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SEPTEMBER 1925

(Registered for transmission as a Magazine)

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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. F. A. Ruck, Financial Secretary.



"One age has passed, and the age to come
Is the age of ...."

With October comes the close of the College year and the time of parting. It is not a time of positive sadness. The Professor's last lecture is not delivered in broken, helpless tones; the student's eyes do not stream with tears. Rather, the Professor utters some equivalent of "au revoir" in plain human fashion, and, looking at the student with inscrutable eyes, wishes him good luck. The student collects his final notes with a mind afar off and removes himself and them with suspicious celerity. He may give vent to a wild yelp of freedom; as a rule his manner is a mixture of relief and dismay. His year's work is not yet done. He has yet to meet and grapple with the Unknown. In a week or two he will be Up Against It. Then will be his time of sadness.

Behind him the College basks peacefully in the charm of a sunlight that was so painfully absent during the lecture months. It is an abandoned citadel, a deserted garden, a shelled peascod, an empty coop. The brilliant company has disbanded. The wild geese have flown. In some odd corner some odd member of the staff might posibly be heard in doleful chant of "Robin Adair." It is hardly likely, for Victoria has long since forgotten how to sing. It has almost forgotten how to laugh. Nor is it in a mood to laugh. Over and above the parting of Professor and Student and the parting of College and Student, Victoria must contemplate a further, more poignant parting—a parting from its old self. It soul is not its own.

Wise, witty and learned men have sat in judgment upon it

and pronounced it to be no more than a pale shade of what it should be; a weak thing that stirs restlessly when the day is done and adds but a feeble glimmer to the light of the world. Pallid from night-work; dyspeptic from quick-lunch education; killing itself by degrees. A gymnasium for him who reads as he runs and runs as he reads, where long memories and longer economics flourish, but no flower of learning. A reed thinly piping the bold strain of "Sapentia magis auro desideranda" only to be shaken in the wind of the answering shout of "Aurum non olet."

The name Victoria was meant for other notions than these. A broken sword, perhaps; even a broken head. But both may be mended. Indeed, both must be mended. The armourer professes to be in readiness; something like the hand of the doctor is on the doorknob. What is to be? Will the Victoria to arise from the valley of the shadow of Reform be the Victoria we know, or will it be a stranger to us of the old regard, with its doors barred The Victoria that sold us sheepskins for next to nothing in nightoil and gave us putty medals marked B.A., L.L.B. and the like wherewith to mend holes in our little careers, we knew to be only a transience; we could not expect it to be sempiternal. But the Victoria of the fitful flashes of thought, of the brave freedom of opinion, of the life and the laughter, of the ideals which may have been a little too generous beside the knowledge we gained and a little too fine for the work we were to do, but which, none-the-less, gave us visions of greater things: will this remain?

Little we have the right to ask, we of the part-time phase. Though the world call us University men we know that we have but the veneer: the present system is not constructed for depth. Enough that we have received full measure for what we have given and carried away something that we may remember. We cannot set a boundary to the march of an institution. But we dare name the starting-place.

### The Futility of Latin Prose

In response to the urgent solicitations of a large circle of admiring friends, and in deference to the thousands of testimonials received from grateful professors, teachers, and scholars all over the country, I have consented to publish a few further hints on successful translation. Dozens of (till now) hard-wrought men and women have come to me with what can only be tears of gratitude in their eyes assuring me that "they have never seen anything like it." After much profound thought on the subject, therefore, I have reached one or two conclusions, from which, I sincerely trust, the breathless masses of waiting students can derive nought but benefit.

I might say that I have lately become fully convinced of the futility of the present method employed by teachers of setting difficult proses which can be turned into Latin only after hours of severe mental anguish, and by dint of absurdly formal constructions and complex idioms. Indeed, the very ambiguity of

many of the set pieces has frequently flung even me, torn between conflicting possibilities, on the rocks of despair. Consider, for instance, these examples gleaned from recent proses: "There were many fine points in Cato's character," "A great number of select horse and foot," "A king called 'the Peaceful' gained the throne and cultivated the arts of peace," "The Numidians scoured the country," "Young men of the best condition," "The only two passages in his letter," "Even the meanest slaves had fled." "The emperor was carried in a litter." The last sentence alone was the immediate cause of my spending five agonised hours in conjecture as to whether the locality through which the emperor was carried was in a state of untidiness (in which case the emperor had no right to be there), or as to whether a brood of young pigs acted as his companions and fellow-voyagers on the journey. "If this latter possibility were true," I argued, "by what means had the animals contrived to evade the eyes of the attendants and to join their comrade in the conveyance?" Subsequently, I fell a prey to a high fever—a species of delirium —and spent the ensuing fortnight in a kind of trance. thoughtful student will at least gather that an improvement in prose methods is an urgent necessity.

Let me suggest that the quickest way to facility and efficiency in this department is for the student to employ the aid of Latin verse—the regulation hexameter—arranged so as to preserve its English aspect, and enlivened—a point I have stressed

before—by the use of a little mild humour.

As a specimen, let us take the immortal tale of Roman Virginius. Who has not trembled at the very thought of that stern warrior standing with knife upraised, his fainting daughter leaning upon his breast, and the brutal emperor and soldiers jeering around? Here, then, we give our rendering:—

Romaeque die eodem uproar immensum videres.
Alto in ligno platformo fortis Virginius stetit.
Patris waistcoatum substantium pallida filia clutchit.
Turpis imperator et milites circiter laughunt.
Sed iam ex pocketo Virginius razor extraxit,
I amque elevans weaponum girlam killere parauit,
Tum rapiter in chestam razor accerimum plungit!
Ecce! Id snappit et nihil at allum occurrit.
Cum looko disgusto Virginius razor inspectat:
"Hangite!" inquit, "hoc razor in Germania factum!

"Hangite!" inquit, "hoc razor in Germania factum! "Igitur, pulchra me filia, comeaway instanter homo!"

Such a method should appeal at once to teacher and student. Our only regret is that we are unable, in the little space we have, to treat of such a weighty subject more fully.

—D.J.D.

### The Kingfisher

The gold of the dawn and the glinting blue-green Of the waves and the sky were melted and merged In the crucible joy; and poised in the diamond Winged breeze for an instant, there hovered the soul Of the hour as a visible god.

-M.L.

### Liberty as a Political Ideal

The following address was delivered by Sir Harry Rudolf Reichel, M.A., L.L.D., K.B., Principal of the University College of Bangor, North Wales, and Chairman of the New Zealand University Reform Commission, to the members of the V.U.C. Historical Society. It is of a most illuminating quality and should have a provocative influence on much of the thought current among our 'Varsity Clubs.—Ed. "Spike."

The word "Liberty" is commonly used in two senses, and much confusion of thought has arisen therefrom. It may mean personal liberty, the liberty of the individual citizen in relation to the State in which he lives. Again it may mean national liberty or independence, the liberty of one State in relation to These two aspects of liberty are often found together, but often also apart. Thus Russia, under the Soviet Government, has national liberty or independence, but the individual Russian is virtually the slave of the State, exposed to arbitrary exaction, arbitrary imprisonment, and arbitrary execution, and deprived of all freedom of action. He has nothing he can call his own, and says what he thinks at his peril. India, on the other hand, has no independence, but the native Indian has a large measure of personal freedom. He can choose his own method of life, so far as social and religious custom allows him; he can be taxed only by law; in person and property he is protected from arbitrary interference, whether of neighbours or of officials. recent American historian has pointed out that the object of the great American Revolution was not, as is often supposed, personal liberty, which already existed, but national independence. It is in the former sense that I shall use the term this evening.

Yet there is still danger of confusion. It is possible that "Liberty of the individual" may be used in more than one sense. "Many people," wrote Thring of Uppingham, the greatest British schoolmaster of the last half-century, "mean by liberty the power to force other people to do what they want them to do;" and here we come to the heart of the subject. The desire for freedom to pursue one's own life and develop one's own activities is not only a natural instinct, but an essential condition of all progress. The man who lacks this lacks an essential element of full But directly he begins to exercise this freedom he finds himself up against the similar activities of his fellows. At every turn, he finds that he can only do what he wants to do by preventing someone else from exercising the same freedom. In any society absolute unfettered freedom of self-expression for any individual or group of individuals is only possible by denying all freedom to the rest of the community, that is, by reducing them to a state of slavery. The only case of a single individual enjoying such power is that of an absolute despot, as in old Turkey, and even there, with the exception of the very greatest Sultans, absolute irresponsible liberty of action has always been in practice greatly circumscribed by custom and personal influ-Thus, where there is no servitude, a clash of wills inevitably arises, which can only be settled by mutual agreement. The rules according to which the settlement is effected in individual cases we call Law, and the spirit which inspires these

It follows that Law and Justice are an essential rules Justice. condition of Liberty in the true sense of the word. Nevertheless, we find a common tendency, which seems on the increase, to regard Law and Justice as the enemies of Liberty. This is no doubt to be explained largely by the fact that laws, being made by fallible men, are apt to express not absolute justice, but an imperfect form of it. The most honest legislators cannot help being influenced, however unconsciously, by their own interests and prejudices, which generally reflect those of the class to which they belong. Thus an impression may be created that law is merely a device for ensuring the predominance or the legislators and their friends, that, in the words of Thrasymachus in "The Republic," "Justice is the interest of the stronger." law fetters, and those who have little or no share in shaping the laws as they stand naturally feel themselves unduly fettered, and demand in the name of Liberty that these fetters should be struck off. Hence arises an apparently never-ending struggle between Liberty and Law, two principles which in the nature of things should be close allies. Every demand for a change in law, whether put forward by progressives or reactionaries, is made in the name of Liberty. A good illustration of this is furnished by the proclamations of the two Pretenders in Thackeray's humorous satire "The Next French Revolution," which contains some of the most delightful political fooling in the English language. The Bonapartist Pretender, John Thomas Napoleon, and the Legitimist, Henri V., put forward programmes of respectively Imperial Militarism and extreme clerical reaction, each in the name of Liberty. But let Thackeray speak for himself.

I. John Thomas Napoleon: "You have been promised Liberty, but you have had none. I will endow you with the true, the real freedom. When your ancestors burst over the Alps, were they not free? Yes! Free to conquer! Let us imitate the example of those indomitable myriads, once more trample over Europe, march in triumph into her prostrate capitals and bring her Kings with her treasures to our feet. This is the liberty worthy of Frenchmen.

Frenchmen! Up and rally! I have flung my banner to the breeze; 'tis surrounded by the faithful and the brave. Up, and let our motto be:—' Liberty, Equality, War all over the World.'"

II. Henri V. "Our afflicted country cries aloud for reforms. The infamous Universities shall be abolished. Education shall no longer be permitted. A sacred and wholesome Inquisition shall be established. My faithful nobles shall pay no more taxes. . . . . Convents and monasteries again shall ornament our country, the calm nurseries of saints and holy women. Heresy shall be extirpated with paternal severity, and our country shall be free once more."

Caricature, you will say. No doubt, but caricature in the

hand of a great artist exaggerates, but does not invent.

But impatience with existing laws may go to the point of rejecting law altogether as a principle. This is the attitude of the Nihilist, and even unconsciously of some nearer home, who are not usually marked with that label. To these men justice has nothing to do with law, nor even with any general principle: pushed to its conclusion, it means getting what you want and doing as you like. I had myself an amusing experience of this

state of mind a good many years ago. Shortly before Mr. Gladstone capitulated to Parnell, I was travelling with a colleague, Dr. (now Sir James) Dobbie, in a third-class non-smoking compartment from London to Bangor. Up to Chester we had a carriage to ourselves, but there, just as the train was starting, we were joined by a middle-aged man, apparently of the respectable shopkeeper class, who forthwith pulled out a short clay pipe and proceeded to light it. We objected, and called his attention to the fact that it was a non-smoking carriage. He protested in a good Irish brogue, and argued that we ought not to interfere with him. After some ten minutes wrangling, I said to him: "Look here, Sir, it is no earthly use your going on like this. I object to your smoking here, on principle. I don't think it is fair to the public." "Ah," he remarked, "That is just where it Englishmen always act on principle, and that is just why Ireland can never get justice from them. But "-slapping his knee-" when Parnell gets us Home Rule, I'll smoke in every carriage in the country!" To this good gentleman justice had nothing to do with principle, and freedom meant being able to do as he liked in defiance of all rules to the contrary.

Here is an utterance of a very different character, which reveals the true nature of Liberty. Three years ago an American Minister in high office, in the course of a declaration on public policy, made use of these words: "The liberty we cherish for ourselves we desire for others, and we assert no rights for ourselves that we do not accord to others." There is the acid test. The man who claims rights for himself in the name of liberty that he is not prepared to concede to others does not believe in liberty; he believes in despotism, a despotism to be exercised by himself or his friends. The true spirit of liberty, indeed, is essentially unselfish, and cannot thrive except where a high moral standard is maintained. A profound truth lies embodied

in Milton's well-known lines:-

"License they mean when they cry 'Liberty,'
For who loves that must first be wise and good."

You remember perhaps the gibe of an old Tory cynic: "The Whigs are so fond of liberty that they keep it all for themselves." This is the temptation against which all honest lovers of freedom have to be ever on their guard. Intolerance is just as common in Politics as in Religion, and just as mischievous. Macaulay's celebrated saying about religious persecution applies equally to politics:—"The attitude of the religious persecutor is this: 'When I am in power, I shall put you down by force, because it is the duty of truth to suppress error; but when you get the upper hand, you must not interfere with me, because error must not persecute truth.'" The true lover of liberty will shrink with as much horror from the idea of curtailing the legitimate liberty of others as the lover of justice will from that of encroaching on their just rights. The emphasis in each case is on the adjective; the test is reciprocity.

Nevertheless, whatever lip service we may pay her, it can hardly be doubted that Liberty, in the true sense, has of late been suffering something of an eclipse. Read John Stuart Mills' famous Essay, and you will be struck at once with a feeling how far we have drifted away from his moorings. We seem to be breathing a different atmosphere. Mills' political philosophy

was in the main that of the Manchester School, the old Radicalism of Lilburne and the "Levellers" in the 17th century. Wilkes and Burdett in the 18th, and the Chartists in the early part of the 19th: the aim was the sweeping away of class privileges and the breaking down of social barriers, so that the individual might be left free to work out his own salvation. The State was merely an aggregate of individuals, and the function of law and legislation was purely protective, to prevent the individual being The conception of the State overborne by violence or fraud. as an entity with a corporate life of its own, distinct from that of the individuals composing it, was foreign to this school. They regarded it as a piece of mechanism rather than a living organism. Much water has flowed beneath the political bridges since Mill on Liberty was the textbook of the party of Progress. On the one hand, we have acquired a higher notion of the corporate life of a community; on the other, we have rather lost sight of the truth which obsessed the minds and filled the horizon of the older school, that moral excellence is rather individual than collective. We are apt to emphasise the importance of the community, to discourage private effort, and to regard the State as a kind of secondary Providence, which should improve on the original maxim by "helping those who do not help themselves." We might sum up the difference between the two attitudes by saying that to the old reformer the State was suspect, while to the new reformer the Individual is suspect a mighty change, suggesting a new source of inspiration. new source is to be found in the French Revolution. The watchword of that stupendous movement—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity-has probably had profounder effects on political and social development in the last hundred years than any other ideal. It is an appeal that goes straight to the generous heart. If these three principles were accepted in their full implication, surely the social Millennium would be within reach. What is Fraternity but the Law of Love: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy-It breathes the very spirit of Christianity, and stamps self?" with a seal of consecration the two social principles which Yet this triad has been the occasion of the most precede it. ruthless bloodshed that has disgraced modern civilisation up to Instead of the reign of Justice, the outbreak of the Great War. we have the Revolutionary Terror, with tribunals in the later development of which the accused was not merely refused the aid of Counsel, as in the old English High Treason trials, but Instead of actually not allowed to speak his own defence. Fraternity and Peace, we have twenty years of almost continuous warfare, in the course of which every country in Europe except our own and Scandinavia was wasted with fire and sword and drenched in blood.

If we look closely, we shall find the explanation of this strange phenomenon in two causes: (1) First and foremost, the weakness of human nature; and (2) A new interpretation of Equality, which extended it from legal to personal and social status.

(1) We are apt to forget that institutions have to be worked by human beings, and that however excellent in design and construction, the kind of work they will turn out depends largely, perhaps mainly, on the skill and still more on the honesty of the men who control them. An aeroplane may be the last thing in engineering science, yet if it be entrusted to an ignorant man, or to a pure theorist without practical experience, it will crash in a few minutes. Poor political institutions worked by capable and high-minded men will generally produce more happiness and prosperity than far better ones in incompetent or dishonest hands. Now any violent political upheaval always tends to bring to the front two classes of men; first the pure theorist, and secondly, the criminal adventurer. The former, often a man of considerable imagination and thinking power, but without the corrective of practical experience, carried away by abstract phrases, which have a curiously intoxicating influence, with no conception of the immense complexity of the problem to be solved, will give up anything rather than his theory. Mr. Easy, you will remember, in Marryat's immortal novel, when presented with the alternative of sacrificing his theory or his son, like a good theorist sacrificed his son. Impatience with the folly, or ignorance of those who oppose his beneficent schemes may easily convert him into a ruthless tyrant. Robespierre, under the Monarchy, resigned a judgeship rather than sign death warrants. Lenin started as the apostle of non-resistance, and three years ago he protested indignantly against the slanders which painted Bolshevist rule in blood-red colours: there had only, he assured the world, been 13,000 odd executions! In four years' time this modest figure had swollen to the gigantic total of a million and three-quarters. The list, which professes to be compiled from official Soviet returns, was issued by the Serbian Government in 1921, and has been since published widely in the European Press, without eliciting, so far as I know, any serious challenge. It is divided into six or seven classes: the first consisting of 28 Bishops and Archbishops, the last of upwards of 800,000 peasants. It would seem incredible that such a programme could be got through in the time, involving as it does over 440,000 executions a year, or 1,200 a day, till it is remembered that executions were not carried out solely by the central "Cheka" or Terrorist tribunal; every town and most villages of any size had their own local "Cheka," which acted to a large extent independently. It is probable also that massacres of unarmed groups such as prisoners, peasants who disobeyed an order to surrender their crops, etc., were included in the Soviet returns.

Even if we were to divide this total by ten, the mind reels at the contemplation of a cold-blooded ruthlessness only to be paralleled by the doings of Attila or Genghis Khan. In the words of a recent review on Edmund Burke: "In politics those who take short cuts to Paradise usually find themselves in Hell."

(2) The second class, that of the criminal adventurers, consists of men who have failed to make good, and regard existing society as their enemy. Sometimes able, generally courageous, always without scruple and without pity, at a time of social upheaval they naturally draw together in small groups, and by daring and organised violence cow the quieter type of citizen around them, who may outnumber them by as much as a hundred to one. The union of these two classes produces the terrorism which is a recurrent feature of social revolutions, the first supplying the watchwords, the second the force to translate them into action. Thus the will of a small minority may be im-

posed on an immense population by the union of the fanatic and "Why did you tolerate those abominations?" a the criminal. leading Frenchman was asked by an outside observer after the overthrow of the Terror. "Because we were cowards," was his The fanatic may be defined as a man who substitutes for the true end of life some other and lower end, and whose idea of good and evil is thus perverted. We say that a certain course of action is good. What is our test? That it makes for the ultimate end, the elevation of the man who pursues it towards the divine ideal-love, and the accepted rules of morality We condemn are ultimately traceable to this basal principle. all that makes for the opposite—hatred. But to the fanatic some lower end takes the place of the law of love. E.g., he regards the perfection of human nature as depending on the establishment of some particular form of social organisation or the adoption of some particular theological creed, and is prepared accordingly to commit any act of cruelty or oppression to bring it about. The mediaeval inquisitor and the modern revolutionary are twin brethren. Incidentally it may be remarked that in a democratically-governed country the use of Terrorism at once brands its users as a minority; if they were a majority they could get their way constitutionally without resorting to "direct action.

Again, altogether apart from the imperfection of the beings who have to work the machinery of society, there is a potential source of trouble in the famous Triad itself. Its first two members embody an irreconcilable contradiction, not indeed in their original connotation, but in the expanded meaning of the second. Equality may be taken in two senses: (i) Legal equality, which requires that the law should be no respecter of persons or classes: (ii) Economic and social equality. It was in the first sense that it was originally used by the authors of the French Revolution; and in this sense not only was there no opposition between liberty and equality, but the second was really the necessary complement of the first: for how can a man have reasonable freedom for self-development if the law regards him as less worthy of its protection than other members of the society to which he belongs, if the scales of justice are weighed against him when he comes into Court? Thus a Christian cannot enjoy political freedom under an orthodox Mohammedan Government, because by the law of Islam the evidence of an infidel in a Court of Justice has no weight against that of a true believer. Under the old regime in France the noblesse occupied a privileged pos-They paid no taxes, they could command the services of their villein-tenants, they administered justice to them. These were all legal rights which the law had either created or at least upheld, and which the law could sweep away. And their abolition left everyone freer to choose his own line of life, even the noble himself. In its original connotation, therefore, the great Revolutionary Triad was consistent with itself. As to the Christian theologian every soul is of equal value in the sight of God, so to the political philosopher every citizen had equal rights in the eyes of the law. But matters did not long remain in this position. The complaint was soon raised that though privilege had been abolished, the vaunted equality was illusory. Legal inequality had gone, but social and economic inequality

Money is power. Was it right that in a free and remained. equal Republic disproportionate power should be allowed to rest in individual hands, and those often the least worthy? Again, there are social privileges and inequalities the law knows nothing of, which are prescribed by the unwritten code of social opinion made nobody knows how, and enforced by intangible taboos and As society grows more complex, these inequalities penalties. tend to increase and to produce serious friction, and they are often more resented than positive legal disabilities. can only be wholesomely removed from within by change of heart, and this is the work not of law, but of education. Legal enactment can hardly effect it, and would be certain in the attempt to restrict personal liberty to a disastrous degree. cannot by law force one set of people to be on intimate social terms with another set. Further, even were such an enforced equality possible, it would probably be unfavourable to social progress, which depends on differences in opinion and habits of life. There is truth in the old saying: "It takes all sorts to make a world."

But once we have reached this point, it is plain that our Triad has landed us in an antinomy. For in spite of the American Declaration of Independence-a strange manifesto, by the way, for a people amongst whom slavery was a social institu-tion—we are not "born free and equal." This was a common-place of eighteenth century philosophy. The perfection of Man was to be sought in a state of nature before he had been corrupted by the luxury and injustices of civilisation. The nineteenth century with its new doctrine of evolution shattered this fond imagination to fragments. For us the perfection of nature is the terminus ad quem, not the terminus a quo. for sooth! Si argumentum requiris, circumspice! A University is the last place where the proposition that men are born equal can be maintained. Every class list that comes out is direct proof of the contrary. You all know what every examiner has convincing proof of year after year, that some are born with First Class brains, some with Second Class brains. If any doubt should remain on the subject we have high political authority for it, the word of an Ex-Prime Minister himself, Mr. Lloyd George: some, alas! even have to be content with Pass brains. In mental endowment men are born shockingly unequal. Now, this being so, it is clear that if they are left to carve out their own fortunes, this inequality is bound to show itself in the results they achieve. A society in which freedom is the first consideration will be a society from which anything like equality in the social signification is banished. Liberty and Equality in short are like two buckets in a well; as one goes up, the other goes down. At the Communist extreme the Liberty bucket is at zero: where individualism rules, inequality is in excelsis. In practical life we strike a balance between the two, and keep both swinging in mid-air. Here let it be noticed that private property in some form seems an essential condition of personal freedom: for it is simply stored-up power, and without it the individual would have nothing to fall back upon and would be obliged to live from hand to mouth, which would involve absolute dependence on those who provided him from day to day with food and shelter. He would be a slave of the community, living at the mercy of a bureaucracy which, as it controlled all the means of living and directed all the activities of the whole population would itself be inevitably above control. Thus it is that all men in whom the desire for freedom is strong have an instinctive feeling that private property is a necessity for them. The idea that private property is the invention of the capitalist for his own selfish ends, which one sometimes hears, is on a par with that which formerly had some vogue, that religion was invented by the priest with a similar object. The truth is that as man is by nature an incurably religious animal, so is he likewise an incurable property-owning animal. Of this the primitive communities that form themselves out West in the United States for ranching or gold-mining afford indisputable evidence. There the unforgivable offence is stealing, horse-stealing in the one case, gold-stealing in the The murderer is left to private other; the penalty is death. vengeance, every man being supposed to keep his own head, but the thief is run to earth by the whole community and strung up to the nearest tree. Let me give two examples:-

The Ranch. Here are some grimly humorous lines (of Bret Harte, I think) which I remember being given at school to turn

into Latin verse:—

### How It Happened In Texas

He found a rope and picked it up And with it walked away; It happened that to t'other end A horse was hitched, they say. They found a rope and fastened it Over a swinging limb, It happened that the other end Was somehow hitched to him.

Gold-mining. In a recent book of Memoirs, Lord Ernest Hamilton describes his experiences in the Yukon. "Just inside the entrance to each tent at a mining camp we visited, about six miles from Atlin, there stood one or more zinc buckets full to the brim with gold-dust or nuggets, and apparently offering exceptional opportunities to anyone with shop-lifting tendencies. I remarked as much to my companion, an old rugged miner."

"Yes," he replied, with suitable expectoration. "We had one in this camp not long back with socialistic views as to the distribution of accumulated wealth. I reckon he was swinging from that pine tree yonder almost before his pockets were clear

of the gold he'd pinched."

To sum up, the maintenance of a due balance between these two antagonistic principles, Freedom and Equality, is perhaps the most fundamental question in modern politics and will be found at the root of most of the problems that social legislation has to solve. The absolute individualism of the old Manchester School has been generally abandoned, nor does there seem even a remote probability that it will be revived, at least in our time. In this sense it is true to say with Sir William Harcourt: "We are all socialists nowadays." But we are most of us still further away from absolute collectivism. Between these two extremes there are endless gradations. If our race remains true to its

political genius, there will be no rebuilding of Society on a new plan, but each case will be treated separately as it arises on the principle of compromise. Each social prescription will always contain the two elements of Freedom and Equality, Individualism and Collectivism, but they will be rarely mixed in the same proportions. It will be pure Empiricism—we are not a logical people—but it will probably work.

### Superfluous Ink

(A SWAN SONG)

It was Whitcombe's Rubbish Week,
They say it is their Annual Sale,
But I know better.
There was one bargain—
One dozen bottles
Of Swan
Fountain Pen Ink
For two shillings
And ninepence halfpenny.
I was weak,
The temptation
Was too much for me;
I became the proud possessor
Of twelve bottles of Fountain Pen Ink.

It is four months now
Since I fell.
I have been busy all that time,
But I have not
Used more than one-third
Of a bottle. Therefore,
I have enough ink
To last me for three years.
That is a wonderful, wonderful thought.
I feel
That I can let my pen flow
Without a sense of extravagance.

I have an idea—
I shall honour the "Spike," they are,
I mean the editors,
Always
Ready for an ebullition
From the pen of any distinguished personage.

The Question is,
What shall I write about?
Shall
I let them have my opinions
On Freedom of Thought,
Or University Reform?
Stop!
Let me think—
I must not put

Our Psychologist's nose Out of joint.

I know,
I shall write a
Novel.
I must think of a title, preferably risqué.
If it has a risqué title
Everyone will read it.
I shall call it
"My Downfall,"
For if I had been strong
I would not
Have purchased this ink.

There must be a handsome hero, I am
Very fond of Russian names,
I shall call him by a Russian name.
He will know all about motor-cars,
Morning and afternoon teas,
AND he will
Jazz divinely.
I do not think that he need do much work
Except
With regard to the heroine.

There must be some beautiful women Whose lashes Sweep the floor. (That is why they get married. It is such a saving in brooms for Their husbands.) And I simply must have An M.C. Of course you know That stands for Master of Ceremonies. You see, I shall begin with a ball, And if people are not introduced There will be no flirtations and The Book Would accordingly be a failure.

I shall have a Chinaman,
Tee Pea,
He will own a Billiard Saloon.
His hair must be long
So that
He can flourish a pigtail;
I think that he will be the villain.

It would be nice
To have a young man from Rhodesia;
An unassuming, hard-working man;
He would be an athlete;
He would overcome Tee Pea,
Because

He would be a famous boxer; He would also be a tennis champion. Naturally he Would run like a deer, And swim like a fish.

I have had A nightmare About a vicious dragon, It had a name and sharp teeth. Its name was Ekk Sekk. It came close up to me, Baring its fangs, and said "Rugger! He must play Rugger: Nothing else matters in Rhodesia." I seized my Twelve bottles of Fountain Pen Ink And hurled them at The dragon!

There was a Tremendous Explosion!
Alas, alas!
I shall never write a novel,
My precious ink
Is on my eiderdown and blankets,
The carpet,
Even
On the wallpaper and my best dressing-gown.
My novel
Is lost to posterity—
Oh, Posterity!
Thy name is indeed
Calamitous!

—WUNHOONOEZ.

### The Cloud

I saw an angry cloud which flung
Its blackness on the evening sky;
It writhed and gibbered as it hung
Like a vast dragon come to die.

Who was the god that put it there?— What tortured artist took his wry Soul and the face of his despair And thrust it on the world on high.

And threatening apocalypse?

I saw, but knew not who or why—
But a dark dread had thinned the lips
Of Night, and terror stirred her eye.

### Inspiration

"He who would have you believe that he is waiting for the inspirations of genius, is in reality at a loss how to begin; and is at last delivered of his monsters with difficulty and pain."—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Pen in hand, and with sheets of paper white as innocence spread before me, I sit gazing out on a moonlit world. The pure beams, piercing the purple curtain of night, weave a fairy bridge across the tranquil sea, and at their magic touch the neighbouring clothes lines become threads of silver; the gently swaying garments suspended thereon are mystic drapings, worthy to wrap the queenly form of Night herself. I could strike remorselessly to earth the graceless villain who would suggest that they are but sordid shirts, stockings and collars doomed to the starch of the morrow. Let no man desecrate this hallowed hour, or disturb the train of inspired thought which I intend to transfer presently to my paper. The deep grandeur of night, the glimmering outline of city and hills, the stately majesty of the towering brick chimneys, the drifting odours of the jam factory, the faint cries of the amateur pugilists next door, the verandaspouting, gleaming nobly at the touch of Diana's all-transforming wand, these shall lift me above the baser things of earth, these shall flow in glorious harmony from my gold-nibbed fount-Let me write swiftly the thoughts already gushing forth, impatient to relieve the snowy whiteness of my ninepenny pad. I shall write a poem, filled with the melody, the beauty, and pathos of night, a poem that shall flood with gratitude the hearts of waiting millions. I dip my fountain pen in the adjacent inkbottle-like most fountain pens it has long since given up all claim to individuality—and bend to my mighty task.

"Oh glorious Night, sublime and pure-"

Now what rhymes with "pure?" "Brewer," "dour," "skewer?" No. Those do not convey thoughts lofty enough for my purpose. "Cure?" Well, that savours rather of the popular type of advertisement. "Allure?" Dear me, no! I must not descend to the level of modern ball-room ballads. Dash it! What does rhyme with "pure"? But, perhaps, after all, "pure" is rather conventional. Let me try something new and grand. Grand? That's more promising, certainly.

"Oh glorious Night, sublime and grand-"

Now let me see: "sand," "strand," "canned?" But those seem too familiar. Of course! Shakespeare ran most of them to death. They will hardly do. "Band?" Sousa's band?" Splendid thought!

"Oh glorious Night, sublime and grand, More sweet thou art than Sousa's band."

Now we are making progress. The next line will at any rate be easier, as it need not rhyme with anything so far.

"I rest upon my window seat——"

But that isn't really accurate. I'm sitting on a deal chair, and that's a deal harder than any window seat. Still, who's to know that? People are not generally particular about little details, and—yes, "window seat" will do very well. Now for

something to rhyme with "seat." "Meat," "fleet," "heat," "beat."

"---And watch the policeman on his beat."

Ah, here is an opportunity to insert something of practical value, something that will wake humanity to better things.

"——I rest upon my window seat,
And watch the policeman on his beat.
His face is like a sunbeam bright,
Because it's never seen at night;
But when the gloomy dark is o'er,
He comes as boldly as before!"

I shall make the first verse end there, to guard against anticlimax. Confound it! That cloud has obscured the moon. All is dark without. But all is bright within! Let me turn my thoughts to the humbler objects of my daily acquaintance—the handsome pictures on the walls, the entrancing pattern of the wall-paper, the pile of unopened books upon the table, the bootbrush reposing on the mantelpiece, and—happy thought—my ink-bottle and daily glass of water, standing side by side before me. Why, there is a world of inspiration there—the black and the white, the base and the pure, the bad and the good! Are these not fit subjects for the sweetest bard that ever breathed? Let me write of them, sing of them, derive from them a tale that shall move many a prospective reader to deeds of courage and wisdom and virtue innumerable.

With far-away eyes I drain my ink-bottle, dip my pen into the water and bend once more to my task. —D.J.D.

### Fate's Irony

(To J.C.B.)

Full many a year I strove with rhyme Essaying heroic heights to climb, And mournful deeps to sound.

Last week I scrawled some doggerel light— My life is now all black with blight, Ambition's on the ground.

He read that silly piece of rot, "By Jove," he said, "it's really not Half bad; in fact," said he,

"If you make every effort, some Fine day I'm sure you will become A COMIC poet of high degree!" Ah me! Ah me!\* \* "Like me! Like me!"

### Nightfall

THEA, the Queen.

DIRCE, her attendant.

ION, a soldier.

[The stage forms a triangle with its apex away from the audience. To the left of the spectators, a large illumined swinging lamp shows an arch beyond which glimmer lighted rooms and glimpses of Graeco-Asiatic luxury. Right, a huge door of wrought iron; behind it, the desert, night, and the stars. R. front, forming an angle with the audience, stands a marble couch with a leopard skin Tumultuous cries from left, and a red thrown over it. flickering light.]

ION [enters, with sword drawn, L.] The Queen! DIRCE: The Queen?

ION: By the Gods, I'll see the Queen!

Why stand'st thou white against the iron door,

Thine arms wide-stretched, keeping the starlight out?

Is she gone into the desert?

DIRCE: Ion, the streets—

The flaming palace, tigrish, cry "The Queen!"

For ye are come to rend her in revolt—

And thou, that wert her swordsman! Fire has crowned

These conquered halls with glory born of pain—

ION: Dirce, thy life or the Queen's!

DIRCE: My life, then, lion!

[ION advances upon her. THEA flings aside the curtains and appears from the flaming palace.]

ION: Thea, the Queen!

DIRCE: Why did'st thou not let me die?

THEA: Strike, Ion.

ION: Since thou standest there so royal,

The fires of ruin in thy hair, my sword Is quelled within the marvel of thine eye.

[Shouts without.] THEA: Watch Dirce—I am tired.

[Crosses and sits on couch.]

This hour ago

I was a queen, and now my words are wan,

And all my limbs one languor.

DIRCE: Lady, they leave

Us lonely; all the pillars are one flame Of pillaging armour. O my royal Thea— THEA: No words, but watch. We are alone—so much

As ne'er before.

ION: Queen of caprice! thou Thea

Who clad in whims, held all thy people's lives Worth not thy sandal's footfall—beautiful,

Unruly, cruel and vain-

DIRCE: She never did

But what her human heart had bade her do-

THEA: Peace, Dirce!—I am grown so languorous, girl,

That peace alone is pitiful. ION:

That peace

Shall soon be pitiless.

O! was a woman's whim a fit exchange Made for the thousand-hearted happiness Of these, thy people?—For an emerald Thou gav'st my sister to the Indian king— My father to the lions since his mouth

Bit thy soft vanity—

Peace, Ion! she e'er DIRCE:

Was loveliness to eye and ear and loved

I' the streets: all hearts she beggared of their love-

ION: Charm is no warrant royal to o'errule All laws of earth and heaven—Wilt thou go (to Thea.)

To the slaughter in the flaming of the swords Or—lone into the desert?—I'll keep watch. One moment, and I come to kill or spare.

Out, lamp—thou art the spirit of her pride!

[Exit L., extinguishing lamp with his sword.]
[THEA on couch—DIRCE at her feet; her arms in the lap of the Queen. The stage is flooded with moonlight.]

THEA: Ah, Dirce, even peace is pitiless.-Nightfall—the lions prowl o'er Asia's sands. How cold's the moonlit air!—My slender Dirce, I have spent iron pride and silken vanity-My heart's blood and my will. I am sick and tired-Sickened of action and all languid-calm.

DIRCE: Thy hand has fever in't. There is no calm.

THEA: All the long hours our marble doors that keep The tawny heat at bay, the heat that comes Like mountain beasts upon the weary heart. Have clanged far-flung upon their grating bars Before the rebels that have burst on them As the wave surges headlong on the sand. Mine eyes are full of gashed and strewn hot halls Of battle-anger.

DIRCE: Thou hast married Greece

To Asia: Queen of these Arabian hills, Thou'st woven the most Grecian luxuries For garments—

THEA:

Desert or death!

I am sunk into a void.

DIRCE: No death—thou art too young. THEA: I have known all things and I am fit to die.

ION [enters]: Hast chosen death?

THEA: The fairest thing-This is too bright. O no, Give me thy sword. [Takes it.] Give anything but death!—To cease to feel, To go forth limbless into the dark night— Mine eye is full of horror.—Dirce, speak!

· ION: It was too light a punishment.

THEA: I am young. ION: So let this last whim royal be thy doom-

The sands.

THEA: The desert crouches like a lion at bay.

ION: So hast thou crouched upon thy people's face.

THEA: There is a panic terror in the night.

ION: Fear walked by day the noon that thou wast crowned— The wavering cruelty of irresolute youth That has all and that knows all but itself.

O mighty stars, avenge!

THEA: Thou standest upright,

Holding thy sword up like a whip of flame In the leap of the dying fires of my home. I will go.

DIRCE: Thou are so young, Ion, and thy face so fierce-

THEA: Ah, fiercely beautiful.—I have said my whim— Vain have I been and cruel—never false—

In all my sins I never broke my word.

There's something of the panther in my blood, And wild cries unto wild. How the wind flows I' the flame about thee, Ion! thou art like

A challenger of heaven.

DIRCE: Thea is dead!

THEA: Wail not, but hear my prayer. O mighty Night,

Receive my spirit into thy grand breast—

For thou art epic. I will go to thee,

And bathe my fevers in the mountain brooks; Where the wind leaps upon the mountain-tops I'll purge my heart. Never was night so calm! There is a great completeness in the void Beneath those Asian stars. O take me, Night!

[A gust of wind blows open the iron door. THEA walks

into the night.]
DIRCE: Thea is dead!

ION: Thea is born. My work

Is done. The gusty airs have past away, And blown my torch out . . . Peace! a new spirit moves upon the earth, The very hills and desert lie in calm

To consecrate its coming. Low's the flame,

And all the winds are silent.

-E. L. PALMER

### On Sleeping in the Library.

The student who make "Safety First" his effective rule of life must deny himself many pleasures. He must, for example, deny himself the fierce pleasure of breaking hat-pegs. Upon hat-pegs hang the amities of College life. They are the forbidden fruit on the Tree of Knowledge. Whoso plucketh such fruit will surely break his gold tooth upon them. There is another and more fearful pleasure, however, which a student must deny himself. He must not, however ardent his desire for excitement, break the Library Rule: by which I do not mean any library rule, but that library rule which we must dignify with capitals.

In no place is the reconstructed motto, "Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Safety," more applicable than in the Library. The student may be a lion among his fellows, but when he enters the Library he leaves his roar behind him and becomes as a lamb without a bleat. In that holy place the vigilant student keeps everlasting watch over himself lest he fall from grace, and fall, moreover, not once, but seven times. He watches his neighbour, as a potential disturber. He watches the fortunes of each new entrant with a morbid expectancy. He watches the

but never mind; suffice it that the Eye is ever upon him. Let him become immersed in his book and, in a fatal fit of abstraction, heave a deep sigh, let slip a heavy groan, dismally beat his breast, or suddenly shout "Eureka!"—and help, oh help! the judgment is upon him. A bas I'infame! Ad leones .....!

One sees the Library in dreams as a place full of eyes. Waking, one sees it as a place full of eye-strain. One is almost tempted to remark, in the vulgar manner of a Chairman of the Debating Society, that the eyes have it. It is a frightful thought. What were eyes made for? Books, dreams? Take away the books and give us the dreams! It is a function of the "Varsity" to open our eyes, but who will say that our eyes must be for ever open? And herein is a great idea which University reformers have totally neglected to consider.

The enforced quietude of the Library has, so far as youth is concerned, only one parallel. If the eager blood must be so retarded, if such an intense degree of kinaesthetic control must be exercised, why is not the process carried to its logical conclusion and the Library made a place of complete repose? I do not mean death. A student contumelious enough to die in the Library could have no right to complain if he were debarred from any further use of it. What I mean is that only other condition in which a young student could be relied upon to preserve the cataleptic demeanour contemplated by the Library regulations—nothing less than the twin brother of death, Sleep. Sleep in the Library.

Why not? I have seen persons sleeping quite composedly in a library. Let me hasten to add that it was a Public Library. It is difficult, certainly, to conceive of a student sleeping composedly in the College Library; but that is simply because his conscience is artificially excited in the matter. Whatever prejudiced persons may say, a student's conscience, like any human conscience, is capable of great relaxation. So he be convinced of rectitude in so doing, he will sleep in the Library as soundly and as sweetly as a sentry at his post, or a policeman on his beat, or a "smalle fowle" of the species that Chaucer so loved

I put it to you, discerning reader: must a student sleep only during lectures? Consider the imperfect quality of such slumber: how fitful it is, what interruptions it encounters, and how prejudiced in opinion quite respectable, if somewhat conservative, people are concerning it. But after a heavy seven hours' work in, for instance, a Government office, preceded (it is almost unnecessary to add) by about ten hours' terrific nocturnal application to textbooks, the ordinary student surely feels the need of sleep. As our excellent Press discovered during the Great War, a well-filled mind, like a well-filled stomach, predisposes to sleep. The snake that has just swallowed a whole rabbit and the student who has just swallowed (with less appetite) a whole lecture alike require a little immediate repose to recover from their efforts. For the student, no handier place exists than the Library. Must cram go unrewarded in his case alone?

If the ardent reformer regards it as repugnant that cram should be rewarded, let him think rapidly and clearly at this juncture; he will not fail to discern that the suggestion really amounts to a very cunning euphemism. What it really means

is that cram should be retarded. It is not at the feet of his professor that the student crams; it is at home, or in the Library. What he does at home is scarcely under control. In point of fact, it does not matter, for under the local (and unreformed) 'Varsity system (which includes the necessity of keeping awake in the Library), a student cannot indulge in home life to any desirable extent. Permit him to sleep in the Library, however, and not only will his opportunities for home life be increased, but (which is the point I wish to make) the Library will be freed from the awful assistance it gives to the evil of cram.

It must not be thought for a moment that such a great reform will dispense with the necessity for rules of conduct in the Library. The present rules will have to be altered, that is all. An occasional student might desire to assume some particularly comfortable position, such as resting his feet upon the table; he might even prefer to repose under the table. Special arrangements could be made for such cases—a permit from the Registrar, perhaps, supported by some sort of professorial certificate. A real difficulty would arise in the matter of snoring. Such a sound might provide a sweet accompaniment to the song of the tui in a Tramping Club camp but it could hardly be considered appropriate to the Library, which, beyond doubt, would continue to some extent to be used for reading purposes. Some mild disciplinary enactment might conceivably be necessary here; perhaps a slight hypnosis would cover the matter, if Librarian would consent to submit. In a last resort science could safely be depended upon to provide a suitable method of eliminating any such trifling distraction.

It is not the intention of this paper to attempt to deal with the subject exhaustively; many more cogent considerations are bound to emerge upon a sympathetic investigation of the proposal. One particularly attractive consideration may, however, be offered by way of conclusion: and that is the exquisite psychological effect of slumber among the volumes in the Library. It has been remarked by someone that books may exercise a prodigious influence without even being opened; a virtue emanates from their mere covers. Think then of the effect upon the subconscious mind of the pre-somnic spectacle of the thousands upon thousands of tomes arranged impressively upon the Library shelves, each a golden brick in a monument built by and to the mighty dead! What material for the perfect dream-vision!

The Mighty Dead! They add their weight to these remarks; for they are not dead, but sleepeth. —P.J.S.

### Breakfast

Crisp toast—that's Autumn's tanging russet reign,
Then butter cool and golden as the spring
When daffodils are showered in every lane
And field, and crowning these, there fling
Their royal tints those shreds of orange gay—
A riotous emblem of Midsummer Day.
—P.P.

### Devolution or Revolution?

[Report of Royal Commission on University Education in New Zealand (W. A. G. Skinner, Government Printer, 1925).]

A melancholy charm broods over this document, a fatal beauty. But a few weeks it is since those very courteous gentlemen, Sir Harry Rudolf Reichel, M.A., LL.D., K.B., and Frank Tate, Esquire, M.A., C.M.G., I.S.O., effected a landing on our shores amid a hail of high explosive from that very excitable old gentleman, Sir Robert Stout; and now they are gone, here is their report, a hundred pages of good English prose, enlivened with quotations from various other Royal Commissions, Cardinal Newman, Professor Hunter and two jokes. For the benefit of those who read Government publications only for their humour we copy these out at once, though they have already gained a certain currency among the frivolous.

"The general impression left on our minds is that the New Zealand University offers unrivalled facilities for gaining University degrees, but that it is less successful in providing university education."

"Legal practitioners have always been regarded as members of a learned profession, as, indeed, is shown by the customary courtesy of allusion to my learned friend. It appears to us that unless a marked change is effected in the legal education provided in the Dominion, this term runs the risk of being regarded as a delicate sarcasm."

A melancholy charm, we said, and indeed it is melancholy to see one's own worst criticisms endorsed-a sad triumph, a sorrowful vindication. For there is nothing very new in this report, no unknown horrible abuses driven into the light, no fresh fearful outrage to shatter a frail woman's nervous system, or make strong men turn ashen and shudder. Take each indictment of our University system separately, and if you are astonished, it is more at the moderation with which the condemnation is passed than at anything else; for has it not been said before in varying tones of sarcasm, disgust and despair by many many men struggling in the clutch of the system? Has not every obnoxious feature been regarded with rage by critics of every type, and have they ever hesitated to record their emotions? It is rather the cumulative effect of these hundred pages which bears one down; everything is so nicely drawn up and marginally annotated, put so very politely yet so very firmly, so neatly is every brick in the pile of condemnation mortared and fixed that we have not even strength to writhe; we merely groan. And now, perhaps, that everything has been said so well in such wellweighed words, by an authority from outside and (one hopes) unbribed, perhaps even the Senate will sit up and take notice. Sit up, that is, if it is able to, for one of the remarkable things about the report is the way in which that gathering of incompetency is quietly and unobtrusively dropped without even the courtesy of condemnation. So do our governing bodies meet their fate.

In regard to the crux of the business, the constitution of the University, the Commission has not gone as far as with varying horror and jubilation it was prophesied it would. To Sir Robert

Stout and his gallant band of die-hards, we understand, the advent of the Commission meant instant death for the lovely child of their brain and tending, that unfortunate constitution; and as the sinister figures of Sir Harry and his fellow-conspirators passed backwards and forwards on their peregrinations we thought we saw them clutch at their breasts and heard them mutter fiercely underneath their breath—

"So the two brothers and their murdered man

Rode past fair Florence. . . ." while in the camp of the radicals joy reigned at a scene of imminent carnage. Yet the report recommends that the University of New Zealand should still be allowed to exist; but as a teaching University and not as a mere emporium for degrees. The Senate is wiped out and a University Council of quite different constitu-tion substituted, to be guided in respect of all academic matters by an Academic Board, which supersedes the Board of Studies. And oh! how delightful it will be to be rid of the yearly spectacle of these two bodies, Senate and Board of Studies, tearing at each other's throats! Changes are recommended in the constitution of the College Councils; convocation is to include all graduates of the University in one body; and very salutary principles are laid down for the future selection by College and University Councils of members of the teaching staff. The new constitution sketched out can only in the nature of things be temporary, as the report says; a four University system is ultimately inevitable; but while these recommendations mean that another agitation and more toil must be gone through in twenty or thirty years' time to get another Royal Commission and another set of recommendations, yet in the meantime such increased freedom is given to the constituent colleges in the essentials of teaching and academic management that it would be churlish to render the Commission anything but thanks.

Very few, we imagine, will be found to quarrel with the

criticisms offered on the standard of work required for the B.A., B.Sc, and LL.B. degrees. The six subject B.A. has long been recognised as a farce; students who have taken it have done so in the main with the disapproval of their professors, and no one but admits that it is a disgrace to any University course. But at the same time we believe there have been plans moving for some time for its abolition, and the substitution of a nine-point system of qualification on the lines laid down by the Commission. If the granting of the B.Sc. is not such a farce as the B.A. it certainly in some respects verges on light comedy, and the raising of its level can do nothing but good. For the LL.B. degree, as at present constituted, there appears to be nothing but wailing and gnashing of teeth and beating of breasts; this, however, we leave to the lawyers, much more qualified as our learned friends are in all the elocutionary and histrionic arts. The delicate remark of Sir Harry Reichel's (or can it be Mr. Tate's?) quoted above seems to the lay mind to sum up the matter very effectually. Apart from this, it is pleasant to note that the Masters and Honours degrees are up to the standard of those of English Universities, though we have previously been assured of this by comforting remarks of Home examiners; but we fancy that among the Honours degrees themselves a good deal of a levelling-up process could be very advantageously carried out.

Some of the points made which carry most weight are those on the co-ordination of the University with other departments of education, together with the problem of special schools. (We say "problem," though to any sane man, apart from the silly parochial prejudice that is the curse of New Zealand, special schools would present no more of a problem than the buying of a new mat for the front door). There have for a long time been rows over matriculation, the exam. and the age, and the adoption of an examination system, such as the report recommends, a system of intermediate and leaving certificates, qualified for to a certain extent by the accrediting system, should do a good deal to free us from the recent abuses. But how many children stay at secondary schools in New Zealand till their eighteenth year (which a leaving certificate of this type presupposes), and how many New Zealand parents would consent to keep their children there till that time? There seems a serious catch here would the University help things out by raising the age of matriculation again, this time to eighteen? The special fields of technical schools and university work in scientific education are lucidly delimited, though this question, we believe, is not of much concern to V.U.C. But certainly we are concerned with the problems involved in the training of teachers and their University work. The "Spike" has before now infuriated the Training College with caustic comments on its mentality-mentality the product rather of a system than of anything else, perhaps; the section in the report dealing with the training of teachers really seems to bear us out. And there seems no reason why here at least in the hands of a Minister, who knew what he wanted and was determined to get it, considerable reform should not be carried out. With regard to special schools, the report is e cellent (especially the very interesting section on Agricultural Education, the work, we believe, of Mr. Tate) -so excellent, that already in the House the hysterical Mr. Isitt, on behalf of the South, apparently, has been asking questions about a School of Forestry (only one, forsooth!) and why should it be at Auckland? Recognition for engineering at Auckland is foreshadowed, and the very strong recommendation for a properly constituted School of Law, on the lines prayed for by Professor Adamson, leads us to hope that Victoria University will at last perhaps have her claims considered.

But apart from the pages on the reform of the constitution of the University, perhaps the most interesting to the average reader are those sections dealing with the students in relation to the University, the evening lecture system, and the teaching staff. The section of the report on the evening lecture system, with some important omissions, is reprinted entire elsewhere in this "Spike," \* for students themselves to judge, we therefore make no comment on it here. Student representation on College Councils is recommended—it is gratifying so to see the apotheosis of the recent life-work of one of our own members; the cry that has for long years risen from the very earth for hostels is re-echoed and reinforced; the importance of some sort of Students' Union is emphasised ("Here again the erection of such a building offers a worthy object for the educational philan-

<sup>\*</sup> We regret to say it is not.—Ed. "Spike."

thropist"—a bird that to this extent visits us at particularly infrequent intervals); the importance of students having "unfettered control" of their non-academic life is likewise made much of. And then there are two or three paragraphs of magnificent idealism on University surroundings-"University buildings should be dignifled structures of real architectural merit, and should be appropriately grouped in beautiful surroundings. . . . . large, open spaces . . . . formative influences . . . . fine inspiring environment." With which we at V.U.C. can only agree and

groan.

If the recommendations of the Report on the teaching staff are half of them carried out it will mean the dawn of a new, quite beautiful day for University work in New Zealand. This applies both to the quality and the quantity of the staff, to the conditions under which they work, and to the methods of University teaching generally. Of real University teaching there is at present, we all admit, practically none; of research (the tremendous importance of which for a University is stressed at length) we know nothing but the name; but will the Government even think of standing the expense involved in providing for all this? in paying an adequate staff a decent wage; in giving it the chance to do more than grind the feeblest elements of science and arts into inadequate skulls; will it, above all, give professors and lecturers the freedom of teaching, which is the point perhaps of most vital importance in the whole report?

"We have, we trust, made clear our attitude on the question of the imposed fixed curriculum, and the external examination in which the professor has no part in the testing and certification of his own students. Both of these are, in our judgment, the negation of that academic freedom, which is the very breath of life of a true University. 'The spring of educational vigour is freedom, and without freedom the best University work is impossible."—Report p. 62.

We doubt and hope. Cognate to all this is the remarkable enthusiasm with which the Commission urges the appointment of a Principal for the University. Almost the very pages glow "We believe that in which this elevated ambition is set forth. the appointment, as Academic Head of the University, of a young and vigorous man of high academic standing, of lofty ideals of University life and work, and of inspiring personality, would inaugurate a new era in the higher education of the Dominion. . . . Unless there is such a guide and inspirer we may find that

opportunities for reform have been given but that reform has not materialised. . . . It is, of course, not an easy matter to get the right man." How very nice it sounds! And with what bated breath will we wait to see if it comes off! Could New Zealand wonderfully, miraculously do such a thing as choose the right man?

Finally there are the questions of University extension work, which, as it is practised in New Zealand, receives excellent criticism; of exempted students, whom it is desired to aid much more than at present; of divinity degrees, which, to the "Spike," have what one might describe as purely an academic interest; and of libraries, which do not require discussion, because everyone agrees on what should be done. The Commission wants £10,000 for books in the first five years, and grants to be doubled permanently; and this, we expect, would certainly help to make a College library less of a somewhat melancholy house of bondage, and more of a useful institution.

And there is our report, all alive and kicking. And what is going to be done about it? What happened to the recommendations of 1879, quoted so often, and with such a mournful cadence, by our Commissioners? Is it going to have any real effect on the University? Is it going to give us our long-sought liberty, new life, revivified teaching? Is it going to make us men and make us wise? Is it going to send us, with the blood of freedom coursing through our academic veins, prancing and cavorting to hitherto unattained, undreamt of heights of inspiration and endeavour, unthought of glories of fulfilment; or is all this hectic excitement, this delightful playing around in the china-shop of the present and the accustomed, to end in a dull, sickening, extremely distasteful but quite unmistakable thud? And we do not even know what god to pray to. O Public Opinion!

—J.C.B.

### Our Book Column.

By LIBER.

Comparatively few books have come to hand since our last review in these columns, and fewer still are worth mention here. One or two, however, deserve notice, and this they shall be given accordingly.

An increase is to be observed in the output of works of fiction, and an admirable example of this type is "University Reform in God's Own Country," by Columbo and Columbine. The joint authors have undertaken a production not at all dissimilar to the famous "Erewhon," of Samuel Butler, and attempt to show, for instance, the effect if students were able to gain much-needed sleep in the evening instead of attending lectures. "Liber" finds himself in total agreement with the authors in their tirade against the idea of "One Big University." He agrees that the University is not, like the Public Service, for the benefit of students, but, unlike the Public Service, is for the benefit of the public; more like the Fire Brigade, for instance. Here our authors pursue the illustration further. Supposing, they say, there were One Big Fire Brigade. An agitated member of the public might ring up one of the many numbers appearing below "Government Department—Fire" to ask for assistance in quelling a household fire, and something like the following conversation would ensue:-

Agitated M.P.: "Is that—are you the—is that the Fire Brigade?"

Official Voice: "Oh, this is Head Office. Just ring our Branch number, will you, and they'll fix you up straight away?"

A.M.P. tries next number on list: "Is that the Fire Brigade?"
O.V. No. 2: "Yes, but this is Audit here. Ring Inquiries,
No. 45610."

A.M.P., becoming more agitated, rings Inquiries: "Are you there!! Is that Fire Brigade Inquiries?"

O.V. No. 3: "Speaking."

A.M.P.: "I want the Fire Brigade-at once!"

O.V. No. 3: "Oh, er-write in to us, will you, giving us full

particulars, and we will send you a form to fill in."

This short excerpt, taken verbatim from Chapter XVI., serves as an illustration of the lively style in which "University Reform" is written. A profitable book for a leisure hour.

Technical works and reminiscences, however, are not wanting. The second volume of "Famous Victorian Trials" is an example of the the former, "Around the Dinner Table," a specimen of the latter. "Famous Victorian Trials" is by P. J. G. Smith, I. L. Hjorring, and others, and deals with a case on libel in which that part of the law of evidence dealing with identity is fully discussed, and an interesting case between two corporations on wrongful conversion of trust moneys. "Around the Dinner Table" is by several members of the legal fraternity, and deals with the merry art of entertainment. They one and all pay high tribute to a certain Professor, noted for his genial hospitality. It was the custom of the dear old man, when giving a dinner, to have a written resume of conversational topics beside his plate; thus the flow of wit and merriment was never allowed to run dry.

Fiction is represented by "The Further Resurrections of Sherlock Holmes." The straits to which the well-known creator of this character is reduced to maintain the popularity of his hero are indicated in the incredible "Affair of the Broken Hat Pegs." The inevitable Watson recounts how Holmes' arch-enemy, Professor Moriarty, embarks upon an extensive programme of sabotage with the object of securing possession of the funds of the students of Kictoria College. Holmes circumvents him and clears the character of the brilliant young College Adonis, Bjoracks Kjorracks, who, becoming converted to the doctrine that "sapentia magis auro desideranda," makes a present of the aforesaid funds to Holmes. Holmes thereupon philanthropically expends them in buying lighter-weight headgear for the students of the College and retires to the United States to pursue his investigations of spiritism. A book to read on the run.

"Marooned," by John S. Yeates, is a thrilling tale of the adventures of a brilliant young scientist among the savages of the Arawa. The arduous tramps undertaken by the hero in his efforts to pursue his journey by land gained him the title of "The Travelling Scholar." The book is a fine lesson to students

afflicted with the wanderlust.

### Plunket Medal Contest.

By the time the Plunket Medal Contest has reached its majority (which will be in 1927) the Debating Society will have begun to realise its mistakes of the recent past. A curious inconsistency of policy is already beginning to bear fruit. strenuous efforts to popularise the debates have been accompanied by measures which have succeeded in depopularising the Oratorical Contest. If we are correct in our inferences from the attendance at the nineteenth contest, the Society takes only a limited interest in the affair, the public less, the student body less still, and the College staff none at all. In former years an eager public packed the hall; belated students blocked the doorway and stood on tables to catch a glimpse, however meagre, of the contestants; the rowdy pack inside kept the air alive with clever banter that never degenerated into interruption of speeches; the Glee Club did its bit; and the Faculty beautified the platform in company with the Vice-Regal Party. It was a community as well as a College affair then; now—it is what it was on Saturday, the 19th day of September, 1925. Making full allowance for the frigid weather, we attribute the decline to two things: the loss of Vice-Regal patronage and the imposition of a charge for admission. In cutting out the Governor-General the Society cut out a big public attraction; then it cut off the public with a shilling.

Nor is the spoliation limited to those things. The rules of the Contest still prescribe twelve-minute discourses "on some man or woman of note in history." The die-hard section of the public that braves the silver bullet in the hope of securing a better acquaintance with such personages find themselves fobbed off with others who have (as yet) got no nearer to history than the Men of note (or of notoriety, according to newspapers. taste), yes; but History takes a long time in making its judgments. Its wide curves swing clear of many a fellow reckoned big in his own day. The Debating Society appears to be too deeply occupied with current politics to notice this; it cannot lift its eyes off the newspapers. All of the speeches did not merit this criticism, however. One actually swung to the other extreme and gave us too much history.

We must carp even at the Chairman (Mr. G. O. Cooper). We do not mind his apologising for the recitative character of the Somebody is always apologising for something at V.U.C.; the whole 'Varsity system is at present the subject of apology. But we could scarcely believe our ears when Mr. Cooper departed from the time-honoured custom of Plunket Medal Chairmen by omitting to disclose what G.G.G. calls the "dark secret" of the institution of the contest. Shall we never again listen to the dear old opening, "When Lord Plunket was Governor of New Zealand. . . "? Or must we wait until the first Plunket babies arrive at the College and one of them takes the Chair of the Debating Society? Mr. Cooper's bonny aspect might easily have led some to believe that that time had come. To our own distorted imagination his irreproachable shirt-front suggested an adornment peculiar to early infancy.

A further grievance before we commence upon the "glorified recitations." We missed the set of steps up which contestants formerly climbed to the stage in full view of the audience. What an unceremonious thing it is to pop through gloomy-looking hangings and then emerge from the wings like mere elocutionists instead of honourable victims of a Victorian holiday. The victims lose a thrill and the spectators an impressive back view of assorted 'Varsity vesture. Give us back the old stateliness!

Mr. R. F. Fortune entered first and brought Hui-te-Rangiora on to the deck with him. Mr. Fortune spoke in sepulchral tones. His voice rumbled like the depths of Davy Jones's locker. was more hesitant than usual. He held himself stiffly except once when he made a gesture as if about to hurl a spear, and was almost furtive in his peeps at the notes held down by his side. His manner was that of a professor. So was his material. It proved to be a history of Maori navigation stretching back to somewhere about 400 B.C. Our impression is one of old Maori navigators sailing about everywhere from India to Antarctica with a restlessness that made European navigators appear mere One way and another, Mr. Fortune managed to ferry-boaters. touch upon them all, with the exceptions, of course, of Noah and There was some expectancy when he brought in the gods and spoke of the religion of the Maori in tones of suppressed A casual reference to Mahomet, Joan of Arc, and excitement. one or two others was his sole venture into parallels, however, and he neatly rounded off the subject with "we know that his religion was not true, but we know also that it made him the greatest navigator the world has known." Mr. Fortune's speech was one of big vision and interesting detail, but lacked the divine fire; and his peroration was abrupt.

Mr. W. P. Rollings marched across the back of the stage in a determined manner and, making a wide sweep, brought up at the Chairman's left front. Then he took a header into his subject with an account, in the historical present, of contrasted episodes in the career of David Lloyd George. He mentioned "the little Welsh village" quite frequently and devoted long spaces to lavish imagery. His points were packed in generous quantities of oratorical straw. A determination to attain his full quota of words led him into a delivery which, although it occasionally halted, was generally a shade too rapid. He modulated his tones at decent intervals, with a faint suggestion of artificiality; in the earlier portion of his speech he rose to a true oratorical pitch at the beginning of a quotation, but finished it lamely. Mr. Rollings chiefly erred, it seemed to us, in an effort to import thrills into a subject which was by no means thrilling. Politics must be given a vivid human colouring to move an audience. When Mr. Rollings reached the incident of the Budget he let in his clutch with a jerk and took on a note of excited alarm. "And when the storm burst," his matter hardly appeared to justify his dramatic treatment of it. The speech was not an It lacked climax. It lacked ring. emotional whole. oration was splendid, but detached; therein Mr. Rollings showed what he could do and what he should do. In the matter of gesture, he should use his head less and his hands more.

It must help a competitor to know that his subject (so long

as it is not Napoleon Bonaparte) is a proven prize-winner. Mr. S. E. Baume's easy entrance suggested something like this. And there are two sure means of putting salt on the tail of an audience: oceans of blarney and tears in the voice. Mr. Baume is an artist in the use of both. On this occasion he adopted the poignant course and in a quiet voice, which nevertheless suggested immense reserve power, delivered a heartful apology for Florence Commencing with a rather flat reference to his predecessor's speech, he worked his emotional controls to produce in turn grim challenge, indignant disgust, beautiful scorn, gentle remonstrance, wheedling appeal, broken-hearted anguish, and the aforesaid tears in the voice. He made us feel we had done something wrong. Mr. Baume's sentences were short ones with tails like kites, and he gestured with his eyebrows alone. award was due to his complete control of his method and the contact which he established with his audience. He was the only competitor who bowed to the Chair when leaving the platform.

Mr. A. E. Hurley did not walk round the stage, but took his place at the table. In Dr. Livingstone he also had a subject that had previously won the Medal. He made an opening with a fine roll of words, used to good effect. We noticed curious errors of pronunciation, however; some of his words were slurred; others, as in "a slave-arriden people," were rolled too much. tences, too, would roll strongly, then suddenly relax; he would frequently stop in the middle of a sentence, apparently to cudgel his memory. We did not like his oratorical smile, or his sudden appalling acceleration of emotion, or the sharp gesture of the head which seemed to say "D'ye get that now?" or "Put that in your pipe and smoke it." Mr. Hurley's manner was very like that of a missionary, even parsonical at times, especially when he came forward suddenly and held out his hands appealingly. We noticed in his case also the absence of the climax. Every few sentences had a minor climax, but there was no grand one, such as on a former occasion was made of the meeting with Stanley. The peroration was forced in emotion. Mr. Hurley's faults are due to a concentration on the objective rather than the subjective side of his oration. We shall hear of him again.

That able speaker, Mr. R. M. Campbell, we almost expected to win. Why, we do not know, for his speech on E. D. Morel was a debater's elaborately argued vindication of another debater, and never once showed signs of becoming an oration. Mr. Campbell delivers jolt after jolt into the solar plexus of our intellects, but he does not reach us anywhere near the place where the pie goes home. His was a calculated, meaty speech; he hacked his way through his subject with mordant efficiency, but only once showed traces of inward fire. He came very near to emotion, characteristically enough, when he recounted Morel's candidature against Winston Churchill. Mr. Campbell's sentences were long, but well sustained, and were beaded with blistering epithets. His gestures were as methodical as his manner, but much milder. He had only two. One was a prim little hack at his notes with the edge of his left hand, which then mechanically returned to the small of his back. The other was a primmer little hack with his They could be timed, as also could the precision with which he turned sharply to the table to lay down each slip of his notes as he finished with it. Apart from the usual plethora of quotations, Mr. Campbell's speech must have been largely extempore—a point to his credit. We wish, however, he had not quoted the lines "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," with such dreadful triumph. They missed.

Mr. C. G. R. James completed the display by assassinating Every few years we listen to a variation of Abraham Lincoln. the words "Suddenly a figure leaped, etc., etc." There is something about Lincoln that appears to fascinate contestants; perhaps it is the joy of his destruction. We look forward to the day when somebody will take a character from the South-Lee, "of the stainless sword," for preference. Mr. James made a fine speech, but it was marred by difficulties of voice. Much of it was inaudible. An occasional phrase which emerged appealed to the crowd's sense of incongruity. The "new suit of clothes, no garment of which had been worn before," did so particularly; it made the Chairman temporarily cease to look like Hilaire Belloc and take on the expression of an officer at a banquet. Nevertheless, Mr. James's speech was a well-written one and he had the spirit, if not the voice. His one gesture looked like the beginning of a right hand upper cut. He frequently used it to beat time with.

The judges (the Hon. Sir Maui Pomare, M.P., the Hon. Mr. Justice Ostler, and the Right Reverend Dr. Sprott, Bishop of Wellington) then retired for the usual quarrel, and a horrible silence ensued. Some timid people in the students' corner essayed to sing a few spirituels, but immediately became ashamed of themselves. The Chairman engaged in mysterious confabulation with the front seats, and finally induced Mr. Fortune to take a message to Garcia, or somebody. Mr. Campbell displayed his plumage and recovered his notes from the Chair. The Chairman, not to be beaten, called upon Mr. Mackenzie to play on the grand piano. Mr. Mackenzie, with assistance, pushed the piano all over the platform, then, without assistance, pushed the keys down in a variety of ways and with excellent effect. He highbrowed the piano twice before the judges returned.

His Honour Mr. Justice Ostler announced the decision: Baume 1, Rollings 2, Hurley 3. He said that Mr. Baume was a finished speaker, that the speeches generally suffered from stiffness and absence of gesture, and that, with the exception of a certain section of the audience, nobody had indulged in humour. Mr. D. S. Smith, a former winner, moved a vote of thanks. Whereupon the audience departed, making the usual comments on the result.

We see no reason to dissent from the award. As with other contests, other judges might have decided differently; there would still have been criticism. Oratory is neither elocution nor debate; in elocution and debate the art is the thing, in oratory the effect. Debaters are accustomed to judge speeches by their appeal to the head; they must apply a different standard to this contest, for oratory is primarily an appeal to the heart.

Mr. Baume is to be congratulated upon his success.

### Ode on a certain Illustrious Personage.

Dim burn the lamps within the hallowed halls, Where not a single footstep loudly falls. The deep dome echoes at the lashing rain, But never mortal voice prolongs the strain. So still it is, the very heart seems dead, Save when the Awful Vision lifts his head; Or turns his eye with ghostly stealth to peer Upon his cringing charges huddled near.

Each with his book before him,
And the sword of Damocles o'er him,
Crouches with downcast face,
Stiff, in the cheerless place
Where duty nobly bore him.
Each with his hands behind him
Sits in the chair assigned him,
Sadly bemoaning his plight,
Praying for Blucher, or night,
To loose the fetters that bind him.
Still rests the spectre on his throne,
Fixed as a rock, mute as a stone;
Low frowns his cap above his eyes,
As the black cloud on Atlas lies.

Woe to the hapless youth Into soft slumber falling,

Who wakes at his touch to the dreadful truth,, And the summons appalling!

Woe to the idle knave,

Awake yet fondly dreaming,

Who succumbs at a blast that would scatter the brave And send them screaming!

But this is the hour of peace—

No sound rends silence asunder.

The gentlest breathings cease:

Ceases the elements' thunder.

All, all is still—

Not a sound or a sigh; Still as the hush of a sleeping hill In the height of the sky.

Sudden and swift as an army fleet Echoes the tramp of ponderous feet! Louder and louder and yet more near,

Louder and louder and yet more near, Till the door swings back and the feet appear. First the feet and then the form,

And the face of a student red and warm. The heavy doors behind clash to and swing, And the deep halls with double anthems ring. See him regard the unfamiliar scene! He's but a youth of tender years, and green. But now he spies the Vision at his side, And guilelessly draws near with rapid stride.

\*



Standing: Miss J. Monerieff, B. N. Eade, H. N. Burns, F. H. Paul (Treasurer).
P. J. G. Smith (Editor "Spide"), Miss M. Mackenzie.
Sitting: I. H. Macarthur (Seretarry), Miss O. M. Sheppard (Vice-President), I. L. Hjorring (President), J. B. Yaldwyn (Vice-President), Miss M. J. Clark.

"What ho, sir! And are you librarian?
I want to get a book then, if I can.
I quite forget the name, but never mind.
Just state the clue. It won't be hard to find."
He stops with sheepish smile and smirks about,
Hoping the gloomy shade will help him out.
It does. Like some fierce beast in dying throes,
It lands full tilt upon his tender toes!
"Learn thou the rules! Thou hast no right to think
That books come tumbling down from Heaven's brink!
Hast got a card? What! No? Then off you skate.
Darest thou enter here in such a state?"
Then rings aloud the victim's shuddering shout,
As the dread spectre duly helps him out.

Dim burn the lamps. The silence slumbers on; The weary hours themselves to rest have gone. That very stillness peals the note of fear—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

—D.J.D.

Even so?

## James I, or Half-a-Crown

[Excerpt from an historical play, "James I," especially designed for the use of students of the Pass History class, and embracing the period in history.]

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ELIZABETH The Heroine

JAMES I. A Suitor for the Hand of Elizabeth

METTERNICH A Villain

BISMARCK Henchman of James I.

ALEXANDER I. A Kind-hearted Chimney Sweep

KATHERINE PARR. Maid to the Queen, and engaged to Metternich

MEHEMET ALI AN Oriental Fruiterer

GARIBALDI Court Usher and Policeman

LORDS AND LADIES

Scene: The Court of the Palace.

[Enter Elizabeth, attended by Katherine Parr.]

ELIZABETH: Nay, Katherine, my fair one. Say not so.

My cousin James is not a pretty suitor. They say he is of such enormous bulk

That he hath ne'er perceived his royal feet,

For which, thank Heaven; they are far too large

To cause him aught but sorrow.

KATHERINE: Then, Majesty, think not of him, I pray;

But come, go halves with me in this doughnut. "Tis good for the complexion. Hark! A knock!

[Enter Garibaldi.]

GARIBALDI: Mistress, King James of Scotland stands without.

ELIZABETH: Stands without what? Nay, but I think I know;

He has no thinking gear. He's without brains.

But fetch him, Garibaldi. Show him in.

Mayhap his feet are wet with the wet road; There is so much of them.

[Enter James, attended by Bismarck.]

JAMES:

Elizabeth,

My fairest cousin—

ELIZABETH:

Come now, cut it short.

JAMES: Aye, cousin. It was e'er my wont to speak Two short words where one long would do as well. But to make known our will without delay—Wilt be my wife? If so, I'll be thy man, Thy willing slave, thy humble serf, thy clown.

ELIZABETH: Nay, cousin, fret not. Thou'rt a clown already. But it becomes our queenly modesty
To make thee take fair choice of yon three chests,
As once did Roman Portia. If thou'rt right,
I shall bestow my hand. Come, Garibaldi.
Display the chests to our fair coz.

GARIBALDI:

This way, sir.

[Sings] If thou can'st this riddle read,
Then thou shalt be blest indeed.
Lo, before thy royal eyes,
Coffers three of varied size.
Each conceals a pair of boots;
One mayhap your person suits.
Choose the pair that fits thy feet—
Toes and heels and all complete—
And thou shalt be blest indeed
If thou can'st this riddle read.

JAMES: St. Andrew! Our divine prerogative Stands us in little stead in such a case. Our brain alone must penetrate this puzzle. What have we here? Nay, this is far too small, For though mine eyes have ne'er beheld my feet, I've heard e'en dull John Knox himself exclaim, "My! But he's firmly rooted in Scotch soil!" Wherefore I spurn this chest. Here lies the second, Which, though of somewhat costlier workmanship, Resembles yet the first, being small in size. Why then, I'll choose the third; 'tis larger far Than these two midgets. Coz, I choose the third.

ELIZABETH: Then, cousin, do thou try them on straightway.

JAMES [to Bismarck]: Come, my dear Bismarck, I am all impatience.

Draw forth the boots, and thrust them on my feet.

BISMARCK [drawing them forth]: A pair of leather giants! "Size fourteen!"

[Attempting to put them on]: Why, Majesty, what's this? And size fourteen!

The boot's completely filled with thy dear foot, Yet not the half of that dear foot's obscured.

JAMES [angrily]: Tut, tut, man! Pull the harder. They'll come on.

BISMARCK [straining]: Nay, my dear lord and sovran. 'Tis in vain.

JAMES [in wrath]: Cousin, this is a heartless trick of thine, Designed to bring to scorn my chief misfortune.

ELIZABETH: Away with thee! Thou art a scurvy knave.

Away with thee! And if thy frightful foot

Again defiles my hallowed halls, thou'lt die.

JAMES: Thou vixen. Thou shalt rue, thou rat-faced kidney

ELIZABETH: The mass of odious impressions, sir,

I have derived from looking at thy face,

Stir up in me a proper hate of thee.

There's brass enough, sir, in thy sorry face

To make a handsome kettle.

And in thy tongue JAMES:

There's sauce enough to fill it, my fair cousin.

ELIZABETH: What! Say'st thou so? Pish! I'll no more of thee.

[Exit wrathfully, attended by Katherine Parr.]

Enter Metternich.] METTERNICH: What, Majesty! Thy face has grown so long

That I am sure some ill hath smitten thee.

JAMES: "Ill" is no word for it, good Metternich.

My coz. has flouted, scorned and jilted me.

METTERNICH: Nay then, loved King. Let joy erase your care.

I have a plan whereby 'twill all come right.

JAMES: My noble Metternich! Give me thy hand!

What is this plan?

METTERNICH: We shall kidnap the Queen

And by dire threats force her to be thy bride.

Let some undoubted follower of thine

Wait here to seize her as she comes again,

Delivering her in chains at thy good pleasure.

Hast here a trusty follower?

JAMES:

That have I.

My noble Bismarck will my word obey.

He cleaves to me as though tight-bound with chains,

Acting my smallest wish: a man of iron.

If some foul rapier e'er my Bismarck kills,

It will reveal but Blood and Iron—pills.

METTERNICH: He is our man. What, Bismarck! Wait thou here,

And when this vixen Queen appears again, Deliver her to us, well gagged and bound.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter Alexander I.]

ALEXANDER: What fearsome plot is this? The day of doom

Hath surely dawned for sweet Elizabeth.

As I sat resting from my sooty toil,

Hid by yon chimney, this most frightful plan

Came to my ears. What course shall I pursue?

I'll keep the matter secret, and myself

Save our fair Queen from this impending fate.

An act so noble may effect a rise

Of half-a-crown a week in my poor wages.

[Enter Mehemet Ali, with basket.]

MEHEMET ALI: Sweet apple, callot, parsnip, brocolee! Olange, lettuce, onion, cabbagee!

ALEXANDER [seizing him by the throat]: Hold thy rash

babbling! Oriental bug!

Would'st bring the men-at-arms about our ears

To prick us forth with steel? Nay, turn not pale. Thou'rt a poor man, and I a troubled one.

If thou'lt assist me in my present plight I'll buy up all thy filthy merchandise.

MEHEMET ALI: Spare my poor life, dread vision. Gloomy

New sprung from Tartarus, arrayed in jet, Spare my poor life, and I'll embrace thy foot.

ALEXANDER. Then hearken! In you curtain-mantled chamber

Thou wilt find a robe and veil, which our dear Queen

Is wont to wear when she goes forth to air. Array thyself in them, disguise thyself, Veiling thy bilious countenance from sight, And when the reeling stroke of midday peals. At which same hour our noble Queen comes in, Do thou come quickly here, resembling her

In gait and figure. Thus we circumvent

The traitor Maternich.

MEHEMET ALI:

Sir, I'm thy slave. [Exeunt.]

[Enter Katherine Parr, with duster.] KATHERINE: What villain's scheme is this? What knell of

To my loved Metternich and good King James? As I pursued my daily round hard by. Wiping the gathered dust from each recess, I softly chanced upon this chimney sweep, Divulging his dread scheme to my quick ears. Shall he thus foil my master Metternich, To save my braggart mistress? Rather far I'd give myself to slaughter. Garibaldi!

[Enter Garibaldi.]

GARIBALDI: Fair mistress, dids't thou ring?

KATHERINE: Cease thy vile jokes, Thou lumbering ox. If fate e'er gives me power

I'll ring thy stupid neck. Attend my words!

Conceal thyself in yonder tapestry,

And when thou see'st a coloured fruiterer

Draw nigh to enter, spring with speed upon him,

Then bear him hence and lock him in a cell. Do this in secret, and I'll well reward thee.

GARIBALDI: Lady, thy smile's the best reward for duty.

[The clock strikes twelve. Enter figure of Queen. marck springs forth from concealment and attacks figure.]

FIGURE: Help, ho!

BISMARCK: Still, Queen! Thou art my prisoner.

[He binds figure and drags it away.]

[Enter James and Metternich.]
METTERNICH: Thus, Majesty, my subtle counsels prove Successful, and thy wishes are fulfilled.

JAMES: What, thinkest thou the Queen is now secured? METTERNICH: Aye, Majesty. She is our prisoner.

Heard you yon scuffle and despairing cry?

That was the Queen's own voice. Thy sturdy henchman Hath done his business well.

JAMES: O, noble Bismarck.

[Enter Elizabeth, attended by Katherine Parr.]
METTERNICH [starting back]: Why, what is this? The
Queen herself draws nigh!

JAMES [starting back]: The Queen herself? What treachery is this?

She hath slipped through our hands. Vision accurst! Thou villain, Metternich! Thou hast betrayed me!

METTERNICH [upon his knees]: Nay, my dread lord. The fault is none of mine.

[Enter Mehemet Ali, undisguised, pursued by Bismark.]
BISMARCK: Thou vile celestial! I'll have thy blood!

Sire, we're betrayed! This hawker is no Queen.

[Enter Garibaldi.]
GARIBALDI [seizing Mehemet by the throat]: Sir, I arrest thee. Come away with me. [They struggle.]

METTERNICH: Majesty! 'Tis our chance! Our wits have failed.

Then let us use our arms. Seize we the Queen,

While Garibaldi is hard put to it.

JAMES: Seize the Queen! Ha, fair cousin! You are our's.
[James, Metternich, and Bismarck attack the Queen.]

ELIZABETH: Bring help! Where are my men-at-arms? Help ho!

[Enter Alexander with a shotgun.]
ALEXANDER: Hands up, ye villains! Come, put up your

Or I shall fill you full of leaden grit!

hands,

[James, Metternich, and Bismarck put up their hands.] ELIZABETH: Most noble sweep! Thou art our sweet preserver.

Blessings upon thy person. Garibaldi,

Release the fruiterer. He means no harm.

[Mehemet released.]

But bind these blackest villains hand and foot And cast them in my dungeons. See to it.

And this vain Katherine Parr—take her as well,

For she is one with them in fault and spirit.

[Garibaldi proceeds to bind the four prisoners.] [Enter Lords and Ladies.]

And now to business. Lords and Ladies all,

You are aware that now for many years

My Commons, whose least wishes I respect,

Have oft petitioned me to take a husband.

Not for long years have I delayed in vain,

But only tarried to make better choice,

Seeking the mortal after my own heart.

Nor have I sought in vain. Lo, there he stands!

[Indicating Alexander.]

Sweet sweep, wilt thou consent to share my throne?

ALEXANDER: With every pleasure, sovran. But behold My sorry rags, my chimney-blackened hands.

Are these fit candidates for thy great throne?

ELIZABETH: 'Tis not in outward features we delight. What though thy face be black? Thy heart is white. Come, take my hand. Sound, saxophones!

Exeunt Queen, Alexander, Lords, Ladies and Sennet.

Mehemet Ali.]

Come, shake it up, sir King. GARIBALDI:

Thou'rt not in Scotland now. Hast aught to say To thy vile henchmen ere I have thee hence?

JAMES: Good Metternich, good Bismarck, Katherine Parr,

Our plans have all miscarried. Hope is dead.

What price prerogative in such a stead!

Nay, I'll no more. Let us our dungeons grace.

Would I had ne'er perceived my cousin's face!

Better perhaps to bear unmarried pain, Than married torture half as bad again.

Come, Metternich. Let us our prison see. There shall I swear at Kate and you at me,

And may our speech not heard by policemen be!

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

\_D.J.D.

NOTE .- As above mentioned, the excerpt is specially prepared to assist Pass History students in their preparation for examinations. It is hoped that the one or two slight anachronisms unavoidably present herein will be outweighted in the public opinion by the greater merits of the play.-D.J.D.

## SIR ERNEST RUTHERFORD, O.M., F.R.S., D.Sc., Ph.D., LL.D.

Rutherford, Sir Ernest, created Knight 1914; Fellow of the Royal Society, 1903; Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics and Director of Cavendish Laboratory, University of Cambridge, since 1919. Born at Nelson, New Zealand, August 30th, 1871; son of James and Martha Rutherford, Turanaki, New Zealand; married in 1900 to Mary G. Newton, only daughter of Arthur and Mary De Renzy Newton, Christchurch, New Zealand; one daughter. Educated at Nelson College, Canterbury College, Christchurch, New Zealand University, Cambridge University. M.A. de-Christchurch, New Zealand University, Cambridge University. M.A. degree with first class honours in Mathematics and Physics, 1893; B.Sc. degree and 1851 Exhibition Science Scholarship, 1894; proceeded to Cambridge and entered Trinity College, and prosecuted research at Cavendish Laboratory; B.A. research degree and Coutts-Trotter Studenship, 1897; D.Sc., New Zealand University, 1901; L.L.D., Universities of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, McGill. Birmingham, Edinburgh, Melbourne, Yale; Ph.D., Giessen; D.Sc. Dublin, Durham; D.Phys., Clark; delivered Bakerian Lecture Royal Society, 1904; awarded Rumford Medal Royal Society, 1905; Por Royal Society, 1904; awarded Rumford Medal, Royal Society, 1905; Barnard Medal, 1910; Bressa Prize from Turin Academy of Science, 1908; awarded Nobel Prize for Chemistry, 1908; Macdonald Professor of Physics, McGill University, Montreal, 1898-1907; Langworthy Professor and Director Physical Laboratories, University of Manchester, 1907-1919; Fellow of Trinity College since 1919. Publications: Radio-activity, 1904; Radio-active Transformations, 1906; Radio-active Substances and Their Radiations, 1912; numerous papers in Transactions, Royal Society, Philosophical Magazine and other journals on various branches of Physical Science; much of the work has dealt with the conduction of electricity through gases and radio-activity.

Recreations: Golf, motoring.

Address: Newham Cottage, Queen Road, Cambridge.

Clubs: Athenaeum, Savile.

The above is a brief summary (taken from "Who's Who") of the outstanding events in the life of Sir Ernest Rutherford, the most distinguished New Zealander, and recognised as the most illustrious physicist of his generation. He has been honoured by all the learned societies of the world, and His Majesty the King has selected him for the highest honour in the British Empire—the Order of Merit.

As an experimental investigator he stands unsurpassed in the history of physical science. Young physicists from all parts of the world flock to his laboratory for inspiration and knowledge.

Sir Ernest Rutherford, with remarkable intuition and experimental skill, showed how the phenomenon of radio-activity could only be ascribed to the spontaneous disintegration of certain As the result of atomic explosions, positively charged projectiles called alpha particles equal to four times the mass of the hydrogen atom are ejected with a speed of 20,000 miles a second. Mass for mass the energy of one of these particles is four hundred million times greater than that possessed by a rifle bullet. Since alpha particles are the most energetic of all projectiles, he conceived the idea of using them to bombard and to demolish the atoms of the lighter elements. In this he was He was able to unravel the mystery of eminently successful. the structure of the atom, and was the first one to demonstrate that the material of the universe is probably built up of protons and electrons. The proton is the positive nucleus of the hydrogen atom, and the electron is the corresponding negative charge.

Those who have had the honour of working in his laboratory will never forget his striking personality, his tremendous energy, his capacity for hard work, and his Napoleonic spirit—"There shall be no Alps."

It has been truly said that he has never entered a blind trail; with clear vision he sees where the line of advance is possible, and then with characteristic determination he pushes ahead into the unknown.

In his Presidential Address, which he delivered in 1923 at the meeting at Liverpool of the British Association for the advancement of Science, he said:—

"In watching the rapidity of the tide of advance in Physics I have become more and more impressed by the power of the scientific method of extending our knowledge of nature. Experiment directed by the disciplined imagination either of an individual, or, still better, of a group of individuals of varied mental outlook, is able to achieve results which far transcend the imagination alone of the greatest natural philosopher. Experiment without imagination, or imagination without recourse to experiment, can accomplish little, but for effective progress, a happy blend of these two powers is necessary. The unknown appears as a dense mist before the eyes of men. In penetrating this obscurity we cannot invoke the aid of supermen, but must depend on the combined efforts of a number of adequately trained ordinary men of scientific imagination. Each in his own special field of enquiry is enabled by the scientific method to penetrate a short distance, and his work reacts upon and influences the whole body of other workers. From time to time there arises an illuminating conception, based on accumulated knowledge, which lights up a large region, and shows the connection between these individual efforts, so that a general advance follows. attack begins anew on a wider front, and often with improved technical weapons. The conception which led to this advance often appears simple and obvious when once it has been put forward. This is a common experience, and the scientific man often feels a sense of disappointment that he himself had not foreseen a development which ultimately seems so clear and inevitable.

Sir Ernest Rutherford is interested in many other things besides the structure of the atom. Afternoon tea is considered an important institution in his laboratory, when the research students all meet together and discuss not only their difficulties, but many other matters which naturally arise when so many men from different universities of the world meet together. As a lecturer he is always forceful, animated and inspiring. A contemporary has written of him:—

"His work is his play. He is an enthusiast. When he lectures his glasses are gone, his watch-chain gets little rest, and with his hands—big hands—he clears up the most abstruse questions. Electrons never dare to disobey his orders, and his hearers

watch him with bated breath."

### CONFIDENTIAL

# PROPOSED ALTERNATIVE FORM OF QUESTIONNAIRE FOR THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

(1) NAME (if any)
(Christian names in middle).
(2) AGE. (a) Lying Down
(b) In the Bath
(3) DATE OF DECEASE
(If not dead, insert probable date).
(4) SIZE OF BOOTS AND COLLAR.
(a) When Dirty
(b) When Clean
(3) HAVE TOU PAID THE HUTT ROAD TAX?
(6) HAVE YOU FALSE TEETH?
(If so, state maker's name and number, and the age
of his grandmother.)
(7) HOW MUCH POCKET-MONEY ARE YOU ALLOWED PER WEEK?d.
(If more than 2/-, enclose verification certificate from
well-known and reputable clergyman).
(8) HOW MANY UNIVERSITY LECTURES DO YOU MISS
PER WEEK? (Estimate)
(9) ARE YOU IN FAVOUR OF THE LIBRARY REING
ENLIVENED BY A BEAUTY BALLET AND A BAR?
F-14 - 4074 - 407
(10) DO YOU CONSIDER THAT DUCKS SHOULD WEAR
TAIL LAMPS?
SIGNATURE OF SPECIMEN
DATE 1925.
(This form to be filled in by pupil's parent or guardian, and
to be returned to the Registrar WITHOUT DELAY).

## The Forsaken Freshman.

Dear "Spike,"-

We hear so much nowadays of the lack of spirit at V.U.C., of the indifferent attitude of the majority of students towards the fuller 'Varsity life, that it is really becoming monotonous. Who are these dismal complainers? Do they think that they are really advancing their cause? Are they aware of only one method of producing a result—that of driving and fault-finding? If indeed there is such a lack of spirit as they mournfully assert, then no amount of castigation will urge the jaded horse forward. It is only the spirited steed that responds to the lash, not the poor, decrepit hack. And yet here they are, crushing out every particle of pride that naturally asserts itself to some degree or other in the human being.

If you force a man long enough to believe that he is a fool, why, then, he will be a fool, and there is nothing surer. It was only recently that I overheard a student of V.U.C. cheerfully admit that Victoria College was merely a night school, just a place at which one could attend the minimum number of lectures and then be well rid of; and he seemed to believe it. Why? Why was he devoid of any spark of pride in the College to which he belonged? Why was he satisfied to keep quiet while others spoke with pride of their Colleges, and even when his was deprecated yet make no reply? The main cause lay not in the defect of his character—we are all capable of pride and interest—but in the belief that is being continually dinned into his ears that we are no good, that we are a second-rater, an outcast and a leper and not really a University at all.

If we could all realise our present ideals there would still be left something that we would want; we can never be fully satisfied. Our job in this life is not to boast of what we would do if we had the opportunity and right materials—what would sweeten achievement if that were so?—but to do the best we can with what we have at present. "Ich dien"—I serve— runs the old motto of the Princes of Wales, and can we do better than follow their examples? It is no good saying (as so many do say) "Let us wait until we have more full-time students and then things will be different." It would be more to the point to take off our

coats and get down to solid work to raise the College spirit ourselves and now—not wait for someone else to do it; everyone can do that and there is no particular credit attached to or satisfaction derived from merely following in the track of someone else.

There is, I suggest, another way of obtaining the desired result than by that of fault-finding. Was it the custom of the ancient charioteers (to revert to the old analogy) to whip their animals round the course? Did Ben Hur win his race by the incessant application of a knotted thong? No, it was by word and voice that he urged his steeds along. We read that the old heroes used to marshal their men before the battle and, in burning words paint for them the famous deeds of their ancestors, show them the glory and honour of valour and point out the way by which they, too, might follow in their footsteps. We find no mention of disaster or base retreat. It was the upward path along which they were to travel and their goal was placed before

them and their way pointed out. And might not we pause for a while and consider the wisdom of these ancients; pause in our downward contemplation of what is, and lift our minds to the ideal of what should be? Let us not revile the black depths because we dwell there, but rather ourselves, because we have not the courage and will to climb out of them.

Mazzini came to Italy in the early years of the 19th century and found, not a united and confident nation, but a collection of peoples, scattered and at variance with one another, yet all yearning for something just beyond their grasp; they felt the need for nationality and liberty, yet found no means of attaining it. Did Mazzini deplore the state of the country and humiliate the people by further impressing upon them the sense of their own shortcomings? No! He set to work to encourage them, to lift them a little higher in the plane of national self-respect, to create a new spirit, the youth, the fire of "Young Italy."

We can liken our own case to that of Italy. Italy was never successful until she first created a spirit within herself, and though afterwards she was forced to obtain help from outside, it was the alliance of two nations—one a little stronger economically, but both nations in spirit. We nearly all at V.U.C. come from secondary schools and colleges, and surely the lessons which we learned there and the traditions which we upheld do not cease their application immediately we leave the precincts of the old school. No; rather should they find a fuller expression begat of our ripening years . . . . .

I can imagine remarks, "Yes, this may be very well so, but what about a practical suggestion," and it is true that here lies a great difficulty. No difficulty, however, is insurmountable, and once students can be obtained to support the trial of a movement and at least make an attempt to remedy the existing state of affairs, its proportions dwindle considerably. And I would suggest that first of all the Students' Association call a meeting of students and put before them the plight of our University life. Public opinion is a vast power, and once public opinion can be swayed in the right direction it is comparatively easy to deal with those who resist. In my old school, certain school activities were compulsory, but their observance was never enforced by the school authorities because it never went as far as that. If a breach of school custom were made it was public opinion that fixed the penalty and public opinion that carried out the punish-And surely this is the foundation of all social laws! Those who will not fulfil the requirements of a true University life should not be here, and they are better out of it—especially from the point of view of those who wish for a real University; and if pressure were brought to bear-perhaps backed up by University statute—they would very quickly fall into line or withdrawn to the seclusion of their own homes.

We need not fear, I feel sure, that public opinion would be the other way. I have known of many cases, both of young men and young women, fresh from the ideals of school and ready to plunge whole-heartedly into the life and spirit of the University, who have found nothing—just a blank; and gradually they have lost their enthusiasm and joined the mass of those who merely come and go. And you cannot blame them. One cannot expect

a girl or boy coming straight from school to take the role of leader and launch forth on a new project. For the first year, he or she is settling down to the new life, finding his or her own But-and here is where the level in the new surroundings. mistake is made-both are ready to follow, to continue in the path of a fuller education, a glimpse of which they have had at school; all they require is leadership. The facilities are thereor I suppose they are-but the urging power to enable young students to overcome their shyness (which is only natural at first) is lacking. Once they can be guided into the right channels before their enthusiasm is crushed and their keenness damped, then they will continue and strengthen in those channels. this is where public opinion is needed. If it is the correct thing to enter into 'Varsity life, if it is "done," then the mind of the fresher will accept that as peculiar to University life and conduct himself accordingly.

So it behoves all students of V.U.C. to act now; to organise and prepare the proper channels of 'Varsity life so as to have them ready for the new students of 1926, and not leave these to beat against the hard wall of indifference until overtaken by apathy.—Yours, etc.,

"SIGNA SEGNAMUR."

[That's the stuff to give the troops! We have cut out a purple patch here and there, the better to display our correspondent's points; we agree with his spirit entirely. As to his factsis there really any indifference to the interests of newcomers? What of the College Clubs?—they simply howl for members, and do not get them. The "intellectual" clubs are largely in the hands of older students, who cling to them in their own interests, but the freshman who can, and will, attend their meetings is sure of ultimate absorption if he so desires. The athletic clubs are susceptible of more rapid assault. The C.U. and the Glee Club do not stand upon ceremony, but actually rush the new student; and the first term is alive with functions of various kinds all designed to capture his interest. If his interest is lively, then-"What wilt thou have? quoth God; pay the price and Nevertheless, we commend our correspondent's comtake it." plaint to the Students' Association Executive and the various Club managers; the art of ice-breaking is worthy of especial study, more especially in a part-time College such as ours. there is the crux of the whole matter. The part-time student must concentrate on his course (which is already of a concentrated character) or he will not master it; if he does concentrate on it, he must surrender much of the benefit of participation in the corporate life of the College. On the basis of things as they are, a university education in the complete sense of the term is unobtainable. Reform may do wonders in improving the position: but in the meantime our only course is, as our correspondent suggests, "to do the best we can with what we have at present." That will bring out the desired College spirit.—Ed. "Spike."

## This Plunket Medal

### With a Few Notes on an Historical Character

This Plunket Medal business has been done to death. What we need is something fresh, something tersely original. The worthy Chairman of the Debating Society assures us that the trophy was intended to be given for excellence in recitation. So be it—I would hate to think it were otherwise. But what best lends itself to recitation is verse. So in all humility I would suggest that the following simple rules should guide the conduct of the contest in future.

- All recitations shall be in verse.
- (2) No recitation shall exceed twenty-five lines in length.
- (3) All recitations shall be original.
- (4) No recitation shall be monotonous.

To prove the practicability of this scheme I submit a specimen of what seems to me to be the ideal thing for a contest, a composition on a personage not altogether unknown in this seat of learning, but whose initials only I have used, in order to conceal his identity. Observe the originality and brevity of the composition, and note how a varied metre avoids monotony. It is simple and yet eloquent; it is full of a tender delicacy, and yet it is not without its sterner interludes of tragedy and of passion.

What! You never have heard of J.C.B.?
Oh, foolish youth and frail!
For he is a man both grand and great,
With heaps of learning within his pate,
Learning compounded of battle and date
Unknown to the bourgeoisie.

Wise is the man, and most sarcastic,
And sometimes verses, weird, fantastic,
Issue out of his cortex plastic,
With majesty imbued.
There he sits in his cell monastic,
Sending Profwards comments drastic
On history papers crude.

"Oh, J.C.B.! oh, J.C.B.!" a woeful maiden cries, 
"How could you be so cruel to me
And call my answers lies?
For all I knew was written there
In hieroglyphics blue,
But now that margin, once so bare,
Is crimsoned o'er by you!"

But never a word says J.C.B.

To the foolish female's wiles,
But down to the depths of his cell goes he
And smiles sardonic smiles.

This, of course, is merely a suggestion, and let me emphasise that it is written entirely

\_WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

### Toc H.

Being a resume of a meeting held by the Christian Union on the above, addressed by M. Robinson, B.A., M.C. (of Oxford).

Did the Great War produce any good thing? It is claimed that the birth of Toc H was the only good thing the war brought forth. Then what is Toc H?

In 1915 at Poperinghe, just back of Ypres salient, Rev. P. B. (Tubby) Clayton, M.C., originated a religio-social club, which, as its name suggests, was to cater for the higher and social side of men. Its religious side was unostentatiously maintained in a little upper room of an erstwhile brewery, where, over an old warbattered carpenter's bench, communion was administered to all who chose to attend. Down-stairs the social side was catered for in sundry ways, not least being a fine library containing the latest books on phychology, etc. A glimpse of the spirit of this house is revealed in a couplet taken from the walls.

"A house of fellowship and of good cheer Abandon rank all ye who enter here."

In 1919, with £20 in his pocket, Clayton resurrected Toc H in London: to-day its capital is £112,000, a striking tribute to the worth of the movement. It aims at carrying on that comradeship which existed during war days and its motto is, "Service before Self." Toc, standing for T (the army designate) and H for house, has, happily enough, come to signify "To Conquer To-day the movement is Empire-wide, in groups which function as social service labour bureaus. That is, where a job of service is to be done, Toc H tries to find the man to do it. England alone, since 1919, over 700 trained leaders for Boy Scouts have been provided. Special effort is made to care for permanently disabled ex-soldiers whom society has cast aside and who are now neglected. Any needy social cause is helped, and especially it is sought to help those movements which serve Permanent rules fix that the average age shall be kept below thirty years, so that the vigour of the movement is ensured.

When a group is sufficiently developed, a house on the lines of the original is built and peopled by residents who are drawn from all professions and walks of life, and thus class spirit is eliminated.

One very fine event in Toc H life is called the Service of the Lamp, when, before the pleasures or business of a guest evening begin, the lights are put out and the chairman, as he lights the rushing lamp, speaks these grave and touching lines of Binyon's:

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old, Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them."

This is the memorial to those men who fell in the Great War, and it is the spirit of those, many of the finest of our race, which Toc H seeks to perpetuate. "Service," says Toc H, "is the rent we pay for our room on earth," and being based on Christian principles, its service is rightly motivated.

The Christian world needs Toc H. We need it ourselves. Such a society, teaching by example, living the Gospel, spreading

quietly, is destined to exert a great and growing influence upon

any community. "A little leaven leavens the lump."

Of Toc H, Robert Blatchford says: "It's a stroke of genius—a beautiful wisdom and beautiful virtue born of the heart. There is one rule, the pledge of selfless service. Not talk, but service, is the order. It is the soul of mutual aid."

### Song of the Bed.

There are songs of the sunshine, and songs of the sea, There are dirges of sorrow and ballads of glee; There are ditties in praise of the sky overhead, But the song I shall sing is the song of the bed.

[Chorus.] Bed! Bed! Beautiful Bed!

Pull up the clothes till they cover your head! Schemers may plot and philosophers plan, But bed is the place for the practical man. Let waves of dissension encircle our shore, And zealous reformers assistance implore; Let nations be shattered and rivers run red, We'll dare every foe to remove us from bed!

When evening is come and the sun disappears, The savage is torn with unnatural fears; His slumber is broken with barbarous dread, But we are secure in the refuge of bed.

[Chorus.] Bed! Bed! Beautiful Bed!

A halo of glory around thee is shed.

The zealots who scorn thee and wish thee away,
Repent their mistake at the close of the day.

The wise and the foolish, the weak and the strong,
Can never be happy without thee for long.

While praising the men who for liberty bled,
We'll remember the one who invented the bed!

Let us cherish our bed and be loath to arise, And we shall be healthy and wealthy and wise. Let us shout down the years till our season is sped: Be loyal to duty and stick to your bed! [Chorus.] Bed! Bed! Beautiful Bed!

No joy can supplant thee or rule in thy stead.
Though far I may wander this comfort I know—
My heart's in thy blankets wherever I go.
Without thee my end would be harder to tell
Than bacon and eggs in a modern hotel.
Sooner than lose thee I'd die and be dead!
I'll never desert thee,be—eautiful bed!
—D.J.D.

## College Notes.

### MEA CULPA!

The storm which followed the publication in the June "Spike" of the letter "Starvation for the Starving," convinced us that we had grievously erred in point of chivalry. We had failed to take into consideration the distress which, whatever the merits of the case, would be caused to a couple of old and valued servitors of the College. For that distress we cannot express too keen a regret. Our regret is due also to the Students' Association for the embarrassing situation in which we involved it. At the wish of the Executive of the Association we publish the following resolution passed at one of its meetings:—

"The Executive of the Students' Association apologises for the form and wording of the article 'Starvation for the Starving' appearing in the last issue of the 'Spike' and requests that this apology be conveyed to Mrs. Brook through the Professorial

Board."

### A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

In this corner of the globe we do not get many opportunities of seeing and hearing great men. The world has too much use for them, and provides them with fuller stamping ground than we can command. The student, then, who values his opportunities, will shed his examination anxieties for one evening and attend Sir Ernest Rutherford's address in the Town Hall on October 27th. Sir Ernest is not only a great man; he has the additional distinction of being a New Zealander.

### A PAST STUDENT.

News of past students is very acceptable to the "Spike," but seldom comes. Mr. H. S. Tily, Dunedin, sends us the following to show that Victoria College still has "a place in the sun:"—

"Mr. Lyndon Bastings, M.Sc., a former research student in the Physics Department, has recently finished a two years' course of study under Sir Ernest Rutherford at Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge. He has carried out researches on radioactivity, and as a result of his first year's work, was awarded a grant by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. A portion of this work has been published in the 'Philosophical Magazine' of December, 1924, as an article entitled 'Decay of Radium—E.' He has also devised an improved form of electroscope which, by a greatly increased sensitivity, is expected to considerably facilitate work in the field of raidoactivity. He has now been appointed Lecturer in Physics under Professor Wagstaff at Durham University, England, and takes up his duties there in October."

### ABSENT FRIENDS.

Another piece of news comes from Mr. Tily: "A social gathering of former students of V.U.C. was held

in Dunedin on the evening of 4th July, 1925, at the residence of Mrs. I. Cleghorn, President of the Otago Association of Past Students, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. There were sixteen members present. The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President: Mr. R. Gardner.

Vice-President: Dr. Muriel E. Bell. Secretary-Treasurer: Mr. H. S. Tily.

Committee: Miss Stringer and Mr. Kimbell."

As the poet says fitly.

"Fond memories come thronging fast And life grows green, and life grows vast, When thinking of Otago."

### Spring Morning

Come out into the dawn . . . . Now on the close-cropt lawn, Sweet-smelling, green and wet, Let us, having no fret, Receive the sacrament Of silence, humbly bent To feel the touch benign Of the young day divine. Now has the breathing earth Come to its latest birth— Sprung from its nightly tomb. Its grave, which is its womb. Delicate, fresh, again The morning without stain Appears in maiden hue. Look! where the darkling dew Has tipped each trembling blade And, like a lover, stayed, Soft-fallen from the skies' Maternal-weeping eyes— The skies which, spreading pale Wait for the eager hail Of the young lusty sun Whose course is now to run. He comes, that archer bold. Let's fly his arrows gold-And see the colour leap Into the brimming deep! Now stirs the liquid air, And trees and garden dare Stir, and the stillness break— Now is the world awake! O lift the hands and pray Virgin-like, to the day: Adoring beauty so Bend, sip the dew, and go.

### To a Pair of Tramping Boots

Once you were smooth and brown as a berry, Heigh ho! for the days that are done! Now you are gray and wrinkled-very Heigh ho! for the sands that have run!

Once your fall on the roads rang merrily, Heigh ho! for the days gone by! Then you were proof by ford or ferry. Heigh ho! and a wintry sky!

Now you leak and have gone contrary, Heigh ho! and your clinkers shed! Yet you bring back more than the sweet rosemary, Heigh ho! of the days that fled!

I'll oil you now at the end of all, Heigh ho! for the days that sped! And hang you high on a nail in the wall Heigh ho! over my bed!

You'll bring back there a rata tall, Heigh ho! for the days that are gone! The slithering crash of a waterfall Heigh ho! though the days pass on!

And a cliff with a water-race below, Heigh ho! for the thrill of the climb! And your uppers deep in the highland snow Heigh ho! in the lowland grime!

You'll bring back too the friends I knew, Though parting ways their feet have led; And be they all who gibe at you Damned, heigh ho! till they are dead! -R.F.F.

### Dawn

Quiet, cold and still is the dawn: Loom through the mist the gaunt chimneys-Sentinels of the coming day; Whisps of smoke slowly rise and twist About the white house-tops. Within the garden, bleak and bare, In some ghostly tree, the young thrush sings Of the joy of the coming day. Swiftly the east colours golden, And slowly, silently, surely, The sun comes up above the hills, Filling the grey world with light: As if by fairy hand. Dewdrops are dipt in silver And sparkle and glitter on the lawn. A thrill of life runs through me-I am drawn up and made one With the glowing sun. Down the steep hill a tram rushes With noisy clatter and clang— The spell is broken . . . . The world is awake once more. —E.В.

### An Alliterative Acrostic on Appetite

As I, Although I Ask no Actual Alm, Before my Bilious Brethren Basely Bow, Crave I not Cold Comment but Careful Calm, Dealing with Drastic Days that Dawned ere now. Egregious English Early Earn and Eat, French Fogeys Feast on Fried and Fragrant Frog, Germans the Greasy Goose and Garlic Greet, Hungarian Hinds Hurrah the Hissing Hog. If to Internal Industry Inclined, Jellies and Juicy Jams to Jamboree, Kaffirs and Khans and all the Kilted Kind Love Lingering Late and Lading Languidly. Myself, not Marred by Modern Means and Modes, No Nagging Needs when Nourishment is Nigh, Offering Only Ostentatious Odes, Pealing the Praise of Pork and Pigeon Pie. Querulous Quacks may Quizz and Quibblers Quake; Rather to Real Romance let Readers Ride. Shalt Spurn the Sausage whereof Shakespeare Spake? Trample The Trusty Tripe that Turner Tried? Under an Urge Unique and Uniform, Vieing with Vulgar Villains Vile and Vain, What Wealth you'll Win, What Worth, What Welcomes Warm, X-mas X-orbitance can best X-plain. Yearly You'll Yearn: may Yule Yet see with You, Zebus and Zealous Zebras in the Zoo! -D.J.D.

### To R.F.F.

Dear F——, though rustic born and bred, I scratched a sceptic's puzzled head On lately hearing you decree The great "to be or not to be." Nothing, I'll own, can please me more Than gleaning grapes from Pallas' store; But when ill Fortune tends the vine—You feed on yours; I'll feed on mine.

It pained me, too, to hear you're more Concerned to view the recent war As some proscription, magnified, With equal blame on either side. It's well, since people are so dense, To climb the other fellow's fence; But when the structure gets too fine—You sit on yours; I'll sit on mine.

Though I'll confess I've given heed And thought to your agnostic creed, If it can bring you happiness, I'm sure I wish you all success. If that's the hope you have in store—To live, to die, and nothing more—If that's the end your stars assign—You go to yours; I'll go to mine.

## The Waste-Paper Basket.

In consequence of the timidity of possible contributors most of the stuff we would have liked to print under this heading has gone into the body of the Journal instead. We refuse to accord that leniency to such a scene of violence as "D.O." depicts, however original the treatment:

#### DER TAG.

It was a winter's afternoon,
Our morning's work was done;
And we upon Karori Park
Were playing in the sun,
And with us sported on the green
Old Ramblers B, opposing team.

When all at once we saw our half
Roll something small and round,
Which, she with doughty skill and grit,
In playing there had found.
We saw at once what she had found,
That was so small and hard and round.

Our captain took it to the goal,
Which stood expectant by;
And then we all did rave and romp
And with a natural sigh—
"'Tis the first goal we've gained," said we,
"Mayhap we'll win a victory."

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many vanquished ramblers
Lay puffing in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be,
When games are won by 'Varsity.

Nor do we think it proper to encourage the wild propensities of students by printing "E.B's" gasconade in full. He heads it "Dare Devil," and commences with a terrible boast:

I went into the Library yesterday. I suppose I must have something in common with that gentleman of the sawdust-ring, who visited Wellington many years ago. His name, I think, was Dare Devil Desperado; and his way of winning his daily crust was to haul himself up to the top of the circus tent, where the management had kindly placed a diminutive platform, from which the Dare Devil would hurl himself down to the floor via a truly complicated and wonderful arrangement of ropes, roman rings and chutes—to the accompaniment of excited feminine squeaks.

Dare Devil was my hero, and I was proud of him.

Ten or eleven sheets of lurid, if ill-fated, exploits follow, and our hero continues:

But though I stopped trying to emulate Dare Devil Desperado, he still had a place in my imagination, and he must have become an integral part of my character—or else how is it possible otherwise to explain the fact that nowadays I can enter the Library without turning a hair, blinking an eyelid, or having that—no, not Kruschen—but sinking feeling in, well, you know where? Yes, I honestly assure you that the above remarkable statement, is absolutely true, and I am prepared to swear to it with one hand on the College calendar and the other raised in the regulation fashion. I go into the Library with a devil-may-care smile on my countenance, one

hand in my pocket, to show how much at ease I am, and give the Rev.

H-e W-d back look for look.

Well, once I have successfully braved the perils of the entrance, I take a swift glance around the room—taking special care, however, not to smile or even recognise anyone or anything—not even my dearest or best friend—for however much it may surprise you, I would thus run the risk of having to answer the charge of "communication" with personages within the Library precincts. And it's a case nowadays, what with jazz and flappers, of everyone looking out for his own safety.

My next job is to secure a seat. Simple—I hear you exclaim. Well, that's as may be. But in my case it's like this. A good seat in the Library requires the expenditure of a large amount of brain energy; it also requires experience and calculation. For (1) my chair must be near a so-called heater—very necessary in cold weather; (2) my chair must be out of the direct line of the many miniature cyclones—or anti-cyclones—which appear to make certain portions of the Library their battle-ground. I know now what the poet was referring to when he wrote—

"And the stormy winds do blow."

(3) my chair must be such that I can observe the whole room, including all the other students, both doors, the galleries, and, lastly, I must be able to keep a friendly eye on the Librarian. You see, I take a kindly interest

in the doings of my fellow-mortals.

When I have chosen my position, according to the afore-mentioned principles, I strew a few exercise-books and scraps of papers about the place and then go to find a book. Here again, I can hear you say that nothing is more simple than taking a book from the shelves. This is what happened to me last evening. I want a book on—well, on Plus Fours, or, say, Inorganic Cytomaneia. First of all, I proceed to see if any new publications have arrived. If I am in luck, they have not. I then interview the Index and struggle with it for, say, fifteen minutes—this tells me nothing. Suddenly I remember there is a quotation I wanted to verify in a book in the Philosophy section . . .

Well, you know how it all ends. One thing leads on to another. When the clock kindly strikes the hour, thus informing me that I must once more grace the lecture-room with my presence, I find that I have looked at books in the Economic, History, English and various other sections of the Library, and am now immersed in an article on—say, the question, "Is music a psychic phenomenon?" Inorganic Cytomaneia must away another hour. I gather my belongings together, wait until the Librarian is in some of his outlying dominions, then make a rush for the door and take him unawares.

I have come through safe once more. . . .

Another aspirant forwards what appears to be his matriculation essay, "A Solitary Ramble." A couple of sentences might interest the Tramping Club.

Alone, surrounded on all sides by the magnificence of Nature, I wandered, idly dreaming. On the one hand sand, tussocks and hillocks of sand formed into a vast jumble without definite configuration. Surely, is this not wonderful when one stops to think?

It is indeed. So is this; to which, in the name of Wellington, we give a stern contradiction:

The sky, so vast, so immense, so mysterious and wonderful, yet day after day 'tis never noticed and never given one moment of thought.

"Ambition," by D.J.D., merits the fate of Icarus:

Lift me up and let me gaze
On the splendid world around me!
Lift me up from the earthy maze,
With fetters long that bound me!
Give me fame and give me power,
And the organ-voice of thunder;
Power for a space and fame for an hour,
Rending heaven asunder!

Let the world swim round my feet,
And round my head the glory—
Riches of lust yet doubly sweet,
To fling to the clouds my story!
Let me thresh with monstrous wings,
Circles vast and vaster,
Till the cringing pack of slaves and kings
Bow down and own their master!

Then when sunset splendours die,
Place not a sentence o'er me.
Let me in state and solitude lie,
Where mad Ambition bore me.
Be this the theme my mourners take:
Let never a man unbraid him.
Heaven herself he sought to shake;
God alone forbade him!

### E. L. Palmer's "Spinning Song" goes in spinning:

### SPINNING SONG.

Sunshine of summer land
Lieth along the lea;
Bird in the leaf lies hushed;
To the quick each life is touched
With such excellence of glee.

Droning, whirling, rolling, flying,
Ever on in hot haste hieing.
Work while laughter speeds thee on,
E'er cold night the day hath won!

Hither the dusk rolls on,
From the thunder of the sea;
The wine of the golden light
Is hemmed with the lees of night,
And its glimmer fades to thee.

Droning, whirling, rolling, flying,
Ever on in hot haste hieing.

Work while laughter speeds thee on,
Ere cold night the day hath won!



"Nostrums, ten a penny!" -John Calsworthy.

The smooth course of Second Term Debates has proceeded satisfactorily, and that stupendous Oratorial Tournament, the Plunket Medal Contest, has come and gone. Of fireworks there has been a noticeable absence, except for one brilliant but ephemeral display by the local scandal-mongering Press. Authority at College replied to the outburst, and a

period of unbroken calm ensued.

The immediate cause of this attack on the Society was the first Visitors' Debate of the session. The motion read "That the transport facilities of New Zealand should be wholly nationalised." Mr. R. F. Fortune, seconded by Mr. W. T. Young, moved, and Mr. J. B. Yaldwyn, seconded by Colonel T. W. McDonald, opposed. Messrs. Fortune and Young contended that the principal second of the second of t that the privately-owned shipping services were the curse of the country: if the Government could run trains successfully, it could also run steamers. Mr. Yaldwyn and his partner endeavoured to show that the management of a shipping service required very different tactics from the promoting of an efficient Railway Department, and, anyhow, the Railway Service was not efficient, was it? Colonel McDonald made the most of Queensland's misadventures with State-owned ships. Both the meeting, as a whole, and the members of the Society were evidently overwhelmed with Mr. Young's mass of figures and statistics; for both carried the motion. Mr. G. G. G. Watson placed as the best speakers: Messrs. R. M. Campbell, J. B. Yaldwyn, W. P. Rollings, R. F. Fortune, and F. D. O'Halloran and J. F. Platts-Mills fifth, equal.

The next meeting seemed to promise a battle of the sexes; but materialised into nothing more exciting than a first-class debate. Mr. Campbell and Miss Mary Cooley moved: "That the right of action for breach of promise to marry should be abolished." They indignantly refuted the suggestion that the motion was a frivolous one, and explained the deep and far-reaching issues actually involved, time proving all too short for this purpose. Mr. S. E. Baume, supported by Miss Dorothy Hadfield, defended the present system, Mr. Baume making the candid admission that he looked forward to possessing a home of his very own, but would not on any account desert the woman of his choice at the church door: at any rate, if he did, he would deserve to have to pay for it. Miss Hadfield pleaded for fairness, and emphasised the fact that every girl looks forward to the day of her marriage, and on it stakes her whole existence. The right of action was abolished twice, by meeting and Society, and Mr. D. S. Smith placed the following five: Mr. R. M. Campbell, Miss Mary Cooley, Mr. Baume, Mr. James and Mr. Davidson equal, and Mr. Rollings.

On July 4th a small, select audience foregathered to hear Mr. C. A. H. Treadwell deliver his presidential address. The subject was "The Advocate," and the President's humorous and helpful handling of it warranted

a far larger attendance.

A week later, Messrs. G. O. Cooper and I. L. Hjorring sought to convince an audience of forty-five or so "That this House approves of the policy of the Baldwin Government in relation to Egyptian affairs." argued that natives, and especially Egyptian natives, were tricky persons to deal with, and the only safe, practicable method was for the Government to treat them like naughty school-children. Policy approved accordingly. Messrs. W. P. Rollings and G. R. Powles protested indignantly that the Egyptian was not at all the low-down type their opponents had painted him. He was an exceedingly cleanly individual, and particularly resented

his water-supply being interfered with. The motion was twice carried, and the Judge, Mr. W. R. McKenzie, placed the best five as follows:—
(1) Messrs. Baume and Campbell, (3) Miss Cooley, (4) Mr. Rollings, (5)

Mr. Hjorring.

The next debate was on the motion: "That the social and economic conditions of Italy have materially improved as a result of the dictatorship of Mussolini." Messrs. H. J. V. James and R. I. M. Sutherland, in moving, claimed that Mussolini had brought order out of chaos, and had literally made things move. Especially was this so with the Italian Railways. Messrs. I. L. Hjorring and W. P. Rollings took their stand on constitutional grounds: a regime that countenanced violence and murder could not finally have any but an ill effect. Speeding up the railways was a claim commonly put forth on behalf of feeble and tyrannical Governments. The audience defeated the motion, the Society carried it, and Mr. F. J. Rolleston, B.A., LL.B., M.P., placed Messrs. S. E. Baume, R. M. Campbell, H. J. V. James, W. P. Rollings and C. G. R. James.

The most largely-attended debate of the year took place on 8th August.

The most largely-attended debate of the year took place on 8th August. Mr. W. P. Rollings and Mr. W. J. McEldowney, LL.B., moved: "That as a general principle lectures at V.U.C. should cease at 5 p.m." It was claimed by them that the night student could not possibly gain a real education. The time had now come to take the bold step of changing to day lectures, and if the change were made, fewer students would be thus debarred from attending them was popularly imagined. The fault of the present system was that no encouragement was given to students to devote their whole time to study. Mr. R. M. Campbell and Mr. H. A. Parkinson, M.A., opposed the motion, and declared that night lectures were simply made the scapegoat for all the evils in our higher education. The present system was suited to the peculiar needs of New Zealand, and it was misleading to quote Oxford and Cambridge as models for us. The right of entry must be preserved for all who wished to take advantage of the benefits of a University education. These arguments apparently carried weight; for the motion was twice rejected by a substantial majority. The Hon. J. A. Hanan, M.P., and Mr. H. Poland, M.P., placed the best five as follows:—Messrs. W. P. Rollings, R. M. Campbell, A. E. Hurley, S. E. Baume and C. G. R. James.

The next debate took place on 5th September. Mr. H. R. Bannister, seconded by Mr. W. D. Lysnar, M.P., moved: "That the operation of Commercial Trusts is detrimental to the best interests of New Zealand." This was a country, they told us, that depended on its primary products, and these were being exploited by Trusts, which were operating in several industries, notably the meat trade. Messrs S. E. Baume and R. E. Pope defended Trusts, and demonstrated their wonderful efficiency and economy of working. The same amount of profit could be made with fewer employees and operating expenses. Mr. P. Fraser, M.P., placed the following:—Messrs. Campbell, Yaldwyn, Rollings, Dowsett and Davidson.

following:—Messrs. Campbell, Yaldwyn, Rollings, Dowsett and Davidson.

The Annual Contest for Lord Plunket's Medal took place on 19th
September, when Mr. Baume carried off the honours of the evening. A
full account appears in a more conspicuous place in this Journal.

#### THE DISCUSSIONS CLUB.

"It is a peevish infirmitie for a man to think himself so firmely grounded, as to persuade himselfe, that the contrarie may not be believed."—Montaigne.

The Club has pursued a somewhat chequered career since its last notes appeared, but as these words are written discussion still proceeds actively. For a month or more last term it was absolutely impossible to get any speaker to start any sort of argument whatsoever, a regrettable absence of dissension which nearly reduced a harassed secretary to tears. This term, however, a fresh batch of world- problems have presented themselves for solution and are being solved accordingly.

On July 9th, Mr. Steele laid down the fundamentals of the Colour Question, which he dealt with mainly from an enlightened Christian standpoint, as embodied in a recent book of J. H. Oldham's, as opposed to the Western dogmatism of McDougall and Lothrop Stoddart. Emigration, said Mr. Steele, was no way to deal with over-population, and instanced the problems arising therefrom in Africa, particularly Kenya, Again, there was no superiority or inferiority of "race" involved—the

crux of the question were the differences of "strains" in the races of the world. The issue was not an economic one, statements that it was were merely bluff, specious excuses put forward by ignorant prejudice. The future, declared Mr. Steele, lay in the elevated potentialities of Christian missions, whose work he instanced in India, China and America. Most of the following speakers were somewhat sceptical as to the ultimate value of Christian missions, or indeed as to any solution of the problem being possible at all. The differences of social systems were made much of, together with the innate barriers between races, and the extreme improbability of the New Zealand Government benevolently throwing open God's Own Country to the unobstructed immigration of the heathen. the other side was brought forward the argument of the peaceful settling

together of Maori and Pakeha and their mutual amicability.
On September 10 Mr. Takayuki Namae, an extremely benevolent professor from Tokio, gave an address on the Social and Religious outlook for Japan. He was not, he explained, an ordinary professor, burdened with a profundity of odd knowledge, and bursting with the desire to impart it to unwilling victims, but a Government social worker whose labours took him all over the country (and incidentally the world) lecturing to the people and gathering hints wherewith to make Japan great. He gave a lucid outline of the problems confronting Japan—growing over-population, a low standard of life, smallness of earnings and dearness of food. Agrarian strife (over 50% of the people being farmers, but only 14% of the land being level), the influx of the new post-war ideas from Europe, education, the very satisfactory relations between parents and children (relieving the Government entirely of the onerous obligations of old-age pensions and homes for the aged needy, and hence, one assumes, for a large part of the benevolent work of a Social Service Club), the possibility of growing poverty for the country as a whole, and its present religious state-a revival of Buddhism, together with a very small and somewhat somnolent Christianity. A glowing tribute was also paid to the friendliness of New Zealand in general and of Professor Hunter in particular, which was very satisfactory to all concerned. Several questions were asked, mainly on the religious and moral development of the country, and as to how it had been affected by the Christian faith. Christianity, said Mr. Namae, had possibly affected mortality advantageously to some extent, and he called himself a Christian. It was, however, extremely hard for educated young men and women to believe in the Trinity, and he, himself, had lost his faith in that singular projection of the religious consciousness.

On September 17th Mr. E. H. Dowsett outlined the fundamentals of the Quaker faith, or rather, as he remarked, the way of life of the Society of Friends. The Quakers really formed a creedless Church,, and, he showed, by illuminating quotations from various authoritative writers, were not exclusively devoted to the production of breakfast foods and conscientious objectors. Their central conviction was a refusal to accept a State Ecclesiastical authority and a preference for a way of life founded on a mythical reliance on an Inner Light. Resulting from this at the present day were various practical experiments in an enlightened sociality, which might be summed up in the phrase "Following conscience in a social way." In spite of this, in Mr. Dowsett's opinion, Quakerism, as a distinct sect, was to-day a dying force, as its practical spirit more and more suffused the other

Christian bodies. It was not in essence Evangelical.

A long and interesting discussion followed. Mr. C. G. R. James wanted to know exactly what was meant by the Inner Light, about which there seemed to him to be a lot of mere talk and ambiguity. Mr. Fortune remarked that there seemed to be some very fine things in Quakerism, and especially in its refusal to have the Bible written by anyone so reputable as the Creator. With regard to mysticism, it seemed extremely unlikely that anyone should have a direct acquaintance with God; and, frankly, he didn't believe it. It was on a par with Conan Doyle's fairies, in whom, on a first reading of that author's arguments, Mr. Fortune was staggered for half an hour into believing (truly a staggering admission!) Mr. Fortune concluded with an account of McDougall's theory of the conscience, a serious statement that he never thought about religion, and a remark that the things peculiar to Quakerism were very peculiar indeed. Both Mr. Campbell and Dr. Sutherland wished to know how far the doctrine of nonresistance went in practice, and how far in this respect the New Testament was to be taken literally and accorded with the Inner Light; in answer to which Mr. Dowsett repeated his answer to Military Service Boards during the war—that it was impossible to answer hypothetical questions; but, that some answer could be given from past individual instances of the history, e.g., of Pennsylvania—positive goodwill was the surest defence. Mr. Steele defended the memory of Calvin from aspersions cast upon it by unbelievers; Mr. Wilson remarked on the similarity between some of the ideas of Quakerism and Mr. Wells' Invisible King, and the need for some such faith at the present time; while the rest of the argument devolved into a wrangle between several controversialists on the really fundamental nature of evolution.

The last discussion of the year, on the Outlook for Religion, as seen by the penetrating eye of Dr. Sutherland, will have been held by the time

this "Spike" appears.

One of the most important steps the Club has taken was the decision by the Committee (subsequently approved by the Club at large) to send a letter to the Royal Commission on University Education, pointing out the need for freedom of thought and speech in the University. This document we append, together with the answer received, in the confident hope that it will stand out in the history of the world, together with Magna Charta, the Communist manifesto, and the Constitution of the U.S.S.R., as one of the chief milestones in the moral progress of mankind. Gazing with the eye of faith, we certainly see its effect in more than one place in the excellent report of the Commission.

Victoria University College, 30th July, 1925.

The Chairman,

University Commission.

Sir.-

Although we do not wish to offer formal evidence to the Commission, we, the members of the Victoria University College Free Discussions Club, do feel strongly that a subject should be brought before the Commission, which so far seems to have been ignored—a subject that we nevertheless feel is of the most supreme importance for any educational body, and completely so for a University—that is, the subject of academic freedom.

It is impossible to look round the world to-day and not realise that

It is impossible to look round the world to-day and not realise that freedom of this type is everywhere suffering grave encroachments. Not only in Germany before the war, but in Great Britain during and even after the war, and for a long time past, and to an increasingly disastrous extent in the U.S.A., we have seen freedom of teaching and of study subject to the dictation of outside interests, whether political, economic, or religious. Not only abroad, but in New Zealand itself, there have not been unknown attempts to stifle opinion and even discussion which appeared to run counter to tenets generally held. This University College especially has suffered, not only from such attempts (happily largely unsuccessful) by outside bodies and the Press, but from official interference of a serious type. From what we know of conditions in New Zealand we do not think that these attempts have ceased—rather, owing to the general trend of thought in the world to-day, do we regard them as merely the forerunners of others, more prolonged and serious, in the future.

the forerunners of others, more prolonged and serious, in the future.

Of all the attributes of a University, freedom, it seems to us, is of the most vital importance. If in any sense the University is to lead the community in thought or ideals, it is imperative that within its confines (as indeed without) there should be the utmost possible measure of liberty—liberty of association, of discussion, of teaching, of study. The only limit to this liberty that we can regard as valid is that of academic discipline. We are proud to think that from the beginning of history men and women in a fellowship of learning have found freedom when it has been otherwise denied to them; we should regard it as a calamity, if in a young country such as this that freedom should be allowed to perish. We do not ask for a foolish license (although we are convinced that any attempt to delimit the bounds of liberty and license can only end in disaster)—we do ask for freedom of the whole academic community from dictation from outside as to what shall be studied and how it shall be studied; we do ask, within the academic community, for freedom of the teacher to teach what seems to him true; we do ask for the freedom of students to discuss in clubs and societies or otherwise whatever subjects in any way appeal to them. The general principle (to quote Principal Ernest Barker, of King's College, London) is "Freedom, uncontrolled by any assumption of responsibility by the University. . . . . My

qualification of that principle is two-fold. In the first place, the freedom of the professor is subject to the discipline of the profession, which commands him to seek the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. . . . In the second place, the freedom of the professor, while it is not subject to the control of the institution to which he belongs, must at any rate be qualified by the duties inherent in his membership of that institution. If it gives him freedom, he must not give it obloquy in return." To students as well as to professors, these words we think apply equally; with the proviso that, unhappily, to be young is, under some circumstances, inevitably to incur obloquy. As students we plead both for the freedom of our teachers and for our own. Nothing, we feel convinced, will ever make up to a University itself, or to the larger community of which it is a part, for the loss by any means of that intellectual integrity, that complete liberty of the spirit which, as it is the most precious part of our inheritance, is the most hardly won-as it is the reward and crown of all knowledge, is its very basis and first condition.

We ask the Commission, therefore, whatever may be the outcome of its inquiries into technical matters of organisation and administration, in its report to emphasise the vital importance in the University of-

(1) The freedom of teaching on the part of all on the professorial

staffs, and

(2) The freedom of students to interest themselves in all questions of what sort soever, whether academic in the narrow sense, or of con-temporary, political, or social importance, and as a condition of this, of themselves to govern their own non-academic activities.

For the Victoria University College Free Discussions Club. Yours faithfully, etc.

Education Department, Wellington, 31/7/25.

J. C. Beaglehole, Esqr.,

Hon. Secretary,

V.U.C. Free Discussions Club.

I have, on behalf of the Commission, to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 30th inst. The statement submitted will be carefully considered by the Commissioners and incorporated in the printed evidence. The Commission appreciates and values the views put forward.

I am, yours faithfully

Yours faithfully,

E. MARSDEN, Secretary.

#### H!STORICAL SOCIETY.

"Historians are like a row of men working in a potato field, with their eyes and noses down in the furrow, and their other end turned towards Heaven.

-Meredith (in conversation with Carlyle).

The Historical Society is still standing the test of time in spite of many gloomy prophecies at its birth. Meetings have continued monthly on various historical topics, and have attracted their usual number of

history enthusiasts.

The Society was exceedingly fortunate in securing Sir Harry Reichel, of the Royal University Commission, for its August address. night on which Sir Harry could come was unfortunately the last one of the term, and an exceedingly wet night at that. The attendance was therefore smaller than that at other meetings. What it lacked in quantity it had in quality, and although Sir Harry Reichel had very little new for us in his address on the subject of "Liberty and Equality," a profitable (to most) His lecture is printed elsewhere in thus number of discussion followed. the "Spike."

It is hoped that Miss Irvine-Smith will be able to address the Club in

September, but nothing definite is known as yet.

Altogether, the members of the Society feel that the Society has justified its formation, and that its use will become greater as it becomes more firmly established in the College.

#### CHRISTIAN UNION.

"And when the pedants bade us mark What cold mechanic happenings Must come: our souls said in the dark Belike; but there are likelier things.

-Chesterton.

One of the brightest of 'Varsity hours is the one hour of the week devoted to our Study Circles. In groups of seven or eight we have met, and interchange of thought and experience in life has been free and frank. We have used as a study-book Picken's "Great Adventure," and some of us have learned how to make the Christian's the Great Adventure of life. That common interchange of thought, the true function of 'Varsity life, is almost lost in Victoria College, but heaven forbid that any should think that lectures are going to make the man. And in our Study Circles we have faced the principles of Jesus as relating to our own principles, and His practice compared with ours. Even the saints have been discovering that they are, perhaps, not quite perfect. But enough of study circles-

those who attended were the fortunate ones.

What of "Retreats," or as the modernists say, "Advances?" We have been very happy in our Retreat leaders, particularly in that one where Rev. E. C. Dewich, of India, yarned, and he really did, to us on India, her problems, people and hopes. We who feel that unification between East and West does take place when a common ideal binds the two are now and West does take place when a common ideal binds the two, are now more keen to see the day when the Son of Man shall bind the restless spirit of the East to his cause; and when philosophical India will make her great

contribution to the interpretation of Christ's teachings.

Next year we have Dr. Mott with us for a few days, as well as Studert Kennedy, both of whom will be alive and forceful. Donald Grant, the New Zealand Secretary, arrives in January, with all the encumbrances of a married man. He will do us good, if we use him. Mrs. Grant proposes to move round among the women—so we women will not be neglected.

Annual meeting has come and gone. The meeting was rather wonder-

fully and fearfully disciplined by the chairman. That the new constitution should be passed in under half-an-hour speaks volumes for his direction, and would hint that no one else spoke volumes as is customary. The essential superiority of the male was again demonstrated when one man successfully opposed four women for the last position on the Executivethere were a majority of women in the meeting. Almost a new Executive has been elected, only two of last year's remaining in office, the new members being keen workers. Election results were:—Mr. B. N. Eade (President); Miss A. Stewart (Vice-president); Mr. J. Dunn (Secretary); Miss A. Patterson (Treasurer); Miss M. MacLaurin (Committee-woman); Mr. G. M. Richardson and Mr. R. Dixon (Committee-men). We wish them well We wish them well in the new year's work.

Finance-the bugbear of all students and no less ours-forces itself upon us. Between nursing babies (for the men) and worm-cultivation (for the women), we hope to raise some of the necessary. A Jumble Sale, which will include all manner of weird and wonderful articles, is our second

string. May the harmony of these two strings be reinforced by the keenness of donors. Give 'em socks!

Have you heard of a "House Party?" No; not the bun-rush musicalcushion-type but an evening round the fire swapping one's problems with the others, discussing from experience how best to face the everyday emergencies. Do you get it? Learning how Christ can be fitted into one's own particular need. As the Chinese proverb has it "Crows are black the whole world over," and the Jap solves it. Christ has for too long been administered and administered from the second storey; the time has come when He and I should become friends. And the "House Party" is a means by which

we may share Christ as well as ourselves. Watch for it next year.

General Committee has met—Conference to which all must go—is at
Temuka. The central theme is to be on Christ's and our relation to the

race problem. A study book is being issued.

In another section will be found a report on an address on Toc H., given at one of our mid-week groups. So with a sigh of relief I drop the reluctant pen and thank the Lord that someone else will write the next notes for that happy, if not (w)holy Club, the C.U.

#### TRAMPING CLUB.

If you can use your feet when all about you
Are doctoring theirs with lint and sticking plaster;
If you can go all day with nothing in you,
And yet when need be go a little faster;
If you can put up tents and cut manuka
With hands both stiff and numb in drenching rain;
If you can see that smouldering spark extinguished,
And stoop to blow another into flame:
If you can calmly eat cold, cindered porridge,
And chew mud-coloured stew and think it fun;
Yours are the hills and everything about them,
What's more—you'll be a tramper yet, my son.

With apologies, etc.

We have been to the Tararuas only in thought, but we have been in person to High Misty. What novelties in the menu appear on such occasions?

We pitched into the Hutt Forks down a most precipitous moss-covered bluff; we scaled the giddy heights of Mt. Fitzherbert; we splashed through the Orongorongo to ride in the dark through a leaky tunnel on a madcap trolly; we went after the most elusive Butterfly; we did these and many other things, for what? asks the infidel. And we reply—to enjoy the freedom, which is Nature's alone.

We eke out these scanty notes—but are not our real notes of the memory?—with a somewhat lugubrious ditty pinched from the pages of the New Zealand "Free Lance," usually so bright, so witty. The poet, as the kind friend who communicated the extract to us truly remarks, "is evidently unsound in doctrine."

#### THE WANDERER.

Folks sing of the ease of the vagabond's lot,
Of the joys on the road when the sun is hot,
Shunning the human race.
But that doesn't tell of the rain and snow,
Of the howling winds that mockingly throw
Hail in the vagabond's face.

They prate of his winking camp-fire glow,
And envy his wanderings to and fro
Over the breezy downs.
But what do they know of aching feet,
Of slushing mud and the driving sleet,
And winter's gloomy frowns?

They write of his joyous spirit gay,
Of his merry laugh and his tuneful lay,
Working for no man's wage.
Little they rack of his lonely cares,
Of his failing strength and scanty hairs
Whitening now with age.

Oh! it's merry enough when the heart is young, When songs come clear to a lifting tongue,
And youth is having its fill.
But how when the spring of life has gone,
When its summer draweth to evening song,
And winter lies over the hill?

—John Platten, Napier.

### Syllabus for 3rd Term, 1925.

September 26th and 27th, Papatahi. Catch 1.20 p.m. boat to Rona Bay (return fare 1/3), and tramp via Catchpole and Orongorongo to Matthews Creek. Next day climb Papatahi, leaving swags at camp, where return in time to catch 8.15 boat to town.—Leader, Mr. J. C. Beaglehole.

October 4th, Pipinui Point. Catch 9.30 a.m. train to Johnsonville (fare 10d.), and tramp via Ohariu Valley to Pipinui Point. Return via coast and Makara to town.-Leader, Miss E. M. Holmes.

October 10th and 11, Kapakapanui. Catch-----p.m. train to Waikanae return to Paekakariki 3/6, and return from there Waikanae 1/10, (total 5/4), and tramp to Reikiorangi. Climb mountain and return to Waikanae in time for 5.53 p.m. train to town.-Leader, Mr. H. McCormick.

October 18th, Mt. Cecil. Catch 9.10 a.m. train to Trentham (return fare 2/6), and walk via Moonshine Bridge to Mt. Cecil. Back to town by evening train.-Leader, Miss N. Fowler.

October 24th, 25th and 26th. (Labour Day week-end), Baubau. Catch 12.15 p.m. train to Silverstream (return fare to Upper Hutt 2/6), Catch and tramp via Whiteman's Valley to head of Orongorongo. Next day cross into Wairongomai and come out on the Western Lake Road, which follow to Burley's Creek. On Monday, follow up this Creek and over Baubau to Upper Hutt in time to catch 7.10 p.m. train to town.—Leader, Prof. Boyd Wilson.

### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

All things without, which round about we see. We seek to know, and have therewith to do: But that, whereby we Reason, Live, and Be, Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

-Sir John Davies.

On the 8th of September Mr. Moore, M.A., LLB., B.Sc., lectured on the "Theories of the Earth's Origin." This excellent address was the concluding item of the year, and proved most interesting. Mr. Moore's lecture, which was illustrated with lantern slides and diagrams, was a very clear account of modern ideas in regard to the origin of the earth through the action of a spiral nebula.

Earlier in the session, Messrs. Leadbetter and Lovatt expounded another fascinating astronomical subject, "Variable Stars," and showed how

the periodic light variations of many of the stars were explained.

A less obstruse subject was the debate on the Metric v. the British system of weights and measurements when Mr. McWilliams set forth the advantages of the Metric system, and Mr. J. S. Lomas, of Wellington College, upheld the British system. Even refreshments did not still the ardour of the disputants.

The remarkable achievements of one of the greatest of men-Leonardo da Vinci-were ably described by Miss Marwick, who pointed out the astonishing range of subjects in which Leonardo had achieved fame. His work, as painter, sculptor, engineer, anatomist, worker in metal, constructor of aeroplanes, and pure scientist was recalled. Mis Marwick

concluded with a discussion of the famous painting "Mona Lisa."

On another evening a well-illustrated lecture on the past and present-day alchemists was delivered by Mr. R. R. T. Young, B.Sc. He showed how some of the dreams of the old alchemists bid fair to be realised by the scientists of to-day, and how promising experiments were now proceeding

on the conversion of mercury into gold.

These and other excellent addresses were delivered throughout the year to very small audiences. It is to be hoped that many more students will come forward next year to listen to some of the "fairy tales of science," to take part in the discussions that follow the addresses, or to contribute papers of their own.

Next month the members of the Society hope to be able to persuade Sir Ernest Rutherford to give an informal account of some of his latest

work when he visits the College.

In conclusion, the Society wishes to thank Professor Sommerville and Mrs. Sommerville, Professor Florance and Mrs. Florance, Miss Marwick, and Misses Wilson and Downs, who most kindly provided refreshments.

#### CRICKET CLUB.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content."-Greene.

The outlook for the coming season could not well be brighter, as the last two seasons have been instrumental in placing the Club on that sound footing which it enjoyed in the distant visionary "palmy days." Cricket in the 'Varsity did not make a successful come-back after the war; but thanks to the enthusiasm shown during the last two years, the 'Varsity Club has shown the cricket world that youth is irrepressible. It is now up to those, who have not yet done their bit for their 'Varsity on the field of sport, to rally round and carry on the work which, in joining up with

other clubs, they have hitherto helped to baffle.

The Club has at last fought its way into senior ranks, and the support of those young clubs, who in the true sporting spirit have wished to reward where reward was due, is a most gratifying feature. Ever since pre-war days the 'Varsity Cricket Club has had to be satisfied with junior status. Until two or three years ago the Club was controlled by older students, most of whom were ex-students and not actually attending lectures. Two years ago a deal of friction and some little feeling was instrumental in causing these senior members of the Club to leave in a body. For a time prospects of a successful year looked very black; but a young committee elected, the younger members of the Club rose to the occasion, and for the first time in the history of the Club, carried off a championship. The Club was still too weak to be given senior status, although the 1st eleven had, in no uncertain manner, shown that they were fully qualified for that honour.

Again the 1st eleven were successful in gaining championship honours, and this time the technical difficulty, which had prevented an application for senior status the previous year, was non-existent. The Club's cause was taken up by some prominent members of the cricketing fraternity, and at a specially convened meeting of the Wellington Cricket Association, the

'Varsity was once more elevated to senior ranks.

The team which has thus succeeded in again placing University cricket on the map is probably the youngest team that has ever represented the 'Varsity, and its success has established a new standard of cricket for the Club to live up to.

#### BASKETBALL CLUB.

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime."—Longfellow.

In the contributed article on Basketball which follows these notes, it has been shown that the game in general is one worthy of inclusion in the University Tournament. In Victoria College, in particular, the game has reached such a standard that we do not see how valid arguments could be raised against its inclusion. Our teams have accredited themselves well, and upheld the honour of the green and gold. No less than five members of the Senior A team were chosen to represent Wellington at the Annual New Zealand Tournament at Christchurch. Thus, out of twelve Wellington representatives 'Varsity can claim the largest number of reps. These were E. Scarfe (Captain), M. Maclaurin, D. Crumpton, O. Sheppard, M. O'Donnell. In the Final of the New Zealand Tournament the Wellington team were runners-up, after having previously tied with Canterbury and Auckland.

The Senior team showed steady improvement throughout the season, almost succeeding in defeating the champions. On the championship list, 'Varsity's name appeared third—a good indication of the enthusiasm which

kept the standard of play high until the end of the season.

### GIVE IT ITS DUE!

Football has been recognised for many years as a universal game for men and boys all the world over. What Football can be to men, Basketball can be to women and girls. It is recognised by medical authorities as a most suitable game for the average girl, who can obtain pleasure and fine exercise if she plays correctly in a scientific manner. The game is now played officially in primary schools everywhere in the Dominion, and in

most of the secondary schools. Therefore, it follows that the highest educational body should lead in this respect. Objection has been raised that the game is one only for children, but those who are of this opinion should make an opportunity to witness a first-class game, and as all Basketball enthusiasts know, the remarks would be withdrawn.

A University encourages science, whether in lecture-room or in sports field, and also preaches health for the nation. Basketball is the healthiest team game for women, therefore, it deserves encouragement and your support in the effort to make it an official part of the New Zealand University Tournament.

The game is in its infancy in New Zealand, but is going to be the national game for girls. Although barely two years old, the parent body has affiliated over two thousand girls to it from Auckland to Invercargill. Will the University among whose women students the game is played, and played well, not help forward the Basketball movement? The Association asks that the University Associations take their share in promoting the game, which can do so much for the physical education of the women of this country.

IRENE McINNES, President New Zealand Basketball Association.

#### FOOTBALL.

The season which has now drawn to a close has been a most successful While none of the Club's teams finished up "champions," yet all did well, and though defeated in some matches were never disgraced. Senior team, which did seem to have a remarkably good prospect of succeeding in the competition, stood third at the end of the season. Judging from this and the performances of the "Colts" in the lower grades, it does not appear to be over optimistic to prophesy that if not next year, then very soon afterwards, the College should win the championship. If the season has shown anything beyond the usual "open, fast and clean game," which is the tradition of the College, it has been that the material is there, and, also important, keenness and Club spirit.

Three College games were played and all were won-versus Sydney University, Canterbury University College and Auckland University College. In addition a team of players "under 21" played a match against Te Aute College fifteen as a curtain-raiser and were successful-a highly creditable

performance.

In the last issue of "The Spike" the results of the Senior team's matches were recorded up to and including 30th May, when the team had won all its six games. The results of the games from then on are appended:

June 6th.—A bye.

June 13th .- V. Petone, lost 14-18. Tries were scored by Mackenzie and Malfroy (2). O'Regan converted one and kicked a penalty goal.

June 20th .- V. Poneke, lost 16-27. Walpole, Malfroy and McWilliam scored tries. O'Regan converted 2 and kicked a penalty goal.

June 27th.—V. Marist, won 14-8. July 4th.—V. Athletic, won 12-0. Penalty goal by Love, tries by Kells, Skeats and Malfroy.

#### SECOND ROUND.

July 11th.—V. Oriental, lost 3-6. Try by Mackenzie.
July 18th.—V. Marist, won 9-6. Tries by Sceats and Kells (2).
July 25th.—V. Petone, lost 0-29. A day off.
August 1st.—V. Poneke, drawn 15-15. Tries by Kells (2), Malfro O'Regan kicked a penalty goal.

August 25th.—V. Old Boys, lost 6-12. Tries by Wiren and Sceats.

The following represented the College against Canterbury University

College at Christchurch on July 29th: Stewart, Sceats, Marks, Malfroy, Walpole, Kells, Hart, Joll, O'Regan, Childs, Wiren, Martin-Smith, Burns,

Pope, Bird. Hislop replaced Pope early in the game.

The game resulted in a win for College by 19-10. Malfroy (3),
O'Regan and Joll scored tries for College, O'Regan converting 2. James and Shaw scored for Canterbury, Green converting both.

The following is the "Evening Post's" report of the Auckland match,

played at Duppa Street on the 5th September:-

Victoria College defeated Auckland University by 16 points to 3. The match was to have been played as a curtain-raiser to the Ranfurly Shield game, but was at the last moment transferred to Wakefield Park, in order to make playing conditions for the big game as good as possible. There was only a handful of spectators, and by half-time there were practically none. The ground was in a soggy condition. Victoria College had the advantage of weight in the scrum, and showed more combination in the back division than their opponents did. Hart, the Victoria College half, played well both in attack and defence and was ably supported by Walpele played well both in attack and defence, and was ably supported by Walpole and Mackenzie, the latter as inside backs quite outshining those of the Hopkins was the most outstanding player of the Northern team, while Hamilton on the wing also did some effective running.

The teams were as follow:—
Auckland University: Blakey; Gray, Olson, Hamilton; Cashmore, Maingay; Hopkins; Miller; Eales, Keegan, Brooker, Mathias, Anderson,

Victoria College: Marks; Sceats, Kells, Foden; Mackenzie, Walpole, Hart; Joll; Hislop, Childs, Burns, O'Regan, Wiren; M'William, Pope.

Auckland elected to play with the sun and wind at their backs. opening stages of the game saw very ordinary play, when Miller (Auckland) missed three penalty goals in succession from quite easy positions. Victoria were the first to score when Walpole, participating in a dribbling rush, managed to pick up and dive over the line. O'Regan failed to convert. Victoria 3, Auckland 0. Auckland retaliated, when off-side play by a Victoria College player, gave Hopkins the opportunity of kicking a penalty goal. Victoria 3, Auckland 3. Victoria College came to the attack from the kick-off, but Auckland proved too sound in defence, Anderson improving matters for his side with a good mark. Joll added further points to the local team's total when, following up, he scored a well earned try, which Kells converted. Victoria 8, Auckland 3.

In the second spell Auckland College was quite the superior team, when two tries were obtained by Sceats and Childs, the first being converted by Kells, the score at the finish being Victoria College 16, Auckland University 3.

The following players represented Wellington province during the season:-

Senior: Walpole, Hart, Love, Martin-Smith, Malfroy, O'Regan, Kells, Joll.

Junior: Forde.

3rd Grade: Hart, Ballinger.

#### WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

They answered back, "Our women brave will fight as well as we Ka Whamhai tonu! Ake! Ake Ake!"

-Bracken

Once again we have come to the regretted end of a season, which, though not very successful, perhaps, in the matter of mere victories, has given us some very good games. The wet weather which came almost unfailingly in the week-ends dissolved the number of matches played down to nine—the necessity of having byes during the two vacations, also affecting the number. Out of the nine matches we played, we won two, but, as in many other cases, the actual result is no indication of the evenlyfought struggles and close finishes which marked many of the games of this season. The final result is better than that of last year.

The keenness shown at the beginning of the year has been steadily maintained throughout the season. Next year we hope to enter a team in

the Junior Competition as well as the usual one in the Senior.

A general uplift was given the Club this year by the purchasing of new jumpers. May they cover hearts quick-beating with the thrill of many a victory next year.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

President, Professor T. A. Hunter; Hon. Secretary and Organiser, J. W. G. Davidson; Treasurer, Miss E. Pearce; Committee, Miss J. Moncrieff, Mrs. Dowsett, Messrs G. Wilson, E. Dowsett and J. Steele.

The Social Service Club is still operating successfully, the scheme of work undertaken by the Club having been maintained since the date of the last report without interruption. Members are continuing to visit Porirua Mental Hospital each Saturday afternoon, and the supply of luxuries required for distribution among the patients whom the Club has made itself responsible for visiting is being maintained, portion of the supply being donated and portion purchased out of the funds of the Club.

Since last report a number of concerts have also been organised for the benefit of the patients. Evidence is not wanting that the service which is being rendered in very keenly appreciated by the patients, and is infusing into their lives a considerable amount of happiness which they would not otherwise enjoy. On the occasions of members' visits, expressions of thanks and

appreciation are continually being received.

The past few months in the Club's history have been singularly success-A number of additions to the funds of the Club have assisted the effort financially to a considerable extent. The sum of £25 was received from the Board of Governors in respect of the T. G. Macarthy Trust, a sum of £10 from the Students' Association by way of a special donation, and an amount of over £24 as a result of a dance held in the College Gymnasium, but perhaps the most successful achievement has been the conclusion of an arrangement with the Motor Trade Association which guarantees the use of a car for the purpose of transport to the Hospital on every Saturday afternoon up till 30th October of next year. arrangement was completed through the instrumentality of His Worship the Mayor, who approached the Trade on behalf of the Club, suggesting that some organised assistance might be given in the matter of motor car transport, as a result of which 31 members of the Trade have undertaken to supply a car each Saturday afternoon in turn on the dates allotted to them, and a list of dates and names has been circulated among the Trade by the Secretary of the Association, who has agreed to arrange that the car will be at the appointed place each Saturday. Only those conversant with the difficulties of organising the work will appreciate the extent to which the arrangement will benefit the Club and will guarantee the continuance of the work.

The Committee will still be pleased to receive the services of new members or to receive donations, which should be addressed to the Treasurer. Any men students who are prepared to visit the Mental Hospital on any Saturday afternoon should communicate with the Organiser, and any women students prepared to do this service should communicate with Miss J. Moncrieff or with the Organiser. The Club will continue to work during the long vacation and assistance during this period will be appreciated. It is desired to emphasise again that the success of the effort depends on the measure in which it receives support from students. It is pleasing to be able to report that the enthusiasm which has been manifested during the fifteen months of the Club's existence gives every indication that the Social Service Club will live a long and useful life, contributing something to the welfare of the community and fitting students to become better informed and more useful citizens.

#### HOCKEY CLUB.

Senior A Team.-There has been only one change in the team this season, when James was moved up from Junior A to right full back. following is the personnel of the team: Waghorn, James, W. P. Hollings, Francis, Fraser, Thwaites, Paul, Hain, A. M. Cousins, Simpson, Lewis.

The following shows the result of the team's activities in the local Hockey Association Competitions: Played 10, won 1, lost 7, drawn 2, goals for 21,

goals against 42, championship points 4.

A match was played against Auckland at Karori Park on Saturday the 6th June, the match resulting in a draw (3-3). The visitors were entertained at dinner at Barrett's Hotel in the evening, followed by a theatre party.

A further match was played by the team against Otago University at Lyall Bay on 11th June. This match was to have been played on the Basin Reserve, but unfortunately inclement weather necessitated transfer to Lyall Bay. Although the nature of the ground was not such as to permit a firstclass exhibition of hockey, the game was hard and fast. The result was a win for Otago by 4 goals to 2.

In the evening after the match the visitors were entertained at dinner

at Barrett's Hotel followed by a theatre party.

It was endeavoured to arrange a match against Canterbury during August, but unsuccessfully, as neither Club could manage the trip at the time. But there is a strong possibility that a match will eventuate next season.

Junior A and Junior B teams.—These two teams have done quite well in reaching the half-way mark on the competition ladder. Among twelve teams in the Junior Competition, Junior A is 6th on the ladder and Junior th. The following shows the detailed results:—
Junior A.—Played 9, won 5, lost 3, drawn 1, goals for 27, goals against

16, Championship points 11.

Junior B.—Played 11, won 4, lost 6, drawn 1, goals for 36, goals against

53, championships points 9.

In the Club Championship 'Varsity reached 7th place with 38 points. The Club's Annual Dance was held in the Gymnasium on Friday the 26th June.

#### RIFLE CLUBA

"So up into the harmless air Their bullets they did send; And may all others duels have That upshot in the end!

–Hood

The Club's activities during the winter have been confined to a dance held in conjunction with the Boxing Club, at which the Club trophies were presented. Members are reminded that the shooting season commences on the 3rd October and that the Imperial Universities' Rifle Match has to be shot off before the end of November, so that a good muster is wanted from which to pick the team. New members especially will be welcomed and everyone will have a chance to represent V.U.C., as it is intended to enter two teams this year for the Wellington Rifle Association Championship.

#### Confinement

The people that once lived next door Kept a great deerhound on a chain, By night he had the dog-box floor

And sleeping he did not complain.

From box to house was thirty feet, And three of these were his to walk, Yet in the night he followed fleet

The pack that had the deer in baulk.

For when he woke he cried so keen

And cried and cried and cried day long.

It was a sorry thing and mean

To chain a dog so brave and strong.

He tracked again the warm deer trail By lake and stream and forest way.

But they heard nothing in his wail, It was a thing of every day.

And when those people sold their home I hardly was so glad before.

I did not know that more would come And chain their dog again next door. -R.F.F.



We march as weary soldiers all, Along Life's dusty way-If any man can play the pipes, In God's name let him play.

The Musical Society has more than justified its inauguration. Glee practices have been carried on from the beginning with boundless enthusiasm. The break caused by the term vacation certainly in no way lessened the attendance, and practices this term are just as good as ever, in spite of the multitude of examinations.

The Orchestra came into being shortly after the Society was formed, and has held weekly practices ever since, continuing throughout the vacation. Though it has only lately attained full strength it has fulfilled all expectations, and promises to give a good account of itself at the forth-

coming concert.

The annual concert and dance, the proceeds of which are to go towards the cost of the new piano, will be held at the end of September. Though the Club has been in existence for only half of the year the members have

worked hard, and the full attendances at the weekly practices have made up for any deficiencies due to this fact. Outside talent has been secured, and the concert will be one of the best ever given at College.

The Society wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the anonymous friend who made a generous donation to the Club funds. It also wishes to place on record its appreciation of the generous services rendered by Mr. Kohn in all the works of the Society considering the sentential of the society considering the society of the society considering the society of the society considering the society considering the society of the society considering the society of the society considering the society considering the society of the society of the society considering the society of the society by Mr. Kohn in all the work of the Society, especially in the orchestration

of the College songs.

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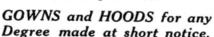
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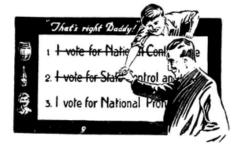
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