EXCHANGES.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines:—"The Scindian," "The Wanganui Collegian," "The Southlandian," "The Timaruvian," "The Canterbury College Review," "The Review" (Otago University), "The Waitakian," "The New Plymouth High School Magazine."



R-v W--d.—Your interesting and instructive little work on “Manners for the Library” to hand. It should be welcomed eagerly by the reading public, supplying, as it does, a long-felt want. We have derived much profit from it.

“We always knew we ought to be
Quite silent in the Library;
But now there comes another trial:
’Tis said we must not even smile.”

M--ck-rs-y.—Perhaps the quotation you were thinking of is, “The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley.”

B--tt-n.—Your principles do you credit. Why should the sordid and mercenary element predominate in these matters? “Votes for Gentlemen” by all means.

G. M. Cl-gh-rn and G. C. J-cks-n.—Pay no attention to the unpleasant remarks of Grey and Nicholls on the subject of “ringing-in.” As you point out, the end justifies the means, and surely all will recognise that at all costs the Honour of the School must be upheld.

“Enquirer.”—Who is the most important member of the Stud. Ass. Exec.? Ask the Secretary.

P-W. B-rb-dge.—Yes; Anderson Park is rather near town. Why not try golf, and go to Miramar?

Mr. G-ldsb--g.—We cannot assist you in the matter of “Liebe Lina.” No Agony Column in the *Spike*.

Pr-f. v-n Z-dl-tz.—No, you can hardly leave off now without offending the man.

F. L-G. W-st.—Sorry you had that trouble with your boots; but as the guard said, “All luggage bigger than the space beneath the seat must be shifted to the guard’s van.”

N^o *Importe*.—Strongly advise you to put a bulletin your tiger, evidently not so tractable a beast as the lions of Mr. Daniell’s den. By the way, why not “tigress”?

He who boasts is a fool—
he who has nought to
boast about counts even
less. To state business
facts is not to boast, but is
a means of mutual good.
Let us to it.

Our merchandise is RIGHT—that's the "rock
bottom" of the whole story. We have striven
to present Novelties worthy the name—and
we have won. We have striven to impress the
Hall-mark of refinement on all our goods—and
we have won.

We are still striving; we are still winning; the
scope of our enterprise is extending almost daily
—and with it the bounds of our usefulness to you.

DAVIS and CLATER,

THE RELIABLE OUTFITTERS AND MEN'S
MERCERY SPECIALISTS,

216, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

N.B.—Victoria College Hat Bands, Jerseys, &c., &c.,
always in stock.