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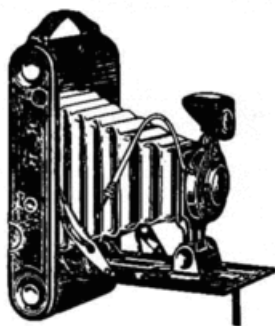
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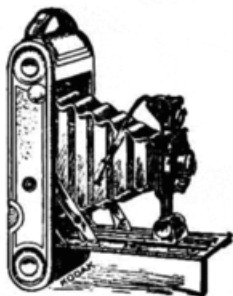
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VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

JUNE, 1923

(Registered for transmission as a Magazine)

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and Printed by The Maoriland Worker Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., 290 Wakefield
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Heron, A. J.	Prichard, H. D.	

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Cumberworth, R. W.	Keyworth, Margaret R.	Thorp, Mary J.
Davey, G. H.	Kirk, A. A.	Tscheremissinoff, C.
Dickinson, W. E.	Klimeck, M. J.	Waghorn, R. J.
Erikson, Dagney H.	Leech, Eileen D.	Whitehorn, Marion B.
Gardner, Rua I.	Marsden, Vera.	Wood, D. R.

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Joplin, F.	McClelland, N.	Sutcliffe, J. R.

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Campbell, R. M.	Kerr, J. R.	Sheat, W. P.
Christie, R. C.	Knell, N. L.	Shorland, W. P.
Crocker, A. B.	Laing, J. M.	Stewart, J. F.
Dickson, D. M.	McCormick, H.	Taverner, D. L.
Greiner, R. C.	Prichard, I. G.	Tracy, L. A.
Haldane, A. M.	Pringle, W. P.	

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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. E. W. Mills, Financial Secretary, Victoria University College.

Vol. XXII.

No. 1

Editorial



"Strictly speaking, opinions are the only indictable offences. . . . The conflict and struggle of which human good and human progress have been the outcome, and which is daily being waged for the same objects, is not a battle against men, but against opinions. It is not recognised immorality which needs to be combated, but recognised morality. Not what is known as wrong, but what passes for right. And the foundation of that immorality and of that wrong is a structure reared not by reason, but by power-thought. The task of the forces of moral progress is an intellectual one; it does not call so much for greater purity of purpose, as for more critical intellectual rectitude."—ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

"We must first endeavour manfully to free our own minds, and then do what we can to hearten others to free theirs. *Toujours de l'audace!* As members of a race that has required from five hundred thousand to a million years to reach its present stage of enlightenment, there is little reason to think that anyone of us is likely to cultivate intelligence too assiduously or in harmful excess."—JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

"Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. . . . And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation."—JOHN MILTON.

A few weeks ago, at the Canterbury University College Jubilee celebrations, Bishop Sprott lamented the fact that so few men and women of University training found their way into public life. He was inclined to blame the public for its lack of encouragement. That dear old grandmotherly rail-sitter, the "Evening Post," took the

matter up, and in a leading article, the details of which have escaped our memory, but which in its general drift, so far as it had one, was about as clear as most of the "Post's" leading articles, agreed that the fact was so, blaming, however, not the public, but the University. The people of New Zealand, apparently, are thirsting for righteousness with parched throats; they look towards the seats of Higher Learning for the philosopher-statesmen to step down and guide their faltering footsteps in the way that they should go. Alas! the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed. Meanwhile, we in our dens of moral turpitude and sedition grate on our scrannel pipes with lean and flashy songs—what recks it us? It is all very sad. We have been told that if you mention the University to a Wellington business man, he will either burst into tears or fall back in his swivel chair and foam at the mouth. Evidently there is something wrong somewhere.

There is, anyhow, something grotesque in the idea that University thought has ever met with any general encouragement in New Zealand, much less in the capital city, and certainly least of all in the last few years. You might live in Wellington for ten years without discovering that it is a University town; and then only find it out from a column of silly accusations and twaddle in the paper by a Minister of the Crown or one of the numerous idiotic "leagues" with which the country is cursed. We believe that Bishop Spratt was right when he blamed the public; but we believe also that there is something in the vague remarks of the "Evening Post." As a University with a considerable number of graduates scattered through the country, and a far greater number of ex-students who, presumably, have learnt the elements of tolerance and free thought in their years at College, we do not occupy the position of rational influence and moral weight in the community that we should. Our reason and morality (which, after all, are much the same thing) as a factor in the development of affairs are absolutely nil. They should be one of the most powerful influences at work in the country, and they must attain this influence if our country is ever to be governed and play its part in history with the least elements of rationality and dignity.

So much is platitude. There is only one remedy, and to point it out is platitude also. However, the world is run on platitudes, and we can only keep hammering away at the better ones in the hope that some day we will act as if they were true and vital; when our action will be far from platitudinous. The conditions of our University, with all our twenty-five years of material progress, are as unfavourable as they can be. There is no need to emphasise them again. Under such conditions, we have to build up the spirit of a University—not the spirit of knowledge for its own sake, but of knowledge bound up with and guiding life to worthy ends. We can only get that spirit by taking thought; and that is the most difficult thing in the world. We have seven hundred students—and how many of these take part in the things which make the essential University? How many are really interested in education—which is not, as an enthusiastic young professor (not of V.U.C.) once remarked to us, listening to a stupid course of lectures, but sitting up with a friend till 2 o'clock in the morning discussing the things that matter? How many are willing to try for a moment occasionally to

indulge in what in America is called "creative thought" as distinguished from mere "rationalising"? Very few, even of us who think we are. How many are willing to treat a serious question seriously when an unpopular point of view is put forward? Last year, during the war-scare, two speakers came up to Victoria at the invitation of one of the Clubs to appeal for that treatment, which was necessary then if ever it was. They were howled down by a mob which came prepared to break up the meeting, and proceeded to pass a noisy motion affirming the loyalty of Victoria University College to the British Empire. How gratifying to the Empire! We have got to recognise that perhaps the majority of our students, like everyone else, are like that; and that that is all part of the material with which the University has to work on public life.

The work will not be done directly—from its very nature, it can hardly be done as a series of tangible, immediately apprehended acts. We should undoubtedly have men and women of University training in greatly increasing numbers in Parliament and in every other place where they are, or should be, openings for clearer thought and finer action. If there is any chance of producing Plato's philosopher-statesman, let us produce him and bless ourselves for having done so. But in the wider field, the ordinary common affairs of life and politics, surely as individuals we can set an example to ourselves and our fellows. Tolstoy, one of many who have discovered the panacea, said "To bring about the greatest and most important changes in the life of men there is no need of great exploits—of the arming of millions of troops, of the construction of new railroads and machines, of the organisation of exhibitions and of trade unions, of revolutions, of barricades, of the invention of aerial navigation, and so on; all that is necessary is a change of public opinion." It is so simple, and so difficult, as that. "All that is necessary"—there is something disarming, something infinitely pathetic, about the naivete of great genius. It is all that is necessary; and we as students, ostensibly and virtually, must make it our business to change public opinion. With Briffault we can see that opinions are the only indictable offences; can we not make for ourselves a "more critical intellectual rectitude?" With James Harvey Robinson, one of the finest of American historical minds, can we not "first endeavour to free our own minds and then do what we can to hearten others to free theirs?" Can we not combine the steady passion for truth of Milton with Danton's "Toujours de l'audace!" Every year more and more students come to Victoria, mostly young, some sadly biassed from their public-school training. The University has to give them a greater training—a training in thought, a training in tolerance of everything but bad and loose and a priori thought. We are all young; and we have been told often enough that we are full of illusions. God knows that the youth of this generation at least has very few illusions—either about politics or anything else.

Many men have pointed out that we are singularly oblivious to the large concerns of life. It should be our part to cultivate, with careful honesty, those large concerns—those concerns which from the very fact of their omnipresence are so liable to slip by

unheeded. There is nothing about which we should not concern ourselves. Wisdom is our aim—the wisdom that combats the stupid and wrong-headed, the out-of-date survivals of ancient opinions. We may garner wisdom some day, and then the criminal immorality of a Back-to-the-Bible campaign, and the criminal immorality of a New Zealand Government which can prohibit the importation into the country of a book on birth-control may both alike become impossible.

A volume of essays* has recently been published on the influence on history of ancient Hellas and its meaning for us. One of the finest of its contributions is the essay on the political thought of the Greeks, by Professor A. E. Zimmern, the student of the Greek commonwealth. He quotes a famous passage of Plato, and says:—

“What are the chief and most enduring thoughts which contact with the Greek political thinkers leaves us? They are surely twofold, the first concerning the material of politics, the second concerning the men and women of to-day who are called to be citizens. Public affairs, we feel, so far from being a tiresome preoccupation or a ‘dirty business’ are one of the great permanent interests of the race: if they were not too trivial or too debasing for great artists like Thucydides and Plato, we need not fear lest they be too trivial or debasing for ourselves. And if they are not beneath our study, neither should they elude it by being enwrapped in clouds of rhetoric or in the cotton-wool of sentimentality. The Greeks should teach us, once and for all, that the common affairs of mankind are matter to think about as well as to feel about. What distinguishes what we call a ‘good’ statesman and a ‘public-spirited’ citizen from their less truly political colleagues is not that they have warmer feelings—there are as many affectionate sons and loving husbands among the tools of politics as among the elect—but the fact that by a resolute use of the related powers of intellect and imagination they have been able to raise their feelings on to a higher plane and to face great issues with a mind attuned, not to the familiar appeal of hearth and home, but to the grander and more difficult music of humanity. . . . If we would amend the world around us—and it is in sore need of amendment—our first duty is to eschew falsehood and to follow truth in our own lives, in our thoughts and actions.”

It is a question, in short, of saving our own souls and at the same time gaining the whole world; the modern man may not be very sure what his soul is, but there is only one way to save it. We may not know what is the meaning of the history which we are making, but like still another writer and a great man, Viscount Morley, we may be sure that “none at least of those who bear foremost names in the history of nations, ever worked and lived . . . in the idea that it was no better than solemn comedy for which a sovereign demiurgus in the stars had cast their parts.”

**The Legacy of Greece: Essays by various writers.* The Clarendon Press, 1921.

It has been mooted that the College's Silver Jubilee be celebrated next April 17th. It will then be twenty-five years since the first lecture was delivered to eagerly listening students. The date is immediately after the Easter Tournament, which is to be held in Wellington in 1924, and it is hoped that a large gathering of ex-students will be seen, talking over old times and renewing old friendships.

Nineteenth Annual Inter-Varsity Tournament Held at Dunedin, Easter, 1923

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Men's Singles: W. P. Hollings, R. R. T. Young.

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Ladies' Doubles: Misses R. Gardner and M. Pigou; Misses I. Thwaites and O. Sheppard.

Combined Doubles: H. N. Burns and Miss R. Gardner; W. P. Hollings and Miss M. Pigou.

BOXING.

Heavy-weights: A. D. McRae.
Middle-weight: E. C. Miller.
Welter-weight: V. F. Con-ningham.

Light-weight: N. J. Lewis.
Feather-weight: R. R. T. Young.
Bantam-weight: K. Vance.

DEBATING.

F. H. Haigh and J. W. G. Davidson.

TOURNAMENT DELEGATE.

H. McCormick and H. E. Moore.

MANAGER.

N. G. Whiteman.

The Aucklanders arrived in Wellington on Wednesday afternoon and were entertained at tea. The majority of our team left with the Aucklanders by the Lyttelton Ferry on Wednesday night, leaving about a dozen men to follow on Thursday night. We were met at the Christchurch Station by some good souls from Canterbury College and bundled into some char-a-bancs and so to breakfast. After partaking thereof at a more or less break-neck speed, we were whisked back to the station in time for the first South Express. Little of any note occurred on the journey. Everyone seemed to be taking care of himself in view of the strenuous contests ahead. We were met at Oamaru by the Otago delegates, Messrs. J. C. Leitch and A. E. Porritt, who explained all arrangements. And let me say here that the arrangements for the whole

Tournament left little to be desired. Otago is to be congratulated on one of the best run tournaments for many years. The billeting arrangements ran smoothly except for the inevitable chameleon-like few who seem to consider that all sorts of arrangements can be changed and rechanged as frequently and as easily as their own minds. However, that's by the way. Friday was spent in preparation for the coming conflicts, and by some in partaking of the joys of the "Rendezvous," where dancing, music, girls, suppers, books and all sorts of other delightful things were to be obtained all through the Tournament.

On Friday afternoon also the Reception was held in the Allen Hall. The writer's brief recollection is the length of time devoted by various speakers to excusing or extolling Dunedin's weather, until those of us who remembered what happened at Dunedin last Tournament, began to have forebodings—which happily were not quite realised.

Saturday was devoted to tennis, boxing preliminaries in the morning at Marama Hall and the finals at night in the King's Theatre.

On Sunday there was a special service at St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral in the morning, and a service taken by students—one from each College—at First Church in the evening.

On Sunday afternoon we had a delightful motor drive up North East Valley, over the Port Hills and back by the lower road. The weather which had been behaving off and on, decided that we couldn't have tea on the hills as was originally intended, so we hied us back to Selwyn College, where the members of the athletic team enjoyed themselves thoroughly watching others eat highly indigestible cakes and so forth.

On Monday the Athletic Championships were decided, and in the evening the Debate furnished the usual feast of oratory and flow of "howl."

The Tennis finals were decided on Tuesday, and on Tuesday night came the piece de resistance, viz., The Ball, held in the Art Gallery. And Some Ball, too! Nuff Sed. The north-bound express on Wednesday morning departed from Dunedin Station with a highly important and delicate freight, viz., poor old Canty's Easter Egg. But this is a secret. This time it was the Aucklanders who had been goaded beyond endurance and, so it was whispered, a silent and savage onslaught had been made on the delicate shell-like creature. There was a sound of stealthy footsteps by night and in due course, one box with fragile contents reposed in the guard's van of the north express, checked through all the way to Auckland.

Accompanying the aforesaid fragile freight were three Tournament Teams. An hilarious farewell at Dunedin, many games of "Beaver" at the wayside stations, where sundry stationmasters and local cops had the time of their lives wondering what to do about it all; a battle-royal on the Christchurch Station, where a worthy limb of the law found himself hoisted to a precarious and undignified height; and we arrived (more or less) on the good ship "Maori," and so home to Wellington.

We entertained Auckland at breakfast, and a devoted band bade them farewell from Thorndon Station. Ask Herby McRae how he said good-bye to his friends the porters. And so back to toil, after probably the most enjoyable Tournament since the war.

DEBATE.

The contest for the Joynt Challenge Scroll was held in the Allen Hall on Monday evening. The hall was packed. Fortunately there was comparatively little "noise" and interruption of the speakers. This is so much to the good and it is hoped that next Tournament at Wellington will show a still further improvement in this respect.

Dr. W. Marshall Macdonald was in the chair, and the judges were: J. B. Callan, Esq., B.A., LL.D., Hon. C. E. Statham, M.P., and Rev. H. Maclean, M.A., M.Sc., B.D. The subject: "That in the interests of University Education, the University of New Zealand should cease to exist, and the status of separate and independent Universities be given to each of the four Colleges at present affiliated thereto."

Unfortunately at the last moment our "first string," R. M. Campbell, was unable to travel, and our thanks are due to Mr. Davidson, who stepped into the breach at very short notice, but to such good purpose that Victoria once again annexed the Shield—for the first time for four years—the last occasion on which V.U.C. was successful being at the 1919 Tournament, also held at Dunedin. Victoria at one time had practically a mortgage over the Debating Shield, and it is to be hoped that they have again entered into possession for some time.

In the writer's opinion the debating this year was not of a very high standard. None of the speakers sounded at all convincing; there was a marked absence generally of gesture, of light and shade, and with one or two exceptions of emphasis. Quite a number of the speeches were distinguished chiefly by monotonous delivery and uninspiring manner.

We have to congratulate Mr. Haigh on being placed first speaker. Mr. Haigh's speech was the best the writer has ever heard him deliver. He avoided several of his more glaring faults and was less inclined to dogmatise and "appeal to the masses." He also quoted authority to good affect, albeit one of his authorities emphatically denies that his quoted words referred to anything in the nature of the subject of debate.

The first debate was between Otago (affirmative) and Auckland (negative), the speakers being C. B. Barrowclough and Dr. R. S. Aitken for Otago, and L. K. Munro and W. A. E. Leonard for Auckland. We do not intend to deal with the speeches in detail, the chief feature of this debate being the consternation of one speaker when asked "what he had up his sleeve."

The second debate between Victoria (affirmative) and Canterbury (negative) was more interesting. The speakers were F. H. Haigh and J. W. G. Davidson for Victoria, and J. B. Batchelor and C. E. Beeby for Canterbury. Mr. Davidson spoke well con-

sidering the short notice given him that he would be required. Canterbury's main arguments were directed to the question of finance. They argued that a small place like New Zealand could not possibly support four Universities, each giving a full University course. The ground was almost completely taken from under their feet by Mr. Haigh's argument in favour of granting each University only a limited charter.

The only attempts at repartee during the whole evening were by Mr. Batchelor, of Canterbury, but they were too obviously "worked" to be effective.

The judges wasted no valuable time in announcing the result, simply stating that V.U.C. had been placed first and Mr. Haigh first speaker—a result particularly pleasing in the circumstances to the wearers of the Green and Gold.

TENNIS CLUB.

The Tennis Championships were commenced on Saturday morning at the Otago Lawn Tennis Club's Courts. Victoria once again modestly retired to the side lines early in the contest, and generously allowed the other three Colleges to monopolise the limelight. Heigh-ho! It's many a weary year since V.U.C. looked anything like acquiring that Tennis Shield. But it's a long road, etc.

Hec Burns characteristically missed the boat at Wellington on Thursday night, so we had to rearrange the team somewhat. But why, when the manager came home in the "wee sma' 'oors" to Selwyn College and found Hec's telegram awaiting him—why did he consider it necessary to wake up the Tournament Delegate from his refreshing and innocent slumbers?

In the first round of the Men's Singles, Russell Young was unlucky. He had to play Entwistle, of Auckland, and was doing well for a start, but as he had to rush away immediately after the game in order to box in the preliminary rounds, his game suffered somewhat.

Hollings found Smyth, of Otago, too solid a proposition in the second round, but he put up a good fight. Smyth was beaten in the final by Seay, of Canterbury, after a great fight in the second set.

In the Men's Doubles there is little to chronicle beyond the fact that Young and Gibb survived the first round. This event proved an easy win for Canterbury in the persons of Seay and Loughnan.

In the Ladies' Singles, Miss Gardner won her first set, but succumbed in the second round. Miss W. Partridge, C.U.C., created a surprise by defeating Miss B. Knight, the former champion.

In the Combineds, so far as V.U.C. is concerned, there is nothing to say.

In the Ladies' Doubles, Misses Thwaites and Sheppard had a win in the first round. Another surprise victory was that of Misses Henry and Pragnall, of O.U., over the Misses Partridge, of C.U.C.

The Tennis Shield went to Canterbury and Otago, each with two wins. Auckland had one win.

BOXING.

The preliminary bouts were fought on Saturday morning at Marama Hall.

Young, who had just played a strenuous game of tennis, won his fight in the Featherweight against Lewis, of Otago.

In the Lightweight, Lewis, who had been suffering from influenza, took the count to Cotter, of Otago. This was rather unfortunate, as it was considered that Lewis had a good chance of winning this weight, although Farquharson, of Canterbury, was a hard man to beat.

Coningham won his bout against Cook, of Auckland.

In the Middleweight, Miller went down to Riddell, of Canterbury, although opinions differ as to the merits of the two men.

McRae won his bout in the Heavyweight.

The finals were held on Saturday night in the King's Theatre.

Vance was outclassed in the Bantams by that little hurricane, Patterson, of Otago.

In the Feathers, Young (V.U.C.) scored a very popular win over Jeune, of Canterbury. Jeune had a bye in the morning, whereas Young not only fought in the preliminary round, but had been playing tennis all day. Pluck and endurance won the day.

We were not interested in the Lightweights, which was won by Farquharson, of Canterbury.

Coningham scored an easy win over Harding, of Otago, in the Welters, the fight being stopped. Coningham thoroughly deserved his win, as he has been "there or thereabouts" for the last three years.

The Middleweight saw a very even but uninteresting fight between Riddell, of C.U.C., and Lamb, of Otago; the winner finally turning up in Lamb.

Craven, of C.U.C., won the Heavyweight against McRae, of V.U.C. McRae put up a good fight, and went near to finishing Craven off in the third round. However, Craven perked up in the last round, and sent McRae to the boards. Mac must have got a deal of satisfaction in surveying Craven's face next day.

In the final result, Otago, Canterbury and Victoria tied for the Shield with two wins each.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Sports were held on Monday at the Caledonian Grounds. The track was very soft, and a bitterly cold wind blew most of the day. Our team, while not successful in regaining the Shield, put up a creditable performance. We have several promising runners, who will do well if they take the game seriously, and do not expect too much fuss to be made of them before they have made good. Some runners would do well to remember that those athletes who made good in the past did so on their own, and had no trainers to rub them down and fuss over them until after they had proved their quality.

The sports were chiefly distinguished by the good showing put up by Otago, and especially by A. E. Porritt, the Rhodes Scholar. Porritt won four events (a thing that has never previously been done)—two of them, the 100yds. and 220yds., equalling the records; the 120 hurdles in 16 1-5secs. (one-fifth over the record), and the broad jump with a leap of 22 feet, which has only once been beaten. In some of these events he was undoubtedly helped by the wind, but the wins were none the less meritorious. And Porritt did all this on top of running the whole Tournament!

As usual, we had no wins in the field events, but Thomas gave us a welcome point in the Hammer. His was a very good throw, and would have won easily in most years. Griffin repeated his "double" performances by annexing the half-mile and mile, both without difficulty. Owing to the wind, the times were not up to Griff's standard. Griffin had previously this year won the same two events in the Wellington Provincial Championship and the N.Z. Championships, and this capped a most successful season.

Leadbetter won his heat in the 220yds., but was beaten for second place in the final by Black, of Canterbury.

The Shot was an easy win for Kingston, of Otago.

Porritt rather unexpectedly beat Buckhurst in the Long Jump, and repeated the performance in the 120 Hurdles.

Griffin won the Half, with Paul, of V.U.C., second. Paul ran very well, and put up a good run in the straight to beat Grierson, of Auckland, by a small margin.

The Hammer was another event in Kingston's pocket, but Thomas gave him a bit of a scare with a throw of 102 feet.

The 100yds. was won easily by Porritt, but there was a great race for second place, the point going to Brownlee, of Otago.

The Mile Walk also went to Otago; the winner, McKenzie, came in for a lot of criticism owing to his style. It is very doubtful whether this "walking" would have been passed by judges in Wellington. McIntosh, of V.U.C., walked very well to fill second place. If McIntosh keeps at it he will be very hard to beat in any company, and the writer would not be at all surprised to see him annex a New Zealand championship. He is possessed of great determination and endurance.

The High Jump was rather a surprise, the winner turning up in Lintott, of Auckland, who beat Buckhurst, of C.U.C., by an inch.

Black, of C.U.C., scored a well-deserved win in the 440 Flat. Davies, of V.U.C., obviously lacked training, and Paul was suffering from his hard race in the 880yds.

The Three Miles went to Webber, of Auckland, with Vallance, of Auckland, second. Moore, of V.U.C., who filled third place, was unlucky in having to take the lead for the whole distance.

As expected, Calder won the 440 Hurdles. Malfroy, unfortunately, struck the first hurdle, and injured his knee.

The Relay Race again proved a fairly easy thing for the Victoria College team: Griffin, Davies, Hill and Leadbetter.

We turned out a team for the Tug-of-War, but were beaten by Auckland, who in turn succumbed, as usual, to Otago.

The final points were: Otago, 17; Canterbury, 9; Victoria, 7; and Auckland, 6. We thus dodged the Wooden Spoon by a narrow margin.

“Spike ” Speaks

With what hard toil but undiminished zest
I have discovered for you, year by year,
Fresh shapes of Beauty, Wisdom crystal-clear,
And flashing Wit—which else had lain unguessed
Within the bashful undergraduate breast,
Is known to everyone. But now I fear
To end for ever the adventurous quest.
Then, get a move on. Send without delay
Some little contribution, grave or gay,
Or sentimental (if it's not too sloppy).
Also your subs. And don't expect the Sec.
To wear his soul out asking for your cheque.
They also help who only buy one copy.

F.

Sea-Praise

Hail to the lord of seas,
That doth inherit
The storm-wind and the breeze,
So full his merit!
For whom the thunder rolled
Out from the western gold
Wealth without measure,
Storm-driven treasure,
Death at his pleasure,
Unreckoned legacies of kings of old!

Hail, thou for whom the foam
His plumed mane bendeth;
Whom time his ruin home
For hoarding sendeth!
For whom the starry sky
Mirrors a panoply:
Lord of gulls crying,
King of winds dying,
Whom the sun's hieing,
Neptune, on thee, uncrowned his crown shall lie.
C.L.P.

Official Results—Easter Tournament

ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

Event.	First (2 points).	Second (1 point).	Time or Distance.	Record.
100 yards	A. E. Porritt, O.U.	J. J. Brownlee, O.U.	10secs.	10secs.
220 yards	A. E. Porritt, O.U.	D. H. Black, O.U.	23secs. (22 4-5 in heat)	22 4-5secs.
440 yards	D. H. Black, C.U.C.	J. B. McMiken, O.U.	55 1-5secs.	51 2-5secs.
880 yards	K. M. Griffin, V.U.C.	F. H. Paul, V.U.C.	2min. 5 3-5secs.	2min. 1 2-5secs.
One-mile	K. M. Griffin, V.U.C.	W. R. L. Vallance, A.U.C.	4min. 42 4-5secs.	4min. 32secs.
Three-miles	R. M. Webber, A.U.C.	W. R. L. Vallance, A.U.C.	16min. 28secs.	15min. 24secs.
One-mile Walk.	J. A. C. McKenzie, O.U.	S. G. McIntosh, V.U.C.	7min. 10secs.	7min. 6secs.
120yds. Hurdles	A. E. Porritt, O.U.	W. H. B. Buckhurst, C.U.C.	16 1-5secs.	16secs.
440yds. Hurdles	J. W. Calder, C.U.C.	J. B. McMiken, O.U.	64secs.	58 4-5secs.
High Jump	F. S. Lintott, A.U.C.	W. H. B. Buckhurst, C.U.C.	5ft. 5ins.	5ft. 6½ins.
Long Jump	A. E. Porritt, O.U.	W. H. B. Buckhurst, C.U.C.	22ft.	22ft. 8½ins.
Putting the Shot	G. R. Kingston, O.U.	C. E. Low, C.U.C.	36ft. 2ins.	37ft. 2½ins.
Throwing the Hammer	G. R. Kingston, O.U.	C. B. Thomas, V.U.C.	110ft. 4ins.	131ft. 8ins.

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Athletic Shield.—O.U., 17 points.
 Ladies' Challenge Cup.—A. E. Porritt.
 Trevor Hill Memorial Shield.—F. S. Lintott.
 De la Mare Challenge Cup.—K. M. Griffin.
 Athol Hudson Memorial Cup.—R. M. Webber.
 Stevwright Challenge Cup.—J. A. C. McKenzie.
 Sandstein and Sons' Cup.—Relay Race: V.U.C.

BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Heavyweight.—S. C. Craven, C.U.C.
 Middleweight.—K. Lamb, O.U.
 Welterweight.—V. F. Coningham, V.U.C.
 Lightweight.—S. Farquharson, C.U.C.
 Featherweight.—R. R. T. Young, V.U.C.
 Bantamweight.—J. E. R. Patterson, O.U.
 Challenge Shield.—C.U.C., O.U., and V.U.C.

DEBATING CONTEST.

Joynt Scroll.—V.U.C. (F. H. Haigh and J. W. G. Davidson).



Capping this year was whittled down to a shadow of its former self—no, that is slight exaggeration. It has so far been impossible to give the Extravaganza; and an all-wise Professorial Board has brought its professorial and judicial foot down with a resounding crash on all attempts at a procession for two years. But some things remained to us. There remained the Undergraduates' Supper. There remained the Graduates' Luncheon. There remained the Graduation Ceremony. There remained (ah, blissful memory!) the Ball. Yes, something substantial certainly survived from the wreck. We made do very well. Let us consider the events in order.

UNDERGRADUATES' SUPPER.

This sedate festivity took place in Gamble and Creed's rooms on the night of May 9th. Owing to the number demanding admittance it was necessary to use two floors; over one section of the participants presided Prof. Hunter, over the other Prof. Boyd-Wilson. The details remain rather hazy in our memory. The food was good, but the helpings were attenuated. The waitresses were very charming. The drink ran short early in the evening, and toasts had to be drunk in goodwill and imagination. Speeches were made by the worthy Professors and by Brothers Martin-Smith and W. A. Sheat, and by several other worthy brethren whose names we forget, though not their eloquence. Other worthy brethren, again, sang and played and otherwise performed to our great content and gratification. We unaccomplished ones, on the other hand, could do no more than join in the choruses with voice and spoon; this also to our great content. The night passed quickly.

GRADUATES' LUNCHEON.

Again at Gamble and Creed's on May 10th. Rather more genteel than the preceding function, but very pleasant withal. The genial Mr. Fair presided with much grace and great bonhomie, and proposed the toast of the graduates of the year in a very happy speech. Mr. McCormick, that modest man, replied in a speech that was

modesty itself. Mr. H. F. O'Leary, one of our legal luminaries, proposed "Victoria University College"; Mr. P. Levi acknowledged the compliment, being this time slightly more audible than he was later on in the afternoon. Professor Kirk, in his most smiling mood, praised "Past Students"; and Mr. G. F. Dixon, one of the heroic band who made us what we are, also very smiling, replied with the only piece of Latin he learnt from John Brown in the course of many years. It was a great day.

GRADUATION CEREMONY.

Town Hall, May 10th, 3 p.m. (theoretically). Seats were early filled by doting fathers and mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins, friends and casual passers-by attracted by the bustle and thinking the Social Revolution was at hand; all, apparently, under the impression that because a University function was timed to start at 3 p.m., it necessarily started at 3 p.m. About ten past three, the graduates' photograph had really and actually and finally been taken, and those heroes and heroines were enabled to form up in a long line and march downstairs into their places, solemnly and with ceremony, a little pathetic, something like a chain-gang. They were met by a wave of organised sound, which rose and fell at intervals throughout the proceedings. The programme opened with Gaudeamus and The Song of Victoria College, in the singing of which we noted a slight improvement from last year. The Chairman (P. Levi, Esq., M.A.) made a little speech. Mr. Levi's remarks were inaudible. The Sports Chorus was then attempted, but was ruined by the contemporaneous performance of some god-forsaken idiosyncrasy by the noisy rabble in the back seats. Granted that the Huntsmen's Chorus from "Der Freischütz" is almost impossible to sing to the Sports Chorus words, and should be changed as soon as possible, is it too much to ask for a little respect towards one of the finest of our songs, one of which any college might well be proud?

At the end of this fiasco, Professor Easterfield, starred for the afternoon's entertainment, attempted to deliver an address. Unfortunately, the Professor is not very well known to the present generation of students, and his voice is not of the stentorian type: consequently his remarks, of a reminiscent type, were, like Mr. Levi's, largely wasted on the air. It was unfortunate, but inevitable. "Absent Friends" was then given with considerable vim. And then we had the privilege of seeing our own John Rankine Brown, elevated to the grand position of Vice-Chancellor of the University, confer upon eighty-five or so youths and maidens their appropriate degrees. Our Vice-Chancellor's gown of scarlet and gold embroidery was one of the features of the afternoon. He, too, endeavoured to make himself heard, but gave up in Chancellor-like disgust. Then the Final Chorus and a properly robust rendering of the National Anthem, and it was all over again.

But when will the Council learn to put up a speaker who can make himself heard above a reasonable amount of noise, whose sense of humour will not desert him on the stage of the Town Hall, and who will answer back retort for interruption debonairly and with alacrity? It may be all very well to roar like any sucking-dove in the lecture-room, but surely the Council has learned by now that at

times something more is necessary? We are not defending noise at Capping Ceremonies qua noise; but what can you expect when speakers anyhow would be inaudible at a distance of more than a few feet?

THE BALL.

Oh heaven! are we to adopt the cold tone of a chronicler and report the Ball in words, cold words, printed with ink and leaden type? It came at the end of a very full day, and its success was largely due to those earnest and high-minded souls who rose up early on that fateful morning, snatched a scanty breakfast, and arrived at the Town Hall circa 7 a.m. to do the decorating; and again to those who previously had with infinite labour and patience prepared those same decorations. Multitudinous coloured streamers hung down from the big central chandelier, and were attached to the sides of the gallery; birch and fern and flags completed the mise-en-scene. The floor was smooth, the music adequate, the partners delightful, the supper perfect—all except the coffee, which was even worse burnt than usual—the conversation witty, the silences expressive, the general tone irreproachable. In fact, it was all a Great Success. We unfortunately omit mention of the charming evening gowns worn, and can only refer our interested readers to back numbers of those distinguished fashion journals, the "Evening Post" and "New Zealand Times."

Capping has come and gone once again. Sic transit gloria mundi. En avant, mes enfants—to 1924!

Sonnet

Somewhere she walks whom I am yet unknowing,
Somewhere her clear eyes gaze upon the sun,
In the long nights she sees the young moon growing,
With silence on the windy peak she is one;
Perhaps her dainty skirts give silken warning
As she walks to the motor at the door;
Perhaps she bakes for harvest in the morning,
And hears the distant thresher's lulling roar.

Yet I shall surely find her. Oh, I wonder
On that far distant day will it be, by God's grace,
Some fair free day of Summer, night of thunder,
When we two stand together in one place;
And all my blood leaps and at last I know
'Tis she whom I have dreamed of long ago.

C.Q.P.

An Amor, Dolor Sit

Or sorrow is Love's fee,
Or sorrow Love may be—
These things I do not know.
But this I truly trow,
Sorrow is pleasant pain
That holdeth Love's fair train.

R.F.F.

The U.C.C. (Inc.)

We are privileged to publish a short resume of the proceedings of the second Annual General Meeting of the University Communist Club (Incorporated), which was held a few weeks ago in the Gymnasium. The Capitalist Press was excluded, but "The Spike," both as representing the Free Press of the Dominion, and from the fact that it is run on absolutely no capital at all, was represented by special invitation, and is thus able to offer its readers one of the greatest scoops of modern times.

The meeting was well attended. Prominent among those present were: Comrade J. Rankine Brown (in the chair), Comrade F. P. Wilson (Vice-President), Comrade E. J. Boyd-Wilson (Treasurer), Comrades Mackenzie, Robertson, Sommerville, Kirk, Adamson, Garrow, Murphy, Cotton, A. Fair, P. J. Smith, A. H. Ivory, G. G. G. Watson, F. H. Haigh, T. A. Hunter, and Comrade the Rev. B. H. Ward (Secretary). Honoured visitors were Comrades Parr and Florance, delegates respectively for kindred associations at Bellamy's and in China. Apologies for inability to attend were received with regret from Comrades Sir Robert Stout and the Hon. W. F. Massey. Other comrades occupied the body of the hall, and helped to enliven proceedings considerably by a continuous flow of wit and humour at the expense of the bourgeoisie. There were several ejections.

Proceedings opened with the singing of "The Red Flag." The Chairman then called upon Comrade Ward to read the minutes of the last annual general meeting and the report of the year's activities. On rising, Comrade Ward was greeted with a burst of cheers, which he acknowledged by inclining his head in his usual genial manner. He was happy, he said, to report that the Club had, on the whole, considering the difficulties with which it was faced, had a very successful year. Few College clubs, indeed, could show a prouder record of sedition and political disaffection. (Cheers.) It was a matter for congratulation that, in so short a period, a young club could attain the influence and reputation that the U.C.C. (Inc.) had done. (At this moment a telegraph-boy was admitted, bearing a message from Comrades Lenin and Trotsky, extending fraternal greetings and the hand of fellowship to the Club, and wishing it the ruddiest of futures; the reading of which by the Chairman was the signal for round upon round of applause and the singing of the "International"). Comrade Ward continued: Propaganda had been carried out all over the country. The "Evening Post" had been good enough to print regularly a column of bright, chatty gossip enunciating the basic principles for which the Club stood, which Comrades Brown, MacKenzie, Kirk, and P. J. Smith had taken turns in contributing. This seemed to be much appreciated by the public. Steps had also been taken to have a special number of the "School Journal" published dealing with the subject, to contain autograph messages from Comrade Murphy and himself. (Applause.) A great effect upon the child-mind was anticipated. The Principal of the Training College had been interviewed, and had consented to devote one half-hour per week to the study of Communist principles. The Minister of Education,

they were informed, would have no objections to this provided it were done on sufficiently patriotic lines. (Loud cheers, and cries to Comrade Parr to "Stand up!") Comrade Ward had himself had the opportunity on more than one occasion of addressing the Rotary Club, and was informed that his epigrammatic discourses had vied with those of Sir Harry Lauder in popularity. (Uproar.) It was proposed to hold a stop-work meeting in the Post Office Square in the near future, when the workers, who had heretofore shown some reluctance to receive the light, would be addressed by Comrades Robertson, Cotton and Haigh. All this might be described as peaceful penetration; he was sure the meeting would be glad to be informed that some positive and decisive action had been decided on, in the nature of a manifesto of defiance and contempt towards the bourgeoisie; but the Executive had been unable to decide up till then whether to blow up the Town Hall—(Cheers)—or to seize the gasworks and dispense poison-gas for cooking purposes. (Uproar.) In any case, comrades could depend on the Executive to do their duty like men. (Prolonged cheers.) This concluded the annual report, which was passed nem. con. It was found that the Treasurer (Comrade Boyd-Wilson) had left the balance-sheet at home, but on his assurance that it was fairly well balanced, it was taken as read and approved. The outgoing Executive was then re-elected entire and unanimously. Comrade Brown, on behalf of his brother officers and himself, acknowledged the honour in a few brief and burning words of courage and hope.

At this stage, George, evidently roused from his slumbers by some disturbance, knocked at the door, and demanded admittance; but on being informed that it was merely a Study Circle of the Christian Union in session, withdrew in some confusion.

Comrade Smith now rose, and delivered an impassioned speech. He apologised for its shortness, as it had been found advisable to make the time limit for speeches an hour and a-half, and he was therefore unable to say all he had in mind. It must be admitted, however, that Comrade Smith did his best; starting at the rate of about 154 words a-minute, a competent observer calculated that, at the moment when the Chairman's bell rang, he was going at the rate of somewhere near 450 words per minute. Upon the comrade's resuming his seat, there was much applause. The comrade's point was that comrades must have some sign or badge by which they could be recognised by one another and the general public. More than once he himself had been mistaken on the Quay for the Welfare League. (Cries of "Shame!") Was this right? Was this proper? He had done his duty by the Welfare League in the past, and he hoped to do it in the future. (Cheers.) Let Davie Maclaren take notice that four columns of the "Evening Post" did not constitute the whole stock-in-trade of a free-born Irishman's argument; a well-directed half-brick had settled many a man's hash before now. (Groans for Davie Maclaren and the other member of the Welfare League.) There had also been some confusion in the public mind, he understood, with the Christian Union. (Consternation.) He wanted to put a stop to that sort of thing. (Cheers.) He had pleasure in displaying a neat little badge, to be worn hung round the neck, which he had designed to bring out the fundamental principles of their movement in an unassuming yet striking way.

It consisted of a Union Jack and a Red Banner crossed, within a border of intertwining Green and Gold, with the motto "Laborare est orare," which he understood was the Greek for "Workers of the World, Unite!"; to which might be added the words, "University Communist Club (Incorporated)." He could assure comrades it was not so complicated as it sounded. (Applause.) He was informed that the badges could also be produced in sets for use as waistcoat buttons, cuff-links, etc. The rest of the comrade's speech consisted of particular instances drawn from given general principles and vice versa, interspersed with a few deductions and inferences, both abstract and concrete. He concluded with a striking peroration, which awoke his audience to unprecedented heights of enthusiasm, and gave one or two latecomers the impression that they had wandered into a Plunket Medal contest. Comrade Smith's motion was seconded by Comrade Garrow, in a few well-chosen words, and carried by a substantial majority. The work was ordered to be proceeded with immediately.

Comrade Fair then spoke in his usual witty style. He was pleased, he said, to see so many happy faces round about him. (Laughter.) Where ignorance was bliss, 'twere folly to be wise—(renewed laughter)—as the great Communist poet, Shakespeare, had said. That reminded him of a little story. ("The Spike" is sorry it is unable to print the story, which was received with considerable amusement.) As that bright day of Communism seemed about to dawn very shortly, he wished to say a few words on the subject of Appropriation—he was sure it was a very appropriate subject—(laughter)—and distinguish it from Confiscation. He did this because the N.Z. Labour Party had been accused of meditating a policy of Confiscation—(groans)—and the Communist State had no wish to associate itself with so dastardly a proceeding. No; the difference was quite clear—to his legal mind, at any rate. He himself had appropriated another man's partner at the Capping Ball, but he could in no sense be said to have confiscated her. (Applause, and an aggrieved voice, "We don't know so much about that!") He understood that the man in question still harboured some resentment against him in the matter. Was that just? Was that right? He appealed to the comrade in question to reflect that there must be a certain amount of give and take in the Communist State; he had started taking a little early, perhaps, but let his comrade also give in a free and brotherly spirit, and see how much better he felt. (Hear, hear!) He would conclude with another amusing little anecdote about a friend of his, which had been given with great success at a recent Graduates' Luncheon. (Roars of laughter.) It is understood that Comrade Fair was subsequently involved in a free fight with a comrade who resented one portion of his remarks, not having sufficiently assimilated the basic principles of Communism; we regret that we are unable to inform our readers who was the winner.

Comrade Parr was the last speaker. He conveyed fraternal greetings from the Bellamy's division of the brotherhood. The Prime Minister, he said, had asked him to say that he had the greatest sympathy with the objects of the Club, but the Government was just now very hard pressed for money, very hard pressed indeed. However, he did not doubt that we had turned the corner,

and had now before our eyes a broad and fair stretch of highway—(deafening applause)—and a deputation at a suitable time would, he felt sure, be very favourably received. Speaking for himself, Comrade Parr said that he would very shortly be approving of a text-book in history for the primary schools of the country, and he would see that suitable doctrines were inculcated in these young and growing minds. (Hear, hear!) The child-mind was very plastic—(applause)—and he felt that only the finest flowers should be planted in that beautiful garden, if his hearers knew what he meant. (Cheers.) He assured comrades of his heartiest and friendliest support. (Loud cheers.)

Among those ejected was Comrade Hunter, who persisted in what the Chairman could only describe as puerile and offensive interjections. Comrade Brown threatened more than once to close the meeting unless order was restored. With the disappearance of Comrade Hunter at the hands of Comrade Martin-Smith (chucker-out) a more orderly tone prevailed. The meeting concluded with the National Anthem.

Anzac Day, 1923

A cold room, a desolate elderberry tree,
Wet roofs beyond, a hint of masts and cranes
Fog-blurred, and dreariness in the heart of me
With thoughts of wasted years flown by. While lanes
In summer bloom in hawthorn, and ships pass at sea,
Gladly alight in the gloom, and street refrains
Ring clashing in cities overseas, I have stayed
Book-dreaming till joy with dust is all o'erlaid.
Did you feel so, in those dim days of yesteryear,
When the lands blinking awoke, dull-eyed and white,
Till sloth was shaken? Came there love and fear,
Or chivalry with roving sword bedight?
For little you recked of blasted manhood, sere,
Wind winnowed, or the heavy weary night,
Till now the cold and dreary days were Paradise,
And summer days High Heaven, had you but lips or eyes.

R.F.F.

Despondency

Ah! would to God that I were lying
Alone in some lonely place,
With only the wind blowing, and the clouds flying,
And the rain on my face.
Ah! would to God that I should never
Hear sound of voice again,
But only the wind in clashing tree-tops ever,
Ever the plashing rain.
And the noise of distant sea-waves slowly breaking
On passive shore—
These only hear, these feel, and while earth's making,
Hear, feel no more.

SCRIBULOS.

Last Interviews

By our Cub Reporter.

I.—THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

I climbed up his winding stair rather tremulously, for though I had met him before in his free unstudied moments of leisure, this was the first time I had visited him since that decisive step in his career which had made him more than a mere drop in the legal ocean of our too legal city. I, of course, was still only a reporter—a reporter on "The Spike," it is true—but still a reporter. Who was I that I should dare to raise my eyes to his distinguished face? The reader will understand my hesitancy. I dragged my nervous feet to the top of his eccentric stairs, and paused irresolutely—which door? That to the right was obviously the safe, and I could not conceive of him spending his days in the safe; through another I could see busy ranks of clerks and typists driving and clicking away with their pens and demoniac machines. Ah! what was this signboard? "Mr. —." It pointed an imperative finger to the left. At the same time I heard a sudden burst of sound, as a hearty voice leapt into song. "Take a pair of sparkling eyes!" it carolled (or, should I say, bellowed?). I knew then that I was on the right track. Who else could render Gilbert and Sullivan with such rare gusto? Evidently he was engaged on a breach of promise case. I tapped timidly. "Come in!" shouted the hearty familiar voice, and I entered. I got down on my hands and knees and bowed my forehead to the dust. "Good morning!" he replied kindly to my salutation; "take a pew. Now, about this divorce of yours. It will first be necessary to obtain a decree nisi, which in time may be made absolute. I anticipate no difficulty in this—"

"Excuse me," I managed to break in. "I am not married, and therefore you may experience more difficulty than you anticipate. Moreover, you appear to have made a mistake. I am not seeking a divorce. I have come to interview you on behalf of 'The Spike.'"

He rose to his feet, and brought his hand to the salute. "This," he said solemnly, "is the proudest moment of my life."

"Not at all," I replied, inadequately emulating such magnanimity. "Now, will you please tell me something about yourself?"

"With pleasure," he said. "But first let me apologise for my error. My list of briefs is unfortunately very large, and my clients tread very rapidly on one another's heels. However, I rarely get mixed," he added, brightly.

"I understand you spent several years at V.U.C.?" I interrogated.

"That is so. Those were, I think I may say, the happiest days of my life. That is, of course, till recently. I pursued a very successful course of study there, and filled all the official positions open to me with great ability. I was at one period President of the Stud. Ass., and was even asked to join the Christian Union."

I was breathless with admiration. "You accepted?" I cried.

"I did not feel myself worthy. Besides, I had even then decided to become a great lawyer. Can I be a lawyer and a Christian too? I said to myself (I suppose every young man faces the same question at some time in his life). No! Then give up Christianity. I gave it up, and spent my Sundays with the Tramping Club."

"I understand that you are a great sportsman as well as a great lawyer?" was my next query.

"Well," he answered modestly. "I have met with my meed of admiration at the Easter Tournaments. I have always been fond of the great out-of-doors, the illimitable open-air, the—the—what shall I say?—the——"

"I quite understand. Can you give me some details?"

"Well, at a Sunday-school picnic I once won the egg-and-spoon championship. And then there was the three-mile cross-country race in which I beat the editor of 'The Spike.' Of late years, however, I have taken to golf and mountaineering for relaxation, which I find very necessary after a long gruelling day at the office. Golf is a very good game; it is played with sticks, called golf-sticks, and a ball, called a golf-ball. It can very conveniently be played by two persons. But I may say that my greatest successes outside my legal practice have been in the region of mountaineering. This is a sport which only the most hardened and determined men can take up. And some women, too. I have often had the pleasure of taking the Tramping Club for a bit of a stroll on Saturday afternoons—thirty miles or so. But they are so confoundedly slow. I will not mention my ascents of Mt. Cook and the Matterhorn, which will doubtless seem child's-play to you, but I do think I put up a good showing on the Wireless in the last vacation. You have no idea of the difficulty of this peak, added to which the weather we experienced was simply diabolical. I broke several ice-axes even on the lower slopes. However, I should undoubtedly have got to the top had it not been for one of my party, who crooked up after the first two days of the ascent, and could go no further. It was a great disappointment to me. However, I hope to get to the summit some day yet."

"Too bad!" I murmured sympathetically. "And who was your companion, may I ask?"

"Sammy Turner," he said; and bowed me out.

II.—THE SECRETARY OF THE ATHLETIC CLUB.

(We should explain that the following interview took place some time ago, and the "Spike" must therefore apologise if it in any way distorts or misrepresents the present views of its subject.—Editor)

"And what," I queried, with my pencil poised in the air above my eager notebook, "are your views on Woman?"

"Ah! the Woman Question," he said, meditatively, and became silent for a while. He leant back in his chair; and I thought, as I gazed on that fine brow, supported by those strong hands, those

noble eyes half-veiled by the thoughtfully drooping lids, of some primal Intelligence brooding over the void and infinity of un-created chaos. What, I thought to myself, may not emerge from that brain? Here is no dilettante mind, facile and frivolous, liable at any moment to be swept off its feet by the idols of the theatre and the market-place; this man has drunk deep of the twin fountains of Science and Law, holy sisters; no superficial fluency will content him. I had always admired him from the days when, two young men together, we had, in attenuated harriers' costumes, roamed the hills of Wadestown and Karori discussing the deeper problems of life; I was now deeply impressed.

"Well," he said at last, in tones of judicial mastery, "I don't know. I think they're an insoluble mystery, these women. Like Abraham Lincoln, they belong to the ages. I have met many women in my time. Like the Sphinx or Mona Lisa, you gaze at them and they gaze at you, and who is the better for it? Some, indeed, are like the basilisk—you gaze at them and are turned to stone. Take the women up here now." (I gathered he referred to V.U.C.) "When I came here first they used to be quite a decent lot; they had sense, understanding; but look at them now—look at —, for instance. She's—er—silly, if you know what I mean? I told her so, but it didn't seem to make any impression. I don't know; there may be an improvement in the future." (*We are glad to reflect that this is apparently so.—Editor*)

"Thank you," I said, "your remarks will, I am sure, be of great use to the readers of 'The Spike,' many of whom are at an age when the words of one who has experienced much and meditated deeply must be of the utmost use to them. And now, tell me—I understand you occupy a position of considerable importance as Secretary of the Athletic Club, and are yourself an athlete of no mean prowess—can you give our readers any points in this respect?"

"I have been privileged to pull off one or two small events at odd times," he answered modestly. "Nothing very great, you understand. And as I have often told you before, the only way to do these things is, stick to the man in front. There's nothing in it, really. Stick to him, even if you have to bite a piece out of his back. I have lately taken up dancing, myself; I find it is very good for stiffness of the joints. The late nights are a drawback, however. A man also needs generally to summon up all his self-command in the supper-room. One cannot run on a diet of meringues and American ice-cream soda."

"I have seldom had an opportunity of getting near the meringues myself," I murmured. "However, I shall bear your advice in mind. Is there any other statement you would care to make for publication?"

"Well, no," he said. "I am an aging man, and have lately had to carry an umbrella with me on extended journeys; however, if there is any point upon which you may be doubtful at any time, and which I may perhaps be able to elucidate for you, do not hesitate to approach me. By the way," he added with some alarm, "I understand you meditate joining the Tramping Club."

"Be reassured," I said. "I am bound with triple brass. I know the girls, and I love them all—like sisters."

He clasped my hand, and we parted in tears.

III.—THE CHAIRMAN OF THE TRAMPING CLUB.

Modesty is his prime characteristic. I had great difficulty in getting an interview with him at all. He was exceedingly unwilling to talk of himself, and deprecated my leading questions with a gentle and unassuming wave of his hand. I felt rather in the position of a castaway on a desolate island, face to face with an exceedingly polite and perfectly courteous, but impregnably ungetatable oyster. Not that he would not speak. In that respect, indeed, he was an improvement on the oyster. If modesty is the main, affability is the second factor in his make-up. I have seldom met a man whose frank and disarming smile sooner won a way into the calloused—shall I say, somewhat cynical?—heart of the hardened journalist. Not even the jovial laugh of P.M.-S.—but more of him hereafter. He was exquisitely attired when I met him—indeed, I understand his appearance is the pride of the Club of which he is Chairman, when returning from a long and arduous, not to say muddy, trip over the week-end; and, in contrast, I myself gazed with a shiver of repulsion at the eccentric crease—one of many—which wandered its drunken way down the leg of my trousers. I felt, with a touch of what Freud so felicitously defines as the inferiority-complex, that I was in the presence of One of Nature's Gentlemen. Summoning all my courage, however, and endeavouring to adjust my clothes to folds of a more Roman simplicity, I managed to draw him out upon one or two subjects of some importance.

"I do not wish to labour the point unduly," I said, "and I think I am authorised to state that humour on this subject, as on the Library, will for some years to come be excluded from the pages of 'The Spike,' but I understand that there are various strange rumours in circulation, and (I believe) jokes (I do not know of what calibre) are frequently cracked about the Club which you adorn with so much grace as Chairman. Is there any substance in or foundation for these remarks, this ribald mirth?"

"None," he answered, "and I do not know personally to what you refer. It has certainly been remarked that when a man falls into a creek with a girl, that is the inevitable prelude to an engagement. This, however, is a principle of undoubted validity, and can hardly be described as a rumour or a mere joke. I will give you instances——"

"It is unnecessary," I replied. "I believe you. I have observed many such cases myself. I am glad to have the point cleared up. And now can you tell me anything about your hobbies? Tramping, I understand, is almost a business in itself. Golf, the theatre, books, music——?"

His face shone. Here, at last, I felt, I had touched a sympathetic chord. "Ah!" he said, enthusiastically, "now you are talking. What more enjoyable after a long grinding day at the office" (I could not help thinking of the words of the Junior Partner—what

workers these lawyers are!) "than a visit to the theatre—what more fascinating than to lose oneself in a dreamland of fairy creation, or to gaze enthralled at the working-out of some mighty problem-drama of the present age? Yes, I have spent many happy hours at Fuller's."

"Books?"

"Well, I have studied the poets somewhat. What are those noble lines of Swinburne's—or is it Wordsworth?—

'Life is earnest, life is real,
And the grave is not its goal'—

'Let us then be up and doing!' does it not go on? 'Footprints in the sands of time'—it always reminds me of Robinson Crusoe, somehow. And then music! You must hear me play the pianola sometime. I have also been practising hard at my mouth organ lately, not entirely, I hope, without success. And Saturday afternoon often finds me on the links at Berhampore."

And here I made a blunder. I forgot that even the most cultured of golfers are particular about how one speaks of their religion. Even as I spoke the thud of my faux pas rose up and filled the air with its noisy horror.

"And what," I asked, "do you find the best—a mixed foursome or a mashie?"

He threw me out of the room.

IV.—THE PRESIDENT OF THE STUD. ASS.

I could hear him running up and down the scale in a robust tenor as I approached the door. I stalked the portal warily, and leapt forward to inflict a short rat-tat on the panel in an interval between the fulsome oo-aa-ee's.

Silence reigned.

Then: "Come in," he bellowed, "or stay outside if you'd rather. I'm having a bath."

Vigorous splashing bore testimony to the fact. I applied my mouth to the keyhole and shouted.

"'Spike,'" he answered. "Oh, yes, I've been expecting you all the week. What do you want to know—my opinion of the Arts course or the form of the Sydney football team? Of course, you know, I'm a modest man; I never bath in public, and I haven't led a Community Sing in my life. Yes, it was an unexpected honour they did me, but perhaps not altogether unexpected. I always was a few seconds slow in getting up to decline nomination, something happened to my joints when I was young. But I'll bear up under it, and be absent from Wellington as often as possible. I expect to tour with the "B" rep. team, anyway.

"No, I didn't form any attachments in Australia; or, at least, not more than usual. I delivered no addresses, was sober most of

the time, and only once present at a party which didn't disrupt till two in the morning. Naturally, I shan't keep the same hours here; the Wentworth is too far away."

He gave an emphatic denial to the statement that Sydney 'Varsity girls are prettier than those at V.U.C.

"I ask you," he said, "can you expect a man like me, who has always been worshipped by the women, to endanger his reputation by agreeing with a statement like that?"

"I'll tell you this, though," he added brightly, "more of them wear silk stockings."

On the matter of College politics he refused to commit himself.

"I occupy a responsible position now, and have to be careful how I express my views. I can't cling to my old radical opinions and maintain this post with the dignity which is consistent with it. So if you want my opinion on the Ruhr or the Treaty of Versailles or the Welfare League or any other evils, let me know professionally, and I'll give you a considered one. That will cost you five guineas. Might as well make something out of my LL.B."

We had reached an impasse, for my next question was to have dealt with one of these very things. I shouted a query which was drowned in an uproar from the bathroom. He was practising again.

"Aw-oh-oo!" he bellowed as he pulled the plug and through the mighty roar of released bath-water his voiced soared strong and free. He had just remembered the approaching hour of a singing lesson, and I gave the matter best.

Changed Skies

When night brings out the stars, the Little Bear,
I sense a loss,
Hear voices from a land down there,
Beneath the Cross.

Ever they call; to me they call the more
Because I know
Pohutukawas flush her shore,
A crimson row.

Because the kowhai blossoms throw their gleams
Of gold, old gold,
Upon the banks where silver streams
The image hold.

Forsake her beauty not for lands beyond,
For you shall learn,
Beneath strange stars, that you are bond
To flower and fern.

PHILIP GREY.

New York, 3/9/22.

“The One Sinner Who Repenteth”

Kling Yen became a Christian in the year of the Great Plague. Outside the many-pagodaed town where, in the painted Mission House, dwelt the Missionary and his wife, the fields were filled only with the naked brown bodies of the dead. In their last agonies they had sought the native earth, so faithless to them in their hour of need, when, weak with disease and seeking food, they needs must face also famine and its ghastly effects. In the town it was bad enough; but there the people had at least granaries that would open to the music of the chink of copper. In the country there were neither granaries nor copper—only skeleton life and stinking death.

Small blame to Kling Yen that he forsook the faith of his fathers for the belly-satisfying religion of the Mission House. Although here at least he had rice and blankets in plenty, in his quaint Chinese way he wondered why he must worship his venerable ancestors, not as he was used at the close of the day, but at the morning meal, when the Missionary recited aloud praise to his ancestors. It seemed strange to the Chinese lad that the congregation at church service should pray only to the forefathers of the Missionary; but, like his race, he said nothing, and bowed unshaken before the storm. The Missionary often remarked to his wife of the deep devotion shown by their protege in his prayers.

“Paul, dear,” she would answer (his name was Paul, and by virtue of its association he would wax sarcastic in the pulpit to a nodding, blinking, uncomprehending, but well-fed and perfectly-satisfied Chinese congregation); “Paul, dear, the Spirit of the Lord surely moves him. Who can tell for what high destiny he is born? He may be the anointed One who shall lead the East before the Footstool.” And then she would give Kling Yen a piece of Chinese candy, which is betwixt and between our English sugared fruit and the American sugar-candy. Kling Yen would eat the sweetmeat, and return even more reverent thanks to his ancestors.

When the Missionary became ill and was recalled by an Omniscient Executive from the strenuous life of the lazy Mission House to the ease of an American pulpit-appeal for funds, he sought to bring Kling Yen with him. At first he was surprised to find that the youth would not come, notwithstanding the promised joys and delights of School and a Missionary career. It took three days and three nights to convince him that the Sacred Sun shone elsewhere than in Canton, and it was only after a long night's absence from the Station—during which, as the Missionary's wife remarked: “The Spirit of the Lord has shown a way”—that he agreed in his unemotional way to “Come 'Melica with you, thank you, please.”

The Lord had indeed shown the way; but not the Lord of the silver crucifix. That night of absence had been passed in the presence of Fen Foo Ling, of whom all that is known to the uninitiated is an impressive silence when his name is mentioned and a dozen sticks of incense that habitually burn in the Moi Faehoi joss-house, the House of the Blue Dragon's Teeth. The Lord com-

manded, and Kling Yen, prostrated to the floor as never he had been before the 'Klistian altar, answered in humble accents, "Light of Canton, I shall be true to the Yellow Button. By the ashes of my Fathers, I swear it."

On the wonderful trip to the Eastward, when the stars hung in burning clusters in a purple sky and the waters that trailed the huge steamer flashed and leapt in the devil-light, Kling Yen used to sit at the stern-end watching with all-seeing eyes the fire-works of the tropic night. If the Missionary were to ask him his thoughts he would answer as his astute mind prompted: "Me pray," he would murmur, and again left alone by the other he would return to his thoughts.

Only the little Chinese steward could tell of the joss-sticks burned that voyage in the tiny shrine between pantry and kitchen; and only the long-dissipated ashes of his fathers could tell of the prayers of the exile to the prop of his faith and hope.

The Missionary settled in Berkeley over the water from San Francisco and the Chinese Quarter, and there he sent Kling Yen, now a youth of seventeen, to the world-famous University. During the week the boy studied, and on Sunday he attended the neighbouring church, sitting with devoutly closed eyes through the long service. Once a week he visited Chinatown across the water, "to set," as he explained to the Missionary with eager readiness, "the Light in the Darkness," or, as he explained equally fluently to the Missionary's wife, "to sow the seed of life for such as will receive it." The main thing to notice is that by hook or crook every Wednesday morning saw him on the San Francisco Ferry Wharf stepping into a Market Street tram car.

For three more years he lived the same life, dwelling under a Christian roof, studying under a European system, and only once a week hearing the speech of his people in the narrow alleys of Chinatown.

Only the Lord of the Missionary's prayers (and perhaps the Chinese ashes of Kling Yen's much lamented and highly respected ancestors) knows what would have been the end of it all had Sun Fang not slid a curved blade from his silken sleeve into the heart of Foo Ling, leaving him on the Market Square lying in a pool of blood. Foo Ling was a high-binder, and deserved death; but he was a member of the high-binders' Tong, which is the most drastic and terrible in all Chinatown. Sun Fang was, it is true, a wearer of the Yellow Button, a Mandarin, and a Lord among the Cantonese, but Cantonese were scarce in the Quarter, and fear of the sweep of the midnight blade left him almost friendless in the whole of the labyrinth of the narrow alleys. Nor was this all, for Detective Willis had resolved to clean the Quarter, and had pulled the net as tightly as he dared to capture the fugitive murderer.

Hemmed in at last in a low opium cellar in the Street of the Crimson Peacock, with his dozen faithful at his side, he lay hidden for two days and two nights waiting for the silent watcher at the street corner to vanish. If he were to leave the street clear but for a brief five minutes then they might escape to a securer retreat.

That five minutes never came. For two days and two nights the black silk skull-cap of the watcher gave way only to the skull-cap of another, and Sun Fang knew only too well what was hidden in that crooked suggestive sleeve, and who they were who lounged ready for action within the house behind. On the third morning the high-binders attacked in force.

Aristocrats fight well; and it was not until a good hour later that thirty Tong men stood breathless around the bound body of Sun Fang, while the dark corners, shadow-hidden by the flickering tapers, concealed the ghastly work of the curved bowel-stabbing knife. Sun Fang alone lived; for him was reserved a death apart.

Slowly and at suitable intervals they denailed with red hot pincers each quivering hand and foot. As the end drew near and the eye-sockets ceased to smoke and the grinning mouth cavity ceased to bleed, abandoning hope of further mirth, they plied their knives conscientiously, making the hacked body a warning to the enemies of the Tong. Then they returned to their couches, their opium and their loves.

The early arrivals at the Market Place that morning shrank back in terror from a shapeless trunk that lay in a clotted pool of blood upon the flagstones. On the stone bench whereon on sunny days the old candy-seller displayed his succulent wares was a featureless head and, halved by a knife-cut, there lay beside it a Yellow Mandarin's Button.

On Wednesday morning Kling Yen, with his transfer neatly tucked into his pocket-book and a Virginian cigarette smoking between his lips, while stepping on to a tram car at the Market Street terminus, was touched on the arm by an old Chinese pedlar who whispered swiftly to him in his native tongue. In his interest at the old man's words he missed the car; and the next and the next clanged away leaving the ill-assorted pair still fluent in Cantonese.

Kling Yen, with a lighted match in his hand raised to an unlit cigarette, suddenly threw the tobacco into the gutter.

"By their ashes I have sworn it!" he said softly, blowing out the match unceremoniously.

The oath had been taken—there wanted now but the fulfilment.

II.

When the next Tong meeting of the society, that exists as expert murderers in every Chinese community, gathered in Yat Foo's couch-littered reception room, it was to a very happy and opium-comforted evening. High-binders command large payments, and the Tong was rich and powerful, so that there was liberal provision for each man's personal comfort both of body and soul. Around the room, at the head of each silk-covered couch, stood little brass trays of white pellets—the opium of the Asiatic. Every now and then a grave and dignified Oriental would refill his long pipe from a tray and would return to his smoke-clouded repose. Every now

and again a monosyllabic answer would be tossed through the murky atmosphere to a grunted question. Except for this there was silence.

Presently Yat Foo, chief among San Francisco high-binders both by wealth and ability, spoke from his cushioned couch: "So perish all that insult our Tong!" he proclaimed with a faint ring of exultation in his sing-song voice. "And the people cower while a Canton Mandarin becomes like the mud on the winter street." And at the thought he wrinkled his nose, which is the supreme expression of Chinese disgust.

"He fought well, O Yat Foo," grunted an ivory-faced dreamer, whose reputation was that of the fiercest among all the Tong.

"True, Sing Yet Tung," replied the other. "And his rats with him took many to their Fathers. But so died the dog"—here he wrinkled his nose again—"and so die all who oppose the Tong!"

"But what of Foi Chee's daughter, Sing Yet Fung? She has loved a white man"—for a moment his voice changed into a hiss—"and we have been paid. To-night in the Street of the Crimson Poppies—" . . . So was murder bought and sold for a bag of Foi Chee's silver dollars.

As the night grew on the Tong gradually disbanded, and Yat Foo retired to his couch for the night.

In the night he awoke to feel a knee on his chest and a cushion tight pressed on his mouth. After a few intense moments he realised the futility of the struggle and lay quiet, to hear a softly-modulated voice revile him in fluent Cantonese. Something like a hair was laid upon his throat, and he waited for death.

It was not so long in coming as it had been to Sun Fang. The pincers were missing. So too was the cord, the brazier, and the blunt horse hair that is used to explore each de-nailed finger and toe. But even by aid of the knife alone a Chinaman can exact a vengeance. Yat Foo was not a pretty sight when the intruder lifted him to the window and lowered him, wrapped in his own couch cover, to the ground outside.

Detective Willis was on the track of a vanishing black-caped knifer who had left, under the carven shadow of a balcony in the street of the Crimson Poppies, a Quarter policeman lying dead beside the body of Foi Chee's daughter. As he turned the abrupt corner into the Market Place he stopped in his tracks.

"Hold on, Mike!" he whispered to the leading patrol-man. "Something's up over there."

A dark figure was bending over a crumpled heap on the Market Place, and a silver arc gleamed in the light of the moon.

"Mother of Mercies! He's chopping him up!" shouted Mike, rushing forward as the full import of the scene dawned upon him. Surprising feature of a Chinese assassin, the native offered no resistance, but held up his wrists quietly for the steel hand-cuffs. The murderer secured, the others turned to view his handiwork.

What Mike had said was only too true. The headless trunk of Yat Foo, crowned by dismembered arms and legs, lay in a slippery ooze on the ground, and on the stone bench of the sweet-seller there lay for a second time a grinning, mutilated head.

There was no doubt from the beginning as to the Court's verdict. The Missionary indeed procured the best lawyer in San Francisco, but in the face of the facts and Kling Yen's appalling frankness nothing could be done. The Missionary prayed, his wife wept, and Kling Yen smiled.

Two days before the execution the Missionary made a final visit to the prison. All through the gloomy period that followed the sentence he had been bringing small delicacies to the condemned cell, but this was to be the last meeting of the two in this life. His tender heart would not permit him to wait the dread, dread night with his dearly loved convert.

"You know, dear," he had said to his wife as he quitted the neat little bungalow over the water, "I scarcely like to intrude on his communings. I am quite sure that he talks with God when he sits and thinks, and thinks, and doesn't even notice my presence. It is all surely a terrible mistake." And his wife, weeping to think of her Appointed Preacher under sentence of death, agreed that it must be a terrible, terrible mistake.

When the Missionary entered the cell, Kling Yen was speaking in his native language to an old Chinese pedlar, who, pack deposited on the stone floor, spoke of nothing but poverty and misery. The warders in searching for anything banned to the prisoners, had left it lying open, displaying a scanty collection of low-grade Chinese candy and fruits. The old man himself resembled his pack in that his clothes were obviously few and well-worn, and his face, grimed by the dusty streets, was that of a pedlar born.

But Kling Yen in beseeching voice addressed this stranger as if a prince.

"And you have purchased with the money of the Lord Ken Fu Ling, who is the Staff and the Life of all Canton, a silver-covered coffin with carved ivory handles?" he asked, his Chinese face filled as far as it might be with that expression we Europeans call awe.

The old man shook his head gravely in assent.

The Missionary, hearing the eager note in the supplication, thought, poor man, that "the Seed" was being sown "to such as will receive it."

"Is he too a kneeler at the Footstool?" he asked, laying a gentle hand on the youth's shoulder.

Kling Yen looked up angrily to discover the invader of his privacy. On recognising the Missionary his anger overcame him.

"You go and chase yourself to hell!" he snarled, and turning to the yellow emissary of his Canton Lord, he eagerly continued his humble petition.

"The Sacred Light of China will burn joss-sticks for me in the Temple of the Dragon's teeth?" he begged.

Again the old man nodded assent.

An indescribable expression of peace flooded Kling Yen's flat features. His was to be the burial for which each Chinese peasant prays and for which each emigrant hoards his scanty gold. Even to the joss-sticks would it be complete.

In turning he saw the Missionary still lingering, not able to realise the full import of what he had heard. Kling Yen wrinkled his nose.

"You damn Christian, go to the devil!" he said in his best University English. "You make me sick."

Outside the grey, granite walls of the prison the Missionary confided to his Comforter his shattered hopes and dreams, and received by reason of that very faith the consolation that is beyond all price. Within his plastered cell Kling Yen spent the fading hours before a stick of incense left to him by his visitor. The God of the Missionary is a jealous God, and asks faith full and undivided—but so do the Ashes of the Chinese Fathers.

S.E.B.

Il N'est Pas Mort Ton Souvenir

—From *Murger*.

No, youth's joy is not passed nor fled,
It liveth on in thought of thee,
And if thou lift the knocker's head
Echoes shall ope heart's court to thee.
It trembles there to hear thy name,
O Muse of Infidelity;
Return that we may break the same
Black bread made sweet with gaiety.

Farewell Musette, we part for aye,
Last love, perdie, is cold and dead:
Our youth a corpse doth buried lie—
Yon calendar its grave stonehead.
Perchance in raking ashes cold
Of sunlight days, it's there it lies,
A memory whose heart will hold
The Key to fallen Paradise.

R.F.F.

Congratulations to Mr. Arthur Fair on being elected Graduates' representative on the College Council. Mr. Fair is one of the pre-war graduates and has for two or three years been President of the Graduates' Association. Moreover he is still a student and a keen member of the Tramping, Dramatic, and Tennis Clubs. He has thus all the qualifications that experience at the College can give; and when we remember his never-failing interest in all University activities and the care and ability he has always been ready to bestow on them, we feel that the graduates have found an exceptional representative.

Welsh Rarebit

Last night I had a queer dream. I had just recovered from a minor scalding, brought about by my desire to swallow my coffee before the candle burned out, when a terrific uproar was heard at the front door. In my pyjamas I struggled out of bed and wandered to the door, barefooted, as I could not find my slippers.

"Come on!" shrieked a voice to me as I gained the door-mat, "the coach is simply rotting with indignation and the mice will take the bits between their teeth and bolt if you're not careful!"

I sprang aboard. It is useless to argue with a rabbit when he pulls at his whiskers in that determined way. So I stepped into the hollow pumpkin which he called a coach and the mice, in high fettle, bounded forward to the slackened rein so suddenly that I sat down.

"Late again!" said the rabbit waving his hand in the air with a circular motion so suddenly that I jumped. But he was only looking at his wristlet watch.

"That," he said nodding his head in sidelong fashion towards a bundle in the corner. "That is Cinderella."

"Oh, indeed," I answered, for I felt it incumbent on me to say something.

The bundle stirred itself and flung a foot forward, proving to be attired in Parisian fashion.

"I'm trying to straighten the seam of my seamless stocking," she said crossly, "and it simply will **not** go straight."

"That," I said deliberately, "is nonsense."

"Of course it is," replied the rabbit as he bent his bright eyes upon me. "Who ever heard of anything else in a dream?" Whereat he doubled up without warning and, thrusting one foot through the window, commenced to kick the coachman.

"I don't know what's the matter with the mice," he said, resuming his seat. "The cheese must have stopped running."

"The what must have stopped running?" I asked in astonishment.

The rabbit fixed me with a glare.

"The cheese, of course," he said. "Don't you know our specially salaried gorgonzola? How else do you think we get the mice to run? Where have you been living, man?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" wailed Cinderella, who had been gazing at her reflection in a new two shilling piece. "My hair simply will stay up. And I have no hairpins in it. How can it help tumbling down now?"

"But why should it tumble down?" I asked her.

"Of course it must," she snapped impatiently. "How do you expect the Prince to love me if it doesn't? It always falls down when he kisses me."

My confusion was lessened by the rabbit, who had climbed out upon the roof of the coach, poking his head in the window upside down.

"Here we are," he announced, and disappeared in a flash. I found myself walking up the stone steps of an unknown house in the most easy and familiar manner in the world.

"Come on," said the rabbit, advancing to meet us. By some miraculous means he had already divested himself of coat and hat and seemed quite at home. "I have the second from now with the Empress Eugenie."

He made one bound over the heads of two footmen and disappeared from sight. I have a confused impression of giving my coat and hat, which I had acquired somewhere, to a man with the cold staring eyes and gaping mouth of a codfish, and followed Cinderella.

"What does he want to wear a watch chain for?" she was saying. "Why he only carries the key of his brother's money-box on the end of it, and he could open that with a screwdriver."

She flitted away with someone oddly like Lord Beaconsfield just as a man who seemed to know me approached. He was languid, dandiacal, and he spoke precisely. His right eye was entrenched behind an eyeglass. We chatted pleasantly, though I haven't the slightest remembrance of what we said. The large room was full of people in fancy dress and with the odd familiarity of dreams I began to recognise them.

"We have this ball every year," my companion remarked. "We give the proceeds to the Home for Destitute Emperors. Several of the poor fellows are in great want just now. There's Romanoff, he can hardly keep a valet, merely because they don't like him with his head off, poor chap. And Louis, he's rather hard pushed; lack of really good linen, don't you know. Caesar Augustus, Vespasian and Domitian, they're unlucky. Stacks of servants, you know, but nothing to wear. We ask them here, but they won't come. The poor lads are so sensitive. I told them to wear their jolly old togas, but they say they couldn't dream of coming unless they were in evening dress. Oh, I say, here's Max! What cheer, Max? You fellows know each other?" And he introduced me to Mr. Beerbohm.

Sure enough it was. The incomparable was dressed as the Happy Hypocrite, with a mask of Lord George Hell in one hand and Lord George Heaven in the other. I began to recognise yet other faces which I knew. Mr. Barrie advanced with mincing tread gown'd as Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire. Oscar Wilde appeared in several head-strings as Salome. A pair of boxing gloves and an allowance of sticking-plaster on Mr. Bernard Shaw represented Cashel Byron's profession. Mr. Masfield, in bonnet and shawl, was the Widow in the Bye Street. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, in spangles, was Carnival. Mr. Hugh Walpole was attired to represent a virulent Duchess. "Ouida" strode into the room with a Union Jack and tricolour over her shoulders. A serious-faced Mr. Galsworthy represented the Eldest Son. Cheeky-faced Mr. Kipling was attired as Puck. A tall, black figure, I was told, was Mrs. Meynell as the Second Person Singular. Maurice Hewlett was present as the Fool Errant; Mr. Henry James was an Ambassador; Mr. George Moore, in solemn raiment, was Sister Teresa:

Sir Conan Doyle appeared as a fairy. Behind these figures I could see others which I knew: Francis Thompson as a bloodhound; Clemence Dane as Shakespeare; Shakespeare as Caesar.

My head began to whirl and I turned to my companion.

"Oh, this is quite a jolly little place," he said to my query. You remember me, of course? I'm Baring; Maurice Baring. But you wanted to know the name of this show. It's the Club of Damned Authors."

* * * *

Somehow I was quite pleased to awaken in my bed.

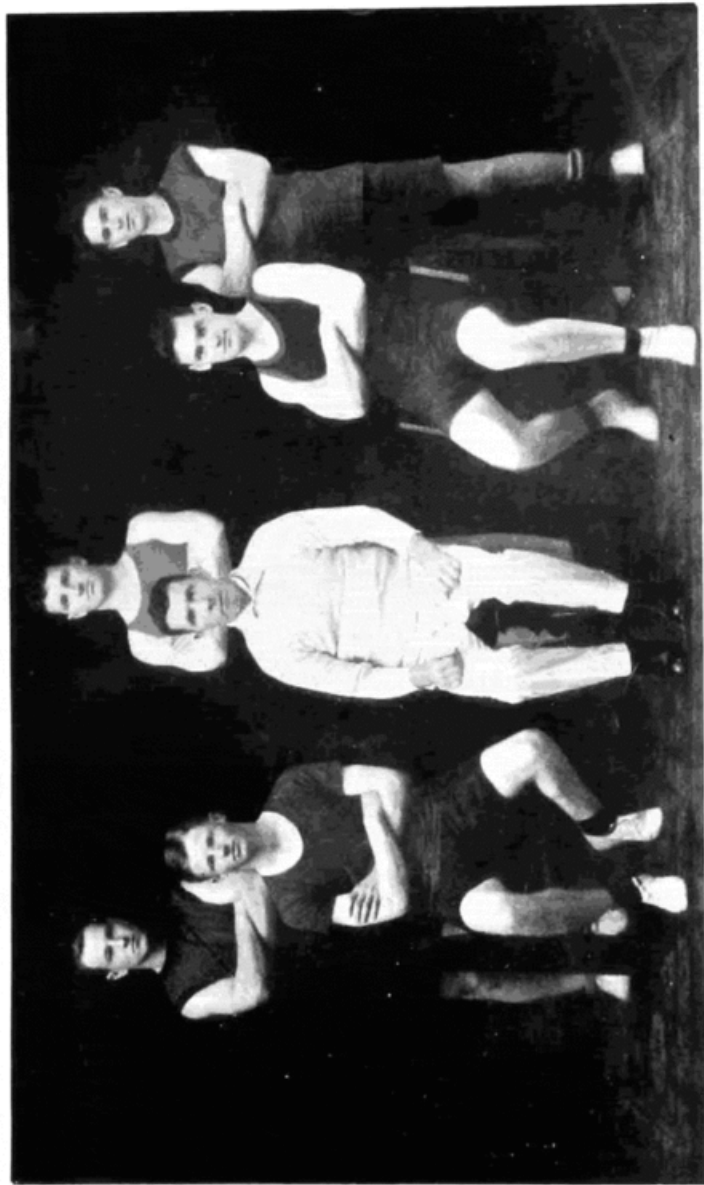
C.Q.P.

Atys Captive

The luminous day rolls downward into death,
And Sardis burns to fire his funeral.
My father's marbles cannot cool the light.
Pactolus vapours into nothingness,
And the bronze air is living. How hard's the tower
Staunch in its round completeness to withstand me!
With fretted dados and white Grecian beds,
And sickly perfumes smothering the air—
The air, the very air cannot be free!
O to plunge downwards in the silken seas,
Have the wet waters kiss my front, and push
The face of all my limbs against its cool!
To be a sail for the wind; become a part
Of the raw manhood of its gusty sting,
And shivering rain—my fair old feast-companions!
The gracious splendour of the chuckling oars,
The hunt in the child-morning, when the knees
Gather the dew from off the rain-lashed grasses;
And the flat ocean, and the singing stars,
Shocked at the storm's cessation; the loose robes
Of the bronze huntsmen the high winds tear and kiss—
O 'twere too sensual action! These giving cushions
Cluster about my throat, infest me—pah!
I am suffocated. Adrastes! O Adrastes!
Grant me that I may batter through this iron,
Chafe all these locked doors to nothingness,
Battle to health and movement—and so die!

C.L.P.





Sitting—Feather: R. R. T. Young (N.Z.U. Champion).

Standing—Lightweight: N. J. Lewis.

Welter: V. F. Coningham (N.Z.U. Champion).

Heavy: A. D. McRae.

Bantam: J. C. Vance.

Absent: E. C. Miller.

This "War—What For?"

THE RECENT CRISIS AND ITS MORAL.

I.

"Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow."

—Shelley.

"The lives of all those boys whom I saw go marching up the roads of France and Flanders to the fields of death, so splendid, so lovely in their youth, will have been laid down in vain if by their sacrifice the world is not uplifted to some plane a little higher than the barbarity which was let loose in Europe. They will have been betrayed if the agony they suffered is forgotten, and 'the war to end war' leads to preparations for new, more monstrous conflict." So wrote Sir Philip Gibbs in 1920, in the concluding passages of his "Realities of War," and yet, not three years after the conclusion of the "war to end war," once again the statesmen of the Home Country have attempted to commit the peoples of the British Empire to the devastation and the horrors of another world conflict.

What are the facts? In 1920 a solemn promise to the Mohammedans of India, a deliberate pledge, was given to the peoples of the British Empire as a clear and specific declaration of war aims—that we would not deprive Turkey of Thrace, and that we would not dismember the Turkish Empire—this in order to induce still more men to participate in the business of killing people of another race. The end achieved, 14,000 graves on the hills of Gallipoli, and then the revelation that while all these open declarations were being made, secret treaties were being entered into which committed the country to a policy diametrically opposed to every pledge that had been given. The promises which had induced men to fight, deliberately and cynically ignored, Thrace torn from Turkey, the city of Adrianople, of peculiar sacredness to the Turks, given to Greece, until at last the Prime Minister is driven to declare, "We are full up; we have got Constantinople. We have got Mesopotamia. We have got Palestine."

Could any course of events lead more certainly to "war and still endless war?" The recent crisis was an inevitable and certain retribution for such a policy. But dismissing that aspect of the question, how many hundreds were prepared to believe once again that war would solve the problem, in spite of these proven facts, how many, even in this College, were willing to be persuaded by similar pledges and similar assurances into a course that threw into the balance not merely their own lives, but also the whole future of civilisation, and the happiness of generations to come? This time the declared war aim was the "Freedom of the Straits," and once more the same story has to be told. One of the most astounding revelations that have since been made is the fact that, in September, a month before the incident, Mustapha Kemal sent his Minister of the Interior—Fethi Bey—to London with proposals for the demilitarisation and neutralisation of the Straits under the perpetual inspection of the League of Nations. The Turkish Envoy was re-

ceived neither by the Cabinet nor by individual Ministers, and the fact and purpose of his mission were deliberately suppressed by Cabinet. So that the youth of this country were being asked to throw away their lives in order to secure something from the Turks which the Turks themselves for months had been willing and anxious to give peacefully! Dean Inge has described the Great War as a "colossal stupidity." In heaven's name, what language would he have employed to describe this war of it had eventuated?

II.

"If I come back from here (which I scarcely hope for any more) my dearest duty will be to soak myself in the study and the thoughts of those who have been our enemies. I wish to reconstruct my nature on a wider basis. . . . And I believe that it will be easier after this war than after any other to be a human being."—Extract from a letter written in the trenches by a teacher in the German Army—killed on 12th February, 1917.

Is there, then, no hope for the future peace of the world? Is there to be no end to this "bloody and puerile sport in which the partners change about from century to century?" Will men for ever allow themselves to be blindly led to the shambles by the skilful use of some catch-cry—some phrase—some word? We cannot say, but of this I am certain: that unless we descend from the repetition of amiable generalities about war, and cultivate a readiness to oppose not war generally but this war or that war; unless we realise the hollowness of what has been termed "Fairweather Pacifism," which says, "War is against the will of God," and substitute an active Pacifism which will say, "This war is against the will of God," at the moment when this war is in preparation or action, then indeed we are doomed. "Amiable generalities and attitudes," declares the "Nation," "do not carry the requisite elements of faith. Nor do they commit those who utter them to any concrete conduct. . . . Our Bishop's statement that 'War is against the will of God' and that 'Peace on earth has been the message of the Christian Churches from the beginning,' is not likely to be challenged. But then the reason why these principles are so innocuous and unhelpful is that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as war, but only this war and that war. . . . A peace of lassitude is no substitute for a peace of conviction. How can the necessary conviction, moral and intellectual, be won?" and the "Nation" answers: "We are driven perforce upon the instrument of education." One hesitates to use the word "instrument" because it rather suggests the very subservience of education to ulterior purposes, which is already defeating the ends of peace as well as perverting the purpose of education; but, passing that over, it is undoubtedly true that our problem resolves itself into a problem of education in the wide sense. It is not now seriously questioned that a pre-requisite to any reform in the matter of international relationships is the democratic control of foreign policy, which means the fullest publicity and the opportunity to criticise, but even when this has been achieved, it by no means follows that peace is assured, and unless the people controlling foreign policy are a people well informed in world-affairs, with an outlook that sees beyond the frontiers of nationality, perceiving the struggles of other peoples, feeling their joys and their sorrows, and understand-

ing the peculiar contribution that each nation has to make to the sum-total of human happiness, then the old prejudices and passions will survive to be lashed into a war-fury at the first sign of a dispute.

But to consider this wide educational aspect of the question is to consider the whole problem, and space will not permit of that. As teachers and University students, we are particularly interested in school education, and therefore limiting ourselves to this extent, let us consider what practical measures are necessary in relation to the education of the school if people are not to be so readily stamped into the futility of war.

In the first place, it must surely be admitted that so long as hatred and fear of other nations are encouraged in the minds of a people, so long will war remain a very real possibility, but when these passions are stimulated and developed in the child mind in the very first years of its education, how much more difficult is the task of uplifting the race to a wider conception of a unified world! We must "de-venomise" the text-books that enter the school. An example will make this point clear. The following extract is taken from a text-book entitled "The History of India for Junior Classes" (by E. Marsden, B.A., 1919, page 234), which is known to be in use in portions of the Empire where native populations are being taught:—

"The Germans are indeed a savage and a brutal race. In this war they have broken every law of God and every law of man. They say openly that solemn treaties are mere scraps of paper to be broken at any time they please; they kill their prisoners in cold blood, they torture those they do not kill; they murder women and children, toss them on the points of their swords, and laugh at their screams of agony; they destroy churches and hospitals, they shoot doctors and nurses; they poison the wells and the streams and the air; they cut down the crops and the fruit trees; they lay waste the whole country as they go over it, burning down the villages and leaving the towns heaps of smoking ruins. They are without religion, and in their cruel hearts there is no mercy, no pity, no kindness, no truth, no honour. They cannot be counted among civilised nations, and are indeed more like wild beasts than men."

At all costs all such matter as this must be stripped entirely from every book that enters a school, else this world of men will most certainly continue to be very little removed from the jungle, and all men will indeed be little better than "wild beasts."

We must go still further and eliminate not simply this form of propaganda which so crudely aims at stimulating hatred, but also the more insidious and less easily-detected propaganda which is calculated to exalt one's country at the expense of other countries and to promote the growth of a bigoted nationalistic pride—the suppressions and distortions of history that create the belief that one's nation has always been right and has always been victorious, thereby encouraging a willingness to fight.

Bertrand Russell has illustrated this point by reference to the manner in which the English text-books give the average schoolboy the impression that the Battle of Waterloo was a victory won by Wellington, in which the Prussians played little or no part whatever, while, on the other hand, the German text-books convey the impression that Wellington was on the point of defeat when the

day was retrieved and the battle won by the gallantry of Blucher. "If good relations between States were desired," he suggests, "one of the first steps ought to be to submit all teaching of history to an international commission, which should produce neutral textbooks free from the patriotic bias which is now demanded everywhere," and one might add that with the creation of the League of Nations, the organisation for this purpose is now at hand.

But all this is negative, and must be supported by some positive teaching if any progress is to be made, and in indicating something of the positive instruction which must be introduced, I can do no better than quote from an address delivered to the Otago Educational Institute by Professor Pringle, in the course of which the Professor said:—

"The ardent teacher will pass lightly over the deeds of physical valour and military prowess. He will pause long and lovingly over the great ideals, clustering round each century, in the progress of our Commonwealth. Above all, he will recreate and infuse the whole with the unfolding conceptions of liberty, which gives value and meaning to the great historic progress. . . . Patriotism in the schools must be supplemented by the teaching of true internationalism. The young mind requires to be taught something of the debt that we owe to other nations. It is all too inclined to accept without questioning the conception that all foreigners are inferior beings. . . . You can weed out all this by pointing to the record of great men of other nations who have added to the general stock of knowledge, or diffused poetry, art, and science over the world. . . . Choose, varify, amplify the catalogue as we will, and as we must, no nation or nationality counts alone, or paramount, among the forces that have shaped the world's elect, and shared in diffusing central light and warmth among the children of men. There are kinds of patriotism, the true and the false; but we must never, at the bidding of the false patriot, forbear to teach the true internationalism. Friendliness, brotherhood, co-operation, a quickened sense of international justice, a lessened sense of national vanity, a desire to play the game, and let the other fellow play it, too: These are some of the touchstones of the genuine article. . . . To say these things will occasionally demand courage and clear fidelity to conscience, but in the end the mothers of New Zealand and their sons will rise up and call you blessed. . . . Nor should it be omitted that in these islands, remote (as Lord Bryce reminds us) from the influence of Europe, the appreciation of the part played by other nations in building up our common civilisation is apt to become dim. A series of lessons in your elementary schools, spread over a series of years, on 'What I owe to France, What I owe to Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, America,' and the like would prove a marked solvent of international difficulties, without undermining the foundations of a solid and worthy patriotism."

It would be sheer foolishness to suggest that these measures, if adopted, would be sufficient in themselves to usher in a warless world. Education does not end at the School or even at the University, and the teacher is not the only educating agency. But such measures as these suggest something of the direction which our efforts must take if mankind is to catch the vision of a world order that will release humanity from the bondage of war to follow the adventurous paths of peace.

Only by building on some such basis as this can there be created the international mind that will lift the nations above the narrower patriotisms that bid fair to plunge the world into unceasing conflict. As teachers, let us strive for the diffusion of these ideals. "If we only fought for our convictions," wrote Tolstoy, "war would be an impossibility." Let us fight for a warless world, remembering that

we fight not against war," but against "this war." "No idea is so practical," says Bertrand Russell, "as the idea of the brotherhood of man, if only people could be startled into believing it; if only it were inaugurated with the faith and vigour belonging to a new revolution." No nobler task could be ours than the inauguration of such a revolution. It is the sacred mission of Youth in a world that has too long been given over to "blood and flames" by old men and old ideas. May the task be grandly fulfilled, and then, perhaps, it may be no vain hope that when next the rulers of the old world call the peoples of this country to arms, the war-drum will beat in vain and the shouts of militaristic politicians will find no response in the heart of the people. Rather will their minds be strangely stirred by the vision that inspired that great French writer, Romain Rolland, when he penned these words: "For the finer spirits of Europe there are two dwelling-places: our earthly fatherland and that other City of God. Of the one we are the guests, of the other the builders. To the one let us give our lives and our faithful hearts; but neither family, friend, nor fatherland, nor aught that we love has power over the spirit. The spirit is the light. It is our duty to lift it above tempests, and thrust aside the clouds which threaten to obscure it; to build higher and stronger, dominating the injustice and hatred of nations, the walls of that city wherein the souls of the whole world may assemble."

J.W.G.D.

Tramping Song

(Tune—"Captain Ward": English Traditional)

Come out, come out! ye trampers all, and take the open road,
Oh, leave your must and inside dust, throw off your daily load—
Take up, take up, your friendly swag and foot the way with me,
The way that lies beneath the skies and borders on the sea.

The student's road is tough and hard (sing cheerily and loud!)
Until he joins the Tramping Men (O brethren, be not proud!)
The singing, swinging Tramping Men, who march the miles away,
Who swing their packs upon their backs, and fill the fleeting day.

And praise we now the Tramping Girl, the fairest of the fair—
Her smile is free, frank eyes has she, the wind blows in her hair,
She treads the highway, climbs the heights, no day-long journeys
tire

Her tireless limbs; and bright she trims the cheerful evening fire.

Come out, come out! the high hills call, the country stretches wide,
The world shall be our breathing-space, the rushing wind our
guide—

The partner of our way shall be the rippling roadside stream,
And when we sleep the stars shall keep good watch and fill our
dream.

Then follow where the white road runs beyond the distant hill,
Oh, follow where the rata burns, the tui whistles shrill,
Oh, follow up the wandering clouds that beckon from on high,
The winds that sing immortal songs across the open sky!

J.C.B.

In Memoriam

My ancestry reaches back an extraordinary distance—how far back I dare not conjecture. Its details I am unable to give, for I have carelessly omitted to record them. Indeed, when all is said and done, who would load his memory with such an accumulation of facts, comprising as they do, amid a deal of glory not a little of regret? My chiefest regret, however, is that so many excellent people are dead. What information could they not have imparted to me, sitting at their feet with ears (so modern in length) tensely receptive; what romantic experiences, what engaging gossip, what amazing tales! Creation's heir, a world of credulousness would have been mine. In this uneventful age, surrounded by strange voices, I miss them terribly, those grand old fellows who bore up under the countless vicissitudes of evolution in order that they might produce me; and, when I consider the prestige their association might have brought me, I feel derelict. The strings I could have pulled—nay, the wire hawsers! Confusion, I say, upon that affair of Babel that broke the continuity! But anathema indescribable upon that loathly worm, the progenitor of politicians, with the rearing of whose baneful head dispossession and death came from nether regions to shatter the prospect of a vast and happy family union! The thought of that crawling meddler sets me at once in a stew; and, whatever the guise of its descendants, I for my part, being unable to forget that primeval treachery, cannot, will not love them, though they "eat the fat of state," speak with the tongues of righteous indignation, yea, even write anonymously to the newspapers.

What wonder, then, that I return again and again in tender sympathy to her whose misfortune was so dire that her children stagger beneath it to-day, to my ever-so-great grandmother Eve. Did no tie of sorrow bind me to her, still would she be the wonder of my thought, till I should scarce believe one so radiant ever to have lived. In an age that was as fair as this day is unfair, she was the fairest, alone in her faultless beauty, the belle of her period, the first lady in the land. Her form was comely beyond description; even the comic artist of to-day, whose pencil knows no reverence, dare not debase it. Her complexion was wondrous—and there was much more of it than even modern fashions reveal—her habiliment in exquisite taste, yet so amazingly simple. The queen of home-builders, her delight was in the open air; all Nature was her domain. Indeed, she might well be called the foundress of the first Tramping Club. To her assuredly I owe my fondness for tramping. Although I cannot, I am credibly informed, claim to inherit her matchless beauty, yet I offer no affront to modesty when I say that I do not inherit her passion for fruit. Ah, golden apple age! before markets came to rob the succulent pseudocarpal of most of its vitamins and all of its romance, the dear dead day when knowledge (thrilling thought) could be had for the mere plucking. Often the plucking now, in truth, but, alas, little the knowledge!

Had the apple of knowledge never been plucked, we might have been the happier, Eve. How could you know, however, that it would be as a Stokes bomb dropped into the human race?

Atalanta's race was not the surer lost. The apple of Eros worked less calamity. For labour came to worry us, and hot on the heels of labour, like a roaring lion, Capital. Had the Garden remained, Capital would never have struck oil in Mesopotamia—oil, the stinking spirit that drives the engines of avarice in their ghastly work of fashioning anew the brand of Cain, the ichor that makes man less human as he grows less godlike! And the desert would not have been left exposed to the evil eye of the moving picture director!

We do not blame thee, Eve. The Welfare League had not arrived to trumpet down with glorious note the murmurings of insidious propaganda. Thy children would have stripped the tree, in any case. Neither can fault be found with thy loyalty, as with ours; but then there was no press to disturb the empire thou didst manage with thy capable Adam, no wild windy tongues to sap at its foundations. I doubt not hadst thou lived, there had been unity to-day and one great human family, guided by the loving hand of its universal parent, instead of by

“ the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.”

But the work of the serpent bore thee down in the end, and Adam remained to mourn his “sore, sad loss.” Beside thy grave I see him sitting, a lone grizzled old man, bent with the weight of his enormous years and still more enormous sorrow, on his stricken lips the most poignant (albeit the most apocryphal) tribute ever uttered by human being, because uttered by him who alone could know the fulness of its meaning:

“ Wherever she was, there was Eden!”

P.J.S.

“ Sic Gloria ”

At dawn a boy went whistling by
With cheery smile and happy grace;
The rosy freshness of the sky
Was in his face.

The noon shed forth its golden beam,
I watched a tiller at his toil;
He noticed but the yellow gleam
Upon the soil.

At dusk an old man came to me,
The gloom of night was on his face;
“The Dark,” he mumbled, fearfully,
“Comes on apace.”

SUFFENUS.



Scientific Terminology

Prof. Pfoossilifski (to fair student who is unable to identify a rock specimen in Practical Geology): Is it granite?

Fair Student: N-o.

Prof.: Schist?

Fair Student: N-o-o.

Prof.: Well, do you think it is gneiss?

Fair Student: Oh, I think it's just lovely.

Reviews

AN ELDER SISTER'S SONGS (College Rhymes: Canterbury College, 1873-1923).

We cultivators of The Old Clay Patch who have already garnered two harvests of rhyme, now turn with pleasure to appraise the flowers and fruits that grow by Avon's side.

It is now fifty years since Canterbury College was founded, and to commemorate her jubilee, an anthology has been published of the verses written by her men and women students from 1873 to the present day. It will be a treasured volume—a book to smile and to sigh over, to dream over, and to love. It is a friendly book. From the frontispiece—a delicate etching of Canterbury College—to the last page there breathes forth the spirit of loyal comradeship: there lurks “the laughter learnt of friends”; there sparkles College quips and cranks; and over all lingers the tenderly regretful reminiscence of middle-age for “the days where youth belongs.”

The Anthology is divided into two parts—the first containing topical verse, and the second verse that is “associated with Canterbury College not in theme, but merely from the circumstance that the writer received some part of his education within its walls.” (I quote from Mr. Alpers' interesting introductory reminiscence.)

It naturally follows that Part I. cannot be appreciated properly by an outsider. But he can chuckle at the cleverness of Gilbertian rhymes, and marvel delightedly over “The Otagiad” of W. F. Ward, with its ecstatic tags (V.U.C. can even feel some reflected glory from “W.F.”), and can join heartily in the toast of “Registrar Joynt.” And he probably has seen

“Sage professors, grim and stately,
With indulgence smiling down,
Add her marks inaccurately
Now that Lisbeth wears a gown.”

That may happen in any College; and other students besides Cantuarienses have watched in a College tea-room—

“The pot-plant's verdure flee
Through over-irrigation,
With surplus saucerfuls of tea
By way of gentle stimulation.”

In Part II., however, are poems of wider interest. Many well-known names are there: William Pember Reeves, Jessie Mackay, Mary Colborne-Veel, and others whom we all know from the book of “New Zealand Verse.”

Part II. opens with the oft-quoted poem of Reeves, “The Passing of the Forest.” One cannot travel anywhere through these islands without having those cruel contrasts before one's eyes, and without learning that

“A bitter price to pay
Is this for progress, beauty swept away.”

And yet one can take comfort from the fact that beauty shines even through desolation and know that "all cannot fade that glorifies the hills."

Another poem of contrast, so typical of New Zealand, this England in Maoriland, is Dora Wilcox's "Onawe." Onawe was the fortress near Akaroa which Rauparaha sacked, and whose defenders were mercilessly slain:

"All undisturbed the Pakeha herds are creeping
 Along the hill,
 On lazy tides the Pakeha sails are sleeping,
 And all is still.

Here once the Haka sounded, and din of battle
 Shook the gray crags;
 Triumphant shout and agonised death-rattle
 Startled the shags.

Tena koe! Pakeha! within the fortification
 Grows English grass;
 Tena koe! subtle conqueror of a nation
 Doomed to pass!"

The verse of W. D. Andrews is very attractive. "The True Immortals" will appeal to all booklovers.

A poem that is singing in my memory with some of its lines is "A Time Will Come," by Arnold Wall. I showed it to a young literary-enthusiast friend of mine, and he objected to the last verse, "so inevitable," and added, "But you wouldn't call it a poem?" I felt sad for him, but he is young yet; and I would call it a poem. It seems to me to breathe the mellow calm of an English summer afternoon; it is severely wise and quiet, and who that loves cricket will not cherish the description of

"The beautiful, beautiful game
 That is battle and service and sport and art."

If (to quote a very much-worked definition) "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," then I think that the author of "Pantom of the Plug" has some claims to the title. Its ingenuity amazes me. It is on page 86.

We all know the blase New Zealander who goes Home for perhaps a year, and "does" the Continent, and who returns to his native land super-critical. To him should be read the "Laudabunt Alii" of A. E. Currie. I quote the last verse:—

"Some day we may drop the Farewell Light, and lose the winds of home—
 But where shall we win to a land so bright, however far we roam?
 We shall long for the fields of Maoriland, to pass as we used to pass
 Knee-deep in the seeding tussock, and the long lush English grass;
 And we may travel a weary way ere we come to a sight as grand
 As the lingering flush of the sun's last ray on the peaks of Maoriland."

The homely things of life, the things of every day, have a champion in O. N. Gillespie. "Evensong" to him spells home and homeliness:—

"Sing a song of washing-up, shining clean plates,
 Chattering together like a crowd of old mates;
 Buxom cups and saucers and little white bowls,
 Purely and demurely bright like little girl souls."

The lyrics of Irene Wilson are shadow-soft, quiet, calm, woman-poems.

Among J. H. E. Schroder's verses is a sonnet, "The Street," which contains a vivid picture of any windy day in any N.Z. city:—

"The day
Mocks in a challenging splendour blue and gold,
The humbled ugliness; and then the bold
Vagabond wind flings in its face its stray
Litter of insults; urchin dust-whirls play
Their fitful games in the gutters."

Philip Carrington is represented by "Hougomont, 1815," the noble poem that won the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge; by "Rangiora," with its simple truth; and by the yearning little lyric "Desire":—

"My body walks in England
By little village stiles,
But my spirit goes a journey
Of thirteen thousand miles."

In conclusion, I quote some lines from the opening poem of the volume, for I feel that it has a message, not only for Canterbury College, but for all New Zealand. Those of us who are sometimes impatient of our country's "newness" and lack of tradition, feel our impatience as an unworthy thing when we read Professor Arnold Wall's dedicatory sonnet. It teaches us to feel our "newness" but as freedom to become great:—

"I have young blood and stirrings manifold,
And soarings of the spirit, swift and bold;
Shall I not glory in my lustres, too?"

So speaks Canterbury College; and so, like her, let us

"Dread not heresy, nor sloth nor greed,
But gaze into the dawn with fearless eyes."

M.L.N.

A PROFESSOR ON PEGASUS.

"London Lost and Other Poems," by Arnold Wall. (Whitcombe and Tombs, Ltd., 1922.)

The stars will not stir in their courses at the publication of Arnold Wall's book. Nor will his name occupy a niche in the yet unpublished History of New Zealand Literature. The first thing that strikes one is a wonder why it should have been issued at all. Professor Wall has not the poetical mind. The relations between the seen and the unseen cannot penetrate the armour of his education. He outrages your sense of rhythm at every turn, and he has not even that command over language which allows of fluent, if uninspired, verse being written. His lines hump like a motor on a rocky road; he will rhyme "advice" and "fierce" cheerfully, and his verses, usually in stanza form, are in a metre which saves a man from the trouble of much thinking.

The volume falls into three parts, worthless war scribblings, humorous or semi-humorous verse, and attempts at "real poetry." The first may be dismissed, the second are worthy of more comment. Imperfectly as he has committed it to paper, I should say that the

Professor possesses a genuine humorous vein. Such verses as "The Public Man" and "The Song of Brer Rabbit" contain an echo, dim and distant, of the cleverness of "Bulletin" humorists. But to what depths this Professor's determination to succeed will lead him may be judged from his "Explosion" against the privileges enjoyed by the older poets:—

Lucky old dogs!
 Lucky old bargees!
 We limp in clogs,
 They move at ease.
 That's what makes me hot,
 Makes me lose my wool;
 Chaucer and his lot
 Had the blooming pull.

There is enough and to spare of this kind of versifying in the volume. Undoubtedly, it amused Professor Wall to write it, but why let it see the light of day? Yet occasionally we chance upon good lines, like diamonds in a dustbin, as in the opening of the address to the battleship "New Zealand":—

Whatever ocean surge your forefoot break.

The metrical difficulty mastered, you may turn out sonnets of little worth with the regularity of a machine, and the Professor has his share of them. But the only two poems of any merit in the book are in this form. One of them bears the print of that religious thought which marks a great number of the verses in "London Lost." And as there is no reason why anyone should have to buy the book to read them, we reprint them here:—

If you would see our city at her best,
 Go when the winter twilight, grey and cold,
 Laps her in soft fog-draperies, fold on fold,
 And there dwells yet a sallow sheen in the west;
 Then like a princess for a tall she's drest,
 Robed in rich purples, gorgeous to behold,
 Starred with ten thousand points of winking gold,
 And a great jewel brazing on her breast.

So should have shone the angels' watch-fires bright
 Through the pale dusk of that tremendous even,
 When Michael's millions kept their watch and ward,
 Bating a breathing space in the grand fight,
 Upon the steep confines of utmost heaven,
 Waiting the time and coming of the Lord.

THE REFORMERS.

Thick throng the bristling spears, slender and tall,
 Bravely the wind-tossed pennons flame and float,
 The sun leaps back from gilded helm and coat,
 While the great host moves forward to the wall,
 Fierce, yet obedient to the bugle call;
 But these rush on, fanatic and devote,
 And singly fling themselves across the moat,
 And run upon the stones, and break, and fall.

Lives spilt and madly waste and nothing done!
 No! The defenders quail and drop their boast,
 Knowing that not by axe and arms alone,
 But such hot spirit as these few have shown,
 Glowing and throbbing hard throughout the host,
 Their walls shall yet be breached, their city won.

I should like Professor MacKenzie's opinion on that word "devote."

"ROSEMARY, THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE."

"Gathered Leaves," by Marjory Nicholls. (Whitcombe and Tombs, Ltd., 1922.)

Miss Marjory Nicholls, in "Gathered Leaves," gives us the fruits of experience. Her verses of a decade ago were restless, pessimistic and joyous by turns. Her new volume reveals a mind which has ranged far in the past ten years, and has brought back to our shores poetry intimate and saddened a little, but filled with resignation and quietude. The old restless days have gone for ever, the heart which held the vagrant spirit of Villon and savoured the delicacy of the Pleiades has passed with ships which trod many waters and has come home.

It cannot be said that Miss Nicholl's new volume reveals any marked increase in her technical ability. She writes as she always did, simply, directly, not seeking the ornate or resounding word, but allowing her feelings full play. For sheer simplicity one has to go to W. H. Davies or to de la Mare to find anyone to compare her with. But she is poles asunder from those poets in her view of life. Being a woman, Miss Nicholls naturally sees things in the light of her heart. It is her own personality that is reflected for her in the world's looking-glass, her own deep content that she reads into the Valley of Wainui or the thresh of rain in the roof, her own pain that she puts into a talk with a flower. Romance still hovers in the air for her as it did in the days when she wrote the most romantic of all her poems, "Red Hibiscus"; dawn and its ministering winds, rain and sun still make their magic for her. But there is turning away from her first love of nature to a pre-occupation with the things of the mind. All the world now speaks to her with the voice of her thought, and in this book, which contains poems written as early as 1912, we can see just how far she has travelled. The old ability to give a vivid little vignette is with her still, as in the Colombo sketch:—

From my rickshaw I looked down
At a woman passing by;
With her was her baby brown,
Plump and shiny, bright of eye.

Rusty red her sari was;
He was walking naked quite;
Red hibiscus in his hand,
Vivid, impudently bright.

There is, too, the tendency to pen epigrammatic magazine trifles which marked Miss Nicholls's earlier years, and some very excellent translations from the French poets, who have always engaged her affections, and from whom she has probably learnt much in clarity of thought. But it is in the later poems that we find her at her delicate best. The mood half realised, the vision of a moment are caught in a net of words in "Silver Birches," "The Wandering Wind," and "I Scarce Believed"; while in "Two Widows" and its kindred poems she has attained perfection of utterance.

Why did he voice for me, speaking of another,
Thoughts I hide deep in my heart?
And I could but nod assent, and scarcely seem to heed him
Lest tears, distressing him, should start.

Tears are sister to those thoughts, and they grow together;
All the children that I have, they.
Love was father to them—Memory friend to them.
And they dwell with me alway.

Why did he say to me, speaking of another,
"Her child is life to her? . . . I am not a mother.

Miss Nicholls has not genius, but she is a poetess delicate and sensitive. Her work is now at maturity, and she has gained full control of her medium of expression. Her next book should be a real contribution to our literature.

Whom The Gods Love

HE WAS YOUNG; SO, MAYBE, THAT IS WHY THE GODS WERE KIND.

From a window high up in the wing of the College he watched the lights of the city spring up in the darkness, and saw the moon throw her beams of tapering silver across the water. Gazing thereon, and communing with himself, he was suddenly aroused by a remarkable change which had taken place around and below him. Gone were the cold brick walls of the College with its resounding corridors and gloomy classrooms. Gone were the laboratories with their sickening array of apparatus and their cases of hideous skulls. Gone, too, were the Professors, Demonstrators, and Inquisitors who conspired to make the student's life one with sorrow and bitterness. In place thereof, our young man found himself alone upon the hill with God's fresh air about him.

Looking down he saw that far, far below, the city had been transformed. Its streets now stretched to the rim of the earth, broad and straight, and lined with noble buildings. The domes and towers, illuminated by great lights cunningly concealed, glowed in the shimmering darkness, and reared their proud heads to the star-shot vault of heaven. He saw, too, that here and there were bridges of white marble, naked as it were, in the white shafts of light that streamed upon them, accentuating every detail of their beauty. As he gazed upon the scene, there came to his ears the sound of music, song and dance. On the water were graceful ships outlined by coloured lamps; and music came from them also. And overhead the moon, great and yellow as he had never seen it before, looked down and smiled. A tinge of colour swept to the cheeks of the young man, and his heart beat ever so little; for he had come rich to this Great City—and he had come young. . . .

When night paled into morning, he descended the mountain to view at leisure the scene which had lain spread out so far and wide beneath him. By the time the sun rose he found that he had set foot in a tropic country, rich with palms and dew-drenched flowers. White temples gleamed among the trees and fountains threw high the spray drops, which flashed their fire like diamonds in the sun. He heard a sweet voice humming a careless fragment

TOURNAMENT REPRESENTATIVES.



Back Row.—A. C. Taylor, E. R. Young, G. E. S. Ellis, S. G. McIntosh, F. S. Paul, A. D. McKee, F. H. Halph, E. C. Miller, P. S. Hill, J. Grigg.
 Second Row.—C. B. Thomas, V. E. Conington, Miss I. Thwaites, Miss A. M. Pison, H. E. Moore, H. McVornick, H. G. F. Whiteman, Miss R. Gardner, M. Landbetter.
 Third Row.—J. W. G. Davidson, P. B. Bryden, Miss A. M. Pison, H. E. Moore, H. McVornick, H. G. F. Whiteman, Miss R. Gardner, M. Landbetter.
 Front Row.—K. Vance, N. J. Lewis, W. T. Hollings, K. M. Griffith.

of song while stringed instruments played a soft and languorous accompaniment. Then suddenly he came upon the musicians, who ceased their music to come forward and lead him to a seat, whereon he rested awhile. In a short space there appeared a damsel of surpassing beauty who sat beside him and regaled him with luscious fruits in silver caskets, and rich wine in golden bowls; while maidens, beautiful to behold, and dressed in garments of gossamer, played and danced on the green before him. The trees gave forth the twittering music of the birds, gaily coloured butterflies flitted hither and thither, the perfume of a thousand flowers was wafted upon the gentle breeze and the drowsy hum of insects sang its way into his very soul. He felt a langour stealing over him in this new-found Arcady. He closed his eyes in sweet content, while the "honey dew of slumber" settled upon him and brought him dreams within dreams. . . .

Then, as if from the void, the Shock came and the Voice spoke. "You've got to cut up that Dogfish to-night, Jones!"

HE WAS YOUNG; SO, MAYBE, THAT IS WHY HE DIED.

O.M.W.

Separation

Set mouth, twisting hands under her handkerchief,
Defiant eyes for the whole world who will criticize,
Shaking shoulders when a sudden pang pierces her heart,
She sits in the outer office while inside her adviser drafts the
deed that shall kill the past.

Dead will be the days of Youth and Happiness.

Dead will be the Roses of the Spring,

Fluttered are the leaves of Autumn Gold

That gild her memories of the half-forgotten courtship.

Life must be Freedom. Cowards those who quail beneath the
married despot's lash.

Tongue or hand—what matters it?

A brute is bestial in action or in conversation;

There is pain from the sting of words as from the bleeding lip;

There is liberty from the sneer as from the blow.

And so she sits in the outer office.

Unshed tears glisten in her eye.

Unuttered sobs rise with her labouring breast.

And, in her heart, she bids a long farewell to the sorrows of
her wifely state and the joys of her motherhood.

S.E.B.

(After Edward Carpenter)

Three or four omissions from the War Memorial number of the "Spike" have been reported since its publication, and it is suggested that a supplementary leaflet might be printed and distributed to purchasers. This course has not yet been decided on, but the Editor would be very pleased to receive information of any further names, honours, etc., which could be inserted in such a leaflet. It is known that photographs of many who lost their lives in the War could not be obtained, but possibly they are available now. Any photographs forwarded to the Editor will be returned as soon as printer's blocks can be taken off.

Past Students' News

Edith Davies writes from Oxford (April 12th). She had then been there for about a week and was busy exploring the colleges, and sight-seeing. She had also been in London for a week and had seen several plays, among them the vivid "Beggars' Opera."

Esmé North wrote recently from Paris, where she is taking lectures at the Sorbonne. She had been on a visit to Normandy, and hoped later to go with Airini Pope for a trip down the Loire, and perhaps on to Italy.

Mrs. Corkill (Gladys Lawry) has returned to New Zealand after six years' absence, two of which were spent in Great Britain in war work, and four in the Federated Malay States. She has now gone up to Opunake, where her husband is in charge of the harbour works.

Adrian Delamore is over in New Zealand on six months' furlough from the F.M.S.

Mr. W. J. McEldowney, well known to most of our past students, left not long ago for England, where he expects to remain for about two years completing research work in British colonial history.

Graduates And Past Students' Association

The Graduates' Association has now become the Graduates' and Past Students' Association, the membership having been enlarged to admit non-graduate past students. It is hoped that the Association will thus gain largely both in numbers and enthusiasm. Any ex-student of a year's standing, who has an interest, past, present or future, in V.U.C. is now eligible for membership. The Association has not half the membership it should have, and it cannot be an influential body until more ex-students join and show an interest in it. The bond between members is loyalty to V.U.C.; gladness to have been there; pride in her traditions, and great hope for her future.

The subscription (Annual 5/-, Life 21/-) is payable to S. A. Wiren, c/o Messrs. Wylie and Wiren, Box 104, Wellington. The Association is taking a very live interest in college matters, and is keeping in touch with its members by holding a number of informal gatherings during the year. Full information as to these can be obtained from any member of the Executive, whose names will be found printed elsewhere.

There has never been any complete record kept of students who attended the College, other, of course, than the Fee Books and Register of matriculated students. The Graduates' Association has on several occasions considered the want, and is now arranging for a card-index to be prepared. This will show each student's name, his years at College, his degrees and examinations, his address, and, so far as possible, a record of his

connection with the various College Clubs. The work involved is very great, but the task will not grow lighter by being left for a few years and should be undertaken at once. Past and present students can help a great deal by forwarding information about themselves and others, and particularly by giving the present addresses of any who should be on the roll. This information can be sent to the Registrar, to Mr. G. F. Dixon, Secretary to the Minister of Defence, or to Mr. S. A. Wiren, Box 104, Wellington.

By the way, ours is not the only College that has been similarly neglected. We read just recently of the difficulties Harvard is having in compiling a roll of its earliest students somewhere in the seventeenth century. We wonder what Oxford is doing in the matter?

Whither Away ?

I do not know
 What magic trembled in the air—
 I only know
 That suddenly, I grew aware,
 As I stepped through my window wide,
 Of something very wonderful
 There in the evening coolth outside.
 It thrilled me with its ecstasy,
 And stilled me with its mystery,
 Made my heart leap
 And my eyes weep.
 Below me lay the sea,
 All luminous grey,
 With a creaminess
 And a dreaminess,
 For it still seemed day,
 Though the moon had come
 High into the sky,
 And its sea-path shimmered
 And dimpled and glimmered,
 And a ship was sailing by—
 A ship like a galleon, white of sail;
 And my heart cried after it like a hail,
 "Whither away?"

And all the air, it seemed to me
 Waited to hear the far reply.
 But never an answer came to me,
 Never I knew the whither or why.

So I went back to the dimming room
 And the hourly gloom,
 Leaving behind me the magic and beauty
 For safety and duty,
 As it behoveth the womanly-wise—
 But sometimes I see with my closed eyes
 The young moon smiling above the bay,
 And the white ship sailing—"Whither away?"

August, 1922.

M.L.N.



Degrees and Appeals

We recommend the following letter to the attention of all students.—Editor.

(To the Editor of "The Spike.")

Wellington, June 5th, 1923.

Dear Sir,—On behalf of all students who intend sitting for degree examinations, I would like to make it known that a precedent has been established in the matter of appealing against the adverse decision of an examiner. As you will know from the College Calendar, there is a way of doing this—a recount may be ordered on payment of a guinea. Another appeal, the personal "ad misericordiam" appeal, can be made, and has been made, but it seems to me both undignified and unjust, and it is on the latter count that I take exception to it. If once begun, where may it end? Where will the Senate be able conscientiously to draw the line? An examination and its result should be a purely impersonal affair. If a student is dissatisfied with the decision of an examiner and feels that it does not represent his true ability, his professor will be able, under the system of internal examinations, to see that justice is done him. The student of to-day is more fortunate than the student of past terms, who had patiently to suffer defeat by one mark or two, nor ever dreamed of importuning for a pass. It is a good thing that an appeal is allowed, but let it be impersonally made and impersonally granted.—I am, etc.,

MARJORY HANNAH.

The Glad Hand

"Spike" extends the glad hand of friendship and the welcoming smile of brotherhood to the latest acquisitions to the teaching-staff of V.U.C., namely and to wit, in the first place, to Professor D. C. H. Florance, M.A., M.Sc., the new Professor of Physics. Comrade Florance comes to us suffused with all the romance and glamour of the East (see Kipling or any movie ad.), having previously occupied the chair of Physics at Hong Kong University, and he is to tell us all about it in the near future. He is a graduate of V.U.C., and thus adds one more to our list of New Zealand-grown professors. Welcome likewise to Miss Thora C. Marwick, M.Sc., a graduate of Otago, the prof's learned assistant; to Mdlle. d'Ery and to Mr. W. Alexander, M.A., LL.B. (also Otago), assistants respectively in Modern

Languages and Classics; and finally to the new dog-fish expert, Mr. F. G. Maskell, B.A., B.Sc. Ave, Spike vos salutat. We can hardly welcome Professor Tennant, but we can congratulate him on his elevation.

Agriculture

It is common knowledge now that Sir Walter Buchanan has given £10,000 to the College to provide for a Chair of Agriculture, so we can do no more than add Spike's heartiest thanks to the general chorus. Sir Walter is one of those men who appeal to our sense of what is fitting and right in this world's affairs—would there were more like him! What a lot of money V.U.C. could do with! Meanwhile a trust deed has been approved, the Government is under contract by statute to hand out £10,000 subsidy, and by the time this arrives no doubt the worms of the Wellington University district will be indulging in an anticipatory shiver. It remains for the Council to see that only the very best man is appointed to the new chair, and we sincerely hope they will do their duty accordingly. We remain Sir Walter Buchanan's debtors.

The Extravaganza

The Extravaganza has been put off and off, and at the time of writing it seems doubtful if it will reach the stage of performance at all*. We understand that dates were pencilled in for the Opera House, but that Williamson's, having a general option over all performances there, stepped in with their own companies, and relegated us to the backest of back seats. This is very unfortunate; for if the Extrav. does come off now it can only come as a great interruption to the scholastic year at a very awkward time; and if it doesn't, it leaves the Stud. Ass. stranded high and dry and out of sight of funds—and funds in large quantities will be urgently wanted at Easter next year, not only for the Tournament, but for the proposed Silver Jubilee celebration. The position is very awkward.

This brings up once again the whole question of Stud. Ass. finance. Accidents like this are apparently always liable to happen; last year the Capping celebrations were cut in two for the same reason; and it is more by good luck than good management that we have escaped such calamities before. But, in any case, it is an entirely wrong principle that the financing of all the chief activities of the College year should be made to depend on the anticipated profits from the Extravaganza. A thing like this happens, and the Executive is at its wit's end—and no wonder. The Association ought to have a settled and calculable income, which can be depended upon to turn up punctually and without fail. The only reasonable way, it seems to us, to ensure this, is to do as we believe Canterbury and Otago do—i.e., to levy a certain amount on all students at the same time as they pay their fees. There are 700 odd students now at V.U.C.—put the levy theoretically at ten shillings (which surely every student can afford?) and you have an income, roughly, of £350—say £300, to be on the safe side—which is more

*The latest news, we hear, is that the Extrav. is definitely to come off at the end of July.

than enough for all ordinary expenses. And then, if the Extravaganza makes a thumping profit, well and good—there are plenty of worthy objects the expenses of which it could help to defray. But if our eyes are going to be forever hungrily fixed, with a kind of demoniac glare, on those profits, it is going to be a bad thing for the Extravaganza as well as for everything else. We don't want the criterion of the Extrav's success to be the amount of money it makes—for heaven's sake, don't let us commercialise our College pleasures! Last year "The Spike" got into serious trouble for the gentle criticisms which it levelled at an Extrav. which had made close on £200! We hope "The Spike" will look with the same undazzled eyes on the Extrav. which makes £2000. After all, we are students of a University, and not primarily purveyors of the third-rate musical slush which in these days in New Zealand does duty for the British drama.

However, we must have money, and there is only one proper way to get it. The matter has been talked over before; we hope that, thus re-opened, it will this year be thoroughly thrashed out.

Engagements and Other Fatalities

Marjorie Carr to S. A. Wiren, B.A., LL.M.

Marie Priestley and K. M. Griffin, M.Sc.

Maureen Frengley to A. D. Munro, M.Sc.

Olive Salmon, M.A., to A. B. Croker, LL.B.

Eileen Adams to A. Fair, LL.B.

Marriage

Ethel W. J. Fenton, M.Sc., to W. G. Harwood, M.Sc.

From these results it would appear that Science and Law hold a virtual monopoly over the heart-throbs of V.U.C. A graph showing the relative success during the last few years of the three faculties might be of use, particularly to freshers.

The Old Clay Patch

This year C.U.C. has celebrated her Jubilee; and in doing so has issued an anthology of College Verses (which we review elsewhere in this issue). On this subject the April number of the C.U.C. "Review" has some words which appeal to us strongly. Substitute for the words "Jubilee Anthology" in the following extract "The Old Clay Patch," and you will see our meaning:—

"Undergraduates of to-day! Your College has a past. If you would live your present College life to the full, you must identify yourself with this past. Can you do this? You may at least make the attempt if you possess a copy of the Jubilee Anthology, for you cannot know the best that can be produced in College life if you know your own time only. A history of the College is not enough. That is a skeleton merely. We must have also a history of its ideas, in order to perfect and round the form.

"For is it not an atom in eternity—this College life of ours? The individual may pass on; but, whether we see it or not, he leaves his mark upon the enduring life. Some of the visible marks have been collected and preserved by the compilers of the Anthology. For the spirit of the past might have skipped away in the varied interests of to-day, had it not been embodied in these literary selections now published for you, and for all time, we hope, by the Anthology Committee."

There are still plenty of copies of "The Old Clay Patch" for all who thirst for the waters of the spirit, for the miserable sum of 3/6. Will every student who reads this note get one, if he hasn't already got it? It is quite worth while.

The Library

It would be a pleasing thing on the part of the powers that be to lay down matting along the floor of the galleries in the library. We believe it has been promised for a good many months, so the sooner it is done the better. Thus might the crashing progress of the heavier-footed of our brethren (and sisters) be somewhat mitigated in its effects on minds already with difficulty attuned to a studious note. Thus also might one wrinkle be erased from our revered Librarian's harassed brow.

Likewise in the Library is the "Spike's" democratic soul considerably amazed and hurt by the legend writ in gold "This Register and Table Opposite for Use of Staff Only," or words of equal import—we are not sure of their exact obnoxious form. So it has come to this, in our own Victoria! The staff must have a little table to itself, with the greater privilege of never using it, and a golden notice warning off from indelicate intrusion Mere Students. Oh, professors of V.U.C., whose was the fatal brain that conceived, the fatal words that commanded, so impious a blot as this on our fair traditions of brotherhood? Shame on ye, haughty and stiff-necked ones! For shame!

To A Tramping Girl

Like Artemis, the silver queen of chase,
Who erst with clean light limbs all flashing bare,
Proud shapely neck and rebel wind-blown hair,
Ran with the wind in flushed and joyful race—
Like her, with her young lithe immortal grace
You leap from rock to hilly rock, with care
All cast behind, and shining eyes that dare
All things this day, and strong unfettered pace.

I think I see you in some Grecian vale
Bend 'twixt the green of grass and blue of sky
To tie a loosened sandal; see you spring
To sudden-tingling life—a backward fling
Of tunic white in burning sun; and fly
To cool dark depths of woods across the dale.

J.C.B.

From "Your Five Gallants"

A PLAY.

CLAUDE: Here's but one candle lit; I'll carry it.

Lean thy fatigue on me.

(Night has fallen; the stage is dark. During the above scene PICARD has closed and rebarred the doors, and lighted candles, one of which he takes on exit.—CLAUDE and HENRIETTE walk upstairs R.)

HENRIETTE: How silent and how safe is all the house!
How comfortable gleams the light upon
The wooden balustrades, a little fret
Where all is peace at bottom! and that's home.
Claude, homeliness is sweetest of old wines,
And oldest of sweet riches. I do not think
In all the pallid vastness of the stars
There is the glory of a winter's fire;
The glory, after wild-grown woods and fields,
To come home to a tidy loveliness;
After the tameless kissing of wild winds,
Rest.

CLAUDE: Thou lik'st tidy beauty.

HENRIETTE: Is not Nature
Best dressed when banded, filleted, brushed in
From her wild natural looseness? I cannot fathom
These wild mysterious passionatenesses, Claude;
Thou'lt say I have a narrow instrument,
Can play well on one note; a cameo nature;
Not cleverness, but wit; spirit, not daring;
Sensitive, but not passionate. In the night
'Tis pleasant to be small and warm ourselves.

Webster (Revised)

Mal-de-mer—An affectation pertaining to young ladies when first called upon to dissect dog-fish.

Frigid—The Library on a winter's Saturday morning, when George lies in, instead of stoking the boilers. Hence derivatively: the condition of the earth during the Glacial Age.

Ambivalence—The feeling that Brookie has spotted you talking on the staircase beneath the Foundation Stone tablet to a friend of the other sex, who happens to be passing in the contrary direction.

Claustrophobia—An aversion to lecture rooms on the occasion of examinations.

Hallucination—The effect of a philosophy lecture supervening immediately on a geographical disquisition with the disastrous consequence that, on being told that Socrates held that wisdom prevented backsliding, an ethereal vision spontaneously appears of Prof. Mac. climbing a scree on Mt. Matthews to get to a new second-hand bookshop recently opened on the summit, and turning to wave on Prof. Boyd-Wilson and the Tramping Club who slide grotesquely below in all directions, relying apparently on nothing but the spike shards of steel in their boots, and the hopes of a future "boil up" in their breasts.

Pan's pipings—Effects produced by the impact of Prof. A——'s boots (especially constructed for the South Sea Islands trade, but sold in limited quantities in Wellington owing to the decline in native music in Rarotonga and Suva) on the gallery steps in the Library.

Psycho-analysis—An examination in Anglo-Saxon. Hence derivatively: Regression to an infantile level racially, as in dreams or dementia praecox.

Obsession as in Paranoia—The broad highway to 1st class honours.





The Debating Society has entered upon what promises to be the most successful of its twenty-five years of existence. Strengthened by the return of several stalwarts of former years and by the accession to its ranks of a good number of new speakers, it has in its opening debates set a standard that augurs well for the future. Audiences have been large and enthusiastic, the subjects topical, and altogether things are booming with a vengeance. We would be ungrateful if we omitted to thank our critics amongst the mighty men of the land, who, convinced apparently that the recent military triumph of the forces of Liberty should now be crowned by the strictest regimentation of thought, have succeeded in focussing a certain degree of public attention upon our activities. This is all to the good. The Debating Society seeks to form a link between the University and the community, and to secure intelligent discussion of current problems, even though such may touch on the sacred ground of politics. It is interesting in this connection to recall that, as recently as 1913, the Hon. A. L. Herdman (then Attorney-General, and since elevated to the Supreme Court Bench) congratulated the Society on following the Right Hon. James Bryce's suggestion that the University Colleges should "take a keener interest in the larger political questions affecting the welfare of the country." It is difficult to resist the belief that some individuals and "Leagues," in their concern for the welfare of the benighted University student of this degenerate age, would condition Bryce's excellent advice with a provision that only "correct" opinions should be expressed and only "correct" conclusions reached.

The 1922 Session was concluded on 30th September, when, on the motion of Mr. McCormick, seconded by Mr. Davidson, it was resolved: "That the intervention of the Great Powers in the internal affairs of China is to be condemned." Messrs. Yaldwyn and Syme led for the negative. The audience was not large. The movers persisted in casting uncharitable doubts on the disinterestedness of the Powers in their tender regard for the Chinaman. The opposers ingeniously contended that, for the purpose of the debate, Japan could not be regarded as a "Great Power"; even if China's welfare were not the immediate object of intervention, they held that contact with other nations made for her ultimate good. Mr. H. E. Evans placed the speakers in the following order: Yaldwyn, Campbell, Heron, McCormick, Davidson. The Union Prize for the year was won by Mr. R. M. Campbell, with Mr. J. W. G. Davidson as proxime accessit; the New Speaker's Prize was awarded to Mr. H. A. Heron.

EASTER TOURNAMENT.—Our congratulations to the College representatives at Dunedin in restoring the Joynt Scroll to the portals of V.U.C. The subject for debate was hardly inspiring; indeed, it passes our comprehension that such a topic could be thrust upon us in these momentous times. A preliminary debate on the chosen subject was held at the College on 23rd March, when the representatives-elect—Messrs. Campbell and Haigh—were opposed by Messrs. John O'Shea and H. H. Cornish. The meeting decided against the revolutionary change in University administration that would be involved in a grant of independent status to the present Colleges. This decision was fortunate, for we had been solemnly assured that carrying the motion would constitute a step "backward towards the tribal stage." At Dunedin, Mr. Davidson took the place of Mr. Campbell, who was unable to go South, and his success in filling the vacancy at short notice is specially

commendable. Mr. Haigh we also congratulate on his place as best speaker in the contest. The method of choosing Easter representatives was reviewed at the annual meeting this year. The selection will in future be made by the Committee, taking into consideration points gained towards the Union Prize during the preceding year, and previous experience in Tournament debates will not disqualify.

The first regular debate, held on 14th April, centered around the motion "That no government is justified in committing N.Z. to take part in war until the approval of the people has been obtained by referendum." Mr. Davidson opened with a vigorous indictment of the time-honoured schemes of secret diplomacy and urged that the only hope for humanity lay in popular control of war-making, combined of necessity with effective democratic control of all foreign policy. Mr. Atmore opposed the motion and stressed the difficulties and dangers with which a nation would be confronted in time of peril if it were under the necessity of securing formal approval by the electorate before taking action. Messrs. Evans and Butler seconded the mover and the opposer respectively. A phenomenal rush of speakers followed, and the hour was late before the twentieth speaker had exhausted his eloquence, and the Chairman was able to declare the motion carried. Mr. D. S. Smith placed the best speakers as follows: Butler, Davidson, Atmore, Campbell, Yaldwyn.

The next fixture was a Visitors' Debate, in which Mr. P. J. O'Regan supported Mr. Martin-Smith in urging "That the Imperial Parliament should explicitly declare that, at the request of the people of any substantial part of the British Empire, complete independence will be freely conceded." Col. McDonald seconded Mr. Free in opposing. The gymnasium hall was crowded. The opener for the affirmative remarked on the conspicuous lack of success that had attended all efforts at Imperial Federation and gave as his judgment the view that such schemes were rendered impossible by difficulties of time and distance. Mere size of Empire was not an end in itself, and if the present or any other structure were to persist it must be based on the voluntary association of free peoples. Mr. O'Regan had no doubt that the right of secession would be acknowledged by the Imperial Parliament if it were claimed by any self-governing dominion. He believed that the colonies would inevitably develop into free nations, and this was the destiny anticipated for them by such men as Wakefield and Godley. Mr. Free had a homely parable anent the relative strength of a bundle of sticks taken jointly and taken severally. He questioned the wisdom of forsaking our present security in pursuit of any mythical freedom without the Empire. Col. MacDonald was also in his element in urging the closer knitting together of the bonds of Empire. He incidentally characterised as altogether ill-advised the undue precipitancy with which Archimedes leapt from his bath. Any step towards Empire disintegration would be fraught with consequences disastrous to ourselves no less than to the peace of the world. An animated debate ensued, the motion was carried, and the judge—Mr. T. H. Gill—awarded places to Martin-Smith, Davidson, Haigh, Free, and Baume.

The next subject was "That the Peace Treaty, being based on a false assumption of Germany's sole responsibility for the war, should be abrogated." Mr. Haigh, fortunately, arrived in time to open the proceedings with a dissertation on the antecedents of the Great War. He urged that the unfortunate misunderstanding in Europe was due to the collective sin of the Powers, and that the basis of the Treaty was a lie. Mr. Moore led for the Noes. He pointed to Germany's intense preparations as proof of her sole responsibility for the war, cited the confession of Herr Harden that the Fatherland was to blame, and upheld the right of the victorious Allies to exact reparation for the damage sustained. The mover was seconded by Mr. Campbell, while Mr. Powles supported the negative. The motion was carried, and Mr. J. H. Howell gave as his judgment of speakers: First, Davidson; second, Campbell and Yaldwyn; fourth, Hurley and Smith; followed by Rollings and Gilling.

This meeting was held after the College had gone into recess, but was entirely successful both from the point of view of number of speakers and from the size of the audience—so successful, in fact, as to suggest that debates could well be held throughout the year without interruption by the short vacations.

Education was the topic under discussion on the 9th June. Mr. Simpson, seconded by Mr. Yaldwyn, moved: "That all children in New Zealand should be required to receive their primary education in State secular schools." Messrs. Cullinane and Baume led for the negative. The movers urged that education was a function of society as a whole and not of any section or group within society. The segregation of children in sectarian schools made for bigotry and intolerance in after life. The danger of undue political interference with education could, they contended, be met by conferring upon the teaching body a real measure of control in academic matters. Their opponents admitted that the State should require all children to be properly educated, but denied that it had any function actually to give instruction to every child. They saw in the proposed abolition of private schools an interference with liberty that might with disastrous results be emulated in other spheres. Fourteen speakers in all, with scarcely one exception, found themselves opposed to the motion. One more or less judicious critic discovered in the motion a sinister plot to increase the stipends of the State pedagogues, most of whom, anyhow, "are only kids" who, having no character themselves, can hardly be expected to impart that commodity to their pupils. Finally, the motion was rejected by three votes, and the judge—Professor von Zedlitz—placed speakers thus: Baume, Yaldwyn, Campbell, Heron and Burton.

On the 21st June, Professor Florance, in his Presidential address, spoke on "Some Aspects of University Education in China." A most instructive address was punctuated with anecdotes and lantern slides obtained during the Professor's sojourn in the Orient. He gave us some idea of the vastness of the problems confronting China's millions, and showed the efforts that are being made to cope with these. He explained, too, the broad features of Chinese writing, and indicated the wealth of significance that attaches to their hieroglyphics. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to our President and to Miss Marwick for her assistance with the slides.

The Society has affiliated with the Parliamentary Debating Union, a body which has recently revived, after some years' hibernation; and we shall be represented in the inter-club debates in competition for the Union Shield.

Free Discussions Club

The final meeting for 1922 was held in the midst of the Near East Crisis, and the subject under discussion was, "My country, right or wrong." The leaders were Mr. W. Nash and the Rev. Dr. Gibb. The number of students present must constitute a record in the annals of the Club. Mr. Nash opened the subject, and in a very able address pointed out the absurdities to which adherence to the maxim necessarily led. Unfortunately, the speaker, although a visitor to the College, was subjected to considerable interruption by a number of students whose better judgment, it is charitable to assume, "had been superseded by a strange amalgam of race feeling, animal pugnacity, and sporting zest dignified by the name of patriotism." Dr. Gibb urged University students, above all others, to keep themselves informed on international questions; he was amazed to find that the myth of "one-guilty-nation" in regard to the late war, though utterly discredited by intelligent and honest men of every nation, still seemed to find acceptance by a few students.

At the opening meeting for 1923, after the election of officers, Professor Hunter opened a discussion on "Freedom of Thought." He showed that, while the principle was not objected to in the abstract, it was by no means respected in practice. It was a mistake to regard as already won the battle for freedom of thought; it was true that it was generally conceded in the field of religion, but religion was no longer the dominant interest in the community. At the present time the economic issues were vital, and in these we were not more free than was religious thought in the Middle Ages. Freedom of thought and its expression, he urged, was the best guarantee not only of progress, but of order also; it was attempted suppression of that freedom that led to violence. An interesting discussion followed Professor Hunter's introduction of the subject.

The regular night for the meetings of the Club has this year been changed to Thursday.

Christian Union

The work of this year began under the great impetus given by a most successful conference held at Solway at Christmas-time, where thirty-eight students represented our branch.

The Bible Study groups are working steadily, the study book being "Jesus in the Records," by Sharman. The membership is over 90, and more members are expected to join up.

The Students' One-day Conference at Breaker Bay was most enjoyable. A beautiful sunny day and a good attendance made anything but a great success impossible. Two addresses, one from Miss Moncrieff, the other from Mr. Tremewan, were much appreciated. We can recommend these gatherings to any student who wishes to spend a profitable day, both physically and mentally.

We have been exceptionally fortunate in having the use of the beautiful residence of Mr. Allan, at Muritai, for week-end "retreats." Several of these were held during the first term, both for men and women students. It is at gatherings such as these that we learn the value of comradeship, and here are sown the seeds of deeper spiritual thought which, we believe, will grow and mature as life sends its showers of experience.

A special service was arranged by the Otago C.U. during the last Tournament. This proved to be an innovation of great value. Mr. J. Davidson represented Victoria College in the service.

Arrangements for the raising of funds for the ensuing year are well in hand, and are producing excellent results so far. We believe that the Christian Union will be on a better financial basis this year than it has been for many years past.

Finally, we should like to appeal to students to take a deeper interest in the Christian Union. After all, there is nothing which affects a man's life so widely as his religious experience.

Dramatic Club

Contemporaneously with the appearance of this "Spike," the Dramatic Club will be entering on a new year, and the opportunity for recording the history of the year now closing is most welcome. There is much to set down, and the Club can show a record of good performance, sound finances, and, "magis auro desideranda," an enthusiastic personnel. Bright are the prospects for the new year, which begins with the annual general meeting on June 14th; without more ado, the annual programme of readings will be then begun, and when "The Spike" appears, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" will have been read.

Nothing was attempted in the third term of last year, but after the examinations, readings were recommenced, and during the long vacation several plays were read. "Typhoon," by Melchior Lengyel, was chosen for the 6th February, and proved an interesting play, although its unusually large cast and foreign atmosphere rendered it somewhat difficult to read.

"The Pigeon," Galsworthy's clever little sketch, was read on the 15th February. Miss Cooley and Mr. Evans gave excellent renderings of the chief roles, while Mr. Cousins enlivened matters by giving a realistic imitation of an intoxicated cabman.

On the 1st March "The Voysey Inheritance," a legal play by Granville Barker, gave members an opportunity to interpret some very cleverly-portrayed characters, Mr. Wiren's presentation of a bombastic military officer being quite good.

The first reading after the vacation was Pinero's "Magistrate." This ever-popular farce proved a great success, being read in the presence of quite the largest audience ever seen at a meeting of the Dramatic Club. The

most outstanding performance of the evening was Mr. Cooper's interpretation of *Cis Farrington* ("The Boy"), in which he was admirably seconded by Mr. Fair as the Magistrate. Several new members of the Club took part in the reading, and gave very creditable accounts of themselves in some of the minor roles.

The Club appeared before the public—as we hope it will at least once each year—on Friday, April 13th, in the Gymnasium. The medium of its appearance was "*The Younger Generation*," and at the final curtain only one regret existed—that a theatre had not been chosen of a size in proportion to the excellence of the show.

It was a "family play," and the characters might be described as mother, two sons, daughter-in-law and grandchildren. There were others, but they were only incidents. The case for the younger generation was put by two normal sons and a normal daughter with somewhat narrow-minded parents and a very narrow-minded grandmother. One normal son comes home in a broad-minded state of intoxication, and kisses the parlourmaid. The other drops a restaurant bill which conclusively proves that he has strayed from the straight path of meat teas to the pleasant ways of dinners with WINE and a cocktail. The normal daughter receives a letter which discloses to the parental censorship that she is somebody's "Darling Grace."

Such is the simple material of the play, but Mr. Stanley Houghton handles it in a manner wonderfully sympathetic, and our hearts went out, first to the children, whose "bringing-up" has apparently consisted of an unreasoning repression; and then, anger giving way to pity, to their repressive father, whose bringing-up was the work of a woman who saw in children "an original sin" which must be stamped out. Yes—scourged out of them with whips and burnt out of them with fire if need be.

Miss Grono, as this grandmother, played her part with a high degree of art. Only an artistic spirit can refrain from skimping an ugly part, but Miss Grono stood firm. As the mother, Mrs. Kenyon, Miss Cooley was delightful, providing a pleasant contrast to the austerity of Mr. Evans as Mr. Kenyon.

Mr. Kenyon was a dogmatic chapel-goer, whose dogmatism crumbled to bewilderment before the reasoned rebellion of the younger generation. Mr. Evans played the part strongly, but should remember Lord Kitchener. One man cannot make a play, and gagging which leaves the next speaker without a cue is—well, a mistake.

The Kenyon boys, Arthur and Reggie, portrayed by Messrs. Byrne and Cooper, were a diverse pair of brothers. Perhaps two more years of life as a Kenyon and a sense of greater sin—Reggie drank, but Arthur was drunk—made Arthur misanthropic, while Reggie was so genial. Mr. Byrne played a hard part well, but it was for Reggie that the mothers in the audience heaved sighs.

Grace Kenyon was, as Miss Churchill always is, delightful. The critic does not forget the charm of Miss Churchill's voice when he suggests that her exceptional merit lies in her ability for graceful movement on the stage, however cramped the setting may be.

Mr. Yaldwyn, Uncle Tom Kenyon, the moving power in the younger generation's rebellion, was pleasingly substantial and convincing, and again showed that he can always be relied on.

Miss Morpeth, a very kissable parlourmaid; Messrs. Alan and Eric Cousins, who came to ask Mr. Kenyon to stand for the city council and, incidentally, to witness his domestic discomfiture; and Mr. W. Watkins, Grace's would-be (and finally accepted) fiancé, all had something to say, and performed their several tasks with credit.

This initial performance clearly demonstrated that much may be expected from future efforts of the Club, to participate in which it is hoped all the budding histrionic talent in the College hitherto latent will become available. All will be welcome—except, as S.S.M.'s song has it, "that parasitic and enclitic oft toxic, noxious weed, The Champion of Cram, O!"



The first fifteen has put up comparatively poor performances so far this season. Fortunately, there has been no similar falling-off in form among the junior teams, but rather a decided improvement in all the second, third, and fourth fifteens.

There are excuses for the seniors, of course. It was rather hard to lose, all at once, George Aitken, Siddells, Trapski and Murray—four prominent backs—and Burns—on of the best forwards. And although a promising enough team took the field in the beginning of the season, five of these—Thomas, McRae, Martin-Smith, Riggs, and Malfroy—went to Sydney with the N.Z. University representative team, necessitating the temporary promotion of junior players. Although these juniors have proved themselves well up to senior form, particularly McWilliams, Adams and Wiren in the forwards, and Hart at full-back, it could not be expected that the team should maintain its previous form under these conditions. Mr. J. N. Millard has helped the team greatly by his unflagging interest and careful coaching. It has also been pleasant to observe regularly on the touch-line Prof. Boyd-Wilson and Prof. Murphy, our president and vice-president.

Jackson has succeeded George Aitken as club captain, and is playing strongly with all his usual dash. He has scored a good many points with his place-kicking this season. Riggs and Smart, five-eighths, and Marks, centre, are new men. Riggs has played very well, and will make a difference in the backs when he returns from Sydney. Marks is speedy and dashing, and on the whole is a strong player, although in some of his earlier games he showed a tendency to "cut in" too much, and on one occasion put his side in danger by attempting to intercept instead of taking his man.

Martin-Smith is a welcome addition to the forwards. He has returned to Victoria College after a year's sojourn in Napier.

For the half-back position, both Smart and Lloyd have been tried out, but Hart, who was brought up from the third fifteen, has played splendidly there, and it seems certain that he will retain his place.

The juniors have shown good form this season, thanks to the careful work of their coach, Mr. Williams. It is a pity that the first fifteen has had to draw so heavily on them, else they would have won many more of their games.

The third fifteen is registering wins steadily. They have a very nice set of backs, and they had a splendid chance of winning the seven-aside tournament had it been carried out. Perhaps they will have their opportunity later on; at any rate, we hope to see them high up on the championship list in the second round.

The fourths have proved themselves a sound team also, and with Mr. Stainton coaching them this term they should go on steadily.

As was mentioned before, a New Zealand University representative team visited Sydney University this year. The team sailed from Auckland by the "Manuka" on 11th May, and returned to Wellington by the "Marama" on 12th June. The results of their matches were as follows:—

1st Test v. Sydney University—Drawn, 11-11.

2nd Test v. Sydney University—Won, 26-18.

3rd Test v. Sydney University—Lost, 11-33.

Other matches—

Versus Metropolitan—Lost, 14-22.

Versus Manly—Lost, 8-13.

And in the match Combined Sydney and N.Z. Universities' team v. New South Wales, the latter won by 33-19.

The N.Z. team had a notable victory in the second test. At half-time the score was 18-3 in favour of Sydney University, but in the second spell the New Zealanders put on 23 points to Sydney's nil, so that the final score stood at 26-18 in favour of N.Z. It was a great recovery, and proved the mettle of our representative team. Draik, Murray, and McDonald, the three-quarter line, all Otago men, have been the chief scoring men in the teams; Draik evidently being a fine place-kick.

The selector for the N.Z. University team—Mr. J. N. Millard—had considerable difficulty in getting a team together this year to make the trip to Australia. Many players who would have been selected were unable to spare the necessary time. As a result of this, the N.Z. University Football Council recommended that the curtailment of future tours should be urged by the N.Z. representative at a conference to be held in Sydney during their visit.

Mathematical and Physical Society

Fair meetings of this Society were held during last year, papers being delivered by Mr. Brodie, on "Carburettors"; Professor Sommerville, on "Relativity"; Mr. Wright, on "Electric Power Plants"; and Miss Campbell on the "Reform of the Calendar." The attendance at these meetings has varied between 7 and 40, but considerable interest has been taken in the papers by those present. Members are reminded that discussion on the papers is welcomed.

Owing to the lack of need of expenditure, our finances at present show the satisfactory balance of £2 13s.

Haeremai Club

The annual general meeting of the Club was held on the 10th April, about 90 students being present. The balance-sheet for last year showed a credit balance of £5 18s. 2d.

The Club has commenced its activities by holding two Saturday-night Socials, and compared with previous years, these have been highly enjoyable and a great success, and speak well for the future prospects of the Club. It is hoped to hold several more of these Socials during the year. In addition, the annual dance will probably be held towards the end of the second term, and as arrangements for this are already under way, the dance should be the most popular of the year. A Club orchestra is being formed, and after a few practices will be able to supply music for the Saturday night socials and the annual dance.

The financial members of the Club now number about 60, and although this number is greater than in any previous year, it is still only a small proportion of the men students of the College. The Committee will therefore be pleased to receive subscriptions from intending members as soon as possible.

Athletic Club

While not successful in our major event, the regaining of the Athletic Shield at the Easter Tournament, the Athletic Club has made a fairly good showing in the season just past. Although their numbers are few, the wearers of the green singlet were generally to be found on the back marks in local handicaps.

In the Provincial Championships, the Club was second of the city clubs, owing to the successes of Messrs. Griffin, Tracy, Malfroy, and McCormick. In the New Zealand Championships, held this year at Wellington, in conjunction with the visit of the American athletes, the same four members were successful.

A feature of the season has been the number of relay races in almost all of which Victoria has had to be content with second place to the Wellington A.A.C. team. We have as good a team as any club in New Zealand, but can never get them all out together. At the Easter Tournament our team gave a good exhibition of relay racing, and were easily successful. Next Easter the relay is to count towards both the Athletic Shield and the new Tournament Shield, which will greatly increase the interest in this event.

During the season the Club has held two of the evening meetings, which are held every Monday evening by the city clubs.

The Committee has endeavoured to foster interest in field events, and has purchased a shot and a hammer. Messrs. Thomas and McRae are to be congratulated on their consistent training for these events—the former especially for his throw at the Easter Tournament, which was not far behind the redoubtable Kingston's.

The Inter-Faculty Tournament brought to light some very promising athletes. Sutherland will make a fine jumper and hurdler if he is trained at all, while Barker, who won the high jump, may show next Easter that Victoria is not totally devoid of high jumpers. In the long jump, Grigg and Burton both cleared over 20ft.

Next Easter we have to compete in two more field events, the hop, step, and jump and throwing the javelin, and it is to be hoped that Victoria will not show the same lamentable record in these as in other field events.

The following are the results of the Inter-Faculty Tournament, held on Kelburn Park on 24th March, the wind, as usual, preventing any good times being recorded.

Tracy is to be congratulated on his splendid furlong, which gained for him the Graduates' Cup for the best performance. The Ladies' 100yds. Championship produced seven entries, but only two faced the starter. In view of the interest which is being taken by ladies in athletics, it is to be hoped that our women students will show more keenness next season.

100yds. CHAMPIONSHIP.—Tracy 1, Leadbetter 2, Whitehead 3. Time, 10 3-5secs.

880yds. CHAMPIONSHIP.—Griffin 1, Paul 2, Davies 3. Time, 2 min. 6 4-5secs.

120yds. HURDLES CHAMPIONSHIP.—Sutherland 1, Thompson 2, Malfroy 3. Time 17 3-5secs.

LONG-JUMP CHAMPIONSHIP.—Grigg (20ft. 3in.) 1, Burton (20ft. 2in.) 2, Barker (19ft. 11in.) 3.

LADIES' 100yds. Championship.—Miss E. Chambers 1, Miss E. Madeley 2. Time, 14 2-5secs.

PUTTING-THE-SHOT CHAMPIONSHIP.—McRae (32ft. 2in.) 1, Thomas (31ft. 4in.) 2, Wood (29ft. 4in.) 3.

ONE-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.—McCormick 1, Moore 2, Priestley 3. Time, 4min. 44secs.

THROWING-HAMMER CHAMPIONSHIP.—Thomas (90ft. 8in.) 1, Wood (86ft.) 2, McRae (69ft. 2in.) 3.

220yds CHAMPIONSHIP.—Tracy 1, Leadbetter 2, Whitehead 3. Time, 21 3-5secs.

ONE-MILE WALK CHAMPIONSHIP.—McIntosh 1, Lovatt 2, Young 3. Time, 7min. 38secs.

440yds. CHAMPIONSHIP.—Tracy 1, Paul 2, Davies 3. Time, 55secs.

HIGH-JUMP CHAMPIONSHIP.—Barker (5ft. 3in.) 1, Amadeo (5ft. 2½in.) 2, Sutherland (5ft.) 3.

THREE-MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.—Moore 1, McCormick 2, MacLaurin 3. Time, 16min. 11secs.

440yds. HURDLE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Thompson 1, Malfroy 2, Thomas 3. Time, 64 2-5secs.

INTER-FACULTY RELAY RACE.—Arts and Science 1.

INTER-FACULTY BANNER.—Arts and Science, 41 points; Law, 37 points.

ORAM CUP.—L. A. Tracy.

GRADUATES' CUP.—L. A. Tracy.

Women's Club

It is with great regret that owing to absolute lack of interest among the women students the activities of this Club have been abandoned. At present the women of the Executive, acting as a Common Room Committee, are endeavouring to carry on the affairs of the room. Outside this, nothing is being done, although it is with faint stirrings of hope that we have heard inquiries regarding the lately defunct Women's Club. Perhaps this is a sign of its early resuscitation.

Tennis Club

The last season has been a very successful one both as regards the number of players and the standard of play. This has been probably due largely to the inauguration of the inter-club doubles matches in Wellington, as well as to the increasing and now wide-spread popularity of the game.

In the inter-club matches we entered three teams in the men's events—senior, junior and fourth grade—and two teams in the ladies' events—senior and junior. The ladies' junior team was afterwards withdrawn owing to most of the players being away on vacation, but the other teams all finished up well in their respective grades, the men's senior team doing especially well in finishing second in Wellington to Brougham Hill.

The following were the teams:—

Senior Ladies:—Misses I. Thwaites and O. Sheppard; R. Gardner and E. M. Madeley; M. Pigou and E. Coull.

Senior Men:—W. J. Melody and F. W. Martin; M. C. Gibb and R. R. T. Young; H. N. Burns and C. G. S. Ellis.

Junior Men:—F. H. Haigh and F. H. Paul; D. F. Stuart and C. G. Kirk; K. Kitto and A. D. Priestley.

Fourth Men:—R. T. Dixon and M. N. Rogers; C. Scott and Sinclair; Giles and Haldane.

At the beginning of the season a men's ladder was drawn up and competition for places on the ladder was very keen, judging from the number of challenges that were played each week. At the end of the season the order was as follows:—M. C. Gibb, R. R. T. Young, H. N.

Burns, C. G. S. Ellis; F. W. Martin, F. H. Haigh, W. H. Stainton, N. A. Byrnie, D. F. Stuart, F. H. Paul, C. G. Kirk, R. T. Dixon, A. D. Priestley, T. R. Williams, C. Scott.

It is to be regretted that the same interest was not taken in the ladies' ladder, for places on which not one challenge match was played throughout the entire season.

Entries for the club championships were this year very large, over thirty being received for the men's singles. In this latter event the draw was ceded; in the fourth round Gibb beat Ellis, 6-4, 6-1; Hollings beat Whiteman, 6-4, 10-8; Foden beat Paul, 6-2, 6-3; Young beat Melody, 6-2, 9-7. In the semi-final Hollings beat Gibb, 6-4, 6-1; and Young beat Foden, 6-4, 6-2. In the final Hollings beat Young, 9-7, 6-2.

In the semi-final of the men's doubles Foden and Hollings beat Gibb and Young, 7-5, 5-7, 6-3; and in the final they beat Ellis and Hardie, 3-6, 6-3, 6-8.

In the final of the combined championship, Gibb and Miss Pigou beat Hollings and Miss Robertson, 5-7, 6-2, 6-3.

The ladies' singles were not completed, but in the final of the doubles Misses Thwaites and Sheppard beat Misses Gardner and Madeley, 10-8, 7-5, in a well-contested game.

Next year we will be without the services of M.C. Gibb, who is now at Otago University, and H. N. Burns, who is practising law in Carterton, and who recently won the Carterton championship; there is however every indication of our having a very strong team for the inter-club matches at least, as Goldie, Hollings and Foden, all of whom played for other clubs last season, are expected to play for V.U.C. next season. With these additions to her ranks Victoria College should stand a very good chance of carrying off the senior championship.

Tramping Club

"And to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and soul, into some new parish of the infinite."—Stevenson.

The value of tramping lies in its universal appeal—if you play football or hockey, cricket, tennis, or basketball, and want to keep fit; if you practise the noble art (of self-defence) or seek laurels on the Olympic fields of sport; whether you debate or free discuss, and desire time and space for reflection or a new outlook on this world's troubles; or when, as a C.U. member, you wish to get in tune with the infinite; if you want clear space to rehearse the next drama; when, after a Haeremai Club tangi, you feel in need of a pick-me-up; or when, as a victim of over-study, a complete change of atmosphere is necessary; in fact, whatever you do or don't do, a good tramp is just the thing.

That others have found this true has been shown often enough—shown, for example, during the last Long Vacation, by the members who disregarded all the counter-attractions of the holiday season, and came out on week-end tramps. Last summer's walks were very pleasant; discomforts there must have been, but they were sketched in fugitive shades. What remains in the memory are such scenes as these: Far up the Orongorongo—between two fairy orchards of fuchsia and wineberry, there flashes, like a stream of gems in the morning sun, the clear water of the creek. On the coast of Palliser Bay—a rock pool, deep and wide, inviting one to dive. Beautiful, too, with pale jade-tinted water, and sides half-hidden by pendants of brown or fringed with green sea-plants. Near the Whakatiki—sheer noon sunlight, striking down between the treefern pinnules, glows on wonderful *Todea* fronds. From the Te Kameru hills—Egmont, clear, faint blue against a flushing sunset sky. Down the Wairongomai (or at Rei-

korangi)—a camp fire piled against a cliff (or a totara stump glowing like a furnace) and flying splashes of light on a half-circle of happy faces.

At Easter-time a party, including many V.U.C. tramps, visited the Tongariro National Park; although their plans at times were hindered by mist, the tales they tell and photos they show indicate how well they spent their time.

Since then there has been one noteworthy venture: during the King's Birthday week-end a heroic band, led by Prof. Wilson, left Kaitoke for Mt. Marchant. Descending the further slope (abruptly at times, sometimes with considerable slowness) they entered the upper Tauherenikau Valley; after camping there the night, the party returned to Kaitoke by way of Smith's Creek.

Several Saturday afternoon and Sunday tramps completed the term's programme. There was a very interesting walk from Petone to Paremata, through and over a great variety of scenery; one afternoon was given to the high range of hills beyond Brooklyn, over Hawkin's Hill to Sinclair Head, and back by beach to Island Bay; a Sunday was spent, picnic fashion, in Gollan's Valley; there was an interesting Saturday on (and off) the pipe-line in the Kaiwarra Gorge.

Not least of the term's activities, though a new outlet for its energies, was a social held in the Gym. after the Ruapehu trip. Photos there were, and dancing; a tasteful and ample supper ensured the success of the evening.

Rifle Club

A Rifle Club has been started at Victoria College with the object of "carrying out in co-operation with the Tournament Delegates for the year, all arrangements for the firing of the Haslam Shield Competition, and to encourage shooting generally." Membership of the club is open to all past and present students of Victoria College. At a meeting held towards the end of the first term the following committee was elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Mr. W. J. H. Haase; Deputy-President, Mr. E. W. Mills; Hon. Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. S. Yeates; Committee, Messrs. A. W. Free and R. R. T. Young.

The club is fortunate in having such an experienced shot as Mr. Haase for its president. Mr. Haase is a champion miniature rifle shot, and is the winner of many matches at Trentham and elsewhere in New Zealand. He was one of the first members of the Suburbs Rifle Club, and his enthusiasm and experience in all matters relating to shooting, should do much to encourage and improve the standard of shooting at V.U.C.

The Club is greatly indebted to Mr. McCormick, senior Tournament Delegate for the year, for the interest he has taken in its formation and also for drawing up its constitution.

The Haslam Shield is open to competition between the four Colleges affiliated to the New Zealand University, and is shot for annually. Previous winners are:—

1915—Auckland University College.		
1919—Otago	"	"
1920—Canterbury	"	"
1921—Canterbury	"	"
1922—Canterbury	"	"

Up till now Victoria has had no part in the competition, but from now on it intends to take a hand in the proceedings. Teams consist of eight men from each University, and after 1923 the match has to be shot off before Easter of each year.

The match was this year shot off at short notice and several of last year's best shots were not available—among these R. C. Miles and R. C.

Greiner. After a preliminary practice the following team was chosen to represent V.U.C.:—C. G. S. Ellis, A. W. Free, F. H. Jennings, E. W. Mills, M. N. Rogers, A. W. White, J. B. Yaldwyn, R. R. T. Young

The match was shot off on May 19th, and taking into consideration the facts that the weather conditions were far from good—there being a slight drizzle all the afternoon—and that most of the team had had but little practice, the scores obtained were very satisfactory indeed. The match consists of:—

- A—Application at 200 yards.
- B—Snap-shooting at 200 yards.
- C—Rapid at 300 yards.
- D—Application at 500 yards.

In practice A the shooting was good, particularly that of Yaldwyn, Rogers and Ellis, who each scored 19 out of a possible 20. In practice B Jennings and Rogers did best with 25 out of a possible 28. In practice C, rapid at 300, the shooting was not so good—Young, with 31, and Mills, with 27, being the only ones to score above 25 out of a possible 40. At the longest range, 500 yards, Jennings and Yaldwyn did best with 16 out of 20. The following are the individual scores:—

(R—Reserve; T—Territorial)

	Practice A	Practice B	Practice C	Practice D	Tl.
J. B. Yaldwyn (R)	19	24	25	16	84
F. H. Jennings (R)	17	25	22	16	80
R. R. T. Young, Lieut. S.C.	15	19	31	15	80
M. N. Rogers (R)	19	25	25	9	78
A. W. White (T)	18	24	23	12	77
E. W. Mills (T)	15	22	27	5	69
A. W. Free (R)	13	21	19	14	67
C. G. S. Ellis (R)	19	21	14	9	63
					598

The thanks of the Club are due to Lieut. Thompson, of the N.Z.P.S., for acting as range officer.

At the time of going to press the scores obtained by the other Universities are not to hand.

The next annual general meeting of the V.U.C. Rifle Club will be held early in September and it is hoped that all those interested in shooting at 'Varsity will join up, in order that next year we may put in the best possible team and bring the shield to V.U.C.

[Since the time of writing the above, the scores of the other Universities have come to hand, viz.: Otago 569, Canterbury 537. So that if the Tournament Delegates approve of the conditions under which the match was fired, the Haslam Shield for 1923 comes to Victoria College.]

Stop Press News

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS.—Patrons, Professor D. M. Y. Sommerville, M.A., D.Sc.; Professor D. C. H. Florance, M.A., M.Sc. President, Mr. K. Beaglehole; Vice-President, Miss T. C. Marwick, M.Sc.; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss P. Beggs, B.Sc.; Committee, Messrs. M. McWilliams and J. T. McCaw.

Boxing Club

The "noble art" still holds its proud position as one of the leading branches of sport at Wikitoria, and the marked enthusiasm of members and particularly of the younger members augurs well for the future.

Serious training operations in preparation for the Inter-Varsity tourney at Dunedin commenced early in January, our popular coach, Tim Tracy, again coming forward to knock off the rough edges and to endeavour to instil a little science and brain work into the wild and furious efforts of the aspirants to representative honours. "Use your block, old man." "Think all the time!" Truly words of wisdom from an old general in the boxing arena, but very difficult to carry into practice in the heated excitement even of a friendly bout.

Every Wednesday and Friday evening things were moving "some" in the old gymnasium, much to the concern at times of those engaged in more peaceful pastimes on the ground floor. There was never a dull moment, and as Easter approached it was apparent that in some weights competition for representative honours was going to be exceptionally keen.

Owing to the success attending the holding of a public tourney last year, the committee decided to repeat the same this year for the purpose of selecting the team to represent V.U.C. at Dunedin. The bouts were staged in the gymnasium and the movement was well supported by enthusiastic followers of the sport. In addition to the eliminating bouts, several no-decision bouts between local amateurs were staged, and the evening was in every way a huge success.

The Club's thanks are due to Mr. Earl Stewart, who acted as referee, to Messrs. W. J. Talbot and P. Woods, who acted as judges, and to the Wellington Boxing Association, who kindly lent the matting for the ring.

The contests were as follows:—Middleweight: E. Muller (10st. 12lbs.) beat D. Wood (10st. 11lbs.). Featherweight: R. R. T. Young (9st.), the holder of the New Zealand University Featherweight Championship, fought a bout with J. Nixon, a local amateur (9st. 6lbs.). The decision went to Nixon, but Young benefited by the try-out and retained his title at the tournament. Heartly congratulations. Welterweight: V. F. Coningham (10st.) beat F. Barry (10st. 7lbs.). Coningham gained the welterweight championship, a well-deserved honour, as in the opinion of many he was unfortunate in not getting the decision at Auckland last year. Congratulations. Lightweight: N. J. Lewis (9st. 12lbs.) beat J. Hart (10st.). Lewis was unfortunate in reaching Dunedin late, and having to enter the ring only a few hours after his arrival. Bantamweight: K. Vance (8st. 4lbs.) fought Percy Black (8st. 6lbs.), Wellington's best bantamweight; he was beaten, but should do well in future tournaments. Heavyweight: A. D. McRae (12st. 4lbs.) beat Bob Fitzsimmons, a Wellington amateur. In this weight the Club has been sadly lacking and an appeal is hereby made to the hefty muscular 12 stoners to join up and try themselves out. They must benefit by a course of training such as they get with the Club, and the punishment is never too severe. The training in boxing is the best possible for football or athletics, and without competition for representation the standard cannot improve. V. Marshall (10st.) very narrowly beat C. Ball (10st.); neither were trying for representative honours.

The remainder of the programme was filled by three interesting exhibitions between P. Charles and F. Barry, V. Gunnion and F. Alquist, and J. Crowley and M. Carroll.

If the keenness of members and the numbers justify such a course, it is the committee's intention to continue operations throughout the second and third terms under the instruction of Tim Tracy. Boxing is now a recognised branch of athletics in our secondary schools, and it is hoped that school champions and all others interested and ready to take an active part in the Club's affairs will make themselves known to members of the committee and will roll along on training nights and help to win the Inter-Varsity Boxing Shield outright next year.

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