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No. 40



The Spike

OR

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW



SEPTEMBER, 1921



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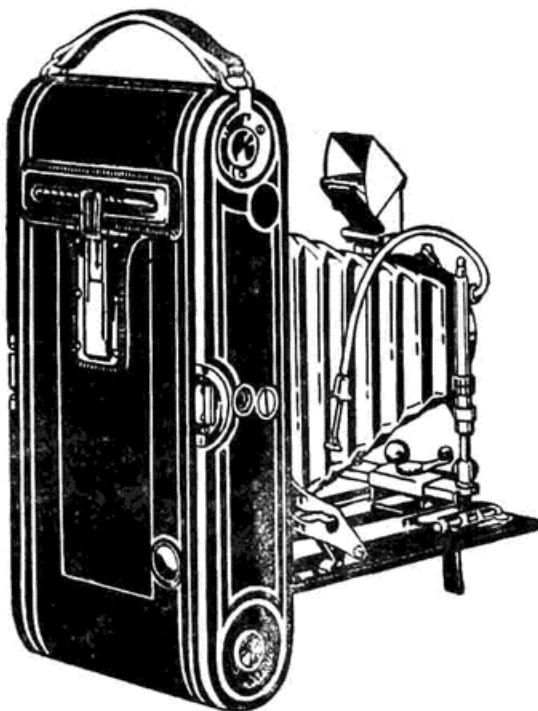
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THE SPIKE

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 are now due, and are payable to Mr. A. S. Tonkin, Financial Secretary, Victoria University College.

Vol. XX.

No. 2

Editorial



*Au grand jour du Seigneur sera-ce un grand refuge
D'avoir connu de tout et la cause et l'effet
Et ce qu'on aura su flechira-t-il un juge
Qui ne regardera que ce qu'on aura fait?*

Three years have elapsed since November, 1918, marked the end of the war period. For three years we Collegians have flattered ourselves that we were working back to normal, to the standard of University life that existed before the war. For three years we have had Easter Tournaments and Capping Carnivals, and as many meetings and dances as the Professorial Board thinks good for us. But we have not struggled back to the pre-war standards; we live in a different era.

For one thing these latter years have doubled the number of students. While harassed Executives have been feeling their way, and fearing lest any mistaken action might harden into tradition, we have been brought face to face with the fact that our numbers are larger than can under the old regime be welded into a corporate whole. New minds have brought new energies; we welcome amongst us a dramatic club, a tramping club, a rifle club. The swimming club, too, has been revived, or ought we not rather say artificially respired, while all our older activities have taken another lease of life. Victoria is herself growing two new wings, and seems to be meditating further flights.

We pause to consider—quo vadimus. We believe that with all our new enthusiasms we fail to leave our mark on those passing through our lecture-rooms. They come, cram most of them a few odd text-books, pride themselves on fragmentary, half-digested

theories, make, perhaps, an acquaintance or so,—*et voila tout*. They bear no trace of that spirit—indefinable but comprising certainly tolerance, duty, *esprit de corps*, independence, and much more besides—that make in other countries the University man.

This is attributable, doubtless, to lack of opportunity. Night lectures, scattered lodgings, leave little space for culture. In both the old and new worlds Universities are residential; where exceptions exist, as at Sydney and in other colonies, it is the men in residence that form the vast majority and that represent, as we believe, the truest products of their Colleges.

Which brings us, as Gilpin might have said, to the middle of our Crusade. We want a residential college. It were vain, for some time at any rate, to expect assistance from the Government. But we can do much by a proper presentment of our needs towards accomplishing this end by our own enterprise and amongst private citizens. When we consider the districts that send their yearly quota to the College, Taranaki and Westland, Marlborough and Wairarapa, we do not think it impossible to launch this undertaking. The Government subsidy of pound for pound would largely swell the sum. Once built the College would easily pay its way, while also giving facilities to attend lectures which are sometimes now denied.

A couple of years ago, at the instance of the Students' Association, the various College authorities discussed the best method of utilising the land to the south of the College. While that land is quite inadequate for us ever to rival the Colleges and Universities of most other cities, there is nevertheless sufficient to do a great deal. A joint report was prepared by the architect and engineer—a report hedged round, as unfortunately such reports are wont to be, with many "buts" and "ifs" and "possibilities." The result, however, is something like this. The triangle of ground nearest Kelburn Park is to be reserved for the College Hall—that is, we presume, until some benefactor gives us one. The next expansion for academic purposes will probably sweep away the Gymnasium and tennis-courts, a fact which must be considered by the Students' Association when debating the urgent question of extending or rebuilding the Gymnasium. The Council recognises, however, that such an expansion can only be proceeded with after providing suitable sites to replace the present ones. It therefore seems that part of our idle lands will be devoted to these purposes. The remainder will almost certainly be graced with a residential college. The space available could not sustain two colleges; and unless the Council can see its way to acquire adjoining land—which we believe to be quite practicable if funds are forthcoming—the less urgently needed women's college will be erected on alien soil.

So much for the future. At present we must bring before students the necessity of such a College, its great bearing on the development of a sane and healthy student environment, and its function in making University culture part of a student's life, not, as it is too frequently, mere veneer. We must, too, bring the public to understand these things, and this done, we think it not impossible for the Students' Association to commence a campaign on the lines suggested above, viz., to invite each district to provide the wherewithal for giving its youth a true 'Varsity education.

Plunket Medal Contest.

The Fifteenth Annual Contest for the Plunket Medal was held in the Town Hall on Friday, the 19th August. The audience was, as usual, sufficiently large to cause one to wonder whether they came for edification or amusement—or solely because the show is free. The undergraduates present were refreshingly restrained in their efforts to abuse themselves; even the “Dominion” leader-writer would be unable to find cause of complaint unless it were the somewhat feeble nature of the praiseworthy effort to revive the old-time concerted witticisms between numbers and at other appropriate times.

Owing to a somewhat unfortunate choice of subject on the part of two of the histrionic aspirants, the list of starters was belatedly reduced to six. Incidentally, the two non-starters are to be commended for the sporting way in which they agreed to pull out at the last minute, thereby saving the Debating Society and the College from being again brought within the focus of the hostile searchlight of an already agitated public opinion.

After Chairman S. A. Wren had manœuvred the Vice-Royalties into front-line position, and had revealed the dark secret of the origin and history of the contest, he broke the news that Mr. Haigh, who was to have spoken on Parnell, was, by reason of indisposition, unable to take part. Thereby the list was reduced to five, for which, praise be to Allah!

Mr. A. M. Cousins spoke first, his hero being Sir George Grey. It was soon apparent that Cousins is a greatly-improved speaker since his last attempt at the Medal. His manner was earnest and sincere, his matter for the most part good. There was, however, too much trivial detail in his opening, and at times an injudicious choice of words. “Kawau” (pow-wow, bow-wow), for example, is a word which mars the sound of any speech. It is also a mistaken idea of oratory to clip one’s words, even if in twelve minutes one gains thereby an extra twenty words. “Proime Minister” should have taken a few marks off this speaker, who was ultimately placed third.

Mr. N. J. Lewis handicapped himself by taking the fatal Napoleon Bonaparte as his subject. Practically every speaker on Napoleon in past contests has raised the risibility of the audience, and Lewis didn’t fail to do so. Possessed of an easy, confident manner, a voice in need of strengthening by proper training, and a far too monotonous delivery, this speaker unburdened himself of ultra-flamboyant matter. An audience doesn’t take seriously a speaker who deals only in superlatives, and whose system of emphasis appears to be to raise the voice on every third (or was it fifth?) word. There were signs of better results later, however.

The next speaker, Mr. A. S. Tonkin, proved to be the winner of the Medal. He started on his subject, Rienzi, with an over-long catalogue of Romans, which rather bored the audience. The real merit of Tonkin’s manner and matter, however, is proved by the fact that he soon regained the attention of his audience and held it to the end. He painted a vivid picture of the man and the times

in which he lived. His choice of words was admirable and his matter scholarly. His manner of delivery would be improved by less speed coupled with more modulation and a little gesture.

Mr. W. A. Sheat won second place with his handling of Mazzini. His matter was excellent, and had he been less strained and tense in his manner, more confidential with his audience, and more careful at times with his pronunciation, the Medal would have been his. Nervousness and haste are probably the causes of most of his faults, but it is hard to forgive "jooty," "gorrrilla," "witch was," etc. . . . His peroration at the end was good.

Mr. J. W. G. Davidson was not up to his best form in dealing with William Morris. There was too much philosophical discourse on art and beauty, the latter word being worked to death; too much quotation, also, for a twelve-minutes' speech. Davidson did not seem to warm up to his work.

While the judges (Mr. Justice Chapman, Colonel Mitchell, and Mr. T. R. Cresswell) retired to appear to discuss their obvious verdict, Mr. Riskworth sang **two** songs in spite of the chairman, and Mr. Evans gave a suspiciously-realistic simulation of intoxication.

Mr. Justice Chapman then, on behalf of the judges, announced their award and delivered the usual criticism of the recitative nature of the speeches. Nobody, however, has yet suggested how this is to be obviated. It appears to us that the real fault does not lie in memorising the speeches, but in that the speakers have not the art of concealing the fact that the speeches are memorised.

His Excellency Lord Jellicoe then presented the Medal to the winner, Mr. Tonkin, and after a futile effort by the students to sing "Just one stave more," the audience stretched its weary limbs sufficiently to depart.

Jam Veris Comites.

AFTER HORACE (Odes IV, 12)—AND OTHERS.

A gentle breeze, the harbinger of Spring,
Speeds the white sails to Eastbourne-o'er-the-water;
Green things put forth, and "Spike" once more appears.
To swat the swotter.

The blackbird carols to the world at large,
Saying that Winter has at last relented,
And every sparrow on the housetop chirps
Like one demented.

The young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound
(Poets and sheep with one consent refraining
From shepherds' pipes, which are not what they were
When Pan was reigning).

Such weather, Charles, encourages a thirst
Which has its uses. If you'll come at seven—
Lectures be hang'd—we'll take an evening off,
And trust to heaven.

Remember, man, how soon the Pussyfoot
Will veto everything but tea or cocoa,
And don't delay: *desipere*, you know,
Is wise *in loco*.

F.

To Sydney with the New Zealand University Football Team.

BY "NOT A SOCIAL SUCCESS."

The New Zealand Team was assembled in Wellington on Tuesday, May 18th, and were the guests of the students of Victoria College at the Extravaganza on the same evening. On Wednesday, we were pitted against the Wellington Representatives in the first big match of the year, and contrary to all expectations, we left the field victorious by six points, the final scores being 12—6. A very enjoyable smoke-concert in the evening proved a fitting farewell to we aspirants of the University Football "ashes."

Accompanied by a kiwi for a mascot, we left Wellington on the s.s. Ulimaroa about midday, and we all thoroughly appreciated the wholehearted farewell and genuine wishes for a bon voyage and successful tour. We were fortunate in striking excellent weather, and consequently the boys suffered little from mal de mer. We practised each day for an hour in a sort of a way. Team practice at sea is a difficult matter. Scrum practice, of course, could be accomplished, but the back division had to be content with running up and down the deck to keep fit. The voyage was very pleasant altogether. Some of the social successes managed to beguile some lady passengers into their affections, but also, when the voyage was over, their lady loves were soon forgotten, and little wonder, too.

We anchored just inside the Sydney Heads, in Watson's Bay, early on the morning of the 23rd. After our ship was cleared, we proceeded up the magnificent harbour. It truly is wonderful, and one can only realise how really beautiful and interesting it surely is by seeing it for oneself. With huge liners anchored, with ferry-boats darting here, there and everywhere, with the Australian Navy at peace, with the innumerable islets and bays, with the magnificent residences on the water edge, set off by their beautifully picturesque gardens, and with heaps of other things, we were all intoxicated with drinking them all in during that hour's steam up the harbour. You see, for most of us it was our first visit to the London of the Southern Hemisphere. I might mention here that during our spare time aboard ship we learnt and practised a Maori haka, with which we greeted Sydney as we pushed alongside the Huddart Parker wharf. There were many old faces there to meet, many of the Sydney team that visited our shores last year, and so we did not feel strangers in a strange place. We were duly sorted out and motored off to the colleges at which we were billeted. Attached to the Sydney University, which covers, I suppose, in the vicinity of 640 acres, are four denominational colleges. St. John's, St. Andrew's, Wesley and St. Paul's, and at these fine college institutions we were billeted and looked after in a manner which tended to spoil us somewhat. It is strange how men like people to make a fuss of them. It is nice, isn't it? A programme of events was mapped out for us, and space will not let me describe all the wonderful things we saw, places we visited and stunts we did. In fact, were I to make a candid confession, many readers of "The Spike" might even dare to suggest that I am a frivolous individual, and

that would never do. On the night of our arrival, we were entertained to a theatre party at a clever play called "Scandal." Interested readers might ask "Jacko" whether the hero was a fool or not. On Tuesday we were officially received by the University Senate and other "red tabs," after which we were entertained to a luncheon. In the evening a jazz concert claimed us. On Wednesday afternoon we played our first match, against Metropolitan, many of whom have just visited our shores with the highly-successful New South Wales combination. We hadn't quite got used to the very hard grounds, and having only had one practice together since landing, we were at a disadvantage, and, sad to relate, suffered our only defeat of the tour by 34—17. In the evening we were the guests of the residents of Wesley College at their annual dance in the Wentworth Hotel. Their dining-ballroom was built specially for the Prince of Wales' visit, and is very popular with Sydneyites and New Zealanders who sojourn there. One can have afternoon tea there for the sum of 4s 6d, and dance from 3.30 to 5.30. In the evening, for £1, one can dine and dance from 7.30 till midnight. The jazz music is played by six instrumentalists, who truly are most successful in their efforts to rouse one's enthusiasm for jazz. Needless to say, on free afternoons and evenings the Wentworth found many of us there with the elite of Sydney's female population. You've no idea how popular we became with the ladies. Of course we were chosen for our good looks and social activities, rather than our ability to play football. Ask our manager, Georgie—a nice little fellow, but he had too much money to spend. We were all jealous of him. On Saturday, 28th, before 5000 people, at the University Oval, we played the first Test match. We were unfortunate in losing Fea in this match, as he promised to be our most brilliant back. However, after a hard struggle, we drew, 9—9. You see the social life was telling its tale already. On the Sunday, in a fine large oil-launch, we did the harbour trip. One could write for hours about it all, but go there and see it for yourself—you'll appreciate it far better than my attempt to guide your imagination. Incidental to this trip, we visited the wonderful Sydney Zoo. It was well worth seeing, too. On Monday evening, we left Sydney for Duntroon Military College, leaving Jackson and Fea behind as patients to the most charming nurses at Prince Alfred's Hospital, where the medical students experiment and watch and inwardly digest. I don't think I had better relate the story of roulette on the journey down. The firm might be arrested for gambling on trains. We arrived at Queenbean about 2 o'clock in the morning, and rode miles out to nowhere, close to Canberra, the Federal Capital, where the College was situated in its lonely and dreary position. It can rain very hard down that way, and the weather was not kind to us. We played Duntroon, and decisively beat them, 34—4. We began at last to combine well and play with vim. We left the same night, only too anxious to be caught again in the whirlpool of pleasure. Of these few days I'll leave the reader to conjure up all sorts of marvellous things we did. On Sunday, June 5th, we journeyed per motor-car back into the country and miles down to the famous Bulli Pass, returning via the South Coast. It was a most enjoyable trip really, even though I happened to be in a car which experienced no less than six punctures. The scenery in the country is to my mind not so fascinating as New Zealand country. It becomes monotonous—too much of the sameness, whereas as a rule New Zealand scenery

is forever changing. Perhaps I am prejudiced. On Monday, we played the second test match, and we won, 19—11, after an exciting struggle. Our next few days were filled up with tea parties, theatres, dances at Rodd Island, at Sargeant's, and private stunts everywhere. I must mention The Australia, where all the social elite congregate about 4 p.m. to sip tea and talk scandal. Two shillings is well spent in the education of the unfledged. Farmer's in Sydney is what Selfridge's is to London, or, in a ridiculous comparison, what Kirk's or the D.I.C. is to Wellington. One can spend a whole day going up one lift and down another through one department to another. It is a wonderful place and well worth a few hours with one of the charming girl guides, who know every nook and corner of it, too. On Saturday, June 11th, we played the third Test and last game of the tour, and after a most exciting struggle we again were the victors by 19—11, thus winning the ashes. Siddells and Jackson had to leave the field on account of injuries, which, I might state, did not prevent them from enjoying life to any marked degree. Suffice it to say that the last few days had much crowded into them. We played many roles, told many tales, proposed often, and generally made the most of our time. On Tuesday evening St. Andrew's College held their dance in the college, and it was a huge success. I think I am right in saying, overjoyed with our success, that we enjoyed ourselves at this function more than at any other. St. Paul's College dance eventuated on the following night, and though we had very little sleep from the night before, yet we enjoyed ourselves as best we could.

It was with heavy hearts and light pockets that we took our leave of Sydney on Thursday, June 16th, on the s.s. Moeraki. Hundreds came down to farewell us, all of our wives, lovers, pals, etc. Our boat just reminded me of a troopship leaving port, with the innumerable streams joining parting friends. And to me the scene was almost as sad. We made many friends over there in such a short time, and if you could have seen our "down and out" expressions on the boat that afternoon as we watched the coastline of Australia receding fast into the dim distance, you would surely have thought we were returning from a funeral, rather than from a most enjoyable and wonderful trip. Sydney itself is a magnificent town, well equipped with beautiful parks, an excellent tram and ferry service, in fact it is a veritable little London. One word before I close this hurried account. To the people of Sydney, the friends of their University, I must tender our sincerest thanks, for all their unlimited kindness to us. They left no stone unturned to make our stay as pleasant and enjoyable as possible, in fact they spoiled us completely. We all have appreciated their over-successful efforts, and all we can say is that we will try to repay the compliment in some measure when their boys come over next year. It was rather striking to find in their University of some thousands of students, what a splendid spirit of camaraderie and esprit de corps existed. All their organisations run very smoothly, and they have no time for idle bickerings amongst students of their strong association, which in Sydney they call a union. Both the men and women students are keen upholders of sport as being an essential part of a University education, and they spare no pains or expense to encourage it. They can teach us many lessons in University life, and I think we can do well by learning from their experiences.

Just a word of praise, too, for George Lusk, our popular manager. We managed him very well. He was very popular with us all, and we say "Good old George." Our skipper, George Aitken, whom we must congratulate on his having attained to the loftiest pinnacle in a footballer's career, skipper of the All Blacks, was also a great favourite amongst us, likewise his assistant, Hector Harty, the burly brute from Otago. We were all a happy family, and have returned to New Zealand only eager to visit those fascinating shores again. All private doings of the firm are censored.

Phantoms.

Where are the souls of all the dead to-night?
The wind blows gusty, strong, and shakes the trees
Down to their sunken roots; can there be any ease
Among the dead to-night?

Do they go wandering out among the stars,
The windy stars' uncertain flickering light?
Poor stumbling, gasping souls, going with sudden fright,
Lost 'midst the stars . . .

Do they tread still their old accustomed ways?
Do they climb yet the old cold deep-scarred hill,
Following misty paths they followed in earth-time, still
Treading accustomed aways?

I think I see strange souls march through the night.
Peering from out my soul I see each form,
Hear their strange muffled voices travel from out the storm,
Heroic in the night.

Soul of my friend, where do you go to-night?
Yours was a wandering spirit, unsatisfied life.
You were a fighter, ever a seeker in strife.
Souls of all friends, where do you go to-night?

J. C. B.

Pessimism.

Raven midnight brooding o'er the city,
As the spirit of God once brooded o'er the deep,
Shrouding tired souls, in sympathy and pity,
With its gentle mantle, sweet forgetful sleep.

Bright-eyed Day, from its white and azure setting
Bathing the town in its keen-searching light,
How many woes, alas! Thou art begetting!
How many weary hearts are crying for the night!

Oh may Death, my tired soul receiving,
Cast over me a dark forgetfulness,
May eternal Night, the glare of life relieving,
Bring me evermore, sweet Slumber's soft caress.

R. W. C.

Mr. Dooley on a Residential College.

"It'll be a gr-reat day f'r us mimbers iv th' Bar whin Perfessor Catchemalive gits his resyidential college," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Perfessor Catchemalive' me eye!" snorted Mr. Dooley. "If ye didn't go to Palmerston North f'r yeer Wurrkers' Occasional Letchures ye'd know betther than to howlдерise that noble name, Jawn. Huntsman, me bye, Huntsman! Th' most potyent name f'r liberty an' justice south iv th' stars! Immortyalised be Ella Willy Wiltripe, in her ringin' lines commencin' 'Th' horn iv th' Huntsman was heerd on th' Hill.' A little man, Jawn, iv big thunder. An' foremost in th' valyant struggle iv th' Univarsity Rayform Party f'r th' rights iv small rationalities. A hayro an' a pathrite iv God's Own Country, 'fairest raygion restin' neath th' South'n sky,' as Tom Bracken put it; an' so it was, Jawn, until Captain Cook turned th' pigs loose into it. An' a progressive, Jawn! Ye ought to hear him in th' Alexandra Barracks or th' little Thermonistic chapel in Indigestion Sthreet. 'I'll tell ye what,' he says. 'If ye c'n bear it,' he says. 'Two an' two makes twenty-two,' he says. amid tumulchuse applause fr'm th' Very Rev. P. M. Tinsmith an' vilent interjections fr'm that wild rayactionary Bol-Sheet, who c'n catch ivrythin' that's goin,' except th' pint iv a joke. 'An if it don't,' he says, fearless iv criticism, 'thin it might,' he says, 'undher a diffrint system,' he says. Sensation, Jawn, durin' which th' Polis raymove dissentients, among whom c'n be distinguished th' well-known infinity stujent, Prof. Summarefull. 'What does it matther annyway?' continyues th' Pro-fissor, in thrillin' tones. 'We're here to-day,' he says, 'an' to-morra' look what's happened! Betther,' he says, 'to live here than hereafther.' Terrific applause fr'm th' assimbled Press, led be that brillvant organ iv revvylution, th' 'Free Lunch,' an' ripsrinted be C. Q. Pope."

"I c'n uphold him there, Jawn, f'r there's no bar in that place, nayther f'r me nor f'r Prof. Gallop. On the contrary, as the say-sick Frinchman said whin they asked him had he dined. But be hivins! I raymoves me support fr'm undher him whin he starts to prache Prooshian Millytarism, which you an' me gave our lives to desthry. I ask ye, Jawn: f'r why shud he turn our noble Ar-rmy Martyr into a hostel-barracks? Haven't we trouble enough as it is, with Bolsheeviks that won't sthop wurkin', an' Navy Legs that won't go to say, an' Plum Pudding Associations that demand ayqual plums f'r all, but ye must have a ticket, an' small nationalities that won't rayalize th' War's over but kape gittin' their names in th' pa-apers, to th' inclusion iv vallyble spoortin' infymation at payin' rates? An' don't we suffer enough fr'm arthquakes as it is, without startin' a private volcany beehune us an' th' sthars an' Kilbarrn?"

"Besthir yeer sluggish mind an' rayalize yeer piril, Jawn! D'ye know who those lawyer fellies ar're? They're th' linyal discindints iv th' Forty Thayves, Jawn. Only, Jawn, they've increased an' multiplied till Prof. Gallop is compelled to distribbit tarrms with a machine-gun, illyvated so as to git ye in th' neck. An' they're goin' to assimble in foorce in a sthronghold established be th'

terr'ble Huntsman among th' slippery clays iv Salammoniac. Ye won't want to sthop in town week-ends f'r th' Springboks or anny other box iv springs that takes a young man's fancy, Jawn, whin those wild fellies come down like a wolf on th' fold to rayopen th' ancient dispute iv Town v. Gown. The Pickens an' Scotchies won't be in it, Jawn. Ye'll find yeerself awakened at nothin' ack emma be a nize like an iliction promise. Hastily attirin' yeer biology in a penny kimona purrchased at Whitkirk's durin' th' drapery boom, ye cautiously creep out. 'Is it th' Japs?' ye ask a scared-lookin', super-fatted bag iv blue headin' south like a Springbuck, 'or is it th' Welfare Leg goin' to press again?' 'Git out iv me way,' says th' hoof iv th' Law, 'or I'll charrge ye with holdin' opinyons. 'Tis th' Sappyempty Horrors on th' rampage agin,' he says, 'tryin' to turm off th' gas in Molesworth Sthreet. An', he says, 'we've called out th' W.C.T.U., th' Boy Sprouts, an' th' latest College Libry'n, in ordher to ayvert a national calamity. I'm goin', he says, 'to th' Zoo,' he says, 'to quieten th' annymals. It's safer,' he says."

"Will they hold a cappin' cillybration ivry wake, thin?" asked Mr. Hennessy, with reminiscent thoughtfulness.

"They won't," said Mr. Dooley. "The Thrade wudn't stand it; an' where wud th' College go f'r its new Chairs thin? Besides, Jawn, cappin' is a relie iv th' ages iv superstition, whin undue imporrtaunce was given to th' things iv th' mind. We've thrust b'hind us th' darrkness iv th' things we've found out. We've cast off th' shackles iv anny fixed idees we iver had. An' fr'm th' rush-light iv our abandoned past we've burst into th' red light iv our abandoned fuchure. Don't be startled, Jawn: that's only th' way young Hogan goes on to Father Coohoolan whin he's wurrakin' up his haka f'r th' Debatin' Society. An' his rivrince grins an' says, 'Tell it to th' cop, me bye, but run like Hill No. 90 directly afther, f'r ye endanger civvyllisation ivry time ye open yeer mouth.' The dogma iv Ivvyllution demands, Jawn, that ye change yeer idees regularly, befure they begin to affect yeer conduct; just like ye change yeer shirt, or yeer libr'y book, even whin it's a book ye want. An' if ye cling to th' ignrint, worn-out belief that ye go to College to larrn sordid tricks like trippin' up th' H.C.L., thin it's time ye dotted yeer blind eye, so's ye cud obsarve th' millenyal figure is th' Social Coorse, borrn iv th' foresight iv that indefatty-gable obsarver, Ditictive P. an' G. Don't think ye'll go to th' resy-dential college to larrn annythin' utillytaryan, Jawn, like bread an' butter, f'r instance. Ye'll go f'r pies an' Social Demmyeratic tays instid, an' to mix it with yeer fellies an' git yeer cornners chipped off, th' while ye do a little chisellin' on yeer own account. Least-wavs, that's what Prof. Huntsman promises ye, and he was iver a fighter an' one fight more, as Wilfy th' Lesser says."

"Young Hogan don't fancy it at all, Jawn. Says it'll be too slow f'r him afther th' Where Am I Club. But take a simple felly like yeerself, that's seen nawthin' iv life exceptin' th' Gr-reat War, an' thin only th' fightin' end iv it. Suppose ye got tired iv arrnin' yeer livin' honestly an' decided to tackle th' lawless sci'nce iv th' Law, as S.P.Q.R. calls it. Ye'd have to be an immachure infant f'r a start, so's ye'd have no mor'l prayjudices to overcome. Whin th'

Ladies' Rugby sayson was just beginnin' to git warrum, ye'd pray-sint yeerself before th' iron-barred dure an' yell out, 'Open Pessimism!' th' way yeer less rispiettable aneesthors used to. The massey portyals wud mysteriously swing back, opened be th' sthrong hand iv Robbie's son, th' genyal Regicide, who is to rob ye firrst before ye larrn how to git away with it yeerself. 'Ye can't git it without a tuppny sthamp,' says he, in his ingagin' manner; 'an' if ye haven't th' correct change in yeer pocket,' he says, 'ye'll take to those pine trees ye see out there, mighty sudden,' he says. 'P'raps they ain't there f'r ye to see, though,' he says, recollectin'. 'Now ye come to mintion it,' he says, 'I rimimber givin' thim th' glad eye. Just wanst,' he says. 'The blasted things ain't there now,' he says, swingin' his head-lights full onto ye."

"Now that makes ye feel at home at wanst, Jawn. Bein' a terrytoryal, ye ar're accustomed to bein' blasted, in Coort an' out. Basiliks ar're yeer reg-lar diet. They c'n stare at ye as much as th' flappers do, if they don't know betther. So ye slap him on th' back an' impose on his craydulity, th' way ye had in th' Ar-mny whin ye went to th' Gr-reat War, father, f'r two weeks at Trentham an' time off f'r race meetin's. Ye kid him yeer a new Prof., or whatever it is that intitles ye to jine th' Union, an' at last ye wur-ruk yeerself into th' place where they pin bits iv pa-aper round th' walls f'r th' la-ads to lean their tired heads aginst. Thin he bands ye a sheaf iv diffrint-coloured pa-apers to marrk according to yeer aims an' inexperience. An' if ye happen to be colour-blind, ye very likely find yeerself committed to a coorse in Domistie Science or Millin'ry or sompthin', instid iv th' soft snap ye were intendin'. But it wudn't matther what ye tuk, Jawn, so long as ye didn't take it fr'm th' Libr'y, except Rule 3, iv coorse, which nobody'd grieve afther. It wudn't be like th' ould days, whin ye cud git into th' College even though we were a prolytaryat an' had to aurn yeer own livin' in th' spare time that Prof. Gallop left to ye."

"Yeer Virgil friend nixt takes ye round th' diffrint pits an' intrajooes ye to th' byes: a genyal custom he has, Jawn, f'r he does love th' la-ads, an' don't they love him! P'raps he'll take ye to th' upper circles, where th' Profs roost while their new wings grow; p'raps he won't, though. I won't say much about th' byes, Jawn, f'r they're like ellyphants: they've terr'ble long mem'ries, though th' Profs don't believe it. An' to tell ye th' truth, Jawn, there's only one felly in th' whole show now, an' that's th' warrum young spark they call Fryin' Heavens, he looks so scorched, fr'm his arrdent manner iv expressin' himself, no doubt, or p'raps it's Gin. Th' rist belong to th' Social Demmyeratic Party, an' don't count."

"Th' natur'lisation cer'mony over, Jawn, ye'll thence an' there-afther sleep on th' premises, just as if ye were an unforchuit science stujent or in class. At three a.m. ye'll be awakened be th' babblin' iv Brooks an' th' monotonous sound iv Prof. Gallop choppin' up cases f'r kindlin', to warrum ye with. Whin ye'd rose to damn th' dewy dawn, as friend Croquet wud put it in his mild moments, ye'd peep through yeer lattice, still reddyilent with th' fragrance iv woodbine an' hop, an' ye'd see with eyes iv invy th' clans iv Kilbarrn stragglin' home fr'm th' last bout bechune Gilbert an' Sullivan.

An' before th' hunter iv th' East had caught ye in a poose iv light, th' Hunter iv th' West 'ud catch ye in a dooced fright, ingaged in th' time-honoured institution iv tryin' to dodge th' time-honoured institution iv mornin' chapel; an' it'd be four a.m. before he'd let yet git back to Monday things agin. Thin it'd be yeer happy lot to listen to Prof. Murphystopheles expoundin' th' Gospel iv Labour, an' be th' time ye'd be satisfied to labour f'r th' rist iv yeer days, if he'd only allow ye to think it out f'r yeerself, along wud come Prof. Gallop with th' Gospel iv Wurrk. 'I don't like ye wurrkin' on Sundahs,' he says. 'It's bad business,' he says, 'an' agin th' profits. But here,' he says, 'is a home exercise, which ye must hand in on Mondah. It'll take ye tin days to do,' he says, 'but I'm makin' ye a concession. Ye can do it in three,' he says, 'an' if ye can't git a carrbon copy iv someone else's answers, ye can hand in th' carrbons. An' ye needn't look so pleased,' he says. 'If ye don't do it, ye won't git tarrms. An' if ye do do it,' he says, 'I'll catch ye some other way. I'll larn ye to be law stujents,' he says. An' he does, too, believe me, Jawn. 'But,' he says, 'just let me hear iv ye larrnin' annythin' fr'm annyone else's lechures here, an' I'll—well, I'll be sorry f'r ye,' he says, with a happy smile that makes ye sweat."

"Ye don't git to th' top iv th' tree iv trouble in one reel ayther, Jawn. Ivry branch ye swing onto has a Prof. hangin' fr'm it, only they're th' boa consthrueters, while ye're th' little—now, keep ca'm, Jawn, ye know I don't mean ye pers'n'ly, not while I'm addressin' ye at any rate. To proceed with caution, Jawn, there's firrst iv all Prof. Mac'hesterton, who waunst used to wade through oceans iv blood in th' reptile press anny time annywan said annythin'. He's a gr-reat Bible-bangin' la-ad, Jawn; c'n say th' Scribehures through in Garlic, an' loves to raycite thim to his pious class, because they're so littlry, he says. Thin there's Prof. Woodrose, iv th' fairy tale diparrtmint: a terr'bly plain la-ad, Jawn, that don't like plain fact, but is always tryin' to sthuff ye with yarns tould be dayfunct ould liars ages before th' Navy Leg an' th' noospa-apers took th' game out iv their hands. An' there's Prof. Gladrags, who discovered New Zealand, an' says it wud be a solid counthry if only it tarrned its attintion fr'm thayology to jayology. An' a quiverful besides iv harrd young Profs. who came fr'm diffrint places all called God's Own Counthry. They're still sizin' us up, Jawn, be-fure decidin' what way they'll make thimsilves notoryous. An' last, at th' very laste, Jawn, a chice siliction iv Profissores Minnowres, as young Hogan calls thim, that th' Sinit imployes to do th' things th' grown-up Profs. ar're wise to. Sarcastic young fellies, Jawn, that ye'd mistake f'r some iv yeerselves if it wasn't that they were allowed to talk in class while ye had to listen."

"An' did I lave out th' daddy iv th' lot? Th' howly hermit that sits up aloft an' brings into yeer young lives a paycefulniss that's as much as ye can howld? Hermit an' a half, I shud say, Jawn, f'r he shares his odour iv sanctity with a neophyte, a beetle-browed young native, a Prince at th' very laste, with a double-jinted title: only I don't look upon him as howly at all, Jawn, whatever he might say, if he had much to say, which he hasn't, I'll say that much

f'r him, th' la-ad! But it's ould Torquemada himself that commands me admiration. Me spacheless admiration, Jawn! Ye stray into his realm iv dim rayligious light, thinkin' fr'm its payceful sound that it's parrt iv th' whole game an' quite safe f'r democracy. Innocent youth, in spite iv yeer looks! He sphots ye like Prof. Mac wud sphot a wayside thruppence. 'Did I obsarve ye to look at a book?' he quayries, with a curcheousness that freezes ye in yeer tracks. 'Well,' he says, 'we don't incourage it,' he says. 'Have ye yeer laundry carrd?' he says. Ye recollect with a sinkin' feelin' that ye took down wan iv Prof. Edenson's lechures on a scrap iv pa-aper in yeer pocket, idly thinkin' it was an invite to a jazz partry which th' tinants iv th' Trainin' College was runnin' in oppysition to sompthin' th' 'Varsity Bearbaitin' S'ciety was puttin' across. Ye lick yeer crackin' lips an' say, 'Yes, yeer rivrinee.' 'Thin,' he says, hornin' into ye with his eye, 'I wud rayspectfully direct yeer attention to Rule 3, which forbids readin' in th' Liarbry. If ye want annythin', ye'll find we've put it on th' Index Expurgatory-ous, which no wan is allowed to stand up to. Do ye undherstand?' 'Yes, thank ye, ghostly father,' says ye, ignrintly lettin' yeer mouth slip open. 'I must,' he says, impalin' ye with a look, 'insist upon yeer strict adhayrinee to Rule 3, which forbids communication with th' innimy. Have ye found what ye wanted?' 'No, yeer Holiniss,' says ye, fascinated with th' attintion ye're receivin'. 'Thin,' he says, with terr'ble daytarmination, 'ye ar're required be Rule 3 to refrain fr'm disordherly conduct in th' Liarbry. I'll be gr-reatly obliged if ye'll lave th' place before ye feel inclined to start sompthin'. Or shall I call me friend an' batman, Rajah Brooks, to ray-move yeer remains?'"

"It's a hangin' matther, Jawn, breakin' th' payee in th' Liarbry; an' he kapes th' black cap continusely on his head to ray-mind ye iv th' faet. Ye're lucky if ye don't discover ye've broken th' whole Tin Commandmints without noticin' it. As ye execute a brilliyant manooover through th' dure, just have a side squint at th' Notice Boord an' see how th' wonderful Rule iv Three reads. 'Twill puzzle ye to apply it. It says sompthin' like th' Liarbry will be closed on Sundahs an' other public holidays f'r th' purpose iv clanin' up th' mess made be th' frigmints iv broken rules lyin' around."

"He's mareyful to ye, though, Jawn. His coadjutor, th' han'-some young nobleman, wud firrst cleave ye to th' brisket an' thin devour ye. As soon as look at ye, Jawn! But instid, ye're only asked to git out iv th' pitcher. An' ye'll admit th' pitcher looks th' betther f'r it. That is," said Mr. Dooley, hurriedly, "more payceful."

"What I can't make out," said Mr. Hennessy, "is why they kape all thim disthraetin' charaethers up there."

"It's public policy, Jawn," said Mr. Dooley. "Because talkin's their thrade. An' if ye didn't give thim an outlit f'r their inirgies, they'd only come down here an' fill yeer simple minds with idees ye cudn't howld without sompthin' breakin'. . . . Ye lave thim me, Jawn," said Mr. Dooley, earnestly. "We git th' rain down here. F'r marey's sake, kape th' wind on th' Hill!"

Elegiac Fragments and Epitaphs.

Newly translated from hitherto unknown portions of the Greek Anthology, by a Scholar of V.U.C.

I

On a Mouse, obiit. iii., iii., xxi.

O Mouse, who liest so limp, with head awry and outstretched tail cold and stiff, know that I, who slew thee sorrowfully, but from an exalted sense of public duty, weep for thee, and have given thy body fair burial.

II

On an Earwig, drowned in a jug of milk.

In the morning I came and found thee, O Earwig, and thou wert dead, and belly-upward on the creamy flood thou floated'st, and wert a piteous sight. Now float thou anew in Charon's boat and drink of Lethe, and from Olympian jugs drink a sweeter milk, but in moderation.

III

On a Fly, overwhelmed in a sugar-bowl.

Fly, too much sweetness hath proved thy bane. In a crystal avalanche wert thou overwhelmed, and thy soul took flight; but now shalt thou sip nectar everlasting, and shalt settle on Jove's pate, and shalt be a plague to gods.

IV

On J. Rankine B——.

B——, who wert wont mellifluously to render classic tongues, now thyself translated art thou gathered to thy fathers; now thunderest thou with Hector and Achilles; now dost thou lie in peace on Homer's bosom, and with Virgilius holdest sweet converse.

V

On ———.

Tread softly, ye who pass by here, nor disturb his slumbers who oft hath lulled thee in Morpheus' arms with Caledonian cadence; weep, maidens, who oft have giggled at his brighter speech; strew poppy-plants, that sleep may still surround him.

VI

On B. E. M—phy.

O Celtic flow of rare loquaciousness, O jibe and epigram now lost for aye, O sweet irony, succulent sarcasm, O rushing metaphor tumultuous—

(here this Whitman-esque, rather chaotic fragment breaks off).

VII

On a Dog, that wandered into V.U.C.

Did'st thou want wisdom, O Dog, that thou camest to sit at the feet of philosophers? Had'st thou lost thy bone, thy well-loved, that thou sought'st recompense in syllogism and ethic argument; or did'st thou thirst for *Wiren* on *Evidence*? Perchance 'twas wafted warmth and smell from cheerful basement brought thee here. . . . Ah, little dog, cruel hands thrust thee forth; seek happiness in heavenly halls, and in fields of Asphodel bury thy bone; roll, and disport thyself exceedingly.

SCRIBULOS.

Max.

It is the happy lot of Mr. Beerbohm that he has discovered the secret of making friends. Satirical without being supercilious, idyllic without being farcical, he reveals under his suave wit a heart that is singularly human and a desire to take into his confidence those who care to study his work, making them appreciate what he appreciates because it has its humorous side—and its beautiful. Like Stevenson, he believes that literature is an attempt to look upon the state of mankind with a largeness of view that enables us to rise from a consideration of the living to a definition of life. Before me as I write is Will Rothenstein's drawing of him. The keen eyes and the high intellectual brow denote the writer who is too refined to let pass any trace of unevenness in the quality of his output or to wish to become anything less than the literary Beau Brummell of his day.

In 1896, "the incomparable Max," as Bernard Shaw dubbed him, published a thin volume of essays, and stated that he would write no more, but "More" followed, "Yet Again," "And Even Now," while "Seven Men" and "The Christmas Garland" fulfil all the promise displayed in "The Defence of Cosmetics" which as an Oxford undergraduate he dangled through the medium of the first number of "The Yellow Book" in the puzzled faces of the aesthetes of the nineties, and for which he later atoned by publishing that perfect parable, "The Happy Hypocrite." Yet whatever stings he received from the critics, gathered like hornets about him, were well deserved: it was no nervous, shy youth who said, "To give an accurate and exhaustive account of that period would need a far less brilliant pen than mine . . . and I look to Professor Gardiner and to the Bishop of Oxford."

In this same mischievous mood, he conceived "Zuleika Dobson," a fantastic novel of dainty cadences, quaint conceits and perfumed figures that prance lightly from page to page and utter sentences of flippant and bubbling raillery. The whole conception of the young and handsome Duke of Dorset, brilliant in classics, unrivalled in every form of sport and master of three arts, gradually preparing to drown himself for his love of Zuleika—is immensely whimsical, even to the ominous telegram that two black owls had perched on the battlements, remained there through the night and, hooting at dawn, had flown away no one knew whither. But in "The Christmas Garland" we have a number of parodies gathered together in a book that stands in a class by itself. While Squire is a splendid imitator of his subject's method and Seaman of their matter, Beerbohm penetrates further, into their very thoughts. However Achillean they may appear, he detects the concealed weak spot, and without malice pricks it gently with the point of his wit. "Mine is so good," said Henry James, "that now, whenever I write, I have the uneasy feeling of parodying myself." To my mind, the Meredithian caricature "Euphemia Clashthought" and the showing-up of Arnold Bennett are the outstanding gems in this bright clustre, although it is really hard to pick and choose. Each is a triumph in itself. Nor is it any easier to decide to which of the six characters

of "Seven Men" the palm should be awarded. What an ingenious bunch! Enoch Soames, the tall, cadaverous, publicity-at-any-cost poet; James Pethel, the gambler of life and death; Maltby and Braxton with their transient masterpieces; A. V. Laider, the English Maunchausen, who read in the hands of his companions not only their imminent fate but also his inability to prevent it by pulling the communication-cord and thus stopping the train. Last in the volume, not least, comes "Savonarola" Brown, the writer of blank-verse tragedy, from the stage directions of which I make one brief extract:

Enter Michael Angelo. Andrea del Sarto appears for a moment at a window. Pippa passes. Brothers of the Misericordia go by, singing a requiem for Francesca da Rimini. Enter Boccaccio, Benevenuto Cellini, and many others, making remarks highly characteristic of themselves but scarcely audible through the terrific thunderstorm that now bursts over Florence and is at its loudest and darkest crisis as the Curtain falls.

Of these, whom shall I select for special praise? The seventh, I think, the subtle jester, the author himself, in whose last book, "Even Now," we have a series of essays extending over a period of years. The individual note is everywhere apparent, the old tricks of style recur ("dip with me," for an example, into some other autobiography), but he has grown more mature in thought, more mellow in tone, and touches more often under the surface of laughter on the hidden spring of tears.

Levity mingles with gravity, pity with sympathy, charm with insouciance. In "William and Mary" we rise from a consideration of the living to a definition of life itself. We dispute neither the veracity nor the artistry of the two portraits. These and the etchings of Goethe, Swinburne and Johnson first amuse us and then leave us surprised and wondering, for the delicacy of Mr. Beer-bohm's craft is like the "inro," those little Japanese nests of boxes, of fantastic shapes and colours, that held in their many compartments strange pills and powders and were exquisitely lacquered in the era of Kwanshosai, nearly two hundred years ago.

WILFRID LEICESTER.

Written During a (?) Lecture.

Clouds that drift slowly in the evening sky,
 Dark forms and ragged in the delicate blue
 Like weary travellers that at last come nigh
 The longed-for city gates they journey to—
 Or like a ship that lets her cable fall
 Down cool deep peaceful fathoms after days
 And many days of ocean voyage—all
 Is over now; she swings in harbour ways;
 What port did you put out from, errant bark?
 What fair aerial city in the morn
 That you have followed windy highways now
 A many leagues, grey wanderers, heaven-borne,
 From one bright world's edge to another dark?—
 Still you move on, and cross the hill's black brow

SCRIBULOS.

Of Lies and Lying.

Most Liars are born—some made—some few attain the art by dint of long practice. For that it is an Art there is no questioning. It is, or should be—which is much the same thing, though we will never admit it—one of the sorrows of the Universe that Wilde did not follow his "Complaints Upon the Decay of Lying," which first established his literary reputation, with a dissertation upon "Lying Considered as a Fine Art." Had he done so, this age in which we exist—I had almost said "live," which would have been quite wrong, of course—might have been worth the trouble of existing. Life is a terribly boring thing at any time; but life in an age of materialism is unspeakably so.

I need not say that I have a profound respect, a reverent admiration, for a really great Liar. I mean none of your half-hesitating mortals, who delicately feed you little by little with their falsehoods, giving you no more than they see that you can swallow, pandering to your sense of probability, but a thorough-paced votary of the Temple of Mercury. White Lies, and prevarications for some concrete purpose, I have no sympathy with. Lying for lying's sake, for the satisfaction it will give to the creator, and the pleasure it will bestow upon the listener—the deceived one, the Laub of Jove—is the only form permissible. The majority of people annoy me with the flimsy prevarications they endeavour to foist upon me as Real Lies. There is as much similitude between their clumsy falsehoods and a real downright lie as there is, to employ an old metaphor, between chalk and cheese.

To be a good Liar it is necessary to have imagination, and imagination is rarely met with nowadays: most people are content with fancy. Not only this; but it is essential to know how to manipulate facts, to work in a plot, to create, as it were, your lie. All Novelists are Liars, though all Liars are not Novelists. The difference is obvious. A Novelist may make a very bad Liar, but a good falsifier of the truth would invariably be a good novelist—possibly a great one. For what is lying but an extempore form of fiction, except that it deals with actual facts, while fiction only pretends to deal with them?

Liars are always good conversationalists—their natural gift will not allow them to enter into the realm of boredom. If they find themselves hovering near the border-line, a slight mental effort effectually removes the danger.

Much depends on how and when you tell a lie. Given a suitable background and a good time, there was an acquaintance of mine who would make you believe almost anything. His subtle influence was a matter of remark for his friends, who knew him for what he was, but they were no nearer the truth at the end than at the beginning of their acquaintance. It was not to be set down to an innocent face, an ingenuous manner, or the mere vulgar probability of the thing he retailed: something higher and less easily definable was brought into play. Even those whom he had deceived for years fell victims to his mendacity. But an unkind Fate brought him into contact with one who was a greater Liar than he, and he died, as I verily believe, from a broken heart at knowing himself outrivalled in his chosen sphere. He was possessor of the most

perfect Philosophy of Lying that it has ever been my good fortune to hear, and it is with regret that I reflect that I did not meet the man who was supposed to have caused his death. Truly must he have been a Liar of Liars.

Look back upon the great ones of history: Chatterton—what a life was lost when he died! Was there ever heard of such a deception as he practised upon literary England? And that culminating stroke, when, at the age of sixteen, he wrote the letter which fooled the astute Horace Walpole! Had he but overcome the difficulties which beset him, his genius, nurtured in the hard school of adversity, might have fitted him for the proud position of the greatest Liar the world has ever seen. Then Pinto, whom Cervantes dubbed the "Prince of Liars;" Chateaubriand, too, who of all Frenchmen seems to have attained perfection in this intricate art. What records has he left us of his doings in America which cannot but move one to admiration when one realises that scarcely a single word of them is truth? But greatest of all, a veritable Gulliver among the Lilliputians, stands the towering figure of Baron Munchausen—assuredly the finest master of all phases of Lying.

Why are we trained to have such a reverence for truth, when most of us lose all vestige of that respect as soon as we arrive at an age when we may think for ourselves? With only too many of us that age has never come. For what is this but the theory that a bald statement of facts is more serviceable than a Lie? And this, of course, is an utter fallacy, though a favourite one of man. We see in Truth but the bare form of Fact, a little disguised, and life is one struggle to escape from Fact on the wings of Fancy. What more natural than to turn to Lying as a relief?

It is an old adage, and, like many other ancient sayings, a very incorrect one, that "A Liar should have a good memory." What would you? Is this most versatile of all subjects to be pinned down by rules and regulations? Men change their opinions often, and nothing could e'er convince them that their latest opinion is not a correct one and similar to that which they have entertained all their lives. Why, then, should I not change my mind regarding what happened and to whom? Another misleading idea entertained by us is that the primary object of a Liar is to secure absolute and unquestioning belief. This is purely a sophism. Your practised Liar takes delight in raising doubts that, with the forces at his command, he may sweep them aside. This is half the pleasure of Lying. George Washington uttered the greatest lie in his life when he said he could not tell a lie. Lying, after all, is only the natural channel of a man's conversation, and must ever remain so.

Hail to thee, too, Charles Lamb, gentle conductor of that subtle "Matter of Lie" campaign which we can never cease to delight in, thou skilful Teller of Tales! Verily thou didst know the Tricks of the Trade!

I periodically weave into my letters to my friends a web of falsehood. It serves to exercise their imagination to discover the truth, and keeps the epistle from growing dull—a criminal fault in a letter. Then, when it pleases me to make a reasonable remark, it comes as a gentle surprise to them, none the less pleasant because it is unexpected.

There are a thousand ways of prevaricating, but the greatest of them all is undoubtedly the intellectual Liar. He is an indis-

pensable member of society; he smooths our rough way through life with his delicate fabrications. His great natural gift of exaggeration will stop at nothing. I hold that the best friends are those of this class who mutually recognise and respect each others' falsehoods. They live in a world of their own making, remote from any suspicion of vulgar fact, which, should it attempt to make entrance, would meet with disastrous failure. Theirs is a Philosophy worth the studying.

Hail, all ye shades of prevaricators, dead and gone! I, a lesser votary of your Art, salute you! How fares it with you, on yonder bank of Styx?—what tales did you tell poor gullible Charon on your journey over? Truly must the sour old fellow have looked for your coming to enliven his endless task! You would be cheerful shades, welcome change to the gloomy ghosts 'tis usually his lot to ferry. Thou, too, G. L. H., has given up that which was the delight of thy existence here on earth! I can picture thee lying in thy customary wholehearted manner, seeking frowning Hector and informing him that his Andromache was conducting a flirtation with the shade of Menelaus! It were not like thee to do things by halves or quarters; that was ever the trait I admired most in thee, this side Styx! Thy lifetime was set in palmy days. Now the world is less credible; it hath an unpleasant habit of verifying what is told to it, and a most unreasonable regard for truth. But, alas, thou art no more! The God of Lies may not venture into Pluto's dark regime, else long ago would he have rescued thee and endowed thee with immortality. Such a Liar as thee will I never meet again; but, alas, all things have endings, even the career of such a Liar as H. P. G.! *Requiescat in pace.*

C. QUENTIN POPE.

Wellington Wind.

When these gaunt and scrawny slopes,
Blemished with yellow houses and with yellow gorse,
Were clad in forests' green magnificence;
When the tall and stately Totara,
The mighty Rata
And the slender green of the treefern
Decked the hills with verdant mantle,
Didst blow with the self same force as now—
Whistling shrilly among the creaking limbs
Of giant trees, and jarring the leaves
Into a loud whisper of complaint?
Like a vast organ played by immortal hand
Was the sound of thy passage among the branches;
But no more, no more dost vent thy rage
Against the resistant bush;
Whine amidst the houses
Yellow painted with red roofs,
And clatter tin fences
And whirl in fantastic eddies of dust
Along the narrow streets,
Through which in banal clatter
Breaking the cathedral rest of Maori ghosts
Rattle the speeding tramcars.

R. T. D.

Past Students' Rolls.

To the Editor of "The Spike."

Sir,—I read with interest the notes on the Business Manager's Page of your last issue, and I think that I speak for all past students of Victoria College when I say that we would like nothing better than that "The Spike" should keep us in touch not only with Alma Mater but also with one another. With this end in view I venture to make the following suggestions:—

1. That a roll of past students be prepared, in the form of a card index. This would serve a score of purposes which I need not specify here, and would be of very great assistance to your editorial self. So important is such a list that the College Council might well undertake the financial side of its preparation.

2. That such matters as the number of students at College, and their distribution among different faculties; the numbers attending lectures in each subject; College finance and the policy of the Council towards future expansion; and any other matters which may affect the prosperity and greatness of Victoria College be fully recorded in "The Spike."

3. That a full record be given in each "Spike" of papers or books published by students or teachers, past or present, and that past students be circularised asking them to contribute literary articles, reviews, and poetry.

4. That a past student be appointed to your editorial staff to take from your shoulders the weight of such of these suggestions as may be thought worthy of putting into practice.—I am, etc.,

S.

University of Otago, August 9th, 1921.

[We regret that time would not permit our carrying out any of the above ideas this issue. We pass them on for the favourable consideration of the Students' Association and our successors.—Ed.]

Contrast.

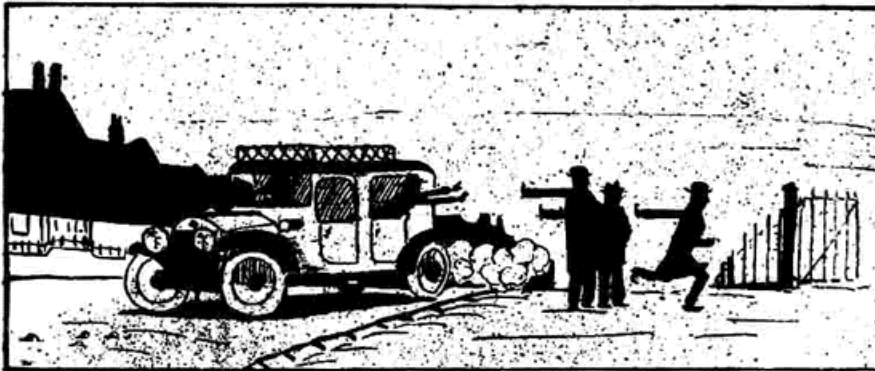
Wild waves, curving and crashing—
Wild winds, roaring and rushing
In furious frenzy—
A maddening medley—
A ceaseless struggle of striving and stress.

Soft seas, glowing and glinting—
Soft skies, paling and tinting—
In shadowy beauty—
A gathering glory—
The mystic magic of Nature's caress.

M. E. H.



Owing to the engagement of our special Science Artist, we regret that his time has been too much occupied to enable him to contribute any sketches for this issue, save this:



"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI."
(An Episode of the Science Wing.)

Valedictory Sonnet to Rev. B. H. Ward, B. A.

So thou art gone, my Horace, far away,
Far, far beyond the drear estranging sea,
And thou dost leave us weeping day by day
In bitterness and bleak despondency . . .
Alas! we say—but no, we dry the tear
That trembles in each dull grief-glazed eye,
We will be brave, we say, we will not fear
For this our Horace; sad thoughts, pass ye by . . .
The sundering seas still broader grow—O Lord!
Protect that venerable fringe of hair,
Keep him from train-collisions and the sword
Of wicked men, from bombs and damp night air.
O Horace, 'tis for thee our bowels yearn—
Lord, grant him happy days, a swift return!

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

The Fulfilment of a Promise.

To the Editor of "The Spike."

Sir,—On many occasions I have seen on the notice-boards notices to this effect: "Photos of are still awaiting collection by the following, by whom subscription of is due," and then follows a list of names of students. The most-recent and glaring example is in connection with "The Spike."

Is this habit of repudiation a usual one among 'Varsity students, or is it a custom peculiar to Victoria College? For most certainly no decent secondary school would permit such a practice, and no business man who valued his reputation would think of doing such a thing. I was always under the impression that honour, if to be found and valued anywhere, would be most preciousy regarded in a place such as this; but apparently I am wrong, and a 'Varsity student is no more to be trusted than the shiftiest business crook. Surely it is a strange education which fails to teach that "My word is my bond!"

It might be suggested that there are only isolated examples of this repudiation of promises, but scarcely a person who undertakes to distribute photos. of any group at College but is faced with having to pay out of his own pocket because of such repudiation. And when out of 400 students who signed written promises to take "The Spike" we have a list of over 150 who fail to collect their copy, this can scarcely be called "isolated examples."

Surely when those responsible for the issue and distribution of the magazine spend many hours of their time in such issue and distribution, the students who have signed their written promises to take the magazine can at least find the few minutes necessary to collect such copy and not leave still another debt to be shouldered by the willing few on their behalf.

Is there no remedy for this habit? Appeals to conscience and honour have no effect, for apparently this class of student is deficient in both of these.

Yours faithfully,

A. S. TONKIN.

Sonnet written during the Fighting in Ireland.

God! (if you be a god) who flung this ball
 Into the welter where its path is laid
 Look on the beastly things that you have made!
 Look how in misery your children crawl—
 Gaze upon man's betrayal and his fall!
 For lies and hatred, hatred and lies are paid,
 Wisdom is not, and Honour goes afraid—
 Terror and bloodiness embrace asprawl.
 Yet are there things we do thank you for—
 Beautiful faces of friends, though beauty die,
 This decorated earth and its green floor,
 Trees and the happy bird that flutes and trills,
 Morning that comes swift-footed on the hills,
 Night and the dark unutterable sky.

J. C. B.

A Concert.

On Saturday, 10th September, the Dramatic Club made its debut before a large and discreet audience. The Debating Society had originally arranged the concert in order to pay for an unusually expensive Plunket Medal Contest, but later, at its own request, the Dramatic Club took over the running. Three comedies were presented, and it is perhaps as well that the audience was not too severely critical.

Proceedings opened with an orchestral symphony, perpetrated by Miss Joseph, on the fiddle, and Messrs. George Mackay and Win Watkins. These performers kept the interest of the audience during the intervals, and generally succeeded in preventing their brooding too bitterly over the performance. During the first interval, too, Mr. Rishworth, without whom no College concert is able to proceed, favoured us with "The Poet's Dream," by Elgar; but—remembering doubtless the Town Hall episode—didn't accept the polite invitation to an encore.

The first play was the time-honoured "Chiselling," which deals with the escapades of an impecunious youth who has to win his beautiful heiress by deceiving her artistic but sand-blind uncle. He poses as a sculptor, and for his masterpiece must needs deck out his man-servant as a marble Alexander. How the uncle wanted to touch up the "statue," and how the statue got drunk just after the match was agreed to, make up a quite good "situation" comedy. Mr. P. J. Smith as the man-servant gave an excellent impersonation. He was not the chirpy, volatile character that was probably intended; but he has a good-humoured bent for fooling and a capacity for taking command of the stage that make up for any other defects. His attack on the old art connoisseur was, if anything, too realistic. Mr. S. A. Wiren as the uncle and guardian, in an ill-fitting wig, seemed to be debating the point of "to dodder or not to dodder;" and his age varied from about twenty to a hundred and twenty. However, he knew his lines well enough to bring the play back again whenever the love-stricken sculptor made a worse than usual "break" in his part. Apart from an unfeigned eagerness in his love scene, Mr. V. Ross was far too matter-of-fact; but he has a good speaking voice which should help him to go further in the future. Miss O. Hickling, however, as the niece, looked very demure and pretty, but should forget her maiden modesty and self-consciousness when appearing on the stage. Miss A. Monerioff, in the buffo part of the landlady who "liked meekness better than show," made a great hit with the audience, and put more light and shade into her words than anybody else during the evening.

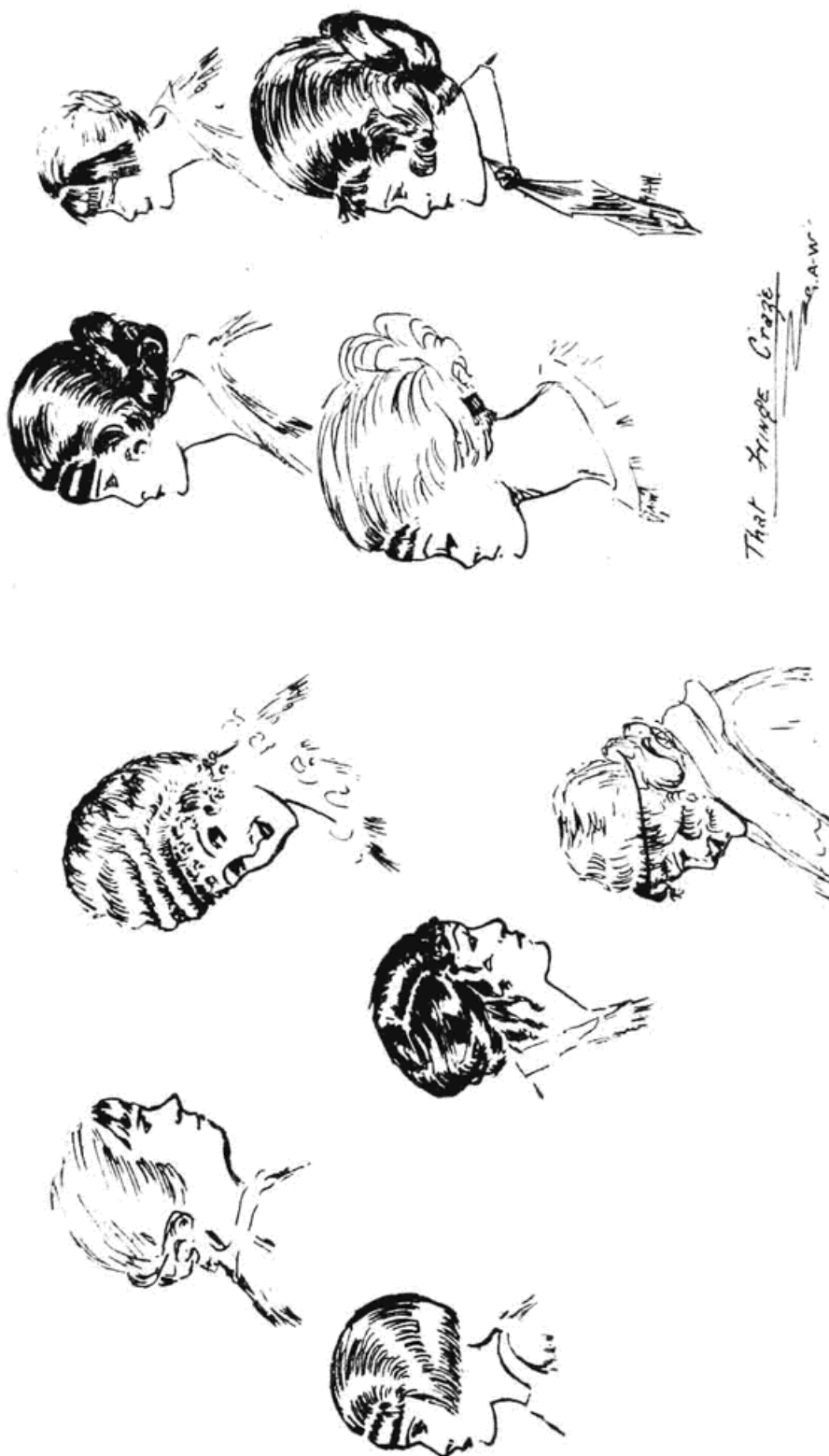
Another good old stand by "A Pair of Lunatics" was performed in a most natural and experienced manner by Miss K. Bathgate and Mr. A. W. Free. The plot is simple—two guests at a mental hospital dance who mistake each other for inmates—but affords a lot of scope. Mr. Free raved beautifully, but was not quite cajoling enough towards his fellow-sufferer—who in turn was a trifle too restrained. However, as she had sportingly undertaken the part

on Miss Baldwin falling ill only three days earlier, she did much better than we had dared to hope for. She had the "air" remarkably for a three days' patient.

The final fiasco was A. A. Milne's recent comedy, "Wurzel-Flummery," which treats of the dilemma of two politicians who are each bequeathed by an unknown plutocrat the sum of £50,000, subject to the trifling condition that they take the name of "Wurzel-Flumamery." Personally we think we could easily get out of the difficulty, e.g., spend the money and change our name back again, or something of that kind; but such an expedient did not suggest itself to these "rulers of the people." The play was a welcome change in that it is a comedy of dialogue, and an appeal to the intellect, rather than a comedy of situation and an appeal to the instincts. Mr. W. R. Kennedy was not at his best as the elder politician, and seemed to miss the pompous and uncontradictable character portrayed in the book. He lacked the polish and veneer of the true politician; but his fine stage presence and enunciation counted for much. Mr. G. O. Cooper, his co-beneficiary, erred a little the other way; he put a lot of vitality into his acting, and looked charmingly boyish—too much so for the clever debater he was depicting. But he made all his points most effectively. Mr. J. B. Yaldwyn made a fine solicitor—eccentric solicitor—when he came to ask whether the condition was accepted, and well deserved the round of applause he received from the audience. His foppish and care-free attitude appeared real rather than acted—let us trust it is not so. Miss Eileen Smith, daughter of the first M.P. and cherishing designs on the second, dressed and acted charmingly—as was, of course, only to be expected. She was not quite irresponsible enough when accepting the name as a joke, but that was the only time she failed to convince. Miss Marjorie Willcocks was excellent as the wife who was bewildered but anxious to do the right thing. We think that with such a husband she should have been more subdued, but that was the fault of the part rather than the actress.

Altogether it was not so terrible a performance as it might have been, and doubtless the Club will next stage something more ambitious. It wishes to thank Messrs. Stanley Warwick, H. E. Nicholls and P. B. Broad, who all attended two or three rehearsals, and Miss M. Richmond, who did the "making up."





Past Students.

OTAGO.

University:

Mr. George Reid, B.Com., is Dean of the Faculty of Commerce.

Mr. H. D. Skinner, B.A., Dip. Anth. Camb., is Lecturer in Ethnology and Assistant Curator of the University Museum.

Mr. H. L. Cook, LL.B., is Lecturer in Property Law, Part II.

A large number of past students of Victoria University College are attending lectures, among whom Miss Muriel Bell and C. Mac-laurin are bursars of the Medical Schools.

Scholastic:

Miss E. R. Davies, M.A., is headmistress of Archerfield School.

Miss D. Glasgow is on the staff of St. Hilda's Collegiate School.

Miss Naomi Dallaston, M.A., is teaching in Dunedin.

Mr. E. M. Christie, B.Sc., is on the staff of Otago Boys' High School.

Mr. L. Bastings, M.Sc., is Science Master at King Edward Technical College.

Mr. J. Johnson, M.A., is throwing great energy into W.E.A. work.

General:

Mr. H. Tiley, B.Sc., is in the Department of Customs.

Mr. Leslie D. Coombs, A.R.I.B.A., formerly one of the keenest of Victoria College cricketers, is practising as an architect in Dunedin.

The Rev. Ronald Watson, M.C., M.A., has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church, Devonport, Auckland.

Mr. Guy Batham is on the staff of the City Electrical Department, and is taking third-year lectures for the B.Sc. degree.

Mr. A. F. Meldrum, B.C.L., is returning to New Zealand. While at Oxford he obtained his boxing "blue," and obtained high distinction in the academic world. Another Rhodes scholar, Mr. H. G. Miller, is finding his feet at Balliol; cricket has proved most attractive during the summer term.

Miss Dorothy McLean has returned to Wellington. She spent most of her time under her travelling scholarship at the Sarbonne, but saw something also of England and Italy.

G. H. Seddon, LL.B., has been appointed District Land Registrar at Blenheim.

H. A. Anderson and T. C. Thomson are among Auckland's most promising solicitors; L. A. Charles is ditto at Christchurch. J. F. Stevenson has recently been taken into partnership by Messrs. Izard and Weston.

L. J. Edmondson and L. K. Wilson are wooing Mother Earth at Piopio, in the King Country. They occasionally honour the old place with a visit.

G. G. Aitken, A. Jackson, P. Ruston and E. C. Wiren are all on the staff of the Wellington College. The first-named has evidently found his position congenial to football training; and we congratulate him on the great honour he has attained.



"SPIKE" COMPETITION.

After considerable trouble, the judges awarded the £1 1s prize for the most original contribution to "The Spike" to Mr. J. C. Beaglehole, for his "Lament." The sketches entitled "Psychology on the Hockey Field" gained second place. We wish to thank Messrs. Broad and Caddick for kindly acting as judges.

LIBRARIAN.

The Rev. H. B. Ward has left for a trip to England. He will be away for six months, and during his absence his duty as Librarian is being undertaken by Mr. Gilmour, an old student of Victoria College, who has been on "active service."

NEW CLUBS.

Several new clubs have been formed this year. The Tramping Club and the Dramatic Club both promise to become very popular. So far the Tramping Club has confined its activities to Saturday afternoons (and owing to football and hockey the attendances have not been very large). When the football season is at an end, however, we expect our numbers to be swelled considerably. A week-end trip to the Orongorongos has been arranged for the beginning of the term. The Dramatic Club has read several plays, and altogether the attendances at these have been very satisfactory. It is to be hoped that the club will have some good material to offer when the next Extravaganza is undertaken.

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM.

Early in the second term the Women's Common Room in the new wing was officially opened. The Council, the Professors and their wives, and many students, were present. Numerous musical items were rendered by students, and supper was provided.

FAREWELL TO MR. I. L. G. SUTHERLAND.

On August the 10th a large number of students met in the Gym. to farewell Mr. I. L. G. Sutherland, who is proceeding to Glasgow to further his studies in Philosophy.

APPOINTMENT.

Mr. E. Fitzgerald Eager received his early education at Church of England Grammar School at Parramatta, Australia, and at the end of his schooling he returned to New Zealand, and, entering King's School, matriculated in 1910. Entering Victoria College that year, he took his B.A. degree in 1914, and Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy in 1915. During his College career he took a keen interest in sports, being especially noted in the hockey field. Taking up the teaching profession, Mr. Eager was successively on the staffs of Wellington Technical College and Ocean Bay School. This year he has returned to Wellington to complete his LL.B. degree, and has now been appointed as successor to Mr I. L. G. Sutherland, as Assistant Lecturer in Mental and Moral Philosophy.

Pax.

Brother, the dawn you sought died ere it had begun;
 Brother, we struggle still beneath a blackened sun.
 The blaze you fed to melt the gloom away
 Burnt only your own clay;
 And through the breach of broken youth
 Marched monstrous greed and crowned untruth,
 And freedom shrank and honour stank
 In this the Day.

Brother, you thought to reach a high hid noon;
 Brother, you strove a world's life all too soon.
 The stars they set to light you in your tread
 Were but dull glints of lead
 To numb the heart and weight the soul:
 For your desire was not the goal,
 But sunken yields in nether fields—
 And crops of dead.

Brother, they dunned you of your little hour;
 Brother, and diced it for a golden shower.
 To them your shining soul and heart's high need
 Were only cheap green feed
 For their fat beast of fortune, Mars
 And so they sent you higher than the stars,
 Where you are free and yet may see
 Your brothers freed.

P. J. S.

Athletic Training

Every student should remember that one of the most important functions of the University year is the inter-Varsity tournament held every Easter. Our College has for the last three years won the Athletic Shield, the most important contest at this tournament, and it should be the wish of every student to have the College put up a record next year by winning the Athletic Shield for the fourth successive year. This has never yet been accomplished.

If the College is to be victorious at Auckland next year, it is necessary for every man in the College to specialise in some particular event, and to train assiduously during the coming vacation.

It may be said that the College will have the same men who won the Shield at Christchurch, as representatives for next Easter. In this connection it should be noted that there are only three athletes who have competed in all three tournaments held since the war.

In connection with the compilation of this article, I wish to tender thanks to Messrs. J. McHolm, H. E. Wilson, J. H. R. Wilton, and E. G. Sutherland, who have rendered invaluable assistance.

SPRINTING.—On commencing training for either the 100 yards or 220 yards sprint, it is advisable to run quietly over from 200 to 300 yards several times before doing any hard work at all. This procedure should be followed for about three evenings, after which the runner should commence striding over 150 to 250 yards. It is most essential for a runner to make the most of his stride and at all times to increase its length. For example, if a runner who takes forty strides in running 100 yards increases his stride by two inches he will cover the distance in thirty-nine strides.

After the end of the first week's training, the following course extending over several weeks is recommended:—

Every night during the second week the following order should be observed:

- 1.—A run of about 350 yards at half pace.
- 2.—A good stride over 250 yards.
- 3.—About half a dozen short "breaks" (commonly called "starts") of not more than 20 yards.
- 4.—A good hard sprint of not more than 40 yards.

At the commencement of training, continual practice in starting is imperative and it is impossible to do too much. Never let yourself get cold after the sprint and always keep moving. Do any exercises that will keep the muscles supple, particularly any exercises that strengthen the muscles of the abdomen as these play a very important part in running.

During the third, fourth, and fifth weeks the evening's training should begin with a 440 yards at good three-quarter pace, making good use of the stride. This is in order to improve breathing and is essential. Then continue the course mentioned above, increasing the length of the sprint gradually.

The training for the sixth week should include 50 to 75 yards dashes at full speed, but not more than two per night.

During the seventh week, the distance of the sprints should be increased to 80 or 85 yards if the runner is training for the 100 yards, and to about 180 or 200 yards for the 220 yards dash.

At least once every two nights during the eighth week, the full distance at full speed should be attempted, while by the ninth week the runner should be quite fit, and should run the whole distance at full speed at least once each evening.

The essential points to remember in sprinting are: (1) striding, (2) starting, and (3) finishing. With regard to finishing a race, no runner should slacken up until the tape is breasted—many a race is won on the tape.

440 YARDS.—This race should be run in two bursts or sprints, the first being for the first 100 yards, after which distance a long swinging stride should be used so that the runner may conserve his energy until the 300 yards mark is reached, when the second burst commences. This burst, which should of course be at full speed, should be carried to the tape. It will only be after careful and consistent training of not less than eight weeks that a runner will be in form to race over what is considered one of the most, if not the most, gruelling of track races.

As a good deal of the preparation consists in practising the long swinging stride that carries the runner at almost full speed, yet does not exert him to the utmost, it is necessary to ensure success that this stride should be cultivated and particular attention paid to it.

When possible, for training purposes, select a straight course of from 200 to 300 yards and run at half speed, paying attention to arm and leg action and poise.

Lift the knee to form a right angle with the hip, at the same time throwing the foot well out in front and pointing the toes so that none of the stride is lost. Endeavour to develop an even action. Swing the arms loosely from the shoulders with elbows slightly bent, the hand passing across in front yet away from the body. The head should be thrust slightly forward while the chest must not at any time be cramped, allowing full freedom for the action of the heart and lungs.

Walking is a valuable adjunct to track training, and while taking this form of exercise, deep breathing should be practised. The quarter-miler should only do slow work for the first week, his daily run being to jog half a mile to build up muscle and power to endure.

The second week, by which time he should be in condition to commence more serious training, should follow a course of training similar to the following :—

Monday : Run 600 yards at half-speed, sprinting over the last 40 yards ; after a few minutes rest stride 200 to 300 yards. .

Tuesday : Run 880 yards, the first 200 at three-quarter speed finishing at half-speed ; again, after a rest, stride 200 yards. Three or four breaks should conclude this evening's training.

Wednesday : Run 300 yards at three-quarter pace, sprinting the last 40 yards. Striding and starting as on the previous night.

Thursday : Jog 600 yards ; then striding and starting as above.

Friday : Stride 200 yards. Then run 440 yards at half-speed, sprinting over the last 60 yards. The starts must not be forgotten.

Saturday : Run 440 yards, the first 120 yards at full-speed, finishing at half-speed. Then striding and starting should conclude the week's training.

After the fourth week the runner may depart from the above schedule and concentrate on developing pace, running 100 yards at full-speed, 220 yards at full- and half-speed, and occasionally (but not more than once a week) 440 yards trials at full-speed. At this stage an occasional run over 300 yards at full-speed should help to fit the runner to run a good race over the full distance.

HURDLING.—For the first three weeks exactly the same procedure as in sprinting should be followed. It should be clearly understood that no hurdles are to be used during the above period as one has to be fairly fit before training for them properly.

One hurdle may be used during the fourth week, three the fifth week, and five the sixth week. Never at any time use more than five hurdles unless for some special reason as, for instance, to time yourself over the full distance. It is not advisable to do this very often, certainly not before you have been training for at least six weeks.

It is essential that the distance from the start to the first hurdle be covered at full speed. Keep low when jumping and at the same time lean forward. There should be no slackening up in the speed between the various hurdles.

LONG JUMP.—The first week's training for this event should be the same as that for the sprints. Then measure your distance from the board so that you can strike it with your taking off foot while running at full speed. Many jumpers advise starting from the crouched position as in starting for the hundred yards sprint. After leaving the board jump high in the air and draw the feet up well. Do not jump too much in one evening as you are apt to jarr yourself if too much is done while not absolutely fit.

HIGH JUMPING.—In this event the jumper must have that natural spring which is the special gift of all good high jumpers ; after assuring himself that he has this gift, the jumper must train systematically and assiduously.

Before commencing training the would-be high-jumper must see that he has the proper kind of jumping shoes. These should be made to measure to ensure a perfect fit, and should have six long spikes in the sole and two a little shorter in the heel.

If the athlete is training for this event alone, five or even four nights a week is sufficient, and then he should devote his attention to improving his style. While on the track, a little sprinting will help to tone up the muscles of the legs, but on no account should long distance running be inaugurated. The young jumper should not hold himself down to any particular style until he has sought the advice of someone qualified to judge.

Apart from the track, good training can be had in a gymnasium or at home in the form of Swedish exercises, especially doing those which strengthen the abdominal, thigh and leg muscles and, most important of all, the instep.

Massaging and rubbing down as part of the training is beneficial. A thorough massaging of the legs and abdomen immediately before a competition will be found of great benefit as it loosens up the muscles and does not give them time to "harden up." The jumper should take every precaution not to get cold when waiting for his turn and should not leave the dressing-room until the competition is about to start.

Before jumping the competitor should walk slowly up to the bar from the direction he intends to jump, keeping his eye on the bar until he gets to a position from which he thinks his spring should be made. This will be his "take off," and should be in distance from the point immediately below the bar, about half the height of the bar at that point. So as the height increases, the take off will come back but only slightly.

It is essential that the jumper should concentrate on the cross-bar and forget everything about surrounding circumstances.

PUTTING THE SHOT.—The learner should first practice putting from a stand. The shot will be placed (but not for long) in the right hand just before the putt is to be made, and let it lie in the hand well up towards the fingers. If strong in the wrist and fingers, let it lie on the three middle fingers, using the thumb and little finger to keep it in place. Hold the elbow out from the body and the hand with the shot close to the neck under the ear. The feet should be about 2 ft. 6 in. apart: the right leg will be bent and as the putt is going to be made let the shoulder with the shot near it sink back to the right and then, as the leg straightens, bring it forward with all possible speed; the left arm will be stretched out in the direction in which the putt is to be made. Care should be taken that the shot is not allowed to leave the shoulder until the putt is being made.

Take care not to let the arm with the shot get too far out from the side of the body and keep the head up, looking in the direction of the putt. If the head is allowed to sink down and away from the shot, the weight and strength of the body will not get behind the putt: stand up against the shot and push right after it to the full extent of the arm. The shot should not leave the fingers until the arm is straightened. The legs should not be reversed until after the shot has left the hand.

Most learners when making an attempt to do their best putt, shoot the arm out hard and, at the same time, swing the body away to the left, which causes the body to pivot with the weight, giving way to the shot. Stand up to it, and look at the shot going away with the head up.

When a fair putt can be made from a standing position, a run can be tried. Stand at the back of the circle, the right leg bent a little, with the weight of the body over the right leg. Lift the left leg out and swing it back to the right leg and as it again swings out spring sideways across the circle, the right foot landing near the centre and the left near the guard board. Both feet should land at the same time. You should land in exactly the same position as you were when putting from a stand; be careful not to spread the legs too much. Immediately as you land the shoulder swings back with the shot at it then forward again with all the force possible.

The most trouble seems to be to join the hop forward to the centre of the circle and the effort to make the putt together. Start slowly and attempt to finish fast. Exercises that strengthen the wrist and fingers should be indulged in. Try spinning the shot from one hand to the other with the fingers; also place the shot at the shoulder in position to putt it, and flick it off the fingers into the left hand without pushing the arm out.

HAMMER THROWING.—In the first place, in hammer-throwing a great many people consider this exercise is only for the heavy strong men. This idea is altogether wrong; any man of ordinary strength—say from 11 stone in weight—should be quite fit to indulge in hammer-throwing. The very fact that the idea has got firmly rooted in the minds of most young men that a man must be somewhat of a giant to take up the pastime, has kept many young men who are of medium build and weight from, perhaps, being champions. The real thing required is patience, perseverance, and a fair knowledge of the science of the game. Muscle control is an important factor in the making of a good thrower. Exercises that develop the abdominal and back muscles can be recommended, but the best way to develop the necessary muscles is to practice the event which it is intended to go in for.

Dine at ASTOR HOUSE, Willis St. (opp. Empress). Always a tempting menu.

First of all, the novice should practice swinging the hammer round the head, taking care to keep a good even pull on it all the way round and make it travel by employing the arms and controlling the body so that it does not swing from side to side as the hammer swings round; also that it swings to the same place each time it comes round. A good idea is to take up your stand in the circle or at a mark and put a peg in the ground opposite where the lower part of the swing will be and make it come to that mark each time—a good lot of practice and exercise can be got in this way without throwing at all. After some confidence has been gained, and you feel you have some control over the hammer and your actions, try throwing from a stand.

The novice would be well advised to try to throw with one turn only until such time as he gets confidence in himself. He will find that the 7 ft. circle seems very small at first, even for one turn; after a time he will be able to get in two or three.

Assuming that the thrower is going to throw with a turn, he takes up his stand with his back facing the direction he intends to throw. The hammer head is placed on the ground to the right side; the head is not lifted and the swing commenced. Three swings round the head will be sufficient to work up the speed for the first turn, and as the hammer comes to the front and when the arms and handle form one straight line from the body, pivot on the left foot, leaning the body back to the right (not too much—only sufficient to keep a good balance) and let the arms reach out to their full length. Be careful not to take the weight of the hammer on the biceps (this is where muscle control comes in). Immediately the arms are bent the hammer is being thrown from the elbows instead of from the body.

The position of the hammer at the commencement of the turn is the most important thing to get correctly, as it is impossible to recover after once the thrower has started to turn. The arms should only connect the hammer handle to the body. The muscles must not be tightened, but only stretched out: the fingers hooked so that the handle is held by the second joints. When it is felt that the pulling comes from the back of the shoulders and not from the arms it will be known that the pulling is getting right and a better balance will be obtained; if the turn is made correctly, the hammer will be thrown straight back.

Do not jump round in the turns—spin round. Do not let the hammer drag too far back to the right, or else the arms will be throwing the hammer instead of the body pulling it. If the hammer is allowed to drag too far back too much strain will be put on the muscles on the right side of the body and perhaps a strain will result. Always try to finish faster than you started, and let the arms go to their full length when letting the hammer go. Remember that when you have acquired sufficient skill to turn correctly, the faster you turn the further you will throw the hammer.

A continuous even pull is what should be aimed at; not, as is sometimes seen, a very strong man waiting for the hammer to come round and nearly stop and then give a tremendous heave. He uses up all his strength in starting the hammer after he has let it nearly stop.

A few snapshots taken while in action are useful to show how you compare with others as to style.

Mathematical and Physical Society

We would again like to remind students that it is not considered criminal, nor yet is it a sign of weak mentality, to attend a meeting of this Society. It exists for the good of all, and not merely for a few. Pass students in particular should avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing what is a little outside their regular course of lectures, yet which is in no way "above their heads." We look to these students to carry on in the future, and for this reason they should make it their aim to get acquainted with the work of the Society.

On July 8th, Professor Sommerville spoke on "Some Mathematical Problems connected with Navigation." He outlined the methods by which a ship's position is worked out from day to day, and how this is applied to the sailing of the ship. We only wish that more could have been present to hear this address.

There was a somewhat larger attendance on August 5th, when we experimented quite successfully with a "students' evening." Mr. M. N. Rogers gave a paper on "Radioactivity and Geology," and this was followed by an outline of the "Wave Transmission of Power," by E. W. Tiller. The idea of having papers from the students is an excellent one, as it gives them an opportunity of getting on their feet in front of an audience, and moreover it gives them a knowledge of a subject which they would otherwise not get.

It is doubtful if any more meetings can be held this year owing to the proximity of examinations, but there is every indication of a successful year in 1922.

Dine at THE TIFFIN, Manners St., in our new up-to-date-rooms upstairs.



Another season—1921—has come and gone and has, without any question, proved one of great enjoyment for both players and followers of the good old game. Never in the history of the game in this small country of ours has there been a season that bristled, if one might use the word, with as much excitement for everyone. Not even the advent to our shore of Bedell-Siewwright's team of English players or of the Anglo-Welsh combination caused anything like the excitement among Rugby devotees as the visit of our friends the "Springboks." Just at a time when Rugby Union people were beginning to look sideways at the gradual encroachment of the Northern Union Leaguers a boom has taken place in our own game of "Real Rugby" that has gone a long way to dispel any growing fear of any other game causing much serious opposition.

In the Wellington Senior Championship Competition our own University players did well—very well. Considering the fact that their star players were away for some time in Australia with the New Zealand University representatives we have every reason to congratulate them on their performances. The second round of the Competition was singularly successful as far as the College team was concerned.

During the season thirteen Championship games were played five of which were won and eight lost.

To show the standard of football being played by the team at the end of the season one has only to point out that University was chosen to meet the premier team in the challenge for the National Mutual Cup. This game was lost on the call of time by 9 points to 7 points, and although not a brilliant exhibition of the Rugby code, caused probably through over-eagerness on both sides, nevertheless produced a game in which great determination was displayed.

It is worthy of note that although 16 points were scored, neither line was crossed during the game. The College points were made up by a penalty kick by Thomas and a goal from the field by Siddells. G. G. Aitken was, through illness, unable to play in this game and his absence was keenly felt.

Since the return of members of the team that visited Australia, our backs have combined well, and are probably as good, if not better, than any rearguard in the city. The forwards are lighter than most of the packs in the Competition, but have always managed to hold their own, making up for any shortage in weight by that little extra "pep" that makes for the REAL forward.

The following composed the regular first fifteen: Backs—G. G. Aitken (Captain), B. C. Dickson, Dr. Hutchison, A. Jackson, G. Mackay, S. K. Siddells, J. Trapski. Forwards—H. N. Burns, P. Dryden, F. H. Hansen, P. Martin-Smith, A. D. McRae, D. H. Scott, C. B. Thomas, K. A. Woodward.

J. Stainton, R. R. Scott, E. Pope, A. Murray, S. Black, E. H. Luke, W. D. Kitching and N. A. J. Barker also played during the season.

We hold out our hand in hearty congratulation to George Aitken our Club Captain, who has most deservedly obtained the highest possible honour in New Zealand Rugby football, being selected as Captain of the New Zealand representative team playing against the redoubtable South Africans—a very high compliment

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to both Mr. Aitken and his University. It is quite needless to say that the selection was a most popular one. Along with S. K. Siddells he also represented Wellington on the 23rd July in the match against the Springboks.

Six of our number were included in the 1921 New Zealand University representative team to Australia, namely: G. G. Aitken (Captain), H. N. Burns, F. H. Hansen, A. Jackson, D. H. Scott, and S. K. Siddells.

This season is by far the best in the history of the Club as regards the number of players chosen from the University to represent Wellington. G. G. Aitken, S. K. Siddells, A. Jackson, Dr. Hutchison, F. H. Hansen and G. McKay were all asked to tour north with the Wellington representatives, while D. H. Scott was chosen to play in the match against Marlborough.

To all of the above we also offer our sincere congratulations and hope that they will form a nucleus of the team for next year. Our thanks are due to Mr. E. Perry who during the season acted as coach to the senior team.

The junior teams although they have not gone far in their various grades have nevertheless stuck together and shown spirit that augurs well for the future.

Our second team has really not been given a fair chance as many of the original fifteen were called on to fill the gaps in the senior ranks when some of the latter were absent in Australia. Most of those playing are young at the game, and with more experience will later prove of great assistance in the formation of the seniors.

The team that represented the College in the fourth-grade competition was not very successful, but showed considerable improvement towards the end of the season.

There will be plenty of room for good Rugby triers at the top of the ladder in 1922, and getting there should be the aim of all Rugby players. We are more than hopeful of the University team for next year.

THIRD GRADE (Touring Team).

A team was entered from this grade in the seven-a-side tournament held at Palmerston on the King's Birthday. Although we did not win the final in the Junior Section, we managed to beat the two leading teams in the Manawatu Union's Junior Competition. The final was a great match, marked by great tackling and fast, open play. A press report says: "The standard of football exhibited in this match (i.e., the final) was of a high order and outshone anything produced by the senior grades." Of what happened after the match little need be said.

The following players made the trip: Bryant, Britland, Fisher, Fletcher, Grant, Reid, Tracey, Wiren. The thanks of all the team are due to Mr. J. L. Dighton for the way in which he "fathered" and managed the team.

The following are the results:—

Versus Linton, won 6—5. Tries by Tracey.

Versus Feilding A, Won 8—0. Tries by Tracey and Grant, one converted by Grant.

Versus Old Boys, won 8—3 (semi-final). Tries by Britland, Tracey, one converted by Grant.

Versus High School lost 0—9.

The season has been very successful as compared with last year. Of 11 matches played, 5 were won, 5 lost and 1 drawn. Points for 111, against 92. Three matches were practically thrown away, against Porirua, Athletic and Y.M.C.A., while the team suffered in the earlier part of the season through lack of a good place kick. The team would like to take this opportunity of heartily thanking Mr. Dighton for his invaluable services as coach and barracker. His efforts have done much for the improvement of the team.

The following are the results of the Club matches:—

Versus Johnsonville, won 13—3. Tries by Caigou (2), Ellis, converted tries by Grant and Kent.

Versus Selwyn, won 14—10. We were lucky to win.

Versus Porirua, lost 12—3. Varsity played only ten men.

Versus Athletic, lost 10—9. Bad collaring on the part of the backs lost the game.

Versus Wellington, drawn 3—3. Try by Britland. The last five minutes proved our downfall.

Versus Marist, won 9—3. Tries by Ellis (2), and Britland. A good kick greatly needed.

Versus Berhampore, lost 17—6. Tries by Britland and Wiren.

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Versus Y.M.C.A., lost 7—3. Penalty goal by Leadbetter. Of this nothing need be said.

Versus Porirua, won 11—8. Tries by Ellis, Reid, and Fraser, one converted by Leadbetter.

Versus Eastbourne, lost 13—0. The elements were against us. Some did not enjoy the trip home!

Versus Oriental, won 33—3. Tries by Ellis (2), Britland (2), Leadbetter (2), Caigou, Kent, Reid. Converted tries by Kent, Leadbetter, Caigou. The others had ton mon—nuff said.

After having made a thorough itinerary of the Manawatu line, visiting Porirua, Taihape, Paekakariki and other places, we went to sea. After that we gave it up and decided to take a tourist ticket.

Rifle Club

Rifle shooting, the best and most universal sport throughout the British Empire, has hitherto been unrepresented in the sports life at Victoria University College, but this sad oversight has now been remedied by the formation of "The V.U.C. Rifle Club."

The Club Committee has been working strenuously for several months and has gone into the "whys and wherefores" of a Rifle Club at V.U.C., coming to the conclusion that the only practicable way is to have the Club formed under the Defence Regulations: a rifle club so formed is under no disabilities, while on the other hand there are many advantages to be gained, for instance, any active member of a rifle club formed under the Defence may purchase a service rifle from the Department for £1, ammunition is retailed at 5s. per 100 rounds (6d. per packet), free passes are given on the railway to shoot at Trentham, and the range and targets at Trentham are lent free of charge. All these concessions would be lost were the Club not a Defence Rifle Club and the expense of having a "shoot" would be such as would make the running of the Club impossible, but with all these things "given in" membership of the Club and participation in the meetings held is within easy reach of all. There is yet another bright aspect for it has been rumoured that all afternoons spent in shooting will be counted as half-day parades.

The Rifle Club is fortunate in having as its leading lights several experienced rifle shots: Mr. V. H. Ross, the President, son of Mr. J. H. Ross the well-known shot who for three consecutive years won the Carbine Championship of New Zealand; Mr. Ross was away on active service for four years, the greater part of which time he was a sniper in France. Since his return Mr. Ross has won several matches and was fifth on the list for the New Zealand Service Championship fired at Trentham. His wide experience in shooting under all conditions will be invaluable to the Club. Mr. W. J. Haase, Deputy President, a champion miniature rifle shot and winner of several matches at Trentham is also a valuable asset.

The Club will be in good working order by the commencement of the shooting season in October next and all students who can hold a rifle (straight) are exhorted to join and demonstrate their prowess. The attractions offered by the Club are numerous, and besides our own Club matches there are any amount of outside meetings which can be attended. The outside competitions, together with the trophies which are usually offered will all help to make the sport of shooting more interesting and popular.

The general object of the Club is to encourage rifle shooting in the College, and thereby unearth the good shots in which Victoria University College is known to abound; we all look forward and hope to see a team from the College go out to Trentham at the next meeting in March and clean up everything. Last, but not least, we must mention the Haslam Shield. Although it is not the sole object of the Club to bring this shield back to its rightful home, yet the Club will not consider itself to have justified its existence until the shield is reposing safely under the protection of the Green and Gold.

Chemical Society

The following papers have been read at the meetings of the Chemical Society:—

W. Donovan, M.Sc.	..	"Extraction of Mercury from Ores."
D. Ccghill, F.C.S.	..	"Biochemistry of the MOUTH."
G. Burton	..	"Aragonite."
D. Ccghill, F.C.S.	..	"Cystine."
R. L. Andrew	..	"Coloring Matters in Foods."
H. Rands, M.Sc.	..	"Industrial Chemistry as a Profession in N.Z."
Professor Marsden	..	"Isotopes."

The Society is "going strong."

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Christian Union

The Union has a full round of activities, keenly maintained, to report for this period. General meetings have been less frequent than in past years, averaging one every three weeks:—

May 27th, Christianity and The Present World Situation by Dr. Gibb.

June 17th, Prayer: Its Nature and Purpose, by Rev. J. R. Glasson.

July 22nd, About a Missionary Campaign, by Mr. J. Hercus.

September 9th, Ezekiel's Message to this Generation, by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Wellington.

September 15th, Annual Meeting.

The attendance has varied from fifteen to seventy. In most cases the address has been followed by a discussion.

Circle Study has commended itself to members more than any of the other activities of the Union. The difficulty of finding a free hour in the evening under the Present College time-table has made most of the circles somewhat small. One or two meet during the morning, and two men's circles at Training College in the dinner hour. A total of twenty circles is made up as follows:—

	Men's	Women's	Total.
Building on Rock (Kingman)	6	7	13
Jesus of History (Glover)	—	2	2
Discipleship (Angus)	—	1	1
The Social Prins. of Jesus (Ranschenbusch)	1	—	1
Isaiah (Part I)	Combined Tutorial		1
The Case for Missions	1
The Meaning of Prayer	1

For the study of "Building on Rock," two leaders' circles were held; the men's circle took the leadership thereof in rotation; the women leaders met under the leadership of Miss A. Moncrieff. Of the three tutorials, the Old Testament Circle was held by Miss England each Sunday as previously, at 10 a.m.

The Mission Tutorial replaced the Bible Study Circles for a fortnight in July and August. Under the leadership of Mr. E. J. Hercus, M.A., its four meetings proved a most powerful kindling of the missionary sense in our work. The Devotional Circle has been led by Mr. M. A. Tremewan weekly, and has been followed regularly by an intercession for the work of the Student Christian Movement and our individual needs. The Terminal Intercession leaflets prepared by the New Zealand Executive have proved very valuable, and were distributed to the number of 120. Whenever possible, small groups have met for prayer during lulls in College work on week nights.

The Days of Prayer for students were celebrated on February 24th (W.S.C.F.), and August 7th (Australia and New Zealand S.C.M.). On each day the movement was remembered in the city churches during the service and the prayers; meetings of past and present students were held in the afternoon, and the intercession service was conducted at 8 p.m. On February 24th Miss Grant spoke to some forty students at the Y.W.C.A. rooms on "Student Work in Europe and China." The subsequent service was held at the Terrace Congregational Church. On August 7th about fifty-five were present to meet Dr. Greig, a medical missionary of 32 years' service in Manchuria, and Rev. Jas. Baird, B.A., who spoke from a wide experience on the "Ideals of the Student Christian Movement." After tea members proceeded to St. Paul's where Rev. Johnson preached appropriately to the occasion, and the usual intercession followed.

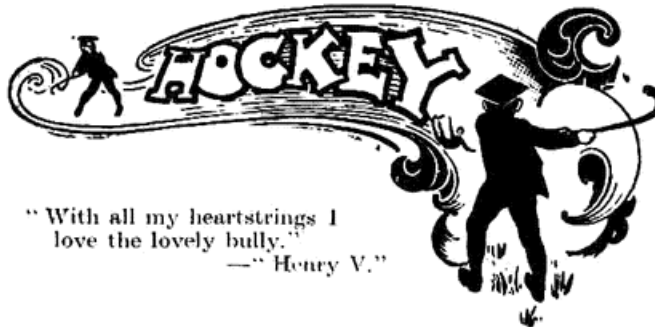
The Social Teas on Sunday afternoons at the Y.W.C.A., Boulcott Street, have been maintained by the Union through most of the year, and have been well supported and appreciated by the student body. Supper has been provided after several of the general meetings.

Several Retreats have been held during the year, the women going to Plimmerton and the men to Muritai. The Committees of the two branches spent the week end preceding the session in this way with much profit.

Outside College, attempts have been made with more or less success to give members the opportunity for practical service. At Scot's College and Wellington Bay's College the president in conjunction with Mr. O. E. Burton has addressed several meetings with a view to forming branches of the Christian Union there. It is believed that these are now on the way to permanency.

Monthly Sunday morning services for seamen are maintained as brightly as ever upon ships in port by the members of the Union. The average attendance of men and women is thirty-five, and often a large number of the officers and crew take part. Opportunities are found to show hospitality to lonely men in port. Members are conducting educational classes at the Y.M.C.A. Hostel among public service cadets, and at Canon Taylor's Mission.

These opportunities for service are reacting very helpfully upon the general life and activity of the Union and the College. The Executive would be reluctant to drop or curtail them, and feels that they are capable of considerable extension.



"With all my heartstrings I
love the lovely bully."
—"Henry V."

SENIOR.

CAPT. H. G. WHITEHEAD.

Versus Karori. Won. 3—2. A game in the mud the first spell of which Karori had the advantage. In the second spell we attained surprising combination and notched three goals per Whitehead, A. Cousins, and Beere. Our thanks are due to Messrs. Beere, Eichelbaum, Kean, and Gaze, old students who filled the gaps during the vacation, and who turned out at the shortest notice.

Versus Wellington. Drawn 1 all. Owing to vacation, we were handicapped and our team disorganised. Nevertheless we did not play up to standard, and were lucky to draw. Wellington showed much better combination. Whitehead scored for us.

Versus Huia. Won 5—1. A decisive win and a good game. Several of our players "found" themselves, and our forward line showed to advantage. Gardner played a good game, scoring two "beauties." Miles notched two and Cousins the other.

Versus Wesley. Won. 8—4. The game, as the score indicates, was mostly confined to the forwards. It was fast, clean, and open: but the Wesley halves were weak owing to the absence of members. Goals were obtained by Eager 2, Miles 3, Whitehead 2, and Kirk.

Versus United. Lost. 3—1. We met our old rivals and had the best of clean games. The experience of United told in the closing stages, although we attacked practically the whole of the second half. We had the hardest of luck, but the better team won. Miles scored a good goal.

SECOND ROUND.

Versus United. Lost. 6—1. United, profiting by their match with us the previous Saturday, knew our weak spots, and also played better hockey. We did not play up to standard and lost "dozens" of chances. The better team won but we had had two good clean games with our old rivals.

Versus Ramblers. Won. 4—1. A surprise—for Ramblers. We had much the better of the game and disorganised our opponents by our open play. The paper said we were unlucky not to score more goals, and turned what was a foregone conclusion of victory for Ramblers into a decided win. Cousins 2, Whitehead and Kirk scored for us.

Versus Hutt. Lost. 3—2. Hutt had their revenge, and on the day's play deserved their win. Our backs were smothered and lacked cohesion: had they played up to standard there is every probability we should have won comfortably. Williams was hurt for the third time, and Gaze very kindly and ably filled the gap.

This concluded our series of matches. Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding and the alteration of the fixtures we were compelled to default to Petone. Our match with Wakatu was postponed on account of our annual match with Auckland University College. It is hoped that our match with Wakatu will eventuate later, but it is doubtful.

Versus A.U.C. at Auckland. This year we journeyed to Auckland and the weather was atrocious. The ground which was in use the whole week prior to our match was literally a quagmire. Good hockey was impossible. On a dry ground we should have made a much better showing. Auckland adapted themselves to the conditions better than we did, and won 4—0. According to the paper: "Grant in goal had a strenuous time, Kirk, Cousins, and Hood were the best of the forwards, Harper and Burton were very safe, particularly the former, and Whitehead played a good defensive game at half." However the whole team put up

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a very creditable fight, and it is considered that it was impossible to singularise under the conditions of the ground. We were right royally entertained and we congratulate Auckland on their win. They thus hold for one year the "stick," a very suitable and symbolic trophy presented for competition by Mr. G. H. Seddon, our old captain. We are looking forward to the visit of the Auckland team next year, when we promise them a real good time and a good game.

On our way home we played a game with the Pakeha Club of Feilding. The ground was heavy and heavy rain stopped the match in the second spell. We were victors by 3-0 after a one-sided game. Hood (2) and Gardner scored for us.

In conclusion we wish to thank Messrs. Gaze (who helped us out of many scrapes), Beere, Eichelbaum, Kean, and Seddon for the sportsmanlike way in which they turned out for us during the vacation and at such short notice.

Women's Hockey Club

Our Club regrets that this season—even with its increased number of members—it has failed to succeed in adding some new cup to the case in the main hall at College. The Senior team was not even successful in retaining the position it gained in the cup matches last year—it has been most unfortunate on the whole, one member has been unable to play since her hand was injured in the first match played at Petone. The second match played on these grounds was one of the most interesting and unusual—two members of the team had not arrived on the field when the referee blew his whistle, so two Varsity barrackers took up their sticks and played. This most amusing game ended in a draw when both teams scored one goal—on those grounds. Did someone call them hockey grounds? What an error! Yes, they could be rendered suitable for such by the aid of a little pressure, for which one might suggest the use of a roller.

The third and last match the seniors were to have played out that way still remains unplayed. About noon rain began to fall somewhat heavily, so several members said unto themselves that Varsity would not play on such a day. When the first afternoon express left for the Wairarapa the members of the team ready to play were five in all. They waited till the 1.20 p.m. train and still no other members arrived so they, for the time being, amalgamated with the newly formed Tramping Club and tramped for an hour or two.

Matches played by the senior team at Karori showed much interest in the game, yet combination of the whole team was lacking; we account for this as the result of several members being unable to play on account of their health.

The juniors at the beginning of the season played very well, retaining a high position in the cup matches. About the middle of the second term an outbreak of measles began to make itself felt among members of the team. The relief came primarily through the visit of the Springboks; this was followed by an unsuccessful attempt to collect more than six members physically fit, so no hockey was played that week. On the third Saturday a men's team from Wanganui visited this city, and tickets were sold in aid of the Ladies' Hockey Association Tournament Fund. Again no hockey for anyone.

For the last week of the term the seniors drew a bye while the juniors played their hardest match—against Girls' College. Four of the team were still unfit to play and, though not surprising, the results were disappointing. There had flown the last hope for distinction.

The Club this year wishes to the members who join next year every success, and hopes that in the future they will succeed in doing those things which we have not done.

During the term we have had no social activities to aid the finances of the Club in any way, but we are hoping to have a dance early in October.

Before closing we wish to convey to Mr. E. K. Lomas and Captain Morice our thanks for the donations which they recently forwarded to the Club.

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It is with pleasure that we have to record a successful year's debates, most of which have been very well attended. The membership, however, although increasing, is not yet as large as it might be, possibly owing to the "financial stringency" affecting most students. In the last issue of the "Spike" we mentioned the fact that as yet there was no Dramatic Club at V.U.C. This vacancy among the College clubs has now been filled by the promotion of a Dramatic Club, which has already had several successful readings.

The third debate of the year, which was held on June 4th, took the form of a "Visitors' Debate," the motion for discussion being, "That this Society deprecates the revolutionary tendency of the Labour Party."

The mover, Mr. S. A. Wiren, B.A., LL.M., was seconded by Mr. J. Hutcheson, and the opposer, Mr. P. Martin-Smith, by Mr. P. Fraser, M.P.

Mr. Wiren, after giving a number of examples of utterances of prominent labour leaders showing the general revolutionary aims of the labour movement, condemned revolutionary methods of reform, and strongly advocated the betterment of existing conditions by constitutional means.

Mr. Martin-Smith maintained that a revolutionary change meant a fundamental change, and not necessarily a violent one. The New Zealand Labour Party intended to obtain a revolutionary change by constitutional methods. Mr. J. Hutcheson, in seconding the mover, showed the vast changes which had taken place in the conditions of the working classes during the last quarter of a century, and stated that these changes had been achieved by evolution and not by revolution. He held that this was the time for kindly words and kindly actions, not for violence.

Mr. P. Fraser, M.P., then took up the cudgels on behalf of the New Zealand Labour Party, and challenged his opponents to find anything advocating or prompting violence in the platform of that Party. He said that revolution was not essentially violent, it was merely a culmination of evolution. After a number of other speakers had aired their views on the subject the motion was carried.

The Judge, Mr. G. G. G. Watson, M.A., LL.B., placed the best five speakers in the following order: Messrs. Martin-Smith, Evans, Wiren, Haigh and Davidson.

The Presidential Address was delivered by Professor Boyd-Wilson on Wednesday, the 8th June. The Professor took as his subject, "University Life, Old and New," confining most of his attention to tracing the foundation and early history of Oxford and Cambridge. He drew a striking comparison between the conditions of medieval students and those of the students of to-day. He concluded by saying that the University has to make possible a time of study and close intercourse between teacher and teacher, and teacher and pupil.

The fourth debate of the season centred round the motion, "That the People of Ireland should be given fullest liberty to determine their own form of government." Messrs. F. H. Haigh and C. Q. Pope supported the motion and Messrs. G. O. Cooper and H. McCormick opposed it. Mr. Haigh stated that the English and Irish were distinct peoples, and that consequently the Irish had a right to determine their own form of government. The majority of the people in Ireland desired self-determination. Ulster constituted only a small minority, and there were minorities in all new states. Mr. Cooper said that he was in favour of self-determination for the Irish when they showed themselves ready for it, but from the way affairs were proceeding in Ireland at present he did not consider that they were ready for it yet. After a spirited discussion the motion was carried by one vote.

The Rev. H. E. Bellhouse acted as Judge, and placed the speakers as follows: Messrs. Martin-Smith, P. J. Smith, Cooper, Sheat and Haigh.

The annual debate with the Wellington Social Democratic Party took place on the 2nd of July, the motion being, "That the best guarantee of social comfort can only be obtained by taking the control of industry out of private hands, and placing it in the hands of the workers engaged therein." The motion was moved

and seconded by the representatives of the Social Democratic Party, Messrs. T. Brindle and J. Thorn, and opposed by Messrs. Sheat and Tonkin. Mr. Brindle maintained that the object of industry was to produce the best quality and quantity of goods possible for the benefit of the community. Self-government in industry was just as important as self-government in politics. Mr. Sheat held that no advance in economic welfare would be accomplished until there was an equal advance in moral and intellectual welfare. Had they any guarantee that if the workers had control of their industries there would be production for use and not for profit? Mr. Thorn said that if the workers were already proving their ability to control some industries better than the capitalists, as they were, could they not control all industries? Mr. Tonkin contended that the taking over of control by the workers would mean revolution in order to enforce a purely hypothetical system. The motion, after some discussion, was declared lost by a substantial majority.

On Saturday, the 16th July, the Society debated the motion, "That the Peace Treaty is economically impossible and politically unjustifiable." The movers were Messrs. W. D. P. Kitching and W. A. Sheat, and the opposers Messrs. H. McCormick and Sawtell. Mr. Kitching said that in the Armistice Agreement the Allies had laid down the basis on which the Peace Treaty was to rest, but they did not keep to that Agreement. The stringency of the reparation clauses alone would render the Treaty nugatory. Mr. McCormick opposed the idea that the hand of friendship should be immediately extended to Germany, and pointed out that the lion tamer took care that the lion's claws were clipped before he attempted to tame it.

After the motion had been carried by a small majority, the Judge, Mr. A. R. Atkinson, placed the best five speakers in the following order: Messrs. Sheat, Haigh, McCormick, Meltzer, and Kitching.

The next debate, held on the 30th July, centred round the motion, "That recent attempts to exercise a censorship over political literature in this and other countries are to be condemned." In moving the motion, Mr. W. A. Sheat, who was supported by Mr. J. W. Davidson, contended that whereas the avowed object of the censorship was to guard against incitement to lawlessness, it was in fact being used to suppress historical facts and legitimate comment on contemporary movements. The censorship was based on a groundless fear of a resort to violent revolution. The opposition, maintained by Messrs. N. J. Lewis and H. E. Moore, held that many people were very susceptible to reiterated propaganda, and it was the aim of certain political literature to excite uneducated minds to violence and lawlessness. Consequently it was the duty of the Government to censor this dangerous literature.

After the motion had been discussed at length, it was put to the vote and declared lost by one vote.

Mr. J. H. Howell acted as Judge, and placed the speakers as follows: Messrs. Davidson, Sheat, Lewis and Tonkin (equal), and Campbell.

On the 13th August another "Visitors' Debate" was held, the subject this time being, "That this Society views with grave apprehension the activities of the Navy League in the State schools." The leading speakers, Mr. J. Davidson (mover), and Mr. H. McCormick (opposer), were seconded respectively by the Rev. Moses Ayrton, Secretary of the New Zealand Labour Party, and Mr. Robert Darroch, Secretary of the Wellington Branch of the Navy League.

Mr. Davidson urged that the aim of education was to encourage independent thought and individuality, and opposed the use of the educative machine to impose belief in the young for propagandist purposes. Mr. McCormick said that until international disputes could be settled by arbitration, war remained the only means of settlement, and the League was doing valuable work in constantly reminding the people that the safety of the Empire depends upon sea power. The Rev. Moses Ayrton said that if the navy was essential to safeguard the liberties of the people, if it was necessary to advocate a bigger navy than Britain had before the Great War, then the war had been fought in vain. Mr. Darroch stated that the Navy League taught the importance of a proper spirit of loyalty and patriotism throughout the Empire, and that was necessary, particularly just now. When the League of Nations was an accomplished fact things might be different.

After an interesting debate the motion was carried by a small majority. The Judge, Mr. W. J. McEldowney, placed the best five speakers as follows: Messrs. Sheat, Davidson, Martin-Smith, Ball, Wood.

On the 19th August the Annual Plunket Medal Contest was held in the Town Hall. Unfortunately this year there were only five speakers, but this was made up for by the fact that the audience gave them an excellent hearing. We congratulate Mr. A. S. Tonkin on winning the medal.

On Saturday, the 10th September, the Society in conjunction with the Dramatic Club are presenting a Dramatic Entertainment in the Gymnasium in the form of three humorous plays. It is hoped that this entertainment, if a success, will place the funds of the Society on a sounder basis than they are at present.

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The Club is gradually regaining the position, financial and otherwise, it held in pre-war days, and it is hoped that next term will see a great influx of members. Boxing is a manly art and every male student should, for the following reasons belong to the Club. By joining the Club a student can learn to defend himself with nature's weapons. There is no better way of keeping fit, and if he is both able to box and keep fit, then by paying his sub., a student can help the Club to purchase equipment to carry on the good work. It might be mentioned that gifts of boxing gloves will not be turned down.

The services of Mr. Tim Tracey have been obtained for coaching purposes and every Wednesday night, in the Gymnasium at 8 p.m., first-class tuition in the noble art can be had. At present no charge is made for tuition other than the Club subscription of three shillings. This is a very small subscription, and students are not likely to get better value from any other club in the College.

During the last term, some prominent boxers have been seen in action, notably in the light weight class. Lewis and Robinson are both boxers of more than ordinary ability. There appears every prospect of having a very strong team to represent the College next Easter. The middle and heavy weight classes have not called forth many exponents, though there must be a fair number of students who can fight in these classes.

McRae, the College heavy weight journeyed to Carterton to take part in a recent tournament held there, and was successful in outfighting his opponent, the fight being stopped by the referee in the third round.

If there is sufficient enthusiasm shown, an endeavour will be made to hold a tournament at the close of the third term. This it is hoped will greatly assist the Committee in selecting those who are to go into training for the Easter Tournament.

Freshers are reminded that the Boxing Club has the right to nominate a man for a blazer in each weight and a boxing blazer is one worth winning.

Dramatic Club

Since the "Spike" was last published, the College has seen the formation of yet another club—the Dramatic Club.

It was felt that there was lying dormant in the students a considerable amount of histrionic ability, and with the object of discovering this hidden talent, the above Club has been formed.

At present the activities take the form of readings, and to date the following plays have been rendered: "School for Scandal," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Great Adventure," and "Mrs. Dot." The readings have clearly demonstrated that the Club has a great future. The annual Extravaganza will benefit considerably by being able to draw on the best talent in the Club.

On September 10th there will be a dramatic evening in the College "Gym," when the following plays will be presented: "Chiselling," "A Pair of Lunatics," and "Wurzel Flummery." The proceeds will be used to defray the expenses of the Phunket Medal Contest.

The Club also hopes to be able to assist the new fund formed for the purpose of paying the travelling expenses of the Easter Tournament delegates.

Membership has been limited to fifty, and vacancies will be announced as they occur.

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Free Discussions Club

Although for various reasons the activities of the Club have this session been confined practically to the winter term, it must be said, on the other hand, that in such work as the Club has had time and opportunity to carry out there has been evidenced a growing interest. Throughout the initial term of the year it remained dormant, but on June 2nd members attended to decide upon the fate of the Club, and to discuss the affairs of the nations. Assembled on that date they quickly despatched the business of election of officers for the year, and opened up their campaign, traversing in part the fields of Ethics, Religion, Politics and Law.

The current year's work marks an effort to allow students the opportunity of opening the discussions, a task which has in past years been more often entrusted to others. This departure has, however, its limitations for the introduction of outside views proves a valuable corrective to the parochial opinions often bred within a limited sphere.

At the initial meeting of the year Professor Hunter, in opening a discussion on "Imperialism and the Self-Determination of Peoples," outlined the positions of various nations to-day, and assessed their respective rights to determine their own form of government. The subject for discussion at the next meeting pertained to the field of Religion, and the thanks of the Club are due to Rev. Wyndham Heathcote, B.A. (Oxon.), of the Unitarian Church, Wellington, who spoke on "The Church and Social Reform." Mr. Heathcote's views indeed evidence deep and original thought, and gave great opportunity for discussion and expression of opinion. From this the energy of the Club was directed to "The Part of Woman in Modern Progress," upon which subject the discussion was opened by Mr. J. G. Myers, who favoured the opening of all professions and walks of life to woman. A keen discussion ensued in which the cause of Woman was warmly espoused by several members, but was opposed by others who were, numerically at least the weaker party. A fortnight later the Club, headed by Mr. W. A. Sheat, B.A., devoted an evening to the investigation of the so-called "Achievements of Bolshevism." This subject, however, proved to be one on which little originality of thought was displayed, though, of course, the matter of recent treatises was much in evidence.

Following this Misses Madeley and Reader ably placed before the Club the position in respect of the Coloured Races, their subject bearing the title of "The White Man and His Rivals." For the last address to date we are indebted to Mrs. Stables of Wellington, who advocated the case for "Spiritualism." The meeting on this occasion took the usual form of a discussion and did not—rather to the disappointment of some—resolve itself into a spiritualistic seance. Members showed a spirit more critical and sceptical than credulous, however, and it is not yet proposed to form a branch of the Spiritualists' Association at College.

One more meeting remains to be held this year to complete the programme of the session. At that meeting it is proposed to take some subject which may be treated in several aspects, let us say the religious, social, scientific, ethical and legal points of view. It is further proposed that when each of these views has in turn been advanced by the leaders, the general discussion following should be devoted to a comparison of these views and to an attempt to ascertain how far they may be reconciled. This is a new method of procedure for the meetings of the Club, and should it prove satisfactory, then we propose to adopt it again next year.

Basket Ball Club

The Club entered one team in the Wellington Basket Ball Association at the beginning of the season, and has a representative in the Association meetings.

The records have not quite come up to our expectations of the beginning of the year. The first great handicap, perhaps, has been the lack of enthusiasm displayed on the whole in the Tuesday night's practice.

If the Club could procure a coach for next season there would probably be an increase of interest in these practices, without which the best teams go to pieces. Again Saturday's games have been greatly hindered by the wet weather.

Meetings have been called regularly during the year. The Club is flourishing financially, and we hope to have a dance to add to the funds, early in September.

The Association team must be congratulated on the way its members attend the matches, thereby causing no inconvenience.

The Basket Ball season will soon be over, and next year 'Varsity should have two representative teams in the Wellington Association

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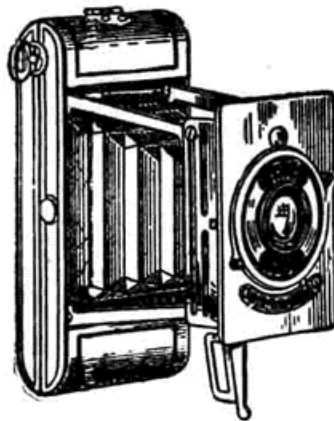
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Officers :—Conductor—W. H. Stainton ; Hon. Sec.—T. V. Anson ; Hon. Treasurer—Miss Spurdle ; Librarian—Miss Fossette ; Pianist—Mr. McKay ; Committee—Misses Olsen and Salmon, Messrs. Dighton and Pope.

The Club wishes to tender a vote of thanks to Professor F. P. Wilson for his services as Conductor of the Club in the past, and to welcome Mr. Stainton as the present Conductor.

The aims of the Club are to promote good music in the College, and to provide entertainment for the students. More and better concerts could be given if students would support the Club to a greater extent in the future.

A concert and dance will be held on October 1st, and sometime towards the end of November (after the degree examinations) the Club will go out to Porirua and give its annual concert.

Women's Club

One evening in the second term we threw open the doors of our new Common Room to all-comers (for a trifling sum of money). The number of people present entirely made up for any lack of other decorative furnishings. We imported a piano, chairs, and college talent for the occasion, and various "objets d'art" were kindly lent by friends. Supper was provided in the tea-room.

The Common Room is a great asset to the women's college life, and we hope that all college women will contribute towards its furnishing and upkeep. We are trying to organise some debates, not in any way to oppose the Debating Society, but in order to accustom the women to speak in public. Such debates seem to have been very successful years ago in the old Common Room.

In July the annual general meeting of the Club took place. A new constitution was adopted, its most salient feature being that all women-students who have been or are now financial members of the Students' Association are ipso facto members of the Women's Club. The officers elected were :—

Patronesses : The Professors' wives, Miss M. England, Miss Wood. President : Miss E. M. Madeley. Vice-President : Miss V. Reader. Secretary and Treasurer : Miss E. C. Wilson. Committee : Mrs. Stainton (past student), Misses U. Castle (debating), E. Geddis (fresher). Auditor : Miss L. Keeble. Delegate to Women's National Council : Miss D. F. Priestley.

Chess and Draughts Club

Although only one club night has been held during the winter term, much interest has been taken in this branch of the social side of a true University education. Two sets of draughtsmen and one of chess have been placed in the men's common room, while a set of chess-men is in use in the women's room. These have been used to the greatest extent and advantage. Enthusiasm has sometimes run so high in the men's common room that the windows have been endangered. Nevertheless we feel that good work has been done in encouraging students to take an interest in this excellent method of recreation as well as of "mental gymnastics." Finally we would like to remind members of the library belonging to the Club, and any interested may borrow these books on application to the Secretary.

Swimming Club

Swimming enthusiasts in the College will be pleased to hear that during the second term the defunct Swimming Club was revived. The activities of the Club are confined to the summer months and consequently little has been done in getting the Club into working order. However, by the time the "Spike" comes out, the Club will be in full swing, and it is hoped that a large number of women and men students will join its ranks.

Correspondence is, at present, being conducted with the other Colleges requesting them to form clubs, if they have not already done so, and asking them to co-operate in endeavouring to hold a swimming carnival in conjunction with the next Easter Tournament. This will not be part of the Official Tournament, but if the carnival eventuates and is a success, a request will be made to the Tournament Committee to have the swimming carnival incorporated as part of future Easter Tournaments.

The College has some very fine swimmers among its students who should be well in the front rank of New Zealand's first rate men. Pocock, the Club Captain, has the makings of a New Zealand champion, and both Siddells and McLelland are well above the average good swimmer. Among the women students there are some keen enthusiasts and no doubt this enthusiasm will carry them on a long way towards making them fine swimmers.

The Swimming Club propose to arrange excursions to the various bays during the summer in order that members will be able to train in surf swimming and life-saving. Provided sufficient interest is taken in the Club affairs, the Club should be the means of holding together students who remain in town during the long vacation. The afore-mentioned excursions to the bays should assist materially in this direction.

The Club Captain, Mr. Pocock and the Secretary, Mr. B. C. B. Dickson, will be pleased to give students all information regarding the affairs of the Club. Women may obtain any information they desire from Miss Barnett.

Haeremai Club

Since the last issue of the "Spike" the Club has held two social evenings and a dance, the latter being voted a great success. The social evening, held on August 8th, was in conjunction with the Women's Club, and took the form of a musical evening followed by a dance.

Owing to the Tournament Committee's entertainment being held on September 17th, we are left now with only one more social evening in the third term.

The Club had a night-out on Saturday, 17th August, when 46 men made a visit to Fullers', where the expected "rough-house" exceeded all expectations.

Exchanges

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:—"The Otago University Review," "Wellingtonian," "Hermes," (Sydney University), Melbourne University Magazine, Adelaide University Magazine, "The Taranakian," Christchurch Boys' High School Magazine, "Reporter" (Wellington), "Scindian" (Napier), Otago High School Magazine, "The Southlandian," Government Insurance Recorder, Wanganui Collegian, Canterbury Agricultural College Magazine, "The Timaruvian," Canterbury University College Review, "The Waitakian," "The Nelsonian," "The Kiwi" (A.U.C.), "Galmahra" (Queensland University), Nelson Girls' College Magazine, Knox Collegian, "Blue and White" (St. Patrick's College), "Adastrian" (Wanganui Girls' College), "Coo-ee" (Training College), "John Bull's Register," "Ashburtonian," Christ's College Register, Dannevirke High School Magazine, "King's Collegian," "The Palmerstonian," Auckland Grammar School Magazine.

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“Spike” Subscribers

At the beginning of the year the list of Past Student Subscribers to “The Spike” numbered about thirty-five. The list, thanks to the efforts of the Sales Manager Past Students (Mr. H. E. Moore), is now as given. Any further subscribers would be welcomed:—

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- A. J-cks-n: Yes, it is rotten form on the part of the referee to disguise himself as one of the opposing team. We have often heard him called a sixteenth man. Perhaps a more distinctive uniform—a policeman's or a cupid's—would assist you.
- Prof. H. B. K-rk: The verse you submitted about dogfish was far below the usual "Spike" standard—too wishy-washy for us—needs a little snap about it. We publish, however, the opening line:
- "Oh, my offence is rank; it smells to heaven."
- I. W-d-s-et alia: We are sorry to see so many defections to the ranks of the household orderlies. We suppose it is the higher wages, but it is certainly unfortunate that that Home Science Course was not introduced a little earlier.
- H. W-ll-ms: Yes, we have heard that delightful ditty.
- "Oh, what a surprise!
Two charming black eyes!"
- As you say, the author probably played half-back for the College hockey team.
- Mr. Br-k: We have diligently searched all the text-books on the subject, but fail to find any mention of the psychological fact that, in conversing with a member of the opposite sex, one is inclined to "raise" one's voice above the usual pitch. We refer you to Prof. H-nt-r. Doubtless he can offer an explanation.
- S. G-d-ll: Can you tell us how much Froggy charges for advertising, boosting and introducing you to his various friends?
- P. M.-S.: Yes, old man, it is certainly over the odds that, after taking all that trouble over the education of Horace, you should be thus rudely bereft of him and have to put up with another assistant. (2) We agree it is about time you also had a trip Home. (3) Yes, we quite see your point. (4) That is so.
- George Iv-s: (1) It was kind of Brooky to warn you off "The Spike," George; it is a rude, unmannerly production enough at the best of times. (2) We will hold your advice steadily in view.
- E. Ad-ms: (1) Personally we have no objection to your swearing in moments of sturm und drang; but remember it is just as well to ask the Hon. C. J. Parr's permission before indulging in free speech. (2) No; a sub-editor's life is not a happy one.
- Prof. H-nt-r: Yes, we think your suggestion, that each class should stand and sing the National Anthem before commencing lectures, is excellent. We advise you to carry it out without delay.

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