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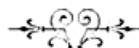
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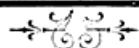
The Spike

OR

Victoria University College Review



JUNE, 1917



Published under the direction of the Victoria University College Students' Association, and Printed by Whitecombe & Tombs Ltd., Wellington.

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THE SPIKE

OR

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

(PUBLISHED TWICE IN THE SESSION)

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 University College, Wellington.

Subscriptions (1/6 per copy) are now due, and are payable to Mr. G. O. Cooper, Financial Secretary, Victoria University College.

Vol. XVI.

No. 1

Editorial.



“It is an ill wind that blows nobody good”; and we can congratulate ourselves and you on the fact that the increased cost of printing, which entails curtailment of our magazine consequently forbids us to write an Editorial dissertation. They were never necessities, and how few students used to read those dissertations, unless they were violently aggressive, and then they became a source of woe to subsequent editors who had to cope with a large and controversial correspondence thereon.

Heretofore editorial writing was regarded by many editors as a solemn duty, by some as a glorious opportunity, and by others as something to be ultimately faced, and to be achieved during the “wee sma’ oors” of the day on which the last copy was due at the printers. Among these last we find our place; and so, after thoughts of strife and peace, of post-war reforms, and of present-day problems, have gyrated in our minds for the past few weeks, it is with a feeling of relief that we lay down our pen, know-

ing it our duty to do so. And a further glow of virtue irradiates us, when we peer into the future and imagine some editor of days to come looking back at his defection, (as some may deem it) and then, perhaps, "It will be recorded as a precedent" and many an error by the same example will be saved the "Spike."

Nietzsche.

Lo! I have seen the vision ultimate
 Of Life bar'd to my eye. Deep in my soul
 Like hidden springs that never saw the day,
 Until the rocky chains of earth were rent
 By fiery quake and fierce convulsive pain,
 And gave them freedom, warmth of golden sun
 By day, and stars by night, and flow'rs at morn
 To open at the touch of their caress;
 And set within their bosoms crystal speed,
 And great desires, and mighty quiverings,
 And all the longing for the far-off sea—
 Thus has my life, e'en dormant to this hour,
 Enchain'd and pent within the meagre walls
 Of smaller hopes and loves, burst from its bonds
 And like a tributary stream whose way
 Has been through quiet hills and peaceful plains,
 Joining at last the broad sweep of your thought
 Has plung'd into the cataract of your life—
 Let all that can be—be: for I have found
 The end of all inaction in the pulse
 That giant like moves into larger strife—
 In this is Freedom, Glory, Hope and Truth.

Roland Powell.

On Active Service.

This list is known to be incomplete. We should be grateful for amendments and additions.

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* Killed in Action

Military Awards and Distinctions.

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Lieut. D. C. Bowler, M.C.	Captain S. T. Seddon, M.C.

Extracts from Soldiers' Letters.

Somewhere in France,

19th February, 1917.

My Dear Secretary,—

I wonder who you are for by the time this reaches the "Old Clay Patch" another "Stud Ass." meeting will have enlivened the Gym.

I write to thank the unknown one who remembered that once I listened to dry old "maths," and unconvincing logic on cold winter evenings. I have just received a pair of socks from the association—socks that will warm my feet delightfully, but can never warm them as my heart would be warmed by a sight of the College Tennis Courts and its surroundings—

A sight of some pretty girl undergraduate in green and gold and the sound of "Love all" from the umpire and a chase down through the gorse to Salamanca Road and the hunt for the tennis ball lobbed over the wire fence. The sight would bring back youth to this old hand.

Mr. Secretary its years since I held your office and with due solemnity read the minutes at committee meetings. Many a pleasant recollection however lives, and many an evening is spent in some dark dug-out over here continuing the arguments of old and fighting again the old fights with "Old Boys" or Poneke, with Broughani, Hill, or Thorndon, and many an hour slips by with discussions on the actions of your committee, and Archie Bogle, Bert King, Jerry Daniell, Jack Parker, Dad Fathers, Laurie Short, West and Stocker to say nothing of "Baby Bliss" and Caddick are for ever ready to "carry on" all night at the mention of V.U.C. No doubt you are cramming and carrying the burdens of office at the one and the same time—I will therefore fire my last shot. Remember that your meetings, your arguments and decisions affect not only those around you but also those who have gone before and who are ever ready to support you in any movement for the welfare of Coll.

With apologies for taking up your time and with warmest thanks for the socks.

Yours sincerely,

R. St. J. BEERE.

* * * * *

Lieut. G. H. Strack writes:—"We have been in billets for a few days after our return from the trenches. As I look out this Sunday evening (5 p.m. almost dark) the old ruined church can be seen only 200 yards away; and there are many other ruins all round. The place receives attention from the enemy heavy guns; early this morning everyone was awakened by one, two, three, four loud, high-explosive bursts at 4 a.m. Just imagine lying in slumber when to put one's nose out is fatal, when the building rocks, a distant report of a gun is heard, then a whistling rush and finally a rending burst. However, though pieces of shell and buildings falling are heard close by, we decided to risk it and lay abed listening for the next. Within a quarter of an hour, we had two dozen shells over us, six of which were "duds." They were 6-inch, or heavies, and fairly confined, so that many bricks and much earth were displaced. Altogether it spoilt an hour's valuable sleep."

* * * * *

Lieut. C. F. Atmore writes:—Approaching the Equator:—

“Huge quantities of coal which had been railed down to the wharf at which both our transports lay, were being rapidly carried on board, partly by immense cranes, and partly by niggers who must have numbered at least 300. I have often heard the phrase “to work like niggers” but not until now has its meaning been so clearly brought home to me. They laboured unceasingly throughout the night, at the same time shouting and talking so loudly all together that one wonders as to whether they, like politicians, consider this naive chattering as part of their work.

Later in the day we visited a flower-show in the City Hall. I was greatly amused at the resource of one lady who asked me to buy a tiny button-hole, which, as she told me, would cost just as much as the purchaser chose to give. On my stating (truly) that a half sovereign was my smallest coin, she eagerly volunteered to get it changed, and returned with four half crowns. So my button-hole cost 2/6: but I went away rejoicing in the fact that I had not given her £1 note to change, for then she would have surely returned with two half sovereigns.

In the afternoon I went for a sail with a party of the ship's engineers. We put ashore about 8 miles up the river and went “*big-game hunting in Africa*,” armed with revolvers and one pea rifle. We followed a beaten track through very tall grass about 12 feet high, until we came on to a clearing where two niggers thinking us to be some unknown gods, took to their heels in such fright that they are probably still going, provided of course, their wind is good! We searched the surrounding bush for something to shoot, but found only the tracks of one animal (probably the family goat) which we soon tired of following. Thinking that all the lions, elephants, etc. must be having a Sunday service elsewhere, we eventually got back to the boat after losing our way several times. It was a long journey home as the wind was directly ahead and we all had to take turns at the oars; but we had spent a delightful afternoon and I enjoyed it immensely. Good news awaited our return, for orders had been received for the New Zealand transports to sail to-morrow. We have been at——for 9 days and had almost despaired of getting away. In fact arrangements

had been made with the navy to play a cricket match on shore on Xmas Day!!! (3½ weeks ahead).

When we had been a day or two out, we received an urgent call to go back to "dear old 100 degrees in the shade" where we had already spent so many days. We steamed away again under escort finally, 4 days later, and so far are still afloat.

* * * * *

Extracts from Lieut. A. H. Bogle's letters:—

Jan. 16.—"Everything is covered with snow at present. I like it so long as there is no wind, but I think we shall have floods again when a thaw comes. Fuel is desperately scarce, and firewood hard to get. Luckily a few sticks in our oil drum warms the "whare" pretty well and very quickly. The old farmer here almost had apoplexy when he found a large barrel had been burnt. It was taken by an English artillery section and certainly they had no excuse. He was the most angry man I have ever seen, and finally threw the remains at the Tommies in sheer disgust.

Last night Cuthbert Taylor put in an appearance here. I was very glad to see him. To-night I am to meet him at a certain dark cross-roads not far away (I can't give you the map location, in case the Germans shelled it). He seemed fit and well.

Jan. 29.—For William's birthday they threw a lot of shells into our village at 4 a.m.; a nice hour to hear the whoo-oo-oo-oo! Bang!! coming closer and closer. That insult can only be wiped out in blood. Between our beds and the German guns there is half an inch of boarding so I hope they won't make a nightly practice of it.

It is the kind of weather and conditions that would be extremely unhappy for a man who was "out of sorts," but is not worth mentioning by people who enjoy the rude health and hearty appetites that we do.

Jan. 31.—I was on my "survey" again to-day. It is a most important piece of work, of course, second only to Sir Douglas Haig's. But with ploughed ground frozen a foot deep and covered with four inches of snow it is not very accurate. To-morrow our lads are playing the drivers of our company at football. I was originally

selected as third emergency (oh shades of departed heroes!) but now I am told I am required to play on the wing. It is very pleasant in this cold weather.

There was a rather large raid just before we left our last quarters. Captain King, (an old V.C. student) had just reached our line again, on the return, and shook hands with someone when a whizz-bang fixed him up very suddenly—the only officer killed. Always returning they suffer badly—no chance of anything else because old Fritz has his artillery well going by that stage of the performance. One of our wounded lads was sitting in the ambulance van with five Germans. They all looked pretty miserable, poor devils. Each sapper had a revolver for the stunt and by some chance this chap was seated beside a young German whom he had shot in the arm over in the German lines. He pointed out his prey to me very proudly with a wounded arm and was very funny to see, showing everyone his “bag.” The “bag” didn’t seem to care much about anything—they are so jolly pleased to be out of it for good.

One of our sappers—a big Scot lad of the 12th—was provided with explosive like the rest to demolish dug-outs and he found a dug-out alright with six or seven Germans in it. It turned out that he said “Come oot,” and they wouldna come oot even after repetition and being called awfu’ names—So he “didna ken whit tae dae.” They were all boys, he said, crying and holding up their hands and calling “Kamerad,” and he hadn’t the heart to blow them up. However some infantry came along and dug them out with the bayonet and he brought the batch across.”

* * * * *

Extracts from letters from Lieut. G. H. Nicholls:—

“At Freetown boats and canoes, the latter most flimsy, unsubstantial things, came out with fruit. The vendors were all full-blooded negroes, some clad in conventional but dirty garments just like Maoris, but others were more picturesquely garbed in such things as feminine hats, large flowing pinafores, or a sort of kilt. They had not much English, but a very keen appreciation of the value of silver money, and no scruples about selling their wares at as high a price as they could persuade the customer to pay, and in the matter of change they cheated so, that

more than once an application of cold water, or a shower of raw potatoes and onions, was required to bring them to their senses."

"One of the things that struck me in England was that every little garden plot and backyard was a carefully tended vegetable garden, and even narrow strips of land alongside the railway were cultivated . . . I'm now in No. 7 camp, which is well placed on rising ground and there are good concrete paths and roads in the camp itself. Our cubicles are in huts quite different from the Trentham pattern. A passage runs down the whole of one side and the cubicle doors open off this. There are eight to a hut, big lofty rooms and very comfortable . . . Yesterday I saw Norman Hogg, who came back from the front in January, and is now doing duty as a Quartermaster-sergeant; Will is still over in France, hard at it. This afternoon I saw Ken. Saxon, who was wearing his Military Cross Ribbon, and had a yarn with him. He is instructor in bayonet fighting. Charlie Gamble is here too in charge of the Pay Office for the New Zealand Camp."

* * * * *

Writing from Dunstable Signal Depot in September last, S. I. Jones says: "After a few days at the New Zealand camp on the plain we were drafted to Hitchin, eleven miles from here. Then came a big division and we were scattered to different training depots round about. Dall is at one a few miles away, but is trying to get a transfer here. Prof. Marsden is at Hitchin but we're very pleased to see him every fortnight when he arrives with the much needed cash . . . Last week I had a letter from W. B. Busby who is in Mesopotamia, his regiment then being quartered near the site of Sodom."

* * * * *

A. E. Caddiek writes:—

"We have been ten days in our present position, and during that time a big advance has been made by the British troops, the New Zealand Division taking part. It was the hottest fighting our fellows have yet been in and they acquitted themselves right yeomanly, gaining the point for which they went. To me it seemed that we lost fairly heavily, but according to the English papers which have just arrived, the losses are small in

comparison with other attacks and with the nature and extent of the ground gained. The Main Dressing Station to which "C" Section tent sub-division is attached receives practically all the stretcher cases and for three days and three nights we were working hard. Our fellows have had a number of casualties, but the hardest knock we received was the loss of Dr. Martin. He was a fair and just officer, liked and respected by all. A word from the Major was worth more than a dozen from any of the others.

During our stay at an historic little town some miles back from this front, I met Frank West, who had just come to France from England and rejoined. I spent the evening with him and Joe Mawson, (who was on the College Staff with me). West told me that Allan MacDougall had been killed.

The artillery fire here exceeds in intensity all that we heard at our first place in the line. Take to-night for an example. It is 5 a.m. Thursday as I write, and the whole front is one continuous roar and rumble, which has been going on since early on Tuesday evening—presage evidently of another attack. I shall not forget last Friday morning. We came off duty an hour early—6 a.m.—in time to witness a beautiful sunrise over the ridge at the head of the valley. While we were admiring it, a hellish din broke out all round us, guns of all calibres speaking at once; and we knew that the Second Push had commenced and that our fellows were over the top. I felt sick at heart to think that we were compelled to be away from them and know my feelings were shared by all the other New Zealanders here with me. A few hours later the wounded began to come in and by afternoon they simply poured in.

One of the first I saw was Ken. Clayton (the young V.C. tennis player) as happy as a king, though wounded in arm and leg.

Batches of German prisoners were marched past us during the day. We were told that the captures exceeded 3,000. The general opinion of the wounded officers was that the attack had been a complete success. Our fellows captured three lines of trenches and held them.

Extracts from letters from Lieut. H. H. Daniell:—

.....Just back from "Blighty" where I spent Xmas. I had Christmas dinner with Sir Joseph, the Prime Minister, the High Commissioner, Sir James Carroll, Lord Plunket, Lord Ranfurly and about five hundred "other ranks" at a place just near the Abbey.

One thing that struck me in the restaurants was the way the sugar was watched. Owing, I believe, to the practice of fair customers taking the sugar lumps away in their muffs, the waitress brings you two lumps per cup—if you don't want sugar she takes them away. I had supper one night at the Savoy Hotel, as all the people in the English magazines seem to eat there. Can't say I was particularly impressed with the others who ate there (I suppose they thought the same of us), but I was impressed with the gentlemen in livery who waited on us. An earl in court costume opened the door for us; the late Duke of Wellington I met in the cloak room. He took my hat, coat, stick and sixpence, while many "indispensable Swiss" were scattered down the hall—one guided us to table—about three more served us.".....

I am living at a farm of the early Bairnsfather pattern in a very quiet part of the line. Human ingenuity has been brought into play to make the place comparatively habitable—sandbags play a very large part in this—either full or empty—the full ones for a protective wall—the empty ones as a protection to keep out the draughts—we have a fairly plentiful supply of braziers—Let me refer to Bairnsfather again for these—Round about the house is a sort of duck pond which is at present very much frozen over and is used by the men for skating. Talking of skating I see by the papers that this is the hardest frost in England for the last 22 years—they seem bent on establishing records for our benefit, as when I was in London at Xmas they were having the worst fogs for 20 years. I've read about these glorious winters—the beautiful tingling feeling of the air in the mornings and all that sort of thing—but I guess the whole of the New Zealand Division would change the picture they are contributing to at present for a dirty old Wellington southerly buster. The country certainly looks very pretty—You'll probably see photos of the New Zealanders throwing snowballs at one another—"Happy Anzaes in

"france" or words to that effect. But the frost came and since then we have lost much of our earlier admiration for the view. The ground is as hard as iron—digging is a labour of years—water for drinking is obtained by going out with a pick and cracking the ice and then boiling it—the pumps are of course all frozen. The water carts freeze in about quarter of an hour. Water will freeze in the sun at 11 o'clock in the morning. Of course this state of affairs has its advantages as the hard state of the ground is infinitely preferable to the mud but I'd like another week's leave when the thaw comes."

Roll of Honour.

Gerald Innes Atkinson
Valentine Blake
Henry Barnard
Gilbert Bogle
Stafford Bogle
Noel Fletcher Burnett
William Busby
Herman Stuart Baddeley
R. G. Blaikie
Archibald Geoffrey Brockett
Arthur P. Castle
William Thomas Dundon
Sydney Robert Ellis
Thomas Fawcett
Oscar Freyberg
John Harrington Goulding
Vincent J. B. Hall
George McL. Hogben
Athol Hudson
George C. Jackson
Ian Douglas Jameson
Herbert W. King

William H. Morris
John E. Mills
A. A. MacArthur
Malcolm McCartney
Allan MacDougall
Donald Eric Mackay
Kenneth Munro
Donald K. Pallant
Charles E. Pallant
Austin Quick
Reginald P. Quilliam
Helger Bro. Randrup
William B. Rule
Henry A. Shain
John Saxon
I. D. P. Stocker
Philip G. Tattle
Lionel G. Taylor
Alister McL. Thompson
Holloway E. Winder
Douglas D. M. Yeats

In Memoriam.

Gilbert Bogle.

No one of the little band of students whose affection for Victoria College belongs to the days before "the old clay patch at Kelburne" will see the name of Gilbert Bogle upon our Roll of Honour without a heartache. In later days he was still with us, just as ready, as

unflagging, as stout of limb. But in those days when men were few and need was great we learned, as few can learn, how steady and true, how trustworthy and dependable a man can be. That is how "Gib" impressed me. Steadfastness was the note he struck. It was not a mere physical thing. The physical strength and balance had exact counterparts in his mind and morals. You felt that the whole man was a known quantity and could be counted on to the uttermost.

As an athlete he was rarely endowed. In old days when the two Boggles held a forward wing there were few hockey teams that could show a better pair. At tennis and running, at jumping and hurdling, at boxing, rowing and swimming he was far above the average. He was one of the faithful few, who, with Allan MacDougall, practiced in the early morning on the Basin Reserve in our first year at cricket. It was, however, at football that we knew and loved him most. We played Senior Football when it was at its hardest and when in our weakness we were fighting for existence. In those struggles he was at his best. He was down to every rush and it was no uncommon sight to see him bring man after man to the ground as the ball swept across the field. We wondered how he did it and what the score had been without him.

At Edinburgh University he added to his laurels. He became a keen soldier and won his captaincy in the University Artillery. He was captain of the Edinburgh University Cricket Eleven and at Rugby Football played in trial matches for a place in the Scottish Fifteen.

When Victoria College first knew him Gilbert Bogle was a cadet in the Audit Department of the Civil Service. Even then his mind was set on medicine. Later he entered the teaching profession, still biding his time. Throughout the good and useful years he worked, and without haste but with characteristic steadfastness he moved towards his goal. His life is a story of strong purpose unsullied by selfish or sordid aims. His death was not unfitting.

Before he left for the front he married Margaret, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Fell. A daughter was born a very little time before his death.

Four boys of the same name have attended Victoria University College. Gilbert and Stafford have fallen. Archie and Gordon are at the front and they carry with them the friendship and esteem of a generation which looks back at Victoria College as the home of a very joyous company.

"And if the dust be all about our tread,
And white the glare along the climbing road
Clean thought will come of how the east was red
With promise, and the lanes with blossom rife
And fresh the dew upon the lawn of life."

F. A. DE LA MARE.

Captain Allan MacDougall.

When he made the final sacrifice in Delville Wood on August 4th Allan MacDougall was what he was at Victoria College from 1906 to 1909. He was a big, frank, smiling, good natured boy; with a fund of humour; utterly unspoiled by success and by the "petting" that the earlier Rhodes Scholars were subjected to. Those who knew him at Victoria knew him also at Oxford and afterwards; for he had not changed in the least. There was only the experience of years, of the world, and of war behind his smiling eyes.

At Oxford, of course, Allan made friends as he did elsewhere. Even amongst the select of Rhodes Scholars he was easily marked as "a splendid young fellow, a man whom we all expected to work out a fine career." Those are the words Dr. Parkin, the organising representative of the Scholarship Trust, uses in his letter to me. The Colonel of his battalion says: "I can't get over the loss of poor MacDougall. He was a great personal friend of mine and one of my best officers." But I like best the tribute which the Mayor of Kensington pays to his personality. That is what will always remain of him with his friends. "He had a most charming personality with a keen sense of humour. His place in the regiment can never be filled, but his personality and example will always be had in remembrance by those who had the privilege of knowing him."

I saw Allan a number of times when he was on leave from the front. Until the last time he was always the

same smooth-faced, cheery individual that he was at Victoria College. But on that occasion—he had had some weeks in the new deadly trenches of Souchez, where the French fought for the gravestones in the cemetery—he showed just a trace of the ravages of war. He had lost some flesh, and there were some lines on his face. One could not doubt that the ghosts of dead comrades were appearing to him. But he had a philosophy of his own. He took every day as it came, knowing perfectly well that if one attack failed another must be made.

The 22nd Royal Fusiliers were not in the earliest stages of the “push,” but they were thrown in later. Captain MacDougall seems to have taken his platoon into the trenches for a spell and he was just writing his formal report to his C.O. “Relief complete”; when he was killed without being able to sign the memorandum. A companion in arms, the adjutant of the battalion, sends some touching verses to “The Times” on his death:—

Not where in grey surge of unnumbered miles
Rises the coronach of the Hebrides;
Nor far away where molten sunlight smiles
On Southern Seas;
Not from the cloistered strife of Academe,
Spent with its subtle warfare, bowed with years
Of honoured labour, did'st thou pass, supreme
Amongst thy peers:
But in the blasting hurricane of the fray,
Deaf to its roar, unheeding of its toll,
Humbly before the Altar did'st thou lay
Thy splendid soul.
So thou art gone, but who that lives can mourn
The promise of thy manhood, who by fire
Tried and accepted, did'st endure to scorn
The world's desire?
Rather we pray that we who hold the fort,
May with an equal courage pace our beat,
Till, unashamed, we can at last report
“Relief complete.”

Fourteen Rhodes Scholars have now given their lives, and three of them are from New Zealand. Victoria has given two—MacDougall and Athol Hudson.

G. H. SCHOLEFIELD.

William Beynon Austin Quick.

Among the students who have made the supreme sacrifice is Austin Quick, a young architect of a reserved disposition but sterling character. Prior to the war he had been an officer in the cadet force. At the outbreak of the war he was practising as an architect in partnership with his friend Mr. Fearn and had every prospect of a successful career, but recognising the call of duty, the two partners, as soon as they could complete the works in hand and wind up their business, joined the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Austin left as a sergeant with the 5th Reinforcements, served in Egypt and Gallipoli whence he was invalided Home with enteric. After working at the base for some months he rejoined his battalion in France at the end of the year and was killed in action while serving in the machine gun section (on 10th December, 1916). In a letter to his mother his sergeant wrote: "Although so short a time with the guns, he was one of the most dependable of men and could always be relied upon to do his duty faithfully, and to the extent of his ability. Indeed it was while performing his duty with his customary courage and coolness, that he met his death." H. F. VON HAAST

Captain Arnold Atkinson.

The death in action of Captain S. A. Atkinson gives us another reminder that the war is taking toll of our very best—the best not merely as soldiers, but in general character and citizenship. The manner of his death was in perfect keeping with his faithful, strenuous and self-sacrificing life. He volunteered for service after he had passed the age limit originally fixed for the New Zealand Expeditionary Force and under conditions which hundreds of equally brave and patriotic men have regarded as entitling them or even as requiring them to stay at home. And having so volunteered he has fallen while rushing forward to help a fallen comrade under conditions which other brave men might have considered to justify them in declining the risk. The same entire forgetfulness of self which distinguished Arnold Atkinson throughout his life has won for him a glorious death.

No long chronicle is needed to record the chief events of a career which, except in its crowning sacrifice, was distinguished by quiet and unostentatious service rather than by things that catch the public eye. Born in Nelson in 1875, the fourth son and fifth child of Major (afterwards Sir Harry) Atkinson, Samuel Arnold Atkinson was educated at Nelson College, Wanganui Collegiate School and Canterbury College. After taking his degree in 1896 he began the study of law at Victoria College, and in the office of Messrs Bell, Gully, Bell and Myers, and on being admitted as a barrister and solicitor he entered upon the practice of his profession in partnership with Mr. T. F. Martin. The partnership was dissolved in July 1915 in order that he might take up the position of Law Reporter in Wellington for the Supreme Court and Court of Appeal—a position which was being kept open for him at the time of his death. He married in 1903 a daughter of the late Richard Hursthouse who represented Motueka for many years in Parliament, and she survives him with a family of six young children.

In public affairs, Captain Atkinson always took a keen interest, but he was too broad-minded and too much of an idealist to take kindly to party politics. He preferred to throw in his lot with the great movements outside of party politics which prepare the ground for the politicians and shape their ends in a manner often unknown to themselves. His passion for justice and freedom made him for a year or two the highly efficient secretary of a State Schools Defence League organized to maintain the secularity of the public school curriculum against what he believed to be a denominational danger. But the causes which imposed the severest and most prolonged tax upon his energies were those of compulsory military training and Imperial Unity.

At all times an enthusiastic volunteer, he had formed a high opinion of the value of military training. He was also strongly impressed with the duty of the Dominions to become active partners in Imperial Defence. Thus it was that the movement for universal military training found no more enthusiastic champion than him; and without the services which as secretary and organizer of the Citizens' Defence League he rendered to the movement the success which it so speedily attained might have been long deferred. There are very few men to whom New

Zealand is more indebted for the Military Training scheme of which she is so proud than Captain Atkinson, though his self-suppression, which was at least as remarkable as his energy and enthusiasm, may have concealed the fact. No public man had ever more completely realized than he, or with a slighter expenditure of effort, the aspiration of Huxley against worrying about who gets the credit for good work as long as the work is done.

The passing of the Defence Acts of 1909 and 1910 left Captain Atkinson free for other public work, and he found a new mission in the Imperial propaganda which was instituted by Mr. Lionel Curtis on his visit to New Zealand in 1910. As the Dominion Secretary and agent of the "Round Table," Captain Atkinson became the life and soul of the movement in New Zealand. The fact that the magazine secured a larger circulation here in proportion to population than in any other part of the Empire was chiefly due to his personal exertions; and the success of the Round Table groups for Imperial study sprang in large measure from the same source. The last phase of his public activity before enlisting was as secretary of the War League—an organization which did valuable work during the first year of the war in impressing upon the Government the need for sending more men to the front, and for making more liberal provision for the disabled and the dependents of the fallen. Even at the front he was troubled by the thought that New Zealand was not doing all that she ought towards winning the war; and his mind was busy with schemes for bringing our contributions in men and money up to the scale established in each case by Great Britain. How keenly he was exercised by these problems to the very last is proved by the touching appeal to his fellow-countrymen which was apparently written in the expectation of death and appeared in the "Dominion's" obituary notice on the 14th June. Here are two of the most striking sentences:

"Until New Zealand does as France has done, putting into the field every fit man, except the minimum required for the essential industries, and putting into the Allies' common pot her wealth and the united work of her people, for so long will New Zealand continue to play with her freedom and sponge on others for her defence. . . . You don't realize that putting men and guns here is the sole privilege and duty of mankind at present."

Faith, hope, courage, enthusiasm, humility, single-minded devotion to duty and an entire subordination of self to the claims of others were the leading characteristics of Arnold Atkinson's career; and those who remember the "fighting Major" will recognize in each case the power of heredity. Without his father's genius for aggressive leadership, he was distinguished by a womanly tenderness which was less disguised from the world by his fighting qualities than in his father's case and gave him a rare power of attracting friendship and inspiring confidence. None of his friends ever doubted that under any conditions the course of duty was the only one that he could follow. The balancing, not of duty against interest, but of duty against duty, was his only serious trouble, and it was this problem alone that perplexed the decision of his personal attitude towards the war. When the period of indecision was over, when he had decided to go and the commission which made it possible for him to go was assured, the serene and happy spirit with which he became inspired was beautiful to see. It seemed to have renewed his youth, to have restored elasticity to his step, to have banished any sign of the physical weakness which even then some of his friends feared—and others hoped—might keep him from the firing line. From that time onwards they can think of him only as the happiest of happy warriors, as one—

Who comprehends his trust and to the same
keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;

* * * * *

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

We know that when the last call came, Arnold Atkinson was equal to the need, and we do not require the verdict of the trenches to assure us that his military career was marked throughout by the same loyalty, courage and self-sacrifice which brought it to a glorious close. One of the traits that endeared him to his company was that he "never expected a man to do what he would not do himself"; but that last act showed that he was prepared to do things himself which he would never ask of anybody else.

We wish to take this opportunity of expressing to Mr. Siegfried Eichelbaum the College's sincerest sympathy in the great loss he has sustained by the death of his father, Mr. Max Eichelbaum, in May, after a long and painful illness, patiently and bravely borne.

We also wish to convey to Mr. D. S. Smith our sincere sympathy in the great loss he has sustained in the death of his wife in January last.

Examination Results.

HONOURS IN ARTS.

Braddock, Catherine C.; 1st Class Mental and Moral Philosophy.
 Gould, William H.; 1st Class Economics.
 Oliver, Selina R.; 2nd Class Economics.
 Sampson, Eileen N.; 2nd Class Economics.
 Sutherland, Olive R.; 2nd Class History.
 Thompson, Roland D.; 2nd Class Mathematics.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Braddock, Catherine C.	Ross, Fanny L.
Gould, William H.	Sampson, Eileen W.
Oliver, Selina R.	Sutherland, Olive R.
Thompson, Roland D.	Tocker, Albert H.

HONOURS IN LAW.

Berendsen, Carl A.; 2nd Class Contracts, Torts, Roman Law and Company Law.
 Mazengarb, Oswald C.; 2nd Class Contracts and Torts, Jurisprudence and Company Law.

MASTERS OF LAW.

Berendsen, Carl A.	Mazengarb, Oswald C.
Cornish, Henry H.	McConnell, Robert W.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Bell, Ethel M. W.	Mackenzie, Hugo A.
Crawford, Edith J.	McMaster, James
Cullen, Joseph J.	O'Connell, Leonard J.
Duggan, Eileen M.	Ryder, Robert B.
Frayne, Leonora J.	Shields, Constance H.
Junker, Dorothy F. E.	Tocker, Francis A.
Lyons, Thomas	Webb, Irene G.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Jones, Ernest G.

BACHELORS OF LAWS.

Chrisp, Harry D.	Rogers, Lancelot A.
Heenan, Joseph W. A.	Tudhope, James McC.
Moss, L. M.	

The following has passed sections of the B.Sc. Degree :
Fenton, Ethel W. J.

The following have passed sections of the LL.B.
Degree :—

Adams, H. D. C.	Norman, Nora P.
Archer, K. G.	O'Sullivan, Leo D.
Dobbie, A. E.	Patterson, W. J. C.
Heine, W.	Sheat, J. H.
Hemery, L. C.	Watson, N. E.
Wren, S. A.	

The following have passed a section of the B.A.
Degree :—

Allan, J. A.	Henry, Eudora V.
Dunn, Jessie S.	Hunt, Olive L.
Dwyer, Cecilia M.	Woodhouse, Iris H.
Jackson, P. M.	Lennon, Monica
Knight, Winifred E. G.	Manson, Norman
Lewis, P. G.	McNiven, Jessie I. E.
Edmondson, L. J.	McCartney, Dorothy
Espiner, Eileen V.	Sadler, H. W. A.
Falkner, Lilian E.	Salmon, Olive R.
Gold, Ailsa L.	Wren, Sidney A.
Harle, Margaret A.	Woods, Edith M.

The following has passed sections for B.Com.:—

Feist, F. E.

Brockett, A. E.

COOK PRIZE.

Thompson, Rowland D.

SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS.

Mackenzie, Hugo; Latin (also qualified for French).
Shields, Constance; English.

Fit Rusticus Idem.

(After Horace).

Dear Teddy, though with me you'd face
The blistering Babylonian sun,
Or o'er the North Sea billows chase
The deadly Hun,

I, sick of this unending war,
Would barter all any share of glory
For a snug cottage, not too far
From old Karori.

Be this to my poor luck denied,
The simple life I'd choose to follow
Where Maitai's pleasant wakes glide
By Sleepy Hollow.

My heart goes out to that sweet nook,
Where peach and plum ungather'd lie,
And trout in every prattling brook
Invite the fly.

Spring lingers long in that fair spot,
There Winter smiles; and golfers know
That green Tahuna envies not
E'en Westward Ho!

Those happy hills—that perfect sky—
Await us; there, when Death shall come,
You'll lay me, Ted, and say good-bye
To your ancient chum.

H. L. F.

Anzac, Gallipoli.

(Extracts from the letters of Lieut. H. D. Skinner, D.C.M.)

"I am going to try to give you my impression of three days and nights fighting against the Turks. On the afternoon of Thursday, August 5th. we sorted and packed our belongings and tidied the bivouac in Monash Valley which had been more of a home to us than any other place in the nine weeks since we had landed.

Night came, beautifully clear, rifle fire grew brisker, and we marched off down the winding sap past the shadowy water-tanks to the beach, then north among the stacks of stores and ammunition, into the sap again. Towards dawn we camped in a little valley full of scrub, where we spent all Friday hiding, while twice a German taube flew over us, but we lay still under the scrub and they did not see us. In the morning I went up with the water-bottles of our section to the tanks on Walker's Ridge—a terrible climb in the heat. I filled our bottles and went back, passing a new five-inch howitzer hidden by branches beside the track. How they had dragged it up the razor track I do not know. I went down and got such sleep as I could in the scanty shade. After dark we fell in in the dry creek bed and scrambled into the sap. As we approached our outposts the rifle-fire increased and bombs came from the hill on our right. The sap ended and we lay down on the flat at the foot of the hills. Two search-lights were playing from the destroyers off Suvla Bay. We moved off in a file, stumbling over tussocks and stones and slid down into a nullah and wheeled to the right. We had been under desultory fire since leaving the sap. Our work was to advance up a long valley and to hold the shoulders of Hill "971" by dawn. The mounteds were to sweep up the spur on our right and another detachment to do the same on our left.

We crept through a gap cut by our engineers in the barbed wire entanglement and stood confused in the dark amongst the stubble of a little field, the Turkish trench spitting fire at us less than a hundred yards ahead. Someone shouted "Charge!" and we rushed forward yelling. I was about the middle of the line, but the fellows bunched away from us to each flank and I was

charging by myself. The Turks blazed at us till we were right on top of them. Then my legs suddenly melted and I was thrown on my face. I had been tripped by the soft earth thrown up out of the trench. I got up, jumped into the trench and ran down with others towards the right. Those on the left shouted that there were Turks in the river bed and there was much rushing about and stumbling.

A party of bomb-throwers ran forward and took the second trench without opposition—and then came a wait. We had lost our platoon-sergeant and no one took charge—At last we moved off up the valley, and pushed up a well made track, sniped occasionally out of the dark, the ring on either flank falling well behind. Then came a burst of firing in our rear and we wound slowly back to where our flank guard, some 50 yards off in the scrub, were hotly engaged with a party of Turks. I do not know how things went, but the firing died down and we advanced again.

A black sugar-loaf hill disentangled itself from the black mass on our right, and from about half way up it came a burst of firing. We were halted, right turned and ordered to take the hill. I made a mighty effort to be first at the top. The scrub was like a barbed entanglement, then came a steep, bare slope and beyond it a good road up which some of our fellows, luckier than I in finding a path, were streaming to the summit. On the flat top within the trenches were a crowd of Turks guarded by part of the mounteds, who had apparently taken the hill before us, attacking the N.W. face. I lost my company and acted on the hurried orders of an official to dig in before dawn. Then I heard Major Statham shouting orders to Otago, so plunged down into a deep gully in the half light and got in touch again. It was daylight when we came out on the upper slopes and surged forward any how, over the Turkish trench—Our part of it was quite empty. Then we stumbled up the steep slope of Rhododendron Hill to the summit and began to dig in. Bullets whisked in a continuous shower—the wonder is than anyone lived at all. Shrapnel opened up from our left rear; we went into some scrub, dug a shallow bed and lay down, till word came for us to go back into reserve while Canterbury took over the firing line. I

looked down from the scrub and found Otago already moving. A whole army of Turks must have been firing into the hollow that had to be crossed. The dust was leaping in a hundred jets like frying pan fat. Another group streamed down and I took my chance and managed to reach comparative peace, and went down into the gully up which we came originally.

After a rest we slung rifles and clambered up the gully, which is in a spur of Hill 971. While we were having tea in the scrub a taube appeared above us, apparently directing the enemy artillery. Then out of the blue swooped an Allied aeroplane and the German fled downward with smoke pouring from its exhaust till lost behind the hills. Night came and we dozed off, rifle in hand.....

(The next extracts deal with the carrying of a message for help).

The captain came up and said that the Colonel wanted a letter taken back asking for help as we were cut off. I did not feel fit for bayonet work after the wound on my head, so volunteered. "Can you run fast?" "Yes." "How about your leg?" "That doesn't affect me in the least." "Right, tell the commander of the reinforcements in the hollow there, to get them into the gully where they will be safe. Get the letter about help from the Colonel and take it to the Headquarters in Reserve Gully." Then I showed him how I proposed to cross the ground where three Tommies lay and I started off. I crawled to Local Headquarters, got the letter and crawled into a little water-course, whence I bolted like a rabbit over the rise and into safety. I judged from the sound that the snipers got in a couple of shots. In the gully, matters were very quiet. An occasional bullet spattered in and further down I found the artillery attempting to fire on it from the left. I passed a wounded New Zealander, leg broken, a crutch improvised from a cross-handled spade. I did not recognize the grimed white face, but he knew me after five years and we shook hands. It was Robinson, a law student of Victoria College and a great footballer. I told him to keep moving towards the rear.

Further on were more wounded and I stopped to tell them that we were holding on and that help would come after dark. They told me there were snipers on the ridge

picking off all who tried to cross through the hollow and pass round the knoll to Reserve Gully. The slope from the bottom to the hollow was high and steep and rocky. I ran up it fast and when at about half way, the snipers opened on me, I flew. In a twinkling I was in the little hollow and there, in a pile, lay the bodies of our reinforcements—all dead. So the Captain's message was not delivered. I lay flat and got my breath. Then I discovered a man still living and to all appearances unwounded. "Where's the track?" I asked. "It leads away from my feet," he replied. He was in fact lying in it, apparently not daring to move. I knew that the next patch of track would be the warmest part of my travels, and I lay quiet. There was a terrific bang as a shrapnel shell exploded not more than six feet overhead. It was the signal and I sprang out on to the slope.

I was not out three seconds before the machine gun got going, tracing patterns on the track and pattering about above and behind me. Never in the world's history has a hundred yards been covered in such time. There was a bang under my very heels—an explosive bullet, I suppose. I gave one heave and bound and dived on my chest over the crest and into Reserve Gully. I got to my feet and found the valley swarming like an angry ant-hill. The Fifth Reinforcements, very chubby, clean and peach-blossomy by comparison with our worn and battered scare crows, were slogging in with pick and shovel at the new track. Mules laden with water, fatigues with ammunition, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, Maoris and Englishmen climbed the banks on either side, while up the middle streamed hundreds upon hundreds of the New Army, their equipment and machine guns all complete and the men themselves a fine-looking lot. I have a confused impression of a crowd, and mugs of water and countless enquiries about the firing line. One man has since given me an account of my coming. He was looking down the slope along which I ran for the last part of my dash. There was I, my head tied up, my face half black, streaking by—no hat, no coat, no equipment, and my puttees round my ankles, while all about me, phit, phit, phit, the jets of dust traced a moving ware-pattern, till at the bend I gave one convulsive spring, and vanished.

I wasn't in the least hungry, but drank a great deal of water and went at once to an officer from headquarters. After the inevitable question about the line holding he hurried to say that at dusk two whole English regiments would go up to take over the firingline. The officer cross-examined me and took my answers down in writing, I signing them. Then I was sent to the dressing station where Baigent labelled me and detailed a man to help me to the beach. There I sat down among the human wreckage on the sand and after a while was taken into one of a string of boats and put on the deck of a trawler where I fell asleep—the first sleep for eighty-four hours and when I awoke we were tossing in Imbros Bay.

Poppies.

There are scarlet poppies in her garden-bed,
Debonair and full of glowing grace;
There are scarlet poppies in a field of France
And they're flaunting in her dead love's face.

War Memorials.

*The tumult and the shouting dies
The Captains and the Kings depart
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.*

We are now arrived at a stage when even the pessimist hopes that he can see the end of the war, and our minds are necessarily turning towards the day, which we hope is not far distant, when peace will be once more restored to the nations. It is indeed at the present time that we are framing those national ideas and ideals which will guide the nation through that crisis in national life that will follow immediately after the war, and guide it either to a glorious or a sordid destiny. Well may we hope that to-day we are laying the foundation of a more healthy national life for the future. There are many influences now at work upon the thought of the nation, but on the whole it would seem that our highest ideals are fast being obscured by urgent present necessities. For instance, we are apt to lose sight of any good cause for which we

entered the war, in our concentration of effort to bring the war to such a conclusion that we can exact from Germany the extremest penalty.

Yet if now, with the tales of Gallipoli still fresh in our ears, we forget the ideals for which the finest and best from amongst us have given their all, how shall their glory be preserved through the ages? Undoubtedly it is our duty to do all that lies in our power to cherish and preserve their ideals. That some form of memorial is necessary to commemorate the fallen, all are agreed; but too often the purpose is conceived as a desire to reward the honoured dead rather than to immortalize the ideals which they cherished and fulfilled. Their honour will stand out in letters of gold in the brightest pages of the world's history and the glory of their deeds is a better reward than any poor tribute that we may pay. Yet if their honour is to be for us individually more than a name, we must enshrine in our hearts their ideals and keep ever fresh the memory of their deeds. A suitable memorial will in no small degree serve this purpose.

Our memorial therefore must assume that form which is best calculated to secure this end. Opinion may well differ as to the exact form the commemoration should take; but if we keep the right purpose in view and give the matter that full consideration which it deserves we may hope to reach a satisfactory conclusion.

By kind permission of the "Nelsonian" we print here part of a letter from Mr. H. D. Skinner, D.C.M. whose name is well known at Victoria College. The letter shows well what our true purpose is and should prove of use in our ultimate decision.

"Some time ago I suggested that a Memorial should take the form of a building designed for reading and quiet study. In succeeding months I have often thought about the form of the memorial and I have slowly come to the conclusion that it would be better if it were not utilitarian at all. This opinion has been confirmed by reading an article from the pen of Mr. Arthur C. Benson on the subject which appeared in the September number of the Cornhill Magazine. It is a piece of English full of dignity and grace and should be read by all who wish to form a sound judgment on the matter.

The intention of erecting a remembrance to those who

have fallen should be to stir in the minds of future generations of school boys an emotion and an aspiration. To the creation of such an emotion new playing fields and new libraries would contribute little. Aspiration can only be aroused by beauty. Beauty of example those who have died have given us in full measure. In our memorial we must try to appeal to those of the future by beauty of wording and design.

The graves of our school fellows we knew and loved, look down from the scrub of oak and holly on the Mediterranean and far away to the blue hills of Samothrace. Would it not be possible to erect to their memory a marble version of that Winged Victory of Samothrace which was carved more than two thousand years ago to commemorate a band of ancient heroes who fell fighting in the cause of freedom? It might be set above and in the middle of a curving stone seat facing north, where boys might come and read and dream in the sunshine, and there might be lawns and beds of flowers about.

If it should be objected that such a memorial would contain nothing that would remind us of those whose graves are in France I suggest that we should ask M. Rodin to design a setting of Victory, and thus the greatest of modern sculptors would unite with the greatest of the ancients in honouring our dead."

Mr. Skinner here puts forward a constructive scheme, and his idea is one of which the school for which it was proposed may well be proud to put into execution, but it should be most useful to us also in deciding what form our war memorial should assume. The task is before us, too, of commemorating our dead. If we make it our purpose to build a memorial that will be a present inspiration not only to us in our own lives, but also to the men and women of future generations, our high purpose will be achieved. Then there will come at least some spark of good from the war. Then will our rich dead have died not in vain and posterity will know that it was not vainly said that—

"Honour has come back, as a king to earth
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage."

Ll. K. W.

Lynd Wilson
revised.

The Fire: a Refuge.

Hast ever steeled thine heart within
 'Gainst all the world—
 Enclosing thus the love, the fear
 Thou knowest not?
 Hast ever poured out all thy love
 Within mine heart?
 Hast built there castles so secure
 That for their part
 They seem 'gainst storms and tempests too
 Beyond me art
 Of all destructive power?
 And men hast late in life discover'd
 That with disuse
 Thy love, fear, hopes and all of thee
 Are frozen stiff?
 So that at touch of groping hands
 The doors stand firm,
 Nor heed my breaking heart.

Olla Podrida.

Wanted, a large iron boiler, suitable for pig feed.
 Apply Boiler, "Evening Post."

Pig iron, we presume.

Gardener, head disengaged, thoroughly understands
 the routine of gardening; good references; single. Apply
 Gardener, "Evening Post."

Head and heart both.

Wanted to buy, 4-6 rd House, with all modern
 conveniences, inside of 2 sections. Apply J.L. "Evening
 Post."

We seldom get them inside one.

Wanted, by young lady, position in hotel, office or
 cash desk. Apply R.H. "Evening Post."

She wants to be in some place with money in it.

"Inmates of Victoria College were also present."—
 "Evening Post."

*The public is assured that most of them are quite
 harmless.*

"Chilblain has been scratched for the Jervois Handicap, and Barbed wire for the Maiden Steeplechase."—"Evening Post."

We agree that chilblains should be scratched, but barbed wire can hardly be said to be affected by the same treatment. It might retaliate.

"The few authors who have studied attention during sleep."—Ribot, Attention.

Study during sleep is not a practice we would recommend to students, however pressed for time they may be.

Life on a troopship:—

A weary waste of sea and a still more weary waste of food.

Wanted, buyer 6 rooms, built by architect, on penny section. £900. Apply Rare Snip, "Evening Post."

Talk about war profits!

Wanted a man to drive a bread cart for three weeks. Raven, Hopper Street.

And no stop-work meetings allowed.

"Justice Bailbache has been appointed chairman of the committee to enquire into the administration of the lying Corps."—"Hawkes Bay Tribune."

We hear there's not a word of truth in it.

In Hawke's Bay harvesters are receiving 22/- per hour.—"Hawke's Bay Tribune."

Time is money in these parts.

Continuation Classes.

In the complicated civilization of our day, no sane man will admit that children can start equipped for life at the age of 14. Most people realize, that no matter how we crowd the primary school syllabus an education to meet all the demands of this age can not be compressed into the short space of nine years.

However, as the law now stands, school attendance is not required after the age of 14, and in spite of our free places at secondary schools, the majority of children are given very little training after that age. As a result of these conditions, we are sending out the majority of our children

to form a public opinion based, in many instances, on ignorance and prejudice. Taking a far sighted view of this situation, one wonders, what will be the ultimate fate of the democratic country that refuses to train its citizens to use intelligently the great powers entrusted to them. For the sake then not only of commercial prosperity (and that is important) but of national safety, more important still, one would think that the extension of compulsory education would be the first charge upon our legislators. In fact there is only one argument against it and that is it will cost money.

The great purpose of continuation classes is, to educate the people who need education most. Instead of our poorer children being left to their own devices at the age of 14, these classes if properly managed will draw them in, and train them in efficient workmanship, and good citizenship. But alas at present, these responsibilities are shirked, on the grounds of cost. Money cannot be spent in this way yet in spite of the complaints about our primary schools from those who expect too much from them, in spite of the need for increased industrial efficiency, in spite of the danger of having an unintelligent democracy, in spite of all this, we must needs hesitate and deliberate, before we can spend money on education. Why, as far as Wellington is concerned, we cannot afford a good Technical College building just now. Judged by their actions or rather inaction this is what the "powers that be" seem to think.

Contrast with this attitude the policy in many U.S.A. communities. There, far-sighted employers have established on their own initiative, continuation classes for their employees, where training for vocations and training for citizenship are given.

Vocational training rightly holds an impregnable position in the community, but, realizing that it is not the panacea for all educational ills, these employers have introduced in conjunction with it courses in various subjects, with a view to moulding good citizens. Their experience of the venture is, that it is a decided success from the point of view both of employer and of employee.

It is possible to realize that this scheme is only a small instalment of "more to follow,"—that the continuation classes will usher in a day when education will be conducted in a more scientific and leisurely fashion.

Is it a vain dream to look for a day when more facilities for education will be provided for young and old, and when more people will be interested in some educational pursuit? It is Utopian and thoroughly impracticable to look forward to a time when good libraries, good laboratories, good picture galleries, are as numerous, as picture shows, public houses and churches now are. It is a foolish thing to expect a university to be the centre of the intellectual life of a community, a place to which people of all ages and stages, will resort if they want mental refreshment? Will the day ever dawn, when men and women "out in the world," will be able to take a university course along the lines of their special interest? Are all these ideas vain and foolish creatures of the imagination, and if they are not, have the students of this College any power in deciding whether these possibilities are "to be or not to be?"

W. E. C.

No Angels Four.

No angels four watch by my bed
 With folded wings and hands of prayer
 And fill my dreams with songs of peace
 Or gleams of light from aureoled hair—
 The only watchers while I sleep
 Are dim white stars far in the sky;
 The only song that fills my dreams
 The wind, world-sounding, blowing by.
 Matthew and Mark and Luke and John
 Four of God's saints in Heaven bright
 Should they not watch God's children still,
 Sad children desolate through the night?
 God made the night-wind, sighing soft,
 And God's too, is each dim white star—
 But Earth is wide and Heaven high
 And I am lonely, while they are far.

—A.O.

Tributes to College Celebrities.

To Prof. Mackenzie.—

"The braw words rumble o'er his head
 Nor stir the sleeper."

"Stevenson."

To Rev. Ward.—

“Thou foster child of silence and slow time.”
“Keats.”

“Thou art like silence all unvexed,
Tho’ wild words part my soul from thee,
Thou art like silence unperplexed,
A secret and a mystery betwixt one foot-fall
and the next.”

“Alice Meynell.”

To Sir Robert Stout.—

“The peevish voice and ’oary mushroom ’ead
Of ’im we owned was greater than us all.”
“Kipling.”

To Prof. Garrow.—

“The law is lordlich and loth to maken ende.”
“William Langland.”

To Prof. Hunter.—

“I was ever a fighter—so one fight more.”
“Browning.”

To Prof. Adamson.—

“The mere man’s voice with all its breaths
and breaks
Went sheathed in brass, and clashed on
even heights
It’s phaséd thunders.”
“E. B. Browning.”

To Mr. Tennant.—

“His wise rare smile is sweet with certainties—
Humorous and yet withal a touch of whim,
Gentle and amiable, but full of fight.”
“Henley.”

To Mr. Wilson.—

“As rich and purposeless as is the rose,
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful.”
“Stephen Phillips.”

To Prof. Kirk.—

“Of courtesy the flower.”
“Drayton.”

To Mrs. McPhail.—

“Elle veut aux mortels trop de perfection.”
“Molière.”

To Mr. Brook.—

“A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.”
“Shakespeare.”

Mihi Carissimus.

Who is the friend who is dear to my heart,
Whose is the pulse that beats one with my own,
Whom shall I deem to be worthy of trusting—
Whom shall I love?

One who is girded with strength for the fight
Girded to fight for the cause of mankind;
Breathing the air of the pure empyrean:
Strong, and as pure.

Proud as a man who is strong, who has power,
Proud, but a man who would never assume
Semblance of virtue, nor claim as a virtue
Wrecks of a hope.

One who will stoop to the broken and bruised,
Raise them to health again, help to revive
Hopes that were languishing, visions long faded—
Spend and be spent.

Mighty the rocks that hurl back to its bosom
Waves of the ocean—As rock will he stand?
Waters erosive will weaken resistance,
Friendship endures.

So shall I cleave to him, so shall remain
Ever a friend to him; thus shall it be
Time shall not alter, nor space e'er divide us—
Loving and loved.

(H.M.)

The Editor's Uneasy Chair.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editorial committee has decided not to publish any of the correspondence consequent upon the controversy which arose over a sonnet and an editorial in the last years' issues. The subject has already been sufficiently aired, and as the editor concerned is now at the front and unable to answer the peculiar accusations brought against him, we consider it advisable to let the whole matter drop.

* * * * *

We wish to thank present day students for the splendid answer which they have made to our appeal for contributions. We have more than we can use for this issue, so some of them will have to appear in the October number. Several contributions sent in are

decidedly below the standard of the "Spike," but even so it is gratifying to us to feel the awakening of interest in things literary, which every contributor evinces. We feel constrained, however, to remark on the utter lack of method and style found in many of the Club Reports. We want neither confidential little letters chatting about the doings of a certain club, nor long and bellicose manifestos. What we do want are short, yet comprehensive reports, correctly spelt and legibly written.

Notice.

Owing to the increased cost of printing and publishing the Spike, the Students' Association Executive has reluctantly decided to raise the price per copy to 1/6. Annual subscription, postage paid, will now be 3/6.

Woe from Wanganui.

Being the 5 a.m. reflections of a shrewd private.
(with sincerest apologies to Milton.)

Alas what boots it with incessant care
To drill oft times in burning Phoebus ray,
In tunic that ill fits my shapely frame.
Were it not better done as others claim
To spend one's Easter at some lazy bay
Far from the city and the oil-lamp's glare.
Work is the spur which my content doth prick
(That loathesome word the present should forsake)
This jam in cans, oh why can I not kick
'Gainst the spoilation of our apple make
By other fruits whose name outside we pick
Living in hope their flavour will survive?
Too near the sergeant's raucous roars resound
It is not meet that I should him connive,
For sauce unto the cook I'll go the round.
But, as the plaintive screech-owl wails its call,
The bugle sound arouses now the gall,
My martial muse has flown from mortal soil
And I bemoaning start my daily toil.

W. E. L.

The air is biting shrewd—HAMLET.

"Forms of Things Unknown."

—"*Shakespeare.*"

Applications (or nominations) are invited for the position of Editor of "The Prickle." Applications are to be made on *special* forms provided by a *special* committee, appointed at a *special* general meeting. Candidates for the Vacant See must fill in the following form to accompany personal letter and photograph (plain or coloured.)

APPLICATION FORM FOR EDITORSHIP OF "THE PRICKLE."

(*Applicants are requested to write legibly.*)

- I. Name in full:—Sir,
Christian (or otherwise)
- II. Pronunciation of above to be intimated by means of the phonetic system:—
- III. Age (brazen age, cabbage or dotage):—
- IV. Height (of ambition or of the ridiculous):—
- V. Weight (of argument or "till you get it"):—
- VII. Colour of Hair (red no bar):—
- VIII. Feet (splay or pentameter):—
- IX. Voice (clamorous or amorous):—
- X. Presence (omni or party):—
- XI. Ability (histrionic or chronic):—
- XII. Tendencies (socialistic or egotistic):—
- XIII. Pastimes (present and future):—
- XIV. Qualifications (poet, orator (stump or platform), writer (leader or hack or tarradiddlelist)):—
- XV. References (1) State last journalistic engagement:—
e.g., whether on Truth, John Bull, or Fleet Street ½d. Shocker.
(2) Enclose, if possible, eulogies from C.N. Baeyaertz, The Wolff Bureau, or previous Editors of "The Prickle."

(*All forms to be filled up and handed in by April 1st.*)



*"Year after year debates blaze and fade
—Scarce mark'd the dial ere departs
the shade."*—LYTTON.

The debating in 1916 was a signal improvement on that of the previous session—a fact which was due in large measure to the presence of a number of ardent new students who took a keen interest in the affairs of the society, and were almost wholly responsible for the successful year. Warm though this interest was at the outset it lagged considerably toward the end of the year when the fear of examinations prevailed over the ardour for platform oratory.

As a result only one debate was held in 1916 after the Plunket Medal Contest, and the motion was "That the use of native soldiers in the present war was against the best interests of the Allies"—a motion which was supported by Messrs Graham and Evans and opposed by Messrs Archer and Saker. The Society was on this occasion most fortunate in having the Rev. Father Gondringer, M.A. as judge. Father Gondringer's personal knowledge of the countries in which Empires are now fighting for existence rendered his address at the conclusion of the debate of very special interest. The college however was a considerable loser through not having more than three of its members present in the audience. The judge placed the speakers as follows: Messrs Archer, Jenkins, Evans, Schmidt and Saker.

The 1917 session opened with the Annual General Meeting—which differed but little from the previous ones. The minutes were read to the accompaniment of cheers from the back, and speakers delivered addresses, short but no doubt eloquent, while the audience showed its goodwill and support by voicing in song (?) the fact that "When the war's nearly over they'd be there"—which was quite irrelevant to the matter in hand. Several questions *a propos* of the doings of last years committee

were raised and as far as circumstances and the audience would allow were discussed in a somewhat heated manner. An amicable settlement however, was in most cases arrived at, and after the election of officers for the coming year, the business of the meeting was at an end.

During the vacation several readings were held and early in the session the practice acquired by those who had taken part was put to good use. A dramatic reading of "The Angel in the House" arranged by Miss M. L. Nicholls was delivered to a large and appreciative audience. The proceeds together with those of the flower and sweet stalls managed by other lady-members of the society were handed over to the College Patriotic Fund.

The first regular meeting of the year took the form of a lecture on the war by the Rev. Father Gondringer—the judge of the last debate of 1916. The prospect of a dance at the Training College kept most of the society away, but those of us who were present can vouch for the pleasant and instructive nature of the address.

The next meeting was held on Saturday the 5th May, when the expediency of abolishing racing was discussed. Messrs Evans and Troup supported the abolition of the sport in question while Messrs Ross and Leicester opposed it. Several speakers from the audience followed, most supporting the movers, and eventually the motion on being put to the meeting was carried. The judge (Mr. H. F. O'Leary, LL.B.) placed the speakers in the following order: Messrs Evans, Leicester, Troup, Ross and Miss Neumann.

The next debate was held on the 19th May. The motion was "That the proposed interference by the National Efficiency Board with the laws of demand and supply as applied to labour would not promote National Efficiency." This motion was supported by Messrs Howie and Smith and opposed by Messrs Russell and Wilson. After the opening addresses had been delivered an interesting discussion followed, though the whole meeting was more or less at a disadvantage in being at a loss to understand the motion. Mr. H. E. Evans, B.A., LL.M., reviewed the subject of debate in an interesting way, and in delivering his judgment placed the speakers in the following order: Evans, Miss I. Newmann, Robertson, Wilson and Leicester.

Free Discussion Club.

"Syllabus governs the world."—SELDEN.

The Free Discussion Club continues to be a vigorous and interesting part of Varsity life, its meetings being very well attended and its discussions lively. At its first meeting, March 30th, Professor Hunter opened the discussion on "Conscription of Clergy." Two conclusions emerged from his discussion (1) That under more ideal conditions a scheme of National Service would allow every individual to do the work best suited to him. (2) The Church, as every other Department of our national life has had to do, should organize its work to free more men. The discussion which followed chiefly centred round the position of the Catholic clergy.

The second meeting, held on April 13th, was valuable in that it brought before the students the need for University Reform. The subject was opened by Mr. Saker, who criticised the existing system of night-lectures and of examinations.

Many spoke against the existing system, and particularly the external examinations were condemned, as unfair to the student. The opinion of the meeting was so in accord on this point that a sub-committee was set up to draft a report on the subject to be submitted to the following meeting.

On May 4th, the third meeting of the Club, the report was presented, Miss Duggan representing the sub-committee. It was decided to send the report as a resolution to the Students' Association to be brought before a special general meeting. If passed, other Colleges were to be circularized with view to simultaneous action, and the report was to be passed on to the Professorial Board, the Board of Studies and the Senate.

The subject of discussion "Moral Effects of War" was opened by Miss Woodhouse who said that there were two extreme views, one altogether optimistic, claiming nothing but good results, the other altogether pessimistic, claiming that bloodshed and the slaughter it entailed degrading to character, as well as depleting the nation of its best men. Two good results ought, however, to follow war:—(1) the encouragement of thought because of the creation of new problems: (2) effect of pain and suffering in betterment of character. From the discussion which followed, it appeared there was much to be said on both sides.

Mr. Evans opened the fourth discussion of the year, on the question of the existing struggle between Capital and Labour. He thought that the three principles of economic society unable to be separated, were land, capital and labour. It was the ownership of land (property in the wide sense) that created the conflict between Capital and Labour. The remedy he proposed was the socialistic one: that all property should belong to the State, every individual being employed and paid by the State. The Munition industry in Britain was quoted as an example of the success of such a method. The animated discussion which followed centred round the land issue and State ownership.

In accordance with the scheme drawn up by the Committee at the beginning of the year, when it was decided that several outside speakers should be invited to address the Free Discussion Club, Mr. Holland was asked, and kindly consented to give an address. There was a large attendance of students and others in the Gymnasium hall on May 25th, sixth meeting of the Club. His subject was "Fundamentals of Socialism," treated chiefly from historical and economic point of view. The social, legal, political and moral conditions of any country he held, depend on the way people earn their living, and on the environment, natural and economic, by which they are surrounded. Hence the need for improvement of environment, more particularly by better education and equality of opportunity for all classes in the community.

Some discussion followed at the end. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Holland for his interesting address, on motion of Professor Mackenzie, who had, in the unavoidable absence of Professor Hunter kindly consented to take the chair.

Christian Union.

The main objects of the Christian Union are two in number: The strengthening of the bonds of union among Christian students, and the influencing of students to become followers of Christ. The union holds a brief for no particular denomination and is entirely non-sectarian.

The aim of the union is primarily to aid students to see where they can be most useful in the service of

their fellows, in the belief that the one spirit of Christianity is service. On this basis then the Christian Union organises its activities. It arranges groups for Bible study, membership of such groups being open to all students. General meetings are held regularly at which addresses are delivered on subjects of interest to all students. Wherever possible, questions and discussion are invited, the speakers in most cases throwing valuable light on the subject.

The student movement further is based on prayer. Religion, in brief, is a thing for everyday life, and the Christian Union aims at helping students in its practical application. Such an aim is surely worthy of claiming the attention of students.

Chess and Draughts Club.

"The Chess Club and other small Clubs."—(Extract from speech at Opening Social, 1917).

This year the membership of the Club has been considerably enlarged. We have quite a number of new players, many of whom are already leaving the "beginner stage" behind them. Our regular weekly meetings have been revived, and once a month we have a special "Chess Evening," when the players, successful and unsuccessful alike, are rewarded with supper.

Professor Garrow has again consented to be our President, and altogether there is every prospect of a successful year.

The Committee extends a most hearty invitation to all who wish to acquire skill in the playing of this "most cosmopolitan of games."

The following problem is offered for solution—

White: K at QB6, R at QRsq.

Black: K at QKtsq., R on QRsq., P at QR3.

White to play and win.



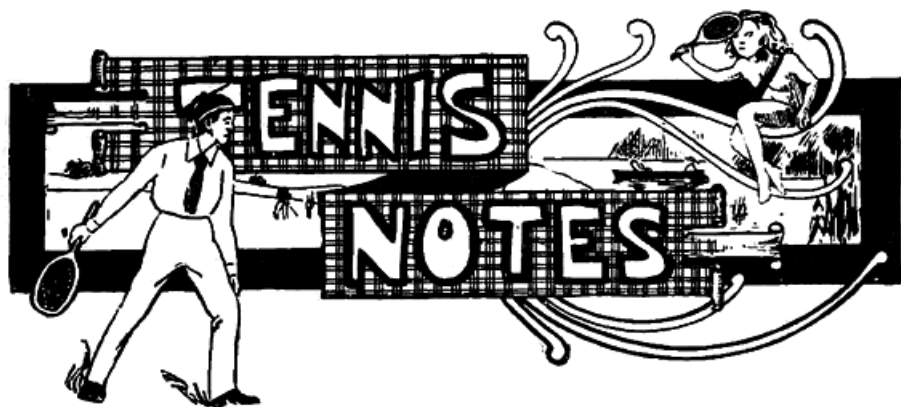
"God giveth speech to all, song to the few."

This year the Glee Club has begun with a full membership and promises to do good work. There are not so many male voices as we should like but the few faithful possessors are enthusiastic. Indeed if all the members continue this year as they have begun, the club should have a very successful year. At the beginning of the year, Miss Clachan who has been for several years connected with the Glee Club, resigned her position as conductor. We feel we owe much to her, and would like to take this opportunity of thanking her for her untiring work, especially during the past year.

The Club bid fair to collapse this year for the want of someone willing to undertake the position of conductor, but at last Mr. F. P. Wilson kindly consented to fill the position.

At the end of last year the club gave a concert at Trentham Camp, and also its annual concert at Porirua Mental Hospital, where the programme was much enjoyed by the inmates. At the close of the concert our party was entertained at supper by the staff, after which a dance was held in the big hall.

Towards the end of this term we propose to give a concert in the gymnasium, and possibly one at Trentham.



"You know what these mixed doubles are."

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

In spite of war conditions the Tennis Club has had a very satisfactory season. The report of a credit balance of £400 odd in last issue of the "Spike" did somewhat overstep the mark, but our financial position is nevertheless quite sound. The large number of enthusiastic players has kept up interest in tennis, even if the pre-war standard of play has not been maintained. During the season we succeeded in arranging four matches with other clubs. In November we journeyed to Otaki at the kind invitation of that club. The trip was thoroughly satisfactory and although our opponents secured a win by a small margin, we, one and all, enjoyed the day. The club is once again deeply indebted to Otaki for their kindly hospitality.

On Anniversary Day in January, Otaki favoured us with a return match. During the few preceding days we had some misgivings about the weather, but we were pleased to be able to astonish the Otaki people with a perfectly calm day. They appeared however to be quite overcome by their astonishment and we gained a rather easy victory. We regret that a further match with Otaki fell through owing to miscarriage of correspondence.

Later in the season we were fortunate enough to arrange a match with Newtown Club and a small team from V.U.C. had a very enjoyable afternoon's tennis on the Town Belt. The match however was unfinished and the result uncertain.

The following week we played a team from Wellington Club on our own Courts and after an excellent match we just managed to win. No doubt Wellington will be seeking revenge early next season.

Championship singles were commenced just prior to Christmas but were necessarily suspended until the end of January, owing to the absence of most of our players. It cannot be said that the championships were entirely successful, as little interest was taken in the matches, but nevertheless some excellent games were played. Miss M. Sievwright and Mr. L. J. Edmondson are to be congratulated on their respective wins.

It is to be regretted that the names of championship winners have not been engraved on the Shield for some years, and as the records in the "Spike" are incomplete it is now difficult to ascertain the names for engraving. Anyone therefore who can throw any light on the subject is requested to communicate with the Secretary of the Club. The results for the following years are missing:—

- | | |
|------|-------------------------|
| 1914 | } Woman Champion. |
| 1915 | |
| 1912 | Man and Woman Champion. |
| 1909 | Woman Champion. |



Ladies' Hockey Club.

Last season we were not successful in retaining the Cup and Rose Bowl won by University in 1915, but this year we intend to make a big effort to regain possession. Owing to the fact that very few of our old team have left and that there are many new players, we are entering two senior teams for championship matches.

The season opened with a seven-a-side tournament, for which two teams were entered by us. The A team was very unlucky as regards scoring, thus losing their third match to Ramblers A, who won the Tournament, after a hard struggle.



*He's home with a broken ankle and his nose
knocked flat on his face.*

*We used to think 'im a smart young lad but
now 'e's a sore disgrace*

*He calls himself a forward—What that means
I cannot say*

*But he was jolly well paid for his forwardness
when they carried him home from play.*

Hope was expressed in the last edition of the "Spike" that the college might win the Senior Competition, but although this was not realized the team finished the season well up on the list. In the final match we played Petone, who eventually won the Competition, and were beaten by them by the narrow margin of one point after a hard fought game in which the final issue was not decided until the call of time. Many of our last year's team are now either in camp or have already left our shores and we wish them every success in their new sphere.

The Annual Meeting of the Club was held in the Gymnasium on the 11th April last, the President, Professor Hunter, being in the Chair. It was reported that the Club was in a satisfactory financial position. General business was transacted and the officers for the ensuing year elected.

Mr. A. Jackson at the Annual Meeting of the Rugby Union was elected to the Management Committee, so that we now have an active member of the Club to watch our interests on that body.

This season, owing to a promise made by the Union to the National Efficiency Board, that the Competition would

be restricted to players under military age, no player who was over the age of twenty on May 1st is allowed to play. This has the effect of barring men in Camp from playing, but matches are being arranged by the Union for their benefit.

The present season is now but a month old, three matches having been played. We attempted to run a second team, but when the time came for the first game, the response was not encouraging, so the idea had to be dropped. At this present early stage of the season it is impossible to criticise the work of the team, but the combination has been steadily improving and we have the makings of a really first class team. We are handicapped a great deal by having to hold our practices at 7 a.m., but as this is the only time suitable, members, especially the backs, are urged to attend as often as possible. Three of our players, Messrs Morton, Jackson and Russell are picked to play on the King's Birthday, June 4th in the Wellington Representative Team against a team from Trentham Camp.

The following is a list of the games played to date:— On April the 28th Annual Seven-a-side Tournament was held: First Round 'Varsity A beat St. Patrick's College 6-3: 'Varsity B lost to Petone B 6-3. Second Round 'Varsity A beat Petone B 14-0. Semi-Final 'Varsity A beat Ponoke 7-2.

Final 'Varsity A lost to Old Boys A 8-0.

v. Old Boys. Lost 20-8. This game, the first of the season, was played at the Athletic Park on May 12th. Owing to frequent rains the ground was sodden, which, with lack of training, made the going very heavy. At half time the College led by 8-3. But in the second half our passing was not up to standard and the whole team showed signs of being "done." Tries were scored by Russell and Charles, Morton converting one.

v. Ponoke. Won 9-8. This match played at Petone was characterised by too much use of the boot in the scrums and the collaring of men after the whistle sounded. Off side play in the game seemed to be the order for the day. Ponoke in the first half had the wind and sun and led by 5-3. In the second half Russell kicked a Penalty Goal and tries were scored by O'Regan and Wiren. Up to a few minutes to time we were losing 8-6 when Wiren, from a

loose rush, gathered up the ball and ran round behind the posts. We were able to stall off all attacks until time was called.

v. Wellington. Won 13-9. After a closely contested game we eventually emerged the winners. As usual the opposing side led at half time when the score was 6-3, but in the second half the "College" settled down to work and kept Wellington in trouble. This game was open and fast, the team showing more combination and dash than on former occasions. The forwards packed together better, giving the backs more use of the ball, and a better chance to display their combination. There was a strong tendency shown to hang on and cut in, when the offender was immediately swamped. Improvement will be shown if the ball is got away sooner, and the back, once he has got rid of it, comes round in support. Wilson, Ward, Adams and Russell in the forwards played good games, being always on the ball; while Jackson, Aitken and McRae showed good form in the backs. Jackson, McRae and Russell scored tries, Morton converting two.

We hope that the form displayed in this match will be continued during the remainder of the season.

Athletic Club.

During the early part of the term the officers of the Club set themselves to organize a sports meeting and happily they were successful in obtaining sufficient entries. Arrangements were made to suspend lectures on 4th April from five to six, so that a large number of students and even one or two professors were on the park when the first race was started. The programme was not long nor the fields very large, but we think that the spectators were treated to three very interesting and well-contested races.

The results were as follows:—

100 yards.

1st Heat—(1) G. Lusk, (2) A. J. MacLennan.

2nd Heat—(1) N. Barker, (2) H. C. Jenkins.

Final—(1) G. Lusk, (2) Barker and MacLennan.

440 yards.

(1) C. Jackson, (2) G. Aitken, (3) A. J. MacLennan.

Mile.

(1) L. K. Wilson, (2) L. J. Edmondson, (3) Bourke.

The times for the various events are now lost, but we believe that they were very creditable, especially when the small facilities for training are taken into consideration.

We may well be pleased that the Athletic Club exists once more in fact as well as in name. That it is so, is due entirely to the energy of the officers of the Club, to whom all credit is due for organizing a successful gathering under such adverse conditions.

Boxing Club.

Again the Club has had to pass through a crisis in its existence owing to the absence of those stalwarts who once so ably supported its activities and who are now employed fighting bigger battles. Even so, it is heartening to note that the club still survives and that an interest is still taken in the problem of how best to defend oneself in adverse circumstances.

It has ever been rumoured that some of our most ardent pugilists were "at it" during vacation, sometimes at an hour too early to remember, but *always* with good results, as the mottled canvas on the gym floor, flecked with many a hero's blood, will bear evidence. Though participation in tournaments and inter-club "spars" has been sadly in abeyance during the war, it is gratifying to know that some men are still keeping fit in order that they may give the returning members a hearty reception when they once more don the gloves.

Though no competitions were held, through lack of sufficient competitors, many useful bouts were participated in last season, under the watchful eye and able supervision of Mr. Tim Tracey, the Club's instructor. This year has started with every prospect of a good season, and it is to be hoped that new men will come forward and give their whole-hearted support in all matters appertaining to the 'club's' activities.

It is with the greatest regret that the Club has to chronicle the death of Athol Hudson, once New Zealand University Lightweight Champion, and of several other fine boxers who have "taken the count."

The Club also feels the loss of its chairman, L. D. O'Sullivan, and several useful committee members, who have gone into camp and to whom it extends its heartiest good-luck and a hope that they will successfully "side-step" any impending "jabs" at the Front.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mr. W - d: We quite understand that you restored the books. But still it was a regrettable incident, wasn't it?

G. G. G. W - t - n: Your little work "Hints to Young Orators" to hand. Specially helpful is the chapter: "There is something to be said on Both Sides."

E. Ev - ns: Yes, we like the idea of impromptu speeches, but it reminds us of the gramophone—It was said to be impromptu because it was the first time the record was used.

J. A. R - ss: "A lunatic is a fully-developed imbecile." Perhaps you can tell us what a poorly-developed imbecile would be?

R. V. K - y: We have had some difficulty in persuading correspondents that your request for another look at the "(a) eyes" was quite general. We rejoice that subsequent events have justified our contention.

J. S. Br - k: Re skull-caps—we think you would be wholly within your rights. Green and gold would, in our opinion, be most becoming. But remember, "Imitation" is the sincerest form of flattery.

E. Evans: Yes, no doubt a black wig would be very becoming, but as they say, it is a skit, so that the brighter hue will do excellently.

Exchanges.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—The Crusader, The Waitakian, The M.U.M. (Melbourne University), The Nelsonian, The Kiwi (A.U.C.), Otago University Review, Hermes (Sydney University), Canterbury Agricultural College Magazine, The Scindian, The Wanganui Collegian, The Southlandian.

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