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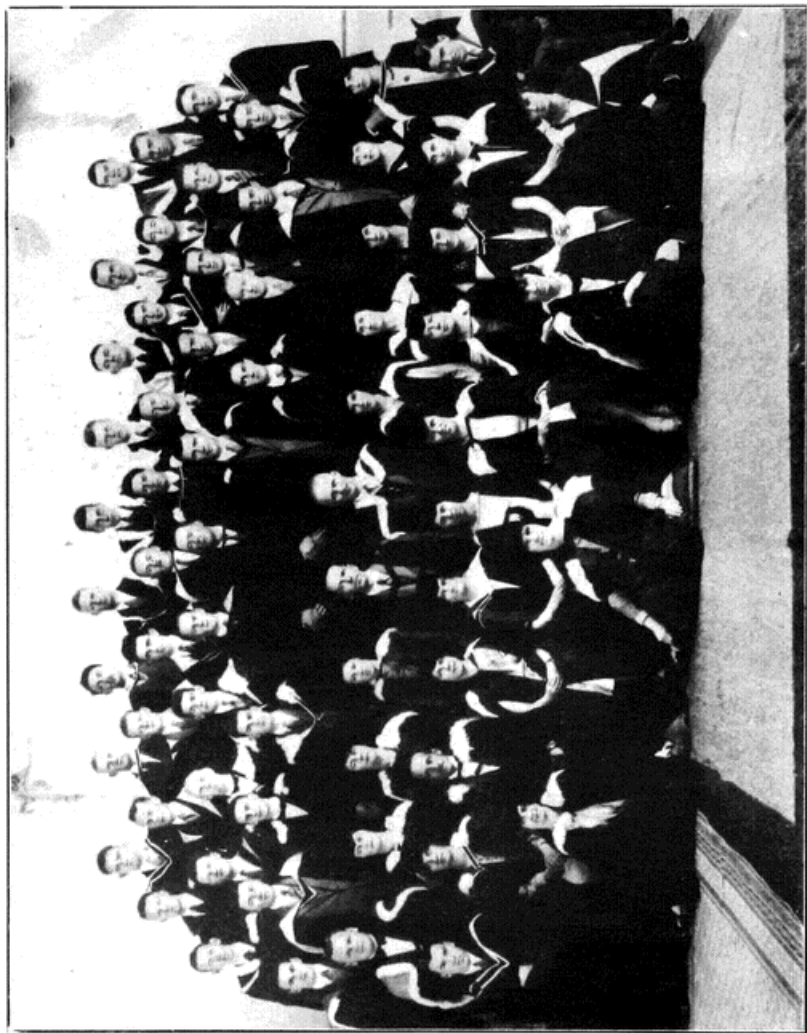
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Victoria University College
Review

JUNE, 1930

(Registered for Transmission as a Magazine)

Dedicated To The
Memory of
The Late
M. C. Hurdie



GRADUATES 1929-30.

—Crown Studios.

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 College, Wellington.

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XXIX

Wellington, N.Z.

No. 1

(No. 57)



Editorial

HOW does one explain the effect of that baneful word, "Editorial"? Truth it is that its merest presence at the head of a blank page seems to stifle every creative and literary impulse stirring to sluggish life in the brain. And even should one survive its initial effect and attempt to set down a few random thoughts, there follows, inevitably, a comparison between one's own effort and the fifty or so preceding editorials, resulting in—depression. One ponders, with an eye to imitation, on the pegs that have served other editors in the recurring editorial crisis—the condition of world affairs, educational reform, Samoa, the aberrations of modern Democracy—only to realise the incompetence and vacuity it is possible to achieve, despite the efforts of our enlightened Press, the Victoria College Debating Society, and the New Zealand School Journal. One feels inclined to dispense with an editorial and endorse the opinion of a fortunate war-time Editor of "Spike" who introduced her forcibly-curtailed editorial with the remarks: "They were never necessities, and how few students

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used to read these dissertations, unless they were violently aggressive, when they became a source of woe to subsequent editors who had to cope with a large and controversial correspondence thereon." But, again, one sees on one hand those gaping pages which must be filled and on the other an empty contribution box, whence an editorial of decent proportions becomes imperative.

At last, in desperation, one is driven to the meagre refuge of oneself. One has failed to take stock of the world of New Zealand, or even of the University, but there remains this product—in part, at least—of the University system. Let us see what this novel, if egotistical investigation will bring forth, and beshrew us if in the course of our meanderings we do not evolve some moral, or deliver some few grains of pious editorial advice.

First of all, employing—in spite of our customary policy—the advice inculcated by the instructors of our youth, let us use the historical method with our subject. And to aid us in the present situation we have, with admirable, though quite fortuitous foresight, hoarded up historical documents of a sort—to wit, undespached contributions to "Spike."

The first of these, written in the writer's first term of his first year, is the mature expression of a Byronic pessimism into which he was at that time irrevocably plunged. Let us quote from this screed, entitled "From a Boardinghouse Window."

"I am old and wise, wonderfully wise with the wisdom of many a wasted year (there's a pretty piece of alliteration for you!)—some label me cynic, but that is because I speak my thoughts, sparing none. My abode is a cheap boarding-house in a hilly street—not an abode, let me add, of my own choosing, for the world is not kind to those who speak the truth. I now love the drab old house, for from its unwashed windows I see many a wondrous sight. All day long there toils up that narrow street an endless band of pilgrims. From early morning, when I am rising to glimpse the sun, until the dying hours of night their footsteps echo on the stony path.

They are young, these pilgrims labouring to the temple of learning on the neighbouring hill. Some there are with fresh faces, innocent of worldly care; others—and these the majority—wear the marks of many a conflict and fruitless struggle. The types are many—clerks, with dusty suits and pallid faces (I trust this was not a first impression of law-students), teachers, who come to end a weary day with a little academical recreation, and often a pathetic figure, with thinning hair and spectacles who strives in sober-hued maturity to retrieve the errors of his youth.

It is learning, they tell me, that these tireless streams are searching (a singular delusion!) To what end? I ask myself in contemplative mood. Worldly wealth will seldom be the fruit of their studious hours. Inward peace will not follow their professors' teaching, for thought has ever been the foe of happiness. Why do these poor deluded idealists pour out the sweetest years of youth if their end is but to realise the futility of endeavour?"

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Perhaps enough has been quoted to give one a fairly accurate picture of this "fresher," destined one day—oh, pardon me! We may condemn him—and rightly so—as an affected little prig afflicted with the moralising distemper, but there is evident in his effusion a feeling of deep disappointment; he had begun the year with at least a few illusions about University life, but these had soon been shattered; Victoria College was to him a place where weary people trudged up to encumber themselves with unprofitable knowledge. This disillusionment, sincere enough in its way, is, we fear, no infrequent phenomenon even in these enlightened days. The young student, fresh from a school to which he has become adolescently attached, is launched into an institution where lectures are delivered by impersonal professors, among students whose ideal of humour is the hooliganish launching of crackers in a memorial library, and whose intellectual energies are directed to the composition of trite and fatuous remarks for the disfigurement of notices. But, let us check our editorial selves, since we are in danger of forgetting our customary urbanity, and—horrid thought—of rendering ourselves liable to a charge of sermonising.

Let us now, in the words of our favourite subtitle writer—something of an anachronism, we see—draw the curtain of time for three long years. We take another manuscript, and lo! we have evoked one who has sunk to incredible depths of depravity; one, indeed, who writes exhortatory letters to "Spike"—letters rightly undespatched from certainty of refusal and humiliation. What has this interesting phenomenon to say? We shall quote a few selections, sparing the reader any lengthy infliction.

"I think, too, of last year and my feeling of despondency increases. I think of that farcical capping ceremony, when the most sacred event of University life was travestied by the vulgar display of a vainglorious politician (what immense satisfaction that phrase must have given him!), was converted into a social event for the delectation of Wellington society. I think of the tragic failure of the Singapore Base debate, when, as far as could be ascertained, the only members of the College staff who deigned to be present were those loyal upholders of College tradition, Mr. and Mrs. Brook."

We must crave renewed pardon for raising this ghost from the past, but allow us one last quotation, a rousing peroration:—

"New students! yours is the chance to recreate your College. The students of latter years have failed—can you not infuse into the lifeless body some of the spirit which pulsates through 'The Old Clay Patch'? Begin anew. What remains is bastard rock. The few traditions of University student conduct are mere reflexes of the rowdiness which is an unimportant element of Old World University life. The epoch of the Philistine has passed. Sweep away indifference and narrow parochialism, be honest! And you, giants, who throng the hall at 8 p.m., admit to your Olympus some of those who slink to the cloak-room and home, by the back door. Professors, too, such of you as deign to read these pages, could you not, without sacrifice of dignity, attempt to know your students? A

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portentious spectacle, indeed, to view the professorial board with their wives at a College dance!"

We have, we think—and the reader will think so, too—gone far enough in our indecent resurrection of these ghosts of the past; and, also, we must hasten forward to the production of our morals and our admonition. To revert to the subject of our investigation—we note that three years separate the two effusions. Since "From a Boardinghouse Window" was penned the University has had a powerful influence on the writer; he is still disgruntled—that, perchance, is congenital—but he has some faith in the Institution, some belief that there is the possibility of improvement. He has advanced far from the days when Victoria College meant to him only a trailing procession of dispirited students. He does not now lament the pouring out of "the rich red wine of youth" for the sake of barren knowledge—he has accepted the fact, and now laments the failure of the College to make those sacrifices worth-while. The University has taken hold of him, has narrowed down his range of associates and interests, has even robbed him of some ideas—what has it done in compensation? Something certainly, and much more than he has chosen to avail himself. Yet, ultimately, is he not in the position of Shaw's bright boy—"fastened on by schoolmasters; trained to win scholarships like a racehorse; crammed with second-hand ideas; drilled and disciplined in docility and what they call good taste; and lamed for life so that he is fit for nothing but teaching"? We have, we fear, raised important issues in our investigation, and since we find ourselves totally incompetent to deal with them, let us hasten to our close. Our moral? Ah, well! "Si consilium, requiris, circumspecte," an inapt mutilation, no doubt, but since an editorial should contain at least one misquotation or classic tag, let it suffice.

*Against the myrtle
Glow the fair young faces,
Percoba, Olla,
Ollina, Ollivani.*

*Changeless they are,
Ageless 'gainst the dark green myrtle,
Four young faces
From the world's beginning.*

*Only the myrtle
And the four young faces,
Percoba, Olla,
Ollina, Ollivani.*

—P.B.T.

DAWN

"Yon grey lines that fret the clouds are messengers of day."

IN much the same light as the Aramoho goods train, shunted into a siding at Paekakariki, sees the Night and Day Limiteds glide unconcernedly past and disappear in the distance, Victoria College has for many years viewed with fortitude the progression of her contemporaries. Auckland had grounds and an eating Paradise; Otago had compulsory gowns and the support of Dunedin; Canterbury had better hakas and residential Halls. They had everything, and Victoria nothing at all. So the Wikitorians, hungry and precarious in their crippled buildings, cold and gownless in their draughty corridors, shunned, yet pitied, by the local inhabitants, humiliated and finally self-abased, released their constitutional claims and retreated into the bleak strongholds of indifference.

Everyone jeered and called it a night-school. Someone looked up the definition and exposed the shattering truth—Victoria College was, as suspected, a mere night-school. All the students—even those who were there only in the day-time—were night-school students.

O, Degradation!

And long before this day, things had been going from bad to worse. Students' Association Executives came and went—each unit arranging the Club Dances to perfection, presenting their annual Balance Sheets, smiling very prettily into the photographers' cameras, and hanging their own photographs all over Noah's Ark; but beyond effecting these little services, apparently they accomplished nothing.

The Tennis Courts were badly laid out, the grounds have only very recently been cultivated, no provision has ever been made for a new Gymnasium Block, the annual award of "Blues" has not once until this year been recorded in the ancient tome provided for the purpose; "Spike" has only this year been collected by the Executive and filed away, and last year the Professorial Board, with its examination reforms, was actually prevented from continuing at will its ravages upon the soul-weary students.

Something is afoot. A faint grey light shines out of the darkness. A few students of dynamic energy, realising that only too well the archives of history have been marked by the continual application of the age-old law that fitness is necessary if a community is to survive, have turned the light of general opinion on the Cafeteria, which has been connected with perhaps one of the most glaring exhibitions of moral torpor, decadence and unconscious stoicism in Collegiate history.

The other Colleges have introduced the wearing of gowns by undergraduates. Admittedly, we have no hoary tradition to warrant the adop-

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tion of this medieval indication of learning—but if it will help to raise the tone and spirit of the College—let us have them.

Here, in the gloom of our mortification, the first blush of self-reproach appears. Streaks of light, in the form of green and gold pennants, are splitting the lowering clouds. The mist is rising and with it a new process of nominating candidates for the Executive. The carolling birds announce that the Women's Club is to have a new name. The blush deepens, the clouds are touched with crimson and the Tennis Club is granted a sum of money for improvements. A cock crows; our digestive organs will soon be on the road to convalescence. A milk-man outside drops a quart bottle; gowns—in the name of Mountjoy!—are “stealing upon the night and melting the darkness.”

Came the Dawn.

—Z.Z.Z.

My Garden In The Bush

*I wish no shady garden, where most wondrous flowers abound,
With winding paths and sundial, and with oak leaves on the ground.
I wish no rolling velvet slopes, where lakes of silver shine,
With lavender and lilac, mignonette and eglantine.
Hillside bushland is my garden, where all Nature's sweetest grow;
Where the banks and paths are moss-clad and the mountain bluebells blow.
No hawthorns grace the portals, crimson laurels are not seen,
No golden chaliced daffodils or snowdrops tipp'd with green;
But daisy dappled gladings, with clematis peeping through,
And foxglove in my garden and soft violets drenched with dew.
There the rills are shining emerald—so cool and clear, so green
And the bellbirds carol longest and the grey ground larks are seen;
Where the kaka, decked with colour, and the wingless wekas play,
And the moreporks call at night-time and the tuis all the day.
I wish no rambling castle, where the sweet forget-me-not
And the columbines are growing—native bushland is my lot.
And there among the fern trees and the shady dew-dripped bowers,
I love to leave the mountain track to dwell 'mid bushland flowers.*

—I.M.L.

The Worship Of Guy

Portion of an account translated with great difficulty from writings on two coping stones, several pieces of plaster, and a partly burned floor of one of the temples of wisdom of a strange island race, believed to have been portion of a once great Empire.

Notes have been furnished where the text is difficult. A further book is in preparation dealing with the manners and customs of this race, from which these notes are taken.—Ed.

“ . . . and there was great tribulation for the hour was at hand when the sheep should be sorted from the goats and many bent their heads over tomes kept in the Sanctuary of the Dumb,⁽¹⁾ which is at the north end of the Temple calledoria. . . . ,⁽²⁾ striving to acquire wisdom that they might be numbered with the sheep. Psychologists⁽³⁾ have told us that the mind overburdened is apt to crack. Therefore was it pardonable that the event should have occurred which I now narrate. A celebration of olden times has been handed to us by our foolish forefathers that the memory of one Guy should be perpetuated with loud noises and burning of effigies. Now it has also been said that as the antidote to noise is silence so the remedy for the burden of silence is noise.⁽⁴⁾ Thus was it communed by many within themselves and they did resolve each one separately to bow down before the Guy of their forefathers that they might be relieved of their heavy burden of all too silent wisdom, so permitting in the mind no serious crevice to open. Upon the evening of the day of celebration lo! the Sanctuary of the Dumb was rent in twain by noise so that many looked in wonderment. And the Guardian of the Silence rose more in sorrow than in anger and declared that there should be silence or would he cast forth all from within the hallowed walls and lock the gates. But the spirit of a devil lurked there and there was greater sound—and his command to withdraw was disobeyed. Then did the Guardian inscribe upon tablets the nomen, praenomen, cognomen and in reverence let it be said sometimes the non-nomen of all who sat within the walls, which still did echo back the unwonted sounds. Aye, even some forty appellations was he compelled to inscribe.

And also between this command for silence and the closing of the halls of learning the sounds of combustion within the Temple were continued and the Guardian of the Hall was at much pains running quickly from place to place as if to seek the reason for such mirth and hilarity as appeared on the faces of those present. Yea did he verily skip and jump in his guardianship of the decorum of the Hall. Finally did the tumult and the shouting die,⁽⁵⁾ the censers swung no longer, the temple lights shone no more, and silence settled upon the sacred buildings as a welcome shroud.

Upon the morrow was much consulting, for the High Priests of the Temple sought from the Guardians of the Sanctuary and of the Hall appellations and likenesses of such disturbers that they might be apprehended and brought to justice. Whereat were the Guardians much disturbed. Firstly the Guardian of the Sanctuary could find many names but few were upon the books of the Temple—great is the perfidy of man and, with shame let it be said, of woman also. Secondly, so great had

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been the concourse that verily the Guardian of the Hall could not name them. But here was recompense. For though he knew not all, yet he knew some, and straightway was he commanded to tell amongst those whom he knew who should be to blame. Which thing was done, albeit with head-scratchings and other signs of forgetfulness. Nevertheless the lists were compiled but of so many, very few were the names thereon. And the High Priests said unto the Scribe,⁽⁶⁾ "Let tablets be sent to these men and to these women also. And also let all whom the Guardian of the Hall accuses be sent tablets also. They shall appear before us and we shall make enquiry." And it was so.

The day was appointed and the chosen came. And they who abided in the Sanctuary of the Dumb against the word of the Guardian thereof said, "Yea, it was even so, and we did this thing, but we plead that it was no great fault. Many are they who require that the Sanctuary should yield up its wisdom and shall it be said that they shall not gather the sheaves thereof? For the noise was one thing and the order of the Guardian was another." And the High Priests nodded their heads; then the Chief Priest spoke saying, "Herein was indeed no grave fault, but never must such things come to pass any more"; and the men and the maidens were dismissed.

Then was call made upon those of whom the tablets of the Guardian of the Hall spoke, and they denied their guilt saying: "Many are the ones who were present—yea, and verily were we among them—but we are few. We are the scapegoats of the multitude, and make protest. Let the High Priests prove that we are guilty of the charge. We say we did no wrong."

And the High Priests deliberated among themselves and being in doubt asked questions of each accused, but the answer was the same. Then was there great deliberation among the Priests and they called into their presence the Guardian of the Hall who was known as "Little water which runs to the River"⁽⁷⁾ and he spake of the great disturbance and of his hurrying and scurrying and of the noise and the jocularity. Questions were asked of him concerning the persons charged and he answered, saying, "Not one of them can I say that I saw doing these acts. Present were they and laughing, but only one can I identify, and he is not here. Yet I say that these persons were the chief votaries of the worship of Guy, and that thing I affirm with fortitude." And this was all that could be found regarding the worship, even the Guardian of the Hall being utterly unable to make good the accusation.

But the High Priests were wrathful. Yea they mumbled in their beards and their voices rumbled from their waistcoats⁽⁸⁾ and they declared that such things were iniquitous. All the more angry were they that they stood before a wall of brick, which they themselves had made, and found there no gate. And they said, "We are omnipotent; we are the Great Ones: it is we who stand before the dumb ones and give forth the Wisdom: we will punish these ones of ours, who dare come before us without bowing, and assert their rights. Let them be mulcted in the sum of five avoirdupois."⁽⁹⁾

There was in the land a Great Council and before it the accused ones laid petition, saying, "The charge was not proved, rather was it disproved, and yet we are mulcted. We ask for redress." And notice of this was brought to the High Priests and they quaked in their shoes, and their socks trembled, for they knew of their wrong-doing. They said to the ones who were wronged, "If you do not this thing we will reduce your punishment to one-tenth, that being for your presence in the disturbance, and for none else. What say you?"

The ones who were wronged were young and their hearts swelled with goodness, and they saw that the High Priests were ancient and that they must not be confounded too utterly lest it prove too great a shock, and they agreed (*hiatus in the plaster inscription here*) great mirth was in the land after that time; and honour was given secretly to the Chief Priest, for it was he who suggested how the thing might be done. But for the others whose smiles and words were denied by their actions was no honour done (*hiatus caused by burn*) this and many other things have I written who have seen the workings of the wicked and the Counsels of friends. Tomorrow may I treat of the Elected Body (which name is most correct for it has no head)—those whom the people of the Temple elect to guide their business.

—Inscribed this day of commemoration by
Alpha Beta.⁽¹⁰⁾

- (1) It is thought that this refers to the oath of silence imposed on those who studied in this part of the building.
- (2) Probably short for "Gloria" or "beautiful," sometimes called "Swanson."
- (3) Strange theorists who believed they knew the workings of the human mind and intellect, and therefore all things in heaven and earth. This seems, of course, to us a strange claim, but appears to have been quite common at this time.
- (4) From the writings of Piatypus (or the duck-billed), a savant who dabbled in the psychological theories.
- (5) This is a plagiarism from a famous author of that time known as "Kinglip," who, strangely enough, once rebuked a queen.
- (6) The keeper of the Books of Record, and the Taker of Money.
- (7) These people often had names of things we describe more accurately.
- (8) An article of clothing worn under the coat or top covering—often showing the protruberance of success.
- (9) We recognise this as a weight only. Seemingly they regarded it as money. We, of course, know it only as a sign of money.
- (10) Taken from the Greek alphabet. Means A.B. May have been the subject of a song known about that time.

*A are the automobiles we import,
M are the movies where children are taught
Endless inanities, hogwash and crime,
R is the racket of jazz and rag-time,
I is the influence increasing each day
Changing New Zealand to New U.S.A.,
A are the authors like Zane Grey the great,
N are the novels that pay for his bait;
I, the ideas that the talkies impart,
S is their standard in music and art;
E, the example is civilization
Displayed by the cultured American nation.*

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The Battle Of Boots

(An epic illustrating the folly of resting on one's laurels,
and written in depression 6th June).

*It was a Summer's evening, Brookey's work had just begun,
And he before his study door was watching everyone.
Nearby looking almost merrier gambolled Barney's Scottish terrier.
He saw the playful poodle rolling something large and round
Which he beside the notice-board in playing there had found.
He came to show what he had found that was so large and smooth and
round.*

*Old Brookey took it from the dog who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head and with a natural sigh—
" 'Tis but a football—once," said he, " they used up here at V.U.C.
Once treasured by the Football Club and paid for by the Stud. Ass. Sub.
I find them round the garden, there are many hereabout;
In fact I find so many that I have to throw them out.*

*" For many balls were used," said he, " up here in days of Victory."
" Now tell me what 'twas all about." The dog looked very wise.
" Oh, if you like," said Brookey, mopping out his streaming eyes.
" I'll tell you all about this War and what they fought each other for.
It was the College First Fifteen who put the rest to rout—
Tho' what they fought each other for I could not well make out.
But everybody knows," quoth he, "They tasted twice sweet Victory.
We were in the same house then—the Gym. is just hard by—
They used to train there half the night—I often wondered why.
Sometimes I wished that they were dead they gave me such an aching head.
Clad in clothes of green and gold they sprinted round outside
And all proclaimed them marvellous and knew them far and wide—
Until they fought with Petone who took our lease of Victory.
Tho' we'd won the Champ. we lost that match and there we seemed to stay.
I don't believe we've won a match since that ill-omen'd day.
But things like that you know must be after a famous Victory."
" But what a terrible disgrace!" The dog barked up in Brookey's face.
" Oh, don't think that my pup," said he, " We had a famous Victory.
And everybody praised the men who this great Victory had won."
" But what good did they after that?" He rolled the football off the mat.
" Why that I cannot tell," said he, " but once we tasted Victory."*

—I.M.L.

Inter-College Debate

IN the hope that the contest would become an annual one, wherein some trophy would be the reward of the winning team, Training College and Victoria College met in debate. The contest took place in the Training College Hall on Wednesday, 30th April, and was between teams of three speakers, the subject being, "That too much attention is paid to sport in New Zealand," Training College having chosen the affirmative.

The teams were:—T.C.: Mr. J. Cowan, Misses P. Buckley and Z. Henderson. V.U.C.: Mr. W. P. Rollings, Miss C. Forde and Mr. G. R. Powles. Mr. F. Cormack made an extremely capable Chairman and Mr. G. G. G. Watson judged the debate. Although the weather had proved anything but kind, a large audience listened in attentive quiet.

Mr. Cowan, opening for T.C., pointed out that a defence of N.Z. sport must include horse-racing and gambling, and emphasised that sport must be subsidiary to work and used as an aid to life. We had lost our sense of proportion in this matter. After the rather startling statement that the next session of Parliament would be conducted "with honesty of thought," and that little notice would be taken of it compared with football results. He deplored with vigour our hero-worship of the athlete and the tendency to make the schools have greater regard for brawn than brains, and concluded an excellent opening speech with a reference to the injustice of appointing secondary school teachers on sport qualifications only and excluding applicants of proved scholarship, giving with commendable directness some local examples.

Mr. Rollings quietly opened the case for the negative by explaining his team's division of labour and pointing out that they merely bore a shield and had only to answer the case put forward. Bravely brandishing his shield, Mr. Rollings proceeded to state that all nations, particularly Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, had, after the war, striven to support an ideal of physical culture and that even the Training College in Dunedin had an extra course in physical culture and sport. He, too, deplored "questionable forms of sport," such as horse-racing and gambling, and—horresco referens—boxing! "What would New Zealanders be doing in their spare time if they were not occupied in Sport?" he asked.

Miss Buckley then brandished her sword in favour of the motion and declared that Mr. Rollings's shield was merely a screen. Our people were tending to become mere spectators at the athletic show and viciousness was becoming apparent. The decline in culture was attributable to sport, and the athlete of the day attracted more attention than a great scientist like Sir Ernest Rutherford. "New Zealand will be brought to judgment for the worship not of Mammon but of muscle," was her Parthian shaft.

Miss Forde took up her leader's shield and carried it with a becoming grace. Sport was not to kill time, but to improve leisure hours. The tired industrial worker seeks relief in sport and must be allowed to do

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so. (The audience with commendable restraint refrained from mentioning "elbows.") International sport, she averred, was as great a factor in the lives of nations as international politics. Even her opponents would wish to be known as "sportsmen."

Miss Henderson, somewhat like Sir Bedevere, drew forth Excalibur for the third time. She also attacked gambling as an attendant of all our sports and pointed out its economic effect on the nation. We had introduced pests such as deer and rabbits to provide sport and were now reaping the result of our folly in despoiled forests and crops. She finally drove her shining weapon into the breasts of at least her male opponents by declaring that adoration by young and inexperienced girls for apparently splendid and successful athletes sometimes resulted in matrimony, and then the mere athlete was too often found "anything but an efficient breadwinner or pleasant companion."

Mr. Powles, extracting the blade with apparent calm, told a little tale about a fairy person whose name sounded suspiciously like "E. Ore" (vide A. A. Milne), but luckily refrained from carrying his simile too far. We applied our minds to business, he said, and our bodies to sport. This made for a splendidly balanced outlook. Sport had given to the British people an upright attitude of mind. Americans carried business into sport, but Englishmen carried their sport into business, and hence the high business morality in British countries.

Mr. Rollings, in reply, bethought himself of daylight saving, and Mr. Cowan with vim and vigour reiterated the arguments of the affirmative speakers. After the audience, in spite of chilled hands and feet, had exhibited great enthusiasm, and Chairman requested Mr. Watson to deliver judgment. V.U.C. was declared by the judge to have the honours of the debate and he adjudged Mr. Powles the best debating speaker of the evening. Training College, declared Mr. Watson, need not feel dishonoured in defeat. They had gone down before heavy artillery after a most excellent stand. The standard of speech and of debate had been exceedingly high.

We think that the margin of difference could have been but little indeed, and look forward to seeing this debate an annual and eagerly anticipated event.

Disenchanted

I thought that she was fairy clay,

A nixie from the well or wood.

And, ah! she beckoned me away;

I thought that she was fairy clay.

Her eyes were like the morning grey

She came and charmed me where I stood.

I know that she was fairy clay.

She left me. And you gave me food.

—D.E.C.

“The Old Clay Patch”

An Appeal

IN 1910 there appeared a little book of verse bearing the above title. It contained the best that students of this College had contributed to “Spike” or elsewhere in the way of verse, and in its pages was to be found some of the finest work in that sphere that has been produced by New Zealand writers. Again, in 1920, a second edition, including verse published in the interim, appeared, and it is rather a slur on both students and executives that there still remains of this edition a considerable surplus and that the last balance-sheet discloses a depreciation write-off consequent on the prolonged retention of that surplus.

I wonder how many of our present students—particularly those new to the College—know what that volume contains and what it represents. Seemingly, not many. There has been a discussion of late as to the existence of a New Zealand literature and a rather hesitating admission that such a thing exists, but here we have proof that students of our own College have contributed not a little to a very real literary effort.

Now that 1930 is here, perhaps it is not too much to hope that students may take sufficient interest in their pursuit of that “liberal education” offered by the University to make possible the publication of a third edition, bringing the anthology up to date. Since 1920 there has appeared in “Spike” a quite considerable number of excellent contributions in verse and there should be no student unwilling to make acquaintance with the best productions of this College. Perhaps the previous lack of interest has been because no effort has been made to acquaint students with the fact that there has been such a publication. The Students’ Association, “Spike” and the professors all seem to have had no idea of their responsibility in this direction. Certainly, mention of the fact in English classes would have had some result, and it is not easy to understand why there should have been almost a conspiracy of silence on the part of those who should have been most earnest in endeavour to foster interest in the literary efforts both of past and present students.

It is not too late to repair the omission. It has been thought fit to set up a committee to gather a sheaf of College songs. Surely an effort should first be made to gather once again between the covers of a book the larger harvest of College literary achievement. I do not suggest that the same Committee act for both—that would be profanation of the task—but do most earnestly urge that this year see “The Old Clay Patch” re-issued, and, moreover, in appropriate form. The present cardboard cover should certainly be replaced by binding worthier of the high endeavour that prompted the penning of the verses.

—H.R.B.

The Late W. C. Purdie *An Appreciation*

ON February the ninth W. C. Purdie met his death at White's Bay, near Blenheim. He was bathing with a number of friends, when they got into difficulties. Purdie, after reaching safety, appears to have returned to deep water in order to assist others of the party. His strength failed, and he was washed ashore dead.

It is the nature of things that the news of Purdie's death should cause hardly a ripple on the surface of the stream of College affairs. Yet for years he was nearly the best known man about the College. For some time he lived in the Gym., as a sort of caretaker, the willing helper of all Club secretaries and committees, flitting in and out of meetings, invariably taking a vigorous part in discussions, and giving a very cheerful welcome to all newcomers. To many, especially those of us who came up in the lean war years, he was not simply a very good friend, but, being as he was consumed by a sort of intellectual curiosity, he was a force to be reckoned with of a purely academic kind. Full of energy and enthusiasm, full of ideas, argumentative, unorthodox, resourceful, quixotically good-natured, incomparably truthful, he seemed to embody almost more than any other single person the something which was the spirit of the place.

Purdie began work in 1901 as a messenger in the Post and Telegraph Department, but his heart was already given away to science. He wanted to be a doctor, and attended evening classes, with a view to matriculation. His foundations were not good, and he found it uphill work; but at last, in 1911, he passed his examination. In the interval he had effected a transfer to the Bacteriological Laboratory of the Wellington Public Hospital; and he now made his first acquaintance with Victoria College. He was now very happy. He was devoted to that august, but exacting, mistress, Science, "a dedicated spirit," and as the home of Science the Old Clay Patch was a quite romantic, an almost sacred spot. There, too, he found kindred spirits, and for a time an actual home. He was incessantly busy—lectures, lab., caretaking duties, and hospital; and, as if these were not enough, he was up to the eyes in College societies. He took life very seriously—had passed through a storm of evangelical fervour, brooding over the souls of those about him with what he afterwards felt to be a morbid preoccupation—and it was natural that he should find the Christian Union attractive. It offered—what he was now feeling desperately in need of—a reconciliation between Science and Religion. He was, however, afraid of too easy a reconciliation, and, like many a hardy Christian of those days, he joined the Heretics' Club as well! He had begun, too, to lay out his spare money in books, those well-packed shelves which, with very characteristic generosity, he afterwards placed where everybody could use them.

By the time the war came he was physically played out. Not only was Active Service out of the question, but the hope of qualifying for

the medical profession had to be dropped. He decided to teach. And in 1918, now being 30, he went to the Training College for a year. He wanted to teach agriculture; and in 1919 he went to Lincoln. Here he did well, and was made Lecturer in Chemistry; but a bad accident in the lab. brought this to an end and further weakened his constitution. After a spell for recuperation, he resumed his studies, completed his B.Sc. and B.Agr. and in 1923 began to teach agriculture at Marlborough College, Blenheim. Here he remained for seven years and was making his mark as a teacher on original but successful lines. The man was quite devoted to his work, believed in it, and made some of his students believe in it, too: *Sed ex amante alio accenditur alius*. From first to last there was something quite religious in it. He taught agriculture, but he was always occupied with the making of men. He made each individual a particular study, found out all he could about their situation in life, kept a note-book in which he wrote them up, and had an especial and constant concern for the "misfits"—all those who did not easily fall into the routine of school, or were "up against it" at home. Anxious to follow them up when they left school, he threw himself into the work of the W.E.A. as the best machinery for the purpose. He organised classes, first in Psychology—which fell in easily with his native introspective humour—and then, though this was not so congenial, in Literature. All the time, however, the school was the thing. He kept his scientific interests alive, especially botany and geology; in 1928 he went off to California, to the great Berkeley University, to see how they did things there, and he enjoyed every minute of it; he was interested in everything you could show him, would nod his head energetically, as if to say: Good luck to you, it's worth being alive after all! But always he was a man with a mission, and his chief mission was the education of the young.

About his opinions it would be possible to say much. He was full of them, and some of them he asserted with firm conviction; but he never cared much for system, and he had no taste for metaphysic: the whole bent of his mind was practical, and they were never so interesting as the man himself—as plucky and honest and free-hearted a soul as ever walked among us. May he rest in peace! —H.M.

*Gray smoke
And a sullen sea,
And one small speck
Riding gently.*

*White in the wake,
With a crest before
And a black hull,
Moving more.*

*Dark in the grey,
Squat and ugly,
Only a ferry steamer,
Sailing slowly.*

—P.B.T.

Oxford

I.--Detachment

*They think this place is all there is of earth—
 Its fellowships the one thing worthy strife,
 Its endless books the only end of life.
 'Tis not for me; for me of dearer worth
 Is one far home which overlooked the birth
 Of day—long slanting beams that touched the waves
 And wrought their grey to silver; fashioned caves
 Within the clouds; and struck the night with dearth;
 One home whence I could to the woods repair
 Of tree-ferns tall, or cliffs that rose above
 White-winged gulls. But more than this, 'twas there
 I knew the first sweet shock of timid love
 High seas and continents have come between,
 But that is where my heart has ever been.*

II.--Attachment

*I dwell where everything delights the soul—
 High towers, hoary stones to which vines lend
 Their new-born green; the river's swirl and bend;
 The ecstasy of play; fame as the goal;
 The flowing ease of flannel, blazer, gown;
 Deep-tolling bells that strike no note of care;
 Intest friendships springing unaware;
 Good, sparkling fun; the favour of the town;
 Sweet looks in those of whom I know nought else
 But this—that they are fair; th' incessant call
 Of meadow, lane or hurst whereby to roam
 The idle pen of suchlike joys scarce tells
 The barren half. I know and love it all—
 And lose the thought that here is not my home!*



The Late W. C. PURDIE.

The Novel In New Zealand

A Brief Survey

THE New Zealand novel, having passed through a prolonged and sickly childhood, may now be reckoned to have reached the critical stage of adolescence. It is not surprising that the last century contributed few books to the number of New Zealand novels—obviously the time and effort required to write a three-hundred-page novel can be ill spared by the people of a pioneering country; those with literary aspirations relieved their spirits by composing poetry or writing short stories. Until recent years few novels had been written which aimed at anything more than the beguilement of a few vacant hours. There had been published several tales of adventure, utilising the Maori, the thermal regions, the mountains, and the possibilities of the many unexplored regions of the time—Hodder's "Daughter of the Dawn," a fantastic romance modelled on Sir Rider Haggard; "The Web of the Spider," by H. B. Marriott Watson; and "Haromi," by Bannerman Kaye, being the best examples of the class. In the early days there was in the colourful and varied life of pioneering an abundance of material for fiction, which proved to be embarrassing and unmanageable in the hands of writers. That life was too restless and complex, there was insufficient stability for it to be comprehended at all points, and rendered into artistic form. And so it is with all periods of unrest, the nearest instance being the Great War, which, after more than a decade, is only now being treated successfully in prose fiction.

When novelists of the present century began to depict the life of their own country through the medium of prose fiction, they were confronted by difficulties which, though not peculiar to their literary form, weighed on it very heavily. Firstly, there were no established works on which to model their own. A novelist like Hardy, though the nature of his work was largely influenced by his own temperament and environment, had forerunners like the Brontes, George Eliot and Meredith, who not only provided models for his work, but also, to some extent, created the taste for such writing. New Zealand novelists had few literary ancestors, and these were not altogether salutary models for their work. They had not, like modern English novelists, the consciousness that they were following a long line of great writers; they had none of the inspiration of an old and illustrious ancestry. It might be claimed that New Zealanders are indeed in the direct line of descent from Richardson and Fielding, that, save in matters of "local colour," they have brilliant models before them in the masterpieces of English fiction. In regard to form and expression, this is certainly true; a disciplined study of Fielding, Thackeray, George Eliot, Stevenson must be of great benefit to any aspiring novelist. But the architecture of a novel, however admirable, cannot compensate for an anaemic imitation of the characters and ideas of an English work. A New Zealand farmer is very far removed from a Wessex countryman by more important matters than his dialect;

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his attitude towards life, his surroundings, the nature of his farming, his social status are all peculiar to him. Town life, too, though superficially almost identical with that of other countries, has many features that would not appear outside New Zealand. The failure to appreciate the full significance of this fact, and perhaps the hope that a novel in the traditional manner would attract a wider public, produced several ambitious New Zealand novels, which so far from creating a taste for New Zealand fiction rather induced a prejudice against anything colonial. An intimate and first-hand knowledge of the subject, important though it is for a poem, is infinitely more so for the more sustained effort of a novel. The roots must go deep down into the soil from which such literature is derived.

Given a knowledge of some particular place and a resolve to deal only with life as he knows it, a novelist may still fail through an imperfection that is not confined to New Zealand writers, but is one to which they, and writers in similarly isolated places, are peculiarly prone. This is a lack of sympathetic understanding on the subject, which may be the result of individual characteristics, but which is aggravated by a certain lack of perspective among people who are bound to the scenes and people they are qualified to depict. Many a person whose intimate knowledge of a locality would be of great value, could he use it as the background of a novel, has his sensibility to his environment blunted by the petty round of mundane pursuits and the very nearness of "those ordinary people" who are most delightfully extraordinary to the unprejudiced observer from without.

In the significant novels that have been written in this century, particularly in the last decade—a time which, speaking comparatively, might be called the "golden age" of the New Zealand novel—there has been a preponderating feminine element, the most eminent writers all being women. In that class of fiction which requires sympathy, subtle analysis, a fine regard for detail, women writers are eminently fitted to excel; but New Zealand is a more suitable environment for stories of masculine endeavour, and of pioneering conflicts, a fact which women writers have recognised, though they have seldom been able to treat such themes with necessary vigour and power. Some—the wiser, it would seem—have preferred treating themes of pioneering purely from the woman's viewpoint, to rendering such aspects as only a man can treat adequately. These writers have made the leading characters of their works farmers' wives or children, their themes have often been the tragedies of these women—the loss of beauty, their ceaseless, unrewarded toil, their unappreciated heroism, in some cases, their degradation. The pursuits of the menfolk have been introduced incidentally, in the proportions they would appear to the women, who would naturally have some knowledge of the men's work, but would have no great interest in it. One characteristic that links together our more ambitious novelists is their dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, varying in degree from the thoughtful discontent of Katherine Mansfield's heroine in "The Garden Party" to the militant outpourings of Mrs. Devanney's didactic socialists.

It is with Jane Mander, as being the most finished and powerful novelist, that a study of a few individual writers may fittingly begin. Athene-like in the maturity of her first novel, Jane Mander launched her literary career in 1920 with "The Story of a New Zealand River." She has not since equalled this novel of New Zealand life—equalled, indeed, by no other writer—and because of the cold reception given to this, and later New Zealand novels, by New Zealanders, she has placed the scene of her recent books in other countries. The plot of the book is comparatively insignificant, being largely the reaction of a cold English woman to the environment of a New Zealand milling settlement, and the gradual development and expansion of her character under the combined tutelage of an English "remittance man," her neighbour, and the irrepressible Asia, her daughter.

The greatness of the book lies in its complete picture of life in an Auckland timber-milling settlement, in its pictures of river and bush, and in its finished character-drawing. The life of the settlement is traced from the early days, when it was merely a sparsely-settled farming community, until the time when the vandal, Tom Roland, by the sacrifice of the majestic kauri forests which clothed the river-valley, had transformed it into a busy milling town, prosperous and humming with activity. Incidentally, there are introduced many unobtrusive glimpses of life in the settlement—school treats, the rough bachelor life in bush-huts, the boundless hospitality of the sawmill kitchen, the hardships of delicately nurtured women. And the tragedies of milling settlements, where accidents and sickness are frequent, and a doctor is perhaps thirty miles distant, are not passed over. Her word-painting of forest scenery is saved from mere cataloguing by felicitous phrasing and a touch of poetry, as in these phrases: "There was a riotous spring colour in the forest, voluptuous gold and red in the clumps of yellow kowhai and the crimson rata, masses of greeny-white clematis and bowers of pale tree-ferns to rest the satiated eye . . . everywhere a vibrating silence, a terrible, lonely silence, but rarely broken by the note of a singing bird."

Her character-drawing is never laboured; she achieves her finest effects by implication rather than by studied elaboration. The child, Asia, with her sensitiveness, her zest for life, and her childish imaginativeness, is the most living figure in the book; Mrs. Brayton, tolerant, cultured, very wise with the wisdom of a well-spent life, is another figure that lingers in the memory. Perhaps the most subtly-drawn figure is that of Alice Brayton, whose struggle to eradicate her own lack of sympathy and understanding forms a leading motif in the book. The other figures—David Bruce, Tom Rowland, Bob Jones—are less elaborate studies, yet they, too, stand out with distinctness, and are at all times consistent. The book, following the tradition of most modern novels, touches at times on dangerous territory, yet all such themes are handled with a delicacy and restraint which precludes the possibility of offence. Her style is always adequate for the demands of the book, rising in the description of Tom Rowland's death to chastened eloquence. The book, one feels, had been lived and brooded over and composed long before it was written. It is perhaps the one book that each of us has

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in his life, for no later work of the writer's has approached it in achievement. "The Passionate Puritan," her next novel, gives a more intimate picture of life in a timber-milling settlement, as seen through the eyes of a country teacher. It is interesting in continuing the picture of the former book to the time when the settlement had attained prosperity and bourgeois respectability; but it is slighter and apparently more hurried. This may be said, also, of "The Strange Attraction" and "Alan Adair," which deal with other portions of North Auckland life, but do not add to the writer's reputation.

Though Mrs. Jean Devanney is considered by many people to be unworthy of serious consideration, I have included her work in the survey for the best of it is a deliberate and conscientious attempt to give a serious picture of some phases of Colonial life. She is, indeed, at times, melodramatic, often unnecessarily crude, frequently the most arid of propagandists; her style, save on occasions, is loose and too often colloquial; but none can deny her the virtue of sincerity, and her power of portraying the humbler classes of New Zealanders, not reached, perhaps not desired, by any previous writer. "The Butcher Shop," her first novel, is a lurid work, giving a highly-coloured picture of New Zealand sheep-station life, but disfigured by unnecessary coarseness. While one does not expect a writer to exclude what are euphemistically known as "unpleasant matters," in a novel they should bear that proportion to the whole which they do in life. In the earlier chapters of "Dawn Beloved," a later novel, Mrs. Devanney has given a very sympathetic and telling description of humble country life some thirty years ago. Characteristically, she stresses the dark side of the picture, the hypocrisy and evasion of Dawn Halliday's mother, the dread monotony of the Sabbath and the degradation of men and women by unremitting toil. The conditions in the mining township which is the background of the latter portion of the book are, one fears, not exaggerated. The author here descends to depths of melodrama and didacticism, which bring the book as a whole down from the high level attained by the dignified simplicity of its opening chapters. Mrs. Devanney's latest book, "Riven," shows a notable advance in technique; the story flows smoothly, the characters are more varied and delicately drawn, and the writing is at times eloquent. But, with a growing power over her medium of expression, the writer has lost her grip on reality; her theme is trifling, and she is dealing with a life with which she is unfamiliar. Her early exuberance has been regulated, but if this has been at the cost of sincerity, very little has been gained.

The novels of G. B. Lancaster are at times powerful and exhilarating, but only her early books are in a New Zealand setting, and, as they seldom rise above mediocrity, they have little or no part in the movement towards establishing the New Zealand novel. Hector Bolitho, a writer whose ability has been variously estimated, used the same locality as Jane Mander has celebrated, in his novel, "Solemn Boy." This, the story of a young journalist, erected its scenes on an anthropological foundation, is patently the work of a 'prentice hand. The setting of small-town life is amusing when it is not laboured; there are passages

and phrases that show powers of observation, and a refined sense of humour. Its psychological and pretentious passages largely nullify this book, which would have been more successful had Hector Bolitho realised more clearly his own limitations and immaturity.

The future of New Zealand fiction now seems infinitely brighter than it was ten years ago. We have at least four living writers who have achieved English publication and some measure of fame, while, from personal observation and inference, it seems that there are at least one thousand masterpieces of New Zealand fiction either awaiting publication or in course of production, or as yet evolving in the brains of sanguine literary enthusiasts. Few, if any, will achieve to which they will aspire, many will never progress farther than dream-books, yet from this outpouring of human thought and human energy, there may, in the course of years, be produced that rare spark of genius which, embodied in some writer, enables him to sum up and transcend the thought and effort of all his predecessors.

—E.H.M.

Under The Patchwork Sky

*There's a tang in the frolicsome wind,
There's a lure in the wind-blown heath,
With above the white cloud scudding by,
And the wind-blown trees beneath.*

*There's a lure in the bright Spring day,
When the wind is blowing high,
When the whole world seems to say,
Come out here, where the white clouds play
And wander beneath the sky.*

*I think I will go there now,
Out under the Patchwork sky,
Where the white, white clouds go scudding free,
Like great white ships on an azure sea,
And I feel that I alone am nigh—
Out there—'neath the Patchwork sky.*

—J.A.C.

Charm And The College Lad

THE recent debate in the College Hall, "That the University woman is devoid of charm," has given many of the women students ample food for reconstructive thought. Previously they had been unaware of the feeling that evidently exists in respect to their sharing with their brothers the frugal crumbs of knowledge scattered in the lecture rooms at Victoria College. Out of the plethora of crude and frequently coarse assertions fired indiscriminately from all quarters of the room, several definite and distinctly surprising facts relating to the inner workings of the boy-mind may be extracted to yield a thorough and complete insight into the social ethics of male adolescence.

First of all, the debate was unnecessary. There need be no legitimate discussion upon self-evident facts. Charm was decided at the outset to be "the power to attract," and any sceptic need only pass once through the College trysting-place at 6 or 7 p.m. to find conclusive evidence of the fact that the University woman has abundant charm.

However, as an offset to this absorbing subject of investigation, it soon became apparent by the remarks of some of the rougher element seething at the back, that the presence of the gentler sex in the College was deeply resented. Moreover, the "pariahs" were summarily divided into two groups: (a) Those whose main intent is to charm, and (b) those whose aim it is to impress. The flirtatious and the stodgy.

The fact that there are scores of woman undergraduates who cannot be included under either of these categories is not generally recognized. Many of these move in outside circles and do not know any men at the College, some lacking the courage that such an ordeal demands—others the opportunity. There are a few who protest against all men generally, and against the College stamp particularly. Incidentally, the sweet conceit once accepted by our grandmothers and nourished by our grandfathers, that women might be likened to the "ivy twining its gentle tendrils round the oak," has lost its application.

Another laughable feature of the debate was the fact that matrimonial statistics were banded from mouth to mouth. It seems almost incredible that there was not one man present who could puzzle out for himself a reasonable explanation for the lack of College marriages. How many of them paused to enumerate those of his fellows who could fulfil even the most moderate requirements in the matter of sobriety, appearance and morale?

The extreme and pitiful ineligibility of a large number of men students forms one of the lighter topics of common-room conversation.

The average University man as we know him is to be chiefly noted for a badly-cut half-and-half suit, a distinctly vulgar mind when influenced by crowd psychology, and a much-vaunted College badge. Those unique few who do not join in the general stampede into the Law profession, the social standard of which is sinking rapidly each year, are to be congratulated upon their self-restraint—although it is said that

Latin has much to do with the fact that many men still take their degrees in Arts and Commerce.

Furthermore, how many of our own men students—those especially to be noted for their definite denial of charm in their co-educationists—are at present, or, for that matter, have any prospect of being for many years, in the position to ask any woman to marry him? As someone at the debate remarked, "most of them could not keep a cat."

The *average* man at Victoria College, taking all in all, is a pretty poor creation, and far more to be pitied than to be censured.

Lastly, in reference to the accusation of stodginess, it has been well said, "a clever woman has many born enemies—all stupid men."

—Observant.

A Refuge

*Where the sea comes in with a seething roar
From out of the endless blue,
To a dreaming land where the tall palms blow
And a peaceful world where the wild flowers grow,
With a gay profusion strange and new
To one from a colder shore.*

*How different this from the dirt and grime
Of the city dull and dim,
With its street cars' roaring monotone
And its constant hum and ceaseless drone,
Where all life seems so harsh and grim
Compared with that softer clime.*

*That other world of soft blue skies
And dreamy tropic nights,
A world of peace and happiness
And a myriad fresh delights.
Give to me a refuge thus,
Hemmed in by the surging sea,
Far away from the city's rush,
And known just to God and me.*

—J.A.C.

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Ode To November The Fifth

*They were sitting in the Library—their smiles were very warm.
Yet no one spoke a single word—the lull before the storm!
They looked so very innocent as they toyed with bric-a-brac.
And the jolly little draughts were romping up and down each back.
The silence was uncanny, though no heads were bowed with care—
And then a thund'rous banging split the study-sodden air.
A startled gasp rose upwards—every heart had missed a thump.
The echoes loud resounded up and down in Swotters' Dump.
Then down upon the gleeful youths our H---ld M---er fell,
And Exultation reigned throughout the College Swotting Hell!
Again, again, and yet again the roar and crash rang out,
And how they chortled one and all to hear their H---ld shout!
Above the clash and conflict—his order rang out true—
(Not "up and fix your bayonets," or "now, let the guns come through"),
But, "I give you all two minutes to vacate the Library."
So they took out all their watches the elapse of time to see,
And all the while relentlessly the crackers still would crack
And jump about our Harold and play up and down his back.
So then he came with foolscap and their names they had to tell.
Consternation reigned throughout the College Swotting Hell.
But all were pleasantly surprised as he took down his list,
To hear the H---d M---rs that they had within their midst.
And the Browns and Smiths and Wilfords were all represented well—
Merriment was reigning in the College Swotting Hell.
By far the most intrepid of the Dynamite Brigade
Was the cheery Mr. Malfroy, who seemed strangely unafraid.
He led the rallies and attacks—such show of daring gave—
That he was marked by most to be the Bravest of the Brave.
All too soon the night was ended and "Lights Out" was loudly rung.
Homeward marched the volunteers (the fun had just begun).
Next there came the caucus of the Professorial Board,
And the wrath of Rank and Dignity upon their heads was poured.
And Mr. Malfroy—happy soul—was still devoid of fear,
And blandly gave his reason—"I don't TAKE lectures here."
He was going Home in April and had had his bit of fun,
So they bade him go and fined the rest five sovereigns in a sum.
We do not know the reason, but if they meant to rob,
The five pounds was forgotten, and they only got ten bob.
It was a famous victory—who won we cannot tell—
But silence now is reigning in the College Swotting Hell.*

—Z Z Z.

Looking Forward

Scene: V.U.C. Old Boys' Sanatorium.

Year: 1999.

Time: Sunday Evening after Supper.

Cast:

Lord Bishop, Chief Justice of N.Z.

Sir Joseph Mountjoy, Bart.; Speaker of the House.

Messrs. Justices Rollings and Hurley.

Captain John Macduff, Salvation Army.

Rev. Crow MacKenzie.

Professor Richardson.

Stanley Ramson, Junior.

And others (at present in the cradle).

THE bulk of the company are in bath-chairs, berets and blazers, and throughout the evening there is an average sleeping population of 75 per cent. Sir Joseph Mountjoy, a tall, distinguished, noble gentleman, exuding ease and grace, rises to his feet, a grape fruit in one hand and a scroll of paper in the other.

Sir Joseph: Gentlemen, to you this little foreign fruit means perhaps nothing—but to me it is simply teeming with romance. When I was but a lad attending lectures at Victoria College I visited America—

(The name of the well-known institution pierces the inner consciousness of an angular figure who has been dozing in a corner. He leaps to his feet.)

Lord Bishop (holding his back with one hand and his crutch with the other): Wikitoria!

Company (in spite of themselves): Hee!

Lord Bishop: Wikitoria!

Company (with a loud creaking of joints): Ha!

Lord Bishop: Kia rite! Kia rite! Wikitoria! (Falls back exhausted and ready for bed. One gentleman, completely overcome by the chain of associations recalled, bursts into tears, and is gently trundled away.)

Sir Joseph (glancing after receding figure): I am afraid General Sir Athol Fear is failing. He is losing his dash. Remember him when he returned in state from Samoa—young, cavalier, famous?

Mr. Justice Hurley: He captivated the whole of the Mau tribe with his ukelele, didn't he—and won the war on his own?

Lord Bishop: I used to be young, cavalier and famous myself. I feel more like a broken-down gentleman than anything these days. I've lost my stamina. The Padre read me a few psalms this morning and I simply went all to pieces. It was worse than a match with Karori A.

Rev. Crow (rubbing his eyes): By the way, where is the Padre? I say, don't any of you guys know where Macduff is? I have an awfully jolly little passage from Samuel to show him.

Lord Bishop: He's singing at Tory Street to-night, and then he's going to a Temperance meeting afterwards. It will be rather late before he comes in—nine, perhaps. We'd better not sit up.

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Prof. Richardson: I wonder what he will do when Prohibition is carried? He'll have nothing to save.

Mr. Justice Hurley: Except Ardath coupons. He has nearly enough for a pair of roller skates, I believe.

Sir Joseph: I'd like a few minutes with his meeting. Look at what I did for America in '29. But for my efforts they'd still have Prohibition over there.

Mr. A. H. Keys: And that will be ten guineas, thank you, Sir Joseph. American reminiscences seem to be rather a drag on your finances. Providing your voice doesn't give out, we shall be able to put up the Weir Hostel and the Gym. Block at College before the end of the century. The Mountjoy Memorial. (Sir Joseph passes across a cheque already made out.)

Sir Joseph (coldly): No, my friend, that money will be used to provide gowns for every tram conductor in the country. Slowly, but nevertheless surely, mark you, the Word is being passed.

(The door opens and an old man in a red gown and hood glances around the room, turns off one of the lights, and totters out.)

Prof. Richardson: Poor old Brookey. He's getting on now. He's beginning to feel it, too. His fingers gave out last night and he has simply no means of asking us to hurry out of the Hall. It's breaking him up.

(Door is thrown open and a brilliant figure in red and blue regalia stands on the threshold.)

Company (another rising with a loud creaking of joints): The Padre!

Captain John Macduff: Bless you, my boys! Still awake!

Goodson: Let us sing! (Gives the key.)

Company:

Jump for joy!

Here's our John!

Let us pray, let us break into song!

He's the boy!

Jump for joy!

Always right, can't do wrong,

That's our John!

Sir Joseph (who has been dozing off): Lord Bishop! Bless my soul! Man, where is your gown? What do you mean, sir? After spending my life popularising the wearing of gowns I find myself in the Winter of my Years faced with this wilful disregard of my orders. Where is it, I say!

Lord Bishop (sulkily): I lost it in a hooley.

Sir Joseph: Now I can see you are going to be naughty again. Put your wig on straight and promise Joey you'll buy another one in the morning.

Lord Bishop: Can't afford one.

Sir Joseph: How sordid. (Clicks his tongue distastefully.)

Lord Bishop: I can't help it. Macduff takes all my money for his Army Home endowments. I can't say no to him.

Sir Joseph (taking a toothless bite at his grape fruit): I'll give you Salvation Army, John Macduff.

Company: Oh, Sir Joseph, how unjust. His life is Just One Grand Sacrifice!

Stanley Ramson, Junior (aged 60): I want a bed-time story. Tell me about the events that led up to the Second South African War. How Daddy maimed the whole Springbok team for life.

Rev. Crow: Well, come over here. I was at Athletic Park towards the end of the second spell in the Last Test on the Western Side of the paddock, in our territory, five yards inside the half-way line, in the Winter of '33.

Mr. Justice Rollings: And I rise to a point of order. To-day is the Sabbath, and if you wish to recount anything of a racy nature, Mr. Mackenzie, you may do so to your little heart's content—outside.

Rev. Crow (furiously): Just because football has nothing to do with the *intellect*, Mr. Justice Rollings.

Sir Joseph (awakening again): How proud my Alma Mater must be of me. Ten times returned Member for Salamanca, Speaker of the House, the Grand Master of the Gown, Order of the Professorial Board, President of the Night Schools' Union—

Captain John Macduff: She's just as proud of me. I'll lay ten to one I've reclaimed more lost souls than any other man in the country.

Mr. Justice Rollings: And what a testimony we are to the cooking of Mrs. Milligan. Gentlemen, I attribute my longevity solely to the meals I had at V.U.C.

Rev. Crow: But is she so proud of all her sons? Gee! What about Don?

Company: Ah—Don—alas!

S. Ramson, Jnr.: Who was Don? What happened to Don?

Captain John Macduff: Hush, my little one, hush.

Rev. Crow (in hard metallic voice): He went to Hollywood and became the World's Lover.

S. Ramson, Jnr.: Oh!

Mr. Justice Hurley: And he's not the only Skeleton in the Caf. cupboard. What about Macarthy and Toogood and Wynne Mason?

Mr. A. H. M. Keys (reading): And little Max and Big Benjamin and Bobby Styche—

S. Ramson, Jnr.: What happened to them? Where are they? Who were they?

Prof. Richardson: Time for bed, my boy. Here comes Nanna.

(Ramson wheeled off to bed.)

Mr. Justice Rollings (briskly): And now, gentlemen, I desire to bring something of a more serious nature to your notice. Gentlemen—**THERE IS SOMETHING SURREPTITIOUS GOING ON HERE.**

Rev. Crow: Are you **INSINUATING** anything, Mr. Justice Rollings?

Mr. Justice Rollings: I repeat, gentlemen, there is something surreptitious going on. Something **UNDERHAND**. Three times my copy of the Police Gazette has been removed from the table and in its stead I find this iniquitous rag—this foul publication! (Brandishes a copy of the Sportsman.)

Rev. Crow (trembling with fury): I rise to a point of order! Aw, gee, I rise to two points of order! Gosh, I like that!

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Mr. Rollings (in calm, ringing voice): And I believe that the one responsible for this underhand surreptitious deed is characteristically inaccurate and not noticeably unconnected with the Referees' Association.

Rev. Crow: I call upon Mr. Rollings to withdraw that statement, whatever it was!!!

Justice Hurley: I rule you both out of order. I'm going to bed.

Mr. Rollings: I rise to a point of order, Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order!

Rev. Crow: I call upon Mr. Rollings to withdraw that statement also.

Justice Hurley: SHUT UP!

Messrs. Rollings and Mackenzie (in unison): I rise to another point of order, Mr. Chairman. My previous point of order, Mr. Chairman—

Captain John Macduff: Gentlemen! Gentlemen! You forget yourselves.

(All sit down ashamedly and take out their Bibles.) Mr. Goodson, will you lead the voices, please? We must never have a recurrence of this disgraceful scene. My Brothers, let us sing! (They sing.)

Lord Bishop (awakened by noise): Wikitoria!

Company (drowsily): Hee!

Lord Bishop (braying, with head in the air): Wikitor-i-AH!

(Silence.)

Lord Bishop: Wikitoria! (Removes beret from the head of the nodding Sir Joseph, places it over his own face, and falls asleep.)

Enter Mr. Brook. He glances around, switches off the remaining light and stumbles brokenly out, vainly trying to click his fingers.

—I.M.L.

Night

Now darkness reigns and the soft wings of Night

Fold o'er the sleeping world; the flowers sigh,

Whispering their dreams, where the faint breezes lie

In restless slumber, pausing from their flight.

On the cold fountains now, and on the leaves,

The dewdrops lie, and white mists veil the stream;

The night is sad and silent as a dream,

Laying cold fingers on the heart that grieves.

Through the dark branches Night's thin, silver bow

Gleams like a jewel on her brow; the sea,

Dreaming of days that never more may be,

Lies dumb with strange, unutterable woe.

And dreams come floating by on silver wings—

Faint memories of old, forgotten things.

—J.M.

Poets---One

READER! Have you ever read with the eyes of understanding the dreary pages of a Year Book—have you ever delved into its recesses to find the wealth of romance that lies buried beneath the oppressive weight of Official statistics? Odd myself, a lover of the odd, I have often, in solitary hours, mused on the numberless dramas, the poignant scenes, the very pageant of humanity evoked by that official tome. "Poets—one"—those two words, pathetic, ridiculous in the company of Paperhangers, Printers, Publicans, caught my eyes and in the devious recesses of my mind were wrought into this crazy-patch narrative.

It was a dismal room in the first of a dismal row of dwellings in a Wellington bye-street. A feeble light filtered through the window—a light which was obscured by the dust of that indeterminate period since the house had been built by an enterprising jerry-builder, but which failed to mitigate the harsh details of the room. An iron bedstead, pitted with hideous rust-scars, was the most prominent feature of the room; on it a disconsolate mattress sagged under its grubby and threadbare quilt. Threadbare, too, was the floor covering, which accorded ill with the voluptuous design of the wall-paper—clustered roses ascending amid true-love knots and trellis-work to the speckled ceiling.

A table, which also performed the offices of wash-stand and writing-desk, was littered with a confusion of pens and notepaper, a wash-basin, toothbrush, and books. A chair and a cheap, unsubstantial wardrobe completed the furnishings of the room. On the walls were the inevitable boarding-house pictures—the photo of an unknown woman, with a bustle and a bovine expression, a framed card extolling the virtues of Erasmic soap, texts which crazed one with their monotonous fatuity. Books there were in cascading profusion—Chatterton, "De Profundis," "Nesfield's English Grammar," "How to Achieve Strength (in Six Lessons)," Verlaine, Keats and one picture, Giorgione's "Christ," the pathos of which was intensified in those alien surroundings.

With a screech the door opens, and from the dim confines of the passage our poet enters. Tall he is, and dressed with a certain studied carelessness, as if in challenge to the petty proprieties of life. His is a face of strange contradictions—a large, assertive nose and broad forehead contrast with his weak chin and pale, dreamy eyes. His eyes are troubled and ringed by shadows, which tell of thought and sleepless nights. He has the stoop of a close student and the furtive gait of the excessively retiring. He views with evident relief the comfortless haven of his own room. Haven it is to him from the uncomprehending Philistinism of his fellows, from the aching loneliness of crowded places, from the realisation of his own oddity.

He seats himself on the crazy chair, and with eagerness seizes pencil and paper. An inspiration had lighted upon him as he walked along the street, and his face is suffused with the glow of composition.

"I seek not beauty in tempestuous ways—
The gaudy passions of a fleeting hour. . . ."

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he wrote. Critically he read the words, when suddenly a flood of troubled thoughts brought back the hunted look to his eyes. His brow dropped to the comforting rest of his forearms, and there returned the habitual mood of self-abasement. He saw with the old intensity the monotony of his existence, the loneliness, the frustrated approaches to friendship, misunderstandings, depraved imaginings, the remoteness, and the loneliness, the loneliness.

At this point, reader, let us tiptoe from the presence of our poet, for in this mood of despair our presence is intrusion. And, too, an infamous thought has assaulted my frail structure. Base, unworthy, venomous suspicion—"Poets; One" refer to the man who composes "Wood's Great Peppermint Cure ads.?" Never! Vile phantom. Out upon it! I will have none of thee!

—E.H.M.

To A Mirror

(Lines by a lady no longer young).

*My friend, old friend, no more can we
Sit face to face in contemplative wise
Looking in youthful constancy,
Unmindfully,
Seeing but beauty in each other's eyes:
For you have changed, as change eternally
The hours and time, and with no great surprise
I learn you are not quite the same to me,*

My friend.

*Though, true, you tell no timely lies
You might express the truth less painfully;
But even this your face denies,
So I surmise
That after all you cannot really be*

My friend.

—H. R. B

A Review Of College Publications

A representative batch of publications from the "Press for the Personal Advancement of Pushing Personalities" has recently come to hand and the books have been placed in the "Wit, Humour and Miscellaneous Oddities" section of the Library.

"The Trumpet Minor: or The Story of My Life," by C--ley. Perhaps the quickest way of summing up the personality of the writer, which personality is happily revealed in his inimitable style, is to list the chapter headings. They read:—

- Chap. I. The City Beautiful—My Personality.
- Chap. II. The Walled City Jericho.
- Chap. III. Every Man His Own Trumpet.
- Chap. IV. A Trumpet Voluntary.
- Chap. V. The Walls are Falling!
- Chap. VI. The Liberation of Personality.

The whole book is cleverly cross-referred to the author's earlier publication. "The Evolution of Utopian Thought from Cratius to Crossley," and we cannot pass on without referring to the masterly appendix to the book where "Hints to Young Men Aiming to be Successful in Life" appears. As illustrative of the author's Technique of Life we cull the following hints from the Appendix:—

- "1. Never credit anyone else with any sense. He might have some some.
- "2. Life is a succession of hard blows. Who blows the harder wins.
- "3. Policy—self-assurance is better than State Insurance."

The Librarian wishes to state that this book must not be marked or noted, as the marking, underlining and scoring of books is prohibited.

* * *

"The Self-Reliant Policy as Influencing Self-Development," by H. R. B—r. This book makes difficult reading because it deals with a subject which touches our utmost depths. The author however has shown how shallow in reality are what we thought to be the still deep waters of life. The following paragraph must suffice to serve as a key to the book:

"The Art of Life is the Art of Oratory. In oratory the individual must rely upon his own mouth, speak with his own tongue, think with his own brain. So in life. But words are only sound, so that right-sounding words mouthed loudly are all that is needed. The brain need not exist. I vehemently deny that my words are the children of my brain. Never once in my career oratorical have I found it necessary to go back to fundamental principles when talking of that of which I know nothing. The solution of all problems, rises, as do my words, to the top and may be found on analysis, like my words, all froth and bubbly nothingness. We must take our Pyerian quaffing from the shallow waters. Finally, let me state here that all the mental striving of Dewey, Bergson, Freud, Boas, Huxley, Koffka, and similarly inefficient thinkers has served

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no other purpose than to become lost at the root of things, whereas, I say that it is on the surface we must look—yes, on the surface. It is the more difficult the deeper we go." A good book—but, thank goodness, we are out of our depth.

* * *

The New Zealand Builder: B - - - d W - - - - n Commemoration Number. Specially printed on art paper, with portrait. It is indeed a rare and genuine pleasure to find the devoted labours of a great craftsman adequately recognised by his fellow workers during his own lifetime. We join with the Editor of this volume in paying our respectful homage to the "Master Builder," as B - - - d W - - - - n is so felicitously described, and we heartily endorse, too, his considered opinion that "here we have a superb and striking exemplification of the truth that professional skill can advance only through the stimulus and inspiration of the amateur." Assuredly the most significant part of the volume is the section entitled "My Life and Labours," wherein the Master himself recounts in vivid, vibrating prose his own inimitable story. After a description of the providential Eastbourne fires, he tells in a glowing passage how, when, one day, moodily pacing the sands of Day's Bay, his eye caught sight of the stark pile of a chimney standing impressively amidst a pile of half-burnt debris, and he was "suddenly stung with the splendour of a great idea." The whole world knows how this idea fructified and developed into the central conception which gave order and significance to his subsequent activities—buy the chimneys, demolish them, remove them, and rebuild anew. With characteristic self-effacement the writer belittles the hardships he endured; but there is unmistakable and poignant hint of sufferings heroically borne when we are told how the author had to catch and sell fish in order that the great work might go on. Despite the wide human appeal of this remarkable autobiographic record, there are naturally passages of great technical difficulty; but the special student will not easily forget the penetrating insight of the two supplementary notes on "The Utilization of Victoria College Oamaru Stone" and "Fuel Economy with Special Reference to Chip Heaters." The volume is tastefully bound in brick-red and is stamped with the P—rial coat of arms, a trowel rampant juxtaposed to three quartered schnapper all in a heap of mortar. Our single complaint is that the volume lacks an index.

* * *

"John and St. John"—a study in dual personality—by J. L. MacD-ff. The review of this interesting book we hold over until next issue.

* * *

"America—its Cause and Cure," by W. J. M. M - - - - joy. Published and reviewed by arrangement.

* * *

"Waves," by I. L. G. S-th-rl-nd. This work deals not only with wireless, marine and crime waves but also with the well-known marcelle variety. So far it has been published in quarterly editions, but we feel justified in urging that it should become in the future a monthly, or even fortnightly, event.

"The Answer," by W-nn M-s-n, tells of a sweet and shrinking maid who conceives a consuming passion for a species of rake—a man wholly unworthy of her child-like simplicity and faith. She prays for him. The last chapters deal with the Answer to the Maiden's Prayer. It is intensely human, well-executed and especially recommended for victims of unrequited love.

"The Passionate Pilgrim," by B-rw-ll, is a gripping tale of the Wild West Borderland and is rumoured to be largely autobiographical. Hank Horton, the pert young hero, errs slightly on the side of flippancy perhaps, but nevertheless his innate buoyance of spirit and cheerful camaraderie in this mental and moral wilderness builds up one of the most popular characters in modern fiction.

"The Best and Bravest," by J-hn M-cD-ff, is in the form of a series of open confessions which show that even the most saintly and inspired of our leaders has his moments of doubt and weakness. The writer has a skilful pen and the manner in which he drives home his contention that virtue is long and time is fleeting—and that it is a very long lane that has no marble bar, is of no little merit.

"Psycho-Analysis" (Brook) is described by the author as being his thesis and was begun shortly after his being appointed to the Chair of Traffic at Victoria College. The work deals with the whole gamut of Corridor Instinct and has been developed gradually through the medium of constant and vigilant observation. Mr. Brook exhibits an uncanny profundity in his comments and his brief word pictures of his friends the Loiterers and Pests are recommended for study.

"Confessions of an Ice-Cream Eater," by A. C. K--s, is a powerful work which affords—especially the Committee in charge of several recent dances—a wealth of information regarding the mind and spryness of a man completely under the influence of frozen cream. The opening chapters are of an especially frank nature and deal with a certain gastronomic devastation which took place in the Gymnasium shortly before the dances began. The work is tastefully bound in Eskimo Pie cartons.

"The Souvenir," by M-sk-ll, is a very poignant little tale and is specially recommended for adult readers. It tells of a certain possession—highly valued on account of its numerous pulsating associations—a passionate woman and an innocent man. The whole story is teeming with appeal and the manner in which this priceless possession is never restored to the lithe form of its owner we shall leave to the eager public to read for themselves.

"Contemporary Scientists." Book One. ("Einstein and I"). H-rd-hg. In this weighty tome the theories of the eminent scientist are heartily endorsed and the entire scope of his doctrine on Light is not only envisaged by Mr. H-rd-hg but extended to further applications undreamt

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of by its discoverer. Professor Einstein is now expected to divert his sphere of activity along different lines. We eagerly await Book Two. ("I and Sir Ernest Rutherford.")

"The Law of Good Taste," by C--n--h, deals fully with those admirable qualities Discrimination and Restraint. Part of the volume is confined to a description of the manner in which people become the constant prey to the indiscretions of another. Some of the instances cited disclose the fact that at least two of the victims might well utilize the advantages of the point of privilege. This interesting book, which can be the work of only one with a rare sense of verbal chivalry, will be welcomed by third year law classes.

"Simple Doom," by D-n Pr--stly, is a valuable addition to the Psychological section of any library. The title of course has been taken from that well-known quotation, "It is my simple doom to be beautiful," and the greater part of the work deals with the trials and set-backs experienced by the Fair of Form. The writer shows that he has a first-hand knowledge of his subject, and we extend to him our heartfelt sympathy in his unfortunate plight. We suggest that he should interview some specialists and call for tenders, who may be able to devise some method by which his face may be lowered.

"Myself," by Bowser T--g--d, is an intimate story of "a loving little life of sweet small works." It deals mainly with the good the author does by stealth and blushes to find is fame. Of simple taste, the writer confesses his weakness for pea-shooting revolvers and curling pins, and reveals the fact that he intends to devote his life to research work in the D.I.C. Tea Rooms. He requests that after he is dead the name Joyce be written on his heart and the name Malfroy engraved upon his tomb.

Night

*When Night and her thousand shadows walk in the vale of dreams,
Day is dead;
But when Night passes, Day wakes with his meadows and chattering
streams,
And the veil is shed.
When Death and the shadows of Po watch the dying agony
Peace is near;
But when Life triumphs over the Grave and the cold Earth's canopy
None may fear.*

—S. J. B.

Pundit's Puddin' *Its Proof Is In The Eating*

SITUATED in one of the sunniest and windiest parts of the most charming town in a delightfully rich country, overflowing with potential wealth, there was, long ago, a great and glorious university college, called after a wise and good queen. The students of this university had everything that could delight the heart of man.

"A large and commodious building, well heated by a most efficient system; a staff of learned gentlemen; a library filled with honoured volumes; numberless tennis courts; a well-equipped gymnasium; comfortable common-rooms. Every facility for study and enjoyment, including a cafeteria, where cheap, tasty and well-cooked meals can be obtained." (Extract from the Calendar.)

In spite of all these advantages, the students were unhappy; so unhappy, indeed, that they grumbled and mumbled in corners and hallways, driving that worthy man, Mr. B——, almost to madness. Luckily, the prospect of having to listen to the singing of the Social Service Club, on its annual visit to the Mental Hospital, kept him sane. At last a deputation of these most miserable creatures waited upon the University Fathers.

"We come to crave redress for our wrongs," said their leader. The condition of things in this university is horrible. We have endured them for so many moons, hoping and praying earnestly that things might right themselves, but now we can bear it no longer."

At this moving speech of their leader, the members of the deputation sank on their knees and held out their hands imploringly. With tears in his eyes, the Chairman of the University bade them rise. "Alas," said he, "we have done all we can for you. Have we not installed a most efficient heating apparatus of best British make?"

"Yes, yes!" said the deputation.

"Have we not built a commodious building, with light, airy corridors?"

"Yes, yes!" said the deputation.

"Have we not built numberless tennis courts, a well-equipped gymnasium, comfortable common-rooms and a library?"

"Yes, yes!" said the deputation.

"Well, then, what is the matter? Why are you so sad, so discontented, so ungrateful?"

"Oh," said the leader, "it is the cafeteria of which we complain."

"The cafeteria! Why, I am told that the cheapest, tastiest meals in all the city are served there. Meals, hot and steaming, made from the best ingredients, quickly served in artistic and pleasant surroundings. Ingrates, miserable upstarts, get out!" The worthy man's moustache quivered with anger. Still the deputation did not go. "Sir," said the leader, "we ask one boon from you, the Fathers of the University: Will you, or one of your august company, disguise himself and partake of one meal with the ordinary common herd of students? Then you can judge

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for yourselves whether our complaints are true or false. I would respectfully suggest six o'clock in the evening."

After conferring together, counting their money, the Chairman, with a kindly smile, replied: "My children, your request is granted." Weeping with joy, the deputation withdrew.

The fateful night drew near. The distinguished leader of the Commerce Faculty, disguised as a science student, and attended by his faithful dog, sallied out and down the stairs. Beautiful maidens fluttered past him on either side, so he was a little late in arriving at the doors. To his amazement, a long queue oozed out of the room, and the worthy man prepared to wait. After half an hour he found himself four feet nearer his destination—true, he had been trodden on three times and been compelled to give his coat buttons to his hungry dog—still he heard many curious remarks about his colleagues, which gave him strange joy.

At length, after waiting one hour, till six o'clock, to be precise, he found himself in front of the food-ordering cage.

"What will you have?" said a dulcet voice, and a menu was pushed under his nose.

"Oh, er-er—soup."

"No soup!"

"Well, er—stew."

"No stew."

"Tea and sandwiches then."

"No sandwiches."

"Well, er-er—bread and butter."

"No bread."

"What, no bread!!!"

"No."

"Well, in heaven's name, woman, what is there?"

"Tea."

"Tea? Nothing else?"

"Oh, yes. Chocolate biscuits"

"Well, I'll have two chocolate biscuits and a cake for my dog."

Whereupon he stretched out his hand for a ginger-cake which was reposing in solitary grandeur on a plate near by.

"Wait, wait! I'll give you one of the students' cakes," said the damsel behind the counter. "Sixpence for the lot, please." The worthy man began thereupon to think.

Thus it was that the worthy Mr. B——, caretaker for so long at this well-known college, received one of the greatest shocks of his life. Perceiving what he took for a science student gnawing at one of the door handles, he hastened to the scene to administer the correct reproof. Imagine his amazement when the figure turned and disclosed the well-known features of a highly honoured gentleman of the Professorial Board.

"But, sir, what are you doing?" he faltered.

"Finishing the splendid meal I have just partaken of in the caretaker's," came the astounding reply.

"Professors aren't what they were," thought Mr. B—— sadly.

—A.M.D.

Travelling Scholarships, 1930

MR. A. C. KEYS is among the most successful students of languages who have passed through Victoria University College. He was educated at Wellington College, and at the end of his course there he gained a University Entrance Scholarship. At Victoria College he studied Latin, Greek and French with great success. In 1927, he was classed as "worthy" by the English examiners for the Senior Scholarship in these three subjects, and by the University Senate was assigned the Senior Scholarship in Greek. In 1928, he gained First-Class Honours in Latin and French, and in 1929 First-Class Honours in French as a single subject. As a result of his work, in 1928 he was awarded the Sir Robert Stout Scholarship as the best student of the year, and in 1929 he was awarded a Jacob Joseph Scholarship, in connection with which he is engaged in writing a thesis on the "Simile Element in Silver Latin Epic Poetry." In 1929 he acted as additional assistant to the Professor of Classics. In the present year he was awarded the Travelling Scholarship in French by the University Senate.

Mr. Keys is one of the most popular students we have had at the College and his place will be difficult to fill in the hearts of the many who were privileged to know him. He can feel assured that he carries with him the sincere good wishes of all for his future success.

* * *

MR. R. J. W. HARDING, M.Sc., was educated at Wellington College. At the end of his first year at Victoria College he was awarded the Bruce Dall Prize in Physics. In the following year he was appointed Student Assistant in the Physics Department. Unfortunately, on account of eye-strain, he was compelled to give up all study for two years. On his return to work he resumed his duties at Student Assistant. In 1927 he was appointed Demonstrator in Physics. In 1928 he gained First-Class Honours in Physics. He was awarded a National Research Scholarship in 1929. During this year he was President of the Mathematical and Physical Society, and of the Science Society. A joint paper was published by Mr. Harding and Mr. White in the "Philosophical Magazine," on "The Modes of Vibration of a Quartz Crystal." Mr. Harding amplified this research, and the examiner, Professor Whiddington, F.R.S., reported that "his work is characterised by ingenuity, resource and thoroughness." He was awarded a Post-Graduate Scholarship in Science by the New Zealand University. Mr. Harding intends to continue his studies in the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, under Sir Ernest Rutherford, O.M., Pres. R.S., perhaps the most distinguished of all New Zealanders. We wish him every success in this new field of activity.

Women's World

Information Bureau --- Replies To Correspondence

- N-ney -v-ns: Yes, it is quite true—the benevolent Council has provided a fully-equipped robing room downstairs and there is really no need to add unnecessary weight to the already heavily-taxed Library chairs.
- M-ry C--l-y: We have made careful enquiry and find that cars may not be parked on Kelburn Parade for durations of longer than twelve hours. We suggest that you may be able to prevail upon your friend to provide a ramp over his house.
- P-ggy M-cD-n-ld: Yes, we have heard of your very fine and complete collection of greens, ranging from pale verdegriis to dark mildew, and can only marvel that you haven't contracted ptomaine poisoning before this. We are pleased to advise you that our fashion expert has learnt of two of the new season's tints. She suggests that you have your Spring ensemble carried out in slime green and decayed celery.
- R-t N-l-n: You think "Spike" would not be complete without its Cat Column? For that matter—what Cat Column would be complete without its R-t N-l-n? Tell Dick that Mr. Miller has noticed with compassion his efforts to connect with you across the Library tables and has advised us that he intends to have telephones installed there at an early date.
- M-ldr-d H-gg-ns: No, we don't think you so very much like Rupert Brooke. Why not shave it right back now and be Shakespeare—just for fun!
- E-l-n Pl-nk: We have received your ten-page complaint about the manner in which the Women ran their Club nomination meeting. We are sorry it has caused you such upset. Tell Charlie that we may—we're not promising mind—but we MAY let you be Sole Selector for the Stud. Ass. Committee next year. So cheer up and be your own bright little self again.
- P-ggy S-lw--d: No, we certainly do not like the black football socks, even if they WERE worn by Mark Nicholls once upon a time. You attract the attention of the onlookers from the rest of the team who are naturally feeling annoyed about it. Try to put up with plain, wholesome black stockings, even if they do hide your knees.

Cafeteria Chit-Chat

I WAS in the College Tea-House recently and saw quite a good muster-
ing of Our Bright Young People. The hostess of this delightful
salon was looking her usual gracious self as she dispensed the
daintily-served collation to the fashionably-gowned students. I feel it is
largely due to the influence of these charming surroundings that high-
tea at the College is such an institution. I always think it is so refreshing
to see the Younger Set in this—shall we say—domestic entourage.

Among a laughing group in an exclusive backwater I espied -l-
N--ls-n in tailored tweeds, with delicious ear-rings to match. She was
chatting vivaciously to Max Turner, who was looking, if possible, more
raptly bewildered than usual. Miss N--ls-n has announced her intention
of investing in an Austin in six years' time. Nearby, J--n V--tch was
complacently tea-ing with St-nl-y R-ms-n. I always think this couple
look so intriguing—so detached and resigned—so frightfully soul-to-soul.
Phyll-s Pr-nd-v-ll- and M-ll- G-ll-sp--, the famous Life-Long Friends,
were discussing, no doubt, some ponderous subject over their barlie soupe.
Miss Pr-nd-v-lle had two divine ear-rings dangling over her shoulders.
Miss G-ll-sp-e, by the way, is driving an Austin again this season. Look-
ing quietly triumphant, P-ggy M-cD-n-ld was displaying that new and
hitherto inconceivable shade of green—Eau de Hutt. Our thoughts were
with P-t B-ckl-y, who shared the snowy table-cloth with her. When the
doors swung wide open a little later, I was pleased to see H-l-n D-nn in
smart tailoreds, enter with a Tall Stranger in close attendance. Miss
D-nn still seems to prefer the Stutz. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed
V-ld- M-ls-n slipping quietly out, followed convulsively by J-- M--ntj-y,
who is affecting the soft army collar for the nonce. Standing shyly in the
middle of the room, A-l--n D-v-ds-n was trembling on the brink of articula-
tion while Mr. H-rl-y, Mr. B-nn-st-r and Mr. Pr--st-y waited in silent
eagerness for her to speak. Mr. H-rl-y is looking frightfully dashing in
one of those vague-ish brown suede coats with gloves to match just at
present. Everyone will remember J-l--, believed to be the last of the D-nns.
She was sitting in a quiet retreat, looking very professional and register-
ing the legal frown. My attention was attracted by the careworn look on
the face of M-ry L-ne, who was worrying her old self about everything, as
usual. I believe it is the basketball team that is causing the present
anxiety. The captain of the team will, no doubt, take her advice and all
will be well again. It was rather a shame that Mrs. D-v--s (nee Al-c-
H-n-s-ll) had to rush away at such an early hour. Among the many others
I saw during the evening wer En- Tr--p (logic books), M-ldr-d Br-ggs
(letters), D-r-thyR-b-rts (speckle-rimmed glasses), Mr. P-wl-s and M-ss
N-ch-ls (Scoullar's prospectus), and P-ggy Sp-nc- S-l-s (law students).

I shall be paying another visit to the Tea-House very shortly and
trust I shall see an even brighter assemblage of the Young Idea.

Silver Linings

A Dramatic Adaptation

[Dedicated to those who demand war-literature which shall represent the "real thing" as apart from mere sordid realism.]

Scene: A dugout tidily swept and spotlessly clean, except for a small pile of dust, near which leans a broom. The sweeper has evidently gone to search for a dustpan. (Our boys at the front had to rough it—there were no vacuum cleaners there, you know—but then war is war.) A table set neatly and brightly for dinner and bearing in the centre a vase of flowers, occupies a large part of the dugout. On the left a stretcher, with a gaudy eiderdown (possibly showing Humpty-Dumpty and all the old nursery tales). On the wall there hangs a large photograph of a kind, grey-haired old lady, with an inscription beneath it, "My Mother." The mugs on the table are probably inscribed, "A present from Clapham-on-Sea," but these cannot be read by the audience. A tall, soldierly man is sitting cocoa and looking at a map spread out on the table—it is the Stanhope of fact. There is a knock at the door (all the best dugouts had doors).

Stanhope: Come in, dear fellow!

(Enter a slight, good-looking young officer.)

Raleigh: Er—excuse me—my name's Raleigh.

Stanhope: Ah! Come in and sit down. Will you have some cocoa? Or if you prefer it, there's lemonade on the side there. We don't encourage the men to drink coffee or tea—we find it has a bad effect on them. A man who excites himself with excessive coffee-drinking is never as good a soldier as one who doesn't.

Raleigh (accepts a cup of cocoa). Thank you. (He drinks for a minute and chokes over the mixture, which is unusually strong.)

Stanhope: By the way—I was engaged to your sister once, wasn't I?

Raleigh: By Jove! I believe you were. But then, of course, you were rather a lad at home. (He titters.)

Stanhope: (His face hardens.) Now, Jimmy, old boy, I want you to get those ideas right out of your head. I used to do a lot of things at home I wouldn't do out here.

Raleigh: I say, Denis, do you remember the night you got screwed at the village pub?

Stanhope (slowly and seriously): I shall never, never forget it. I had gone very far wrong when I came out here. The memory of that night and of the awful afternoon when I played tossapenny with the village postman will always, I hope, act as a correcting influence. When I came out here and met all these fine, brave, great-hearted fellows, I felt I couldn't pursue my wicked ways any longer. (He breaks down and sobs). And now, Jimmy, a straighter man couldn't be found in the Army.

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Raleigh: I see. I suppose I had better drop smoking, then?

Stanhope: It would be as well. (Another knock at the door.) Come in!

(Enter a robust, humorous young fellow, who smiles at Raleigh.)

Ah! Hibbert—one of the best. This is Mr. Raleigh, Algernon.

Hibbert: Very pleased to see you. I must show you my album of views of Paris buildings some time.

Stanhope: Well, I shall leave you to entertain Mr. Raleigh while I tell Mason to serve the dinner. I have a complaint to make about the way the fish was served last night. I think the parsley was a mistake, don't you?

Hibbert: Yes; I prefer fish plain, and I'd like my fish a little browner, too. Ask him if he could give us that lemon jelly again.

Stanhope: All right. Dinner in five minutes. (Exit.)

Raleigh picks bits of fluff off his uniform, while Hibbert brushes his hair in front of a cracked mirror. Enter Trotter and Osborne. Introductions and greetings. Re-enter Stanhope.

Stanhope: Oh! here you are. Did you ask the sergeant-major to step down? (Noticing the look of astonishment on Raleigh's face.) We always have the S.M. to meals here. He lacks culture, but is quite a good fellow. I believe in a spirit of camaraderie, and so we invite him down for meals.

Trotter: 'Ere 'e comes. (Enter the sergeant-major.)

Stanhope: How do you do, Sergeant-major? I felt a few drops of rain in the trenches to-day, but I think we shall have fine weather to-morrow. It so disheartens the troops if it's raining. Sit down, everybody. Mason!

(Enter Mason with the fish. He wears a chef's cap and a white apron.)

Mason: 'Ere you are, sir! The brown bit for Mr. 'Ibbert, and I've boiled a piece for Mr. Osborne.

Osborne: Ah! Thank you.

(Exit.)

They fall to and the remarks for the next few minutes are merely, "Delicious," "Good old Mason," "First-rate," etc.

(Re-enter Mason.)

Stanhope: Congratulations, Mason. Most excellently prepared. A little more pepper next time.

Mason: I do my best to give satisfaction, sir. We're short of pepper, I'm afraid.

Trotter (it is his opportunity): Well, war's bad enough *with* pepper, but war *without* pepper—it's bl—bl—blooming awful.

Stanhope (with a piercing glance): Herbert! I've forbidden you to make that remark. There's no need to be vulgar even if you are in the war. Thank you, Mason; get some more pepper as soon as possible.

Mason: Very good, sir. (Exit.)

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(Trotter leans forward and smells the flowers with a sigh of satisfaction.)

Trotter: I halways did like Lady Pilmington roses.

Stanhope: Excuse me, I believe these are George MacArthur.

(Raleigh, in bending forward to examine the roses, knocks his cup of cocoa off the table.)

Raleigh: Damn!

Stanhope, Trotter, Osborne, Hibbert, Sergeant-major (simultaneously, and rising to their feet): Jimmy! Hush! hush! I say! Really! Sir!

Raleigh (blushing): I'm sorry—it kind of slipped out.

Stanhope (stiffly reseating himself): Very well, but I'd rather it didn't happen again. Please remember we are not under peace conditions out here. One officer using bad language, and the morale of the whole regiment is shaken.

Raleigh: I can only apologise most sincerely.

Stanhope: Enough—you have disgraced the British Army!! Mason—the cocoa, please.

Curtain.

—C.G.W.

Rondeau

(Charles d'Orléans)

*The season hath its mantle shed
Of wind, of cold and fretting rain,
And now itself hath clad again,
With sunlight's broidery o'erspread.
Now every beast or bird hath said
In his own tongue that winter's slain.
The season hath its mantle shed
Of wind, of cold and fretting rain.
Now springs and streams and rivers thread
Their winding ways, and liveries gain
Of silver drops, a dress obtain
Once more of gold and jewels red.
The season hath its mantle shed.*

—C.G.W.

“Kyd”

THE first thing to be said about this year's Extravaganza is that, as usual, the dresses were very good and that the few spectacular scenes—regarded simply as still life—were capital. The pirates were the most picturesque pirates we have seen for a long time. The second thing to be said is that (What is not at all usual) the choruses, at any rate so far as the men were concerned, were sung heartily, and that several of the speakers of parts had excellent voices, and used them to good effect. There were some good individual performances. Mr. Priestley was self-possessed—a little inclined to bully the orchestra, which was doing its best, but still self-possessed—and spoke and sang with a certain amount of ginger. We liked him. Miss Henderson looked very handsome and dashing, and spoke up with spirit; Miss Nielson looked quite charming and spoke very clearly; and Miss Davidson and Miss Purdie were also quite audible in the more expensive seats. And we can't leave out Mr. Read, who, in spite of the fact that the floor had a fatal fascination for his eyes, was a thoroughly good pirate, with a proper pirate voice. The third thing to be said is that some of Mr. Smith's jokes were good and were lucky enough to get over the footlights. His repertoire of pirate jargon betrayed a long and close study of the best models, from Captain Johnson to R.L.S. and the B.O.P., and were appreciated. The songs, on the other hand, were thin.

Now, what was it all about?

We were warned at some length (for we read and admired the preface—Mr. Smith is good at that sort of thing) that we mustn't expect an underlying philosophy and all that. Very well—but is it just a fairy tale? It's nice to see pirates, and even fairies—even quite plain fairies—so long as they don't try to dance—and to hear lots of puns and oaths and see a certain amount of rough and tumble; but three hours is a devilish long time on a cold, frosty night, in a great draughty barn of a place like the Town Hall, to sit still and watch just one thing after another. The show must be short (not more than two hours), or we begin to be conscious of the gaps between the stunts. We think it should hang together more and be shorter.

But we have a more serious grouch than that. We expect to hear something of the College and the Old Clay Patch, and the Professors and the caretaker, and the Registrar and Examinations and the graduates, God bless them! The thing is a College show—it used to be in honour of the graduates. But they have been long ago forgotten. We don't blame the authors, producers, designers; we blame the Students' Association. It seems to us that they have got to make up their minds which they want of two things: either to make money, i.e., three nights in the big Town Hall, with jokes for the general public, or a Varsity jollification, i.e., a simple night in a smaller hall at a show designed for the students, especially the graduates, and their friends. Why not give the second a try? To our mind, the best show since the war was the half-pie

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affair held in the Gym. in 1918, called "The Profs' Progress, or Degrees by Degrees." The hall was small; the jokes were Varsity jokes; the allusions were plain to everybody; everybody could hear, and they weren't afraid to be caught laughing. The thing was terribly crude, but somehow it gee-ed. We should like to see a return to that tradition. Never mind about philosophical ideas and such things, they will crop up if they are handy; but let's have a regular Varsity show.

There's a dreadful snare about this taste for the merely spectacular. Our women are so good at getting it up, and it is so good in itself, that it isn't easy to pitch it overboard; but heroic measures are needed. It seems to me that the proper place for the spectacular is the Capping procession. Why not make our procession a really big thing? Half the trouble put into the Extravaganza would do it, and it would serve better than the Extravaganza to keep up our communications with the public at large. Why not a two-day programme? First, a tip-top procession at mid-day—picturesque costumes and well-thought-out stunts, with some carefully rehearsed speeches at the end, culminating at night in a mere explosion of wit and high spirits (without the beauty chorus), the Extravaganza, with some rousing choruses, Capping songs, with a couple of hundred men singing, and everybody thoroughly at home. The processionists might keep on their mid-day war-paint and, deposited among the audience, would help them to feel that they were not a mere audience, but co-revellers. Second day: Capping ceremony in the early evening, with a certain amount of dignity and hearty singing; and, finally, the Ball! The animal spirits will have been worked off on the first day, and it will be much easier to be quiet during the speeches; and at the Ball the women appear in all their glory.

But to return—Kyd confirmed us in our dislike of masses of women on the stage. In the first place, the beauty choruses invite comparison with the movies, and we suffer therein; in the second place, the art of stage dancing is a very difficult one—in Kyd the dancing was simply rotten; in the third place, untrained women may excel in comedy one by one, but they find it hard to appear ridiculous en masse—which is what an Extravaganza requires—and the audience finds the attempt embarrassing. On the other hand, one of the two real hits of the evening—the thing that produced a burst of spontaneous laughter—was the dance of the he-houris. (The other was the operatic wind-up of the first act.) If you gather together every year the oddest males in sight and dress them up as females, you can be sure of one big hit.

To wind up, our impressions of Kyd were chiefly these: First, the raw material was more promising than any we have seen for years, both men and women (and we should be sorry to exclude women *altogether* from future shows), the leaders showed that they had the right stuff in them. Second, the male choruses did two or three capital things; third, the dialogue had real fun in it; but the whole thing didn't hang together, e.g., Holmes and Watson, although they made a gallant effort, were simply a curse, and it was much too long. And, finally, it wasn't a Varsity show, much less a Capping show, at all.

CAPPING

The Ball

SO you couldn't come, my dear. How utterly utter. Yes, I went to the Ceremony. Really the most septic bore; but I met John afterwards, my dear, too. Haeremai five feet six of male elegance, and the most devastating moustache. And we went to the Ritz for supper, and when we came back the Hall was cleared and Terpsichore, the goddess of dancing, my dear, had stepped on the gas. Some of the staff were there, too distinguished, and the frocks, most mellifluous garments, empyrean-blue and caramel-beige and cinnamon and what not, and worn, my darling, to positively shroud the girlish knee, and, darling, the music was rapturous, and the supper most replenishing, although John had to simply scrum to get through the door. Really too congested. Well, I think John was rather attracted, and we didn't get home till a quarter past four, my darling—too Bohemian.

Undergraduates Supper

MR. GAMBLE forgot that we were not gentlemen, and kindly gave us the use of his tea-rooms. It is to the undying glory of Mr. Priestley, who was as usual among those who figured prominently, that, although he vigorously denied he had ever known a waitress (as he stated when replying to the toast, "The Waitresses"), he unmistakably demonstrated that he would like to have known such a lot of them.

The supper was a success. The Haeremai Club allowed us to hear one or two speeches; the eating was fairly satisfactory; the ladies were delicious and ravished the hearts of those who did not have their backs to them. The toasting ceremonies were performed with heroic gusto; "The King," "Professorial Board," "Ladies," "Graduates," "Undergraduates," "Absent Friends" were all drunk.

The usual apathetic chorusing, the appreciated items given by Miss Jupp and Mr. Edwards (these alone being worth the 2/6), the steady demolition of food, apparently provided as an afterthought, all helped to fill in an evening that was surprisingly enjoyable.

About 10 p.m. we disbanded, and the enthusiasts repaired to the Gym., there to carry on the festivity with dance and mirth.

The Procession

ON May 9th once again the Procession eclipsed its mediocrity. When, oh when, will our annual participants realise that what they are imitating is not the revelry of Glasgow, Oxford, London, or Heidelburgh, but merely the Tyl Eulenspiegel pranks of a boys' secondary school let loose on a public that mistakes low comedy for student wit? Cannot we "up here on the hill" produce a procession whose stunts are the outcome of keen-witted intellect instead of being the acted-out dominance of the "gut" responding to primitive urges? The time has come for previous and adequate preparation. Cannot the procession be so organised that each stunt is part of a central theme—a processional Extravaganza. "Spike" surely would welcome to its pages any discussion which would help to add a semblance of worthwhileness to an otherwise tiresome display that at the present time is accepted by the public with a half-tolerant and half-amused feeling of disappointment.

We (the Beneficiaries of the Procession) were presented with the spectacle of Kay Donne in his Silver Pullet—a most scandalous motor-car, whose age should have prevented it from proclaiming its unashamed indecency to Fay Taylour, who was forced blushing to flee the Pullet's advances on a motor bike, the eccentricities of which were eclipsed only by those of its rider. Dear me (us), talking about riding, why did Mr. Goodson's horse aim straight for Doherty's, the Tailor? Did the horse-sense of Pegasus lead him to believe that the rider was not wearing Doherty's Seamless Knee-grip Riding Breeches, London Patented?

The Gold Diggers of Broadway was parodied in such a way as to realise the utmost potentialities and the steady ambition of those who rode behind Nightmarch. We marvel that intellect can fly so high and taste can sink so low. We admire only the gusto of the Gold-Diggers.

Lord Bledisloe was so cleverly made up to represent Lord Plurryslow that, mistaking him for Mark Twain, we said it was Lloyd George.

Mr. Fear, from expert wisdom, so ably coached the Samoan Police Force to look militarealisistically unintelligent that we are now even more convinced that the anthropological knowledge necessary in native administration is to be gained by studying the introspections of these moron children of Mr. Fear's brain.

The popularly inefficient Eastbourne Fire Brigade, appropriately manned by our scientists, pursuing their sulphuretted fun, managed to distinguish itself by spraying a foul and unkind mixture upon the fires of justified wrath that sprang up all along the streets. The Brigade failed to do its duty and extinguish itself.

We understand that other stunts amused us.

After listening to a miserable attempt at speech-making in Post Office Square, during the course of which fiasco the horses and ourselves became highly disgusted, we and the horses bolted for fresh foods and pasture's chew."

Graduates, 1929-30

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

McNickle, Lawrence Cradock (from University of Otago).

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

Weston, Ivan Wingate (*in abs.*)

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS.

Lambourne, Annie Violet Allona .. 2nd Class English and Latin (from Auckland)

Bailey, Colin Lennie 1st Class in Education
 (Barling, Kenneth John) 2nd Class in History

Bibby, Lawrence Vincent (*in abs.*) 2nd Class in Philosophy

Campbell, Arnold Everitt 1st Class in Education

King, Howard Wilson 2nd Class in English and Latin

McIntosh, Alister Donald 2nd Class in History

Riske, Marcus 2nd Class in Philosophy

Thomson, Violet Jane 1st Class in Latin and French

Wright, John (*in abs.*) 1st Class in English

DIPLOMA OF HONOURS.

Keys, Allwyn Charles 1st Class in French

McCormick, Eric Hall 1st Class in English

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Aim, Edward James Lenz, Millicent Olive

Beckway, Rere Constance McKinlay, Arthur David

Carver, Henry George (*in abs.*) .. (Nelson, Theo. Bagge)

Daniell, Myra Deane (*in abs.*) .. Nicholls, Eileen

Ferguson, Arthur McNair (at Otago) .. Power, Anna Mary (*in abs.*)

Frazer, Clarence Gillard .. Reidy, James Morton

(Griffin, John Robert Patrick) .. Sheat, Alice Rose

Hamilton, Andrew Kay (*in abs.*) .. Wallace, Julia Nannie

Harris, Cecil Thomas (*in abs.*) .. Walsh, William Henry Patrick

(Johns, Walter Dennis) .. Ziesler, Karen Ross Margaret

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Browne, Maude Josephine .. Mooney, Mavis Stella Aston

Bryant, Max Gordon (*in abs.*) .. (Munro, Rona Margaret)

Button, Kenneth Francis .. McIntyre, Florence Agnes Annie

Cumming, William Athol .. Patterson, May McLean

Ellis, Ethel Gwendoline .. Presants, Alice Myrtle

Fairbrother, Lewis Mervyn (*in abs.*) (Sales, Dorothy Spence)

Godfrey, Margaret Fowler .. Scotter, William Henry (at Canterbury)

Hardy, Evelyn .. Sharp, Richard William

Harry, Kathleen Avery .. Thomson, Violet Ermelinda Duckers

Kember, Margaret .. Trapp, Phyllis Burney

Kennedy, Emily Helen .. Woodruffe, Florence Jessie

Marshall, Sheila Gwenneth ..

Mason, Alice Jane Gillespie ..

THE SPIKE

MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS.

Arthur, Ivy Ellen Huston (in abs.) 2nd Class in Chemistry
Dennehy, Moira Whitley 1st Class in Chemistry
Wood, Nigel Neale (in abs.) .. 1st Class in Zoology

MASTERS OF SCIENCE.

(Britland, James Joseph George) .. Heine, Ellen Minna
(Comrie, Jessie Revina) .. Waters, Desmond Frederick
Davis, Leslie Harold .. Whelan, Lawrence Andrew

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.

Campbell, Dora Isabel .. Noble, Charles Andrew (in abs.)
Davies, Edwin Braithwaite .. Ruston, Philip
*Ellison, Dorothy Jean .. Sinclair-Lockhart, John Beresford
Fear, Athol Henry .. (from Auckland University
Inder, Alfred James (at Canterbury) .. College)
Keys, Oswald Hilton .. Singleton, John Arthur
(Kingan, Basil Arthur) .. *Senior University Scholar.

MASTERS OF LAWS WITH HONOURS.

Caldwell, Guy Lawrence 2nd Class in International Law and
Conflict of Laws, Contract and
Torts, Negligence, etc.
Nash, Clement Walter 1st Class in International Law and
Conflict of Laws, Contract and
Torts, Negligence, etc.

MASTERS OF LAWS.

Cahill, Bartholomew O'Rourke .. Tripe, Richard Edward
Stewart, James Lockie ..

BACHELORS OF LAWS.

(Beard, Thomas Edward) .. Macarthur, Ian Hannay (in abs.)
Clarke, Ronald Oliyier Robert .. Knapp, Keith Elsdon
Dunn, James Hamilton .. McCarthy, Thaddeus Pearcey
Ennis, Thomas Ewart .. McGahan, Michael Robert Douglas
Gillespie, Neil Thomas .. Pears, Frank Cedric
Hart, Irvine Alfred .. Rutherford, Robert Charles
*Haughey, Edward James .. (in abs.)
Jessep, Alexander Cormack .. Toogood, Ellice Symons
Kennard, Harry Alfred .. Wilson, William Eric
*Senior University Scholar.

MASTER OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS.

Greensmith, Edwin Lloyd .. 2nd Class in Economics and Law
of Companies

MASTER OF COMMERCE.

(Werry, Eric John Wingent)

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.

Atkinson, Leonard Allan .. Jenkins, Arthur Vincent
Austad, Harold Iyer .. Rowden, Henry Wells
Eastwood, Ernest Keith .. Smith, Hector Baden
Hickson, Andrew St. George

BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING (CIVIL).

Sinclair-Lockhart, John Beresford (from Auckland University College).

DIPLOMA IN EDUCATION.

Baillie, Fraser John Edward
(*in abs.*)

Mather, Winifred Margaret
Robbie, Raymond Allen (*in abs.*)

Campbell, Arnold Everitt
(Dixon, Arthur Kenneth)

Smith, Percival Martin
Tier, James Ernest

DIPLOMA IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Tier, James Ernest

DIPLOMA IN BANKING.

(Geary, Keith Stephen)
Grant, Francis William

(McIvor, Hector Maxmillian Ivor)
Scott, Gilbert Elliott

The Capping Ceremony

THE Official Capping Ceremony was held in the Wellington Town Hall on May 9th. After the Graduates had been duly drafted into their respective flocks, by that supreme drover, Professor Boyd-Wilson, the procession, amid the craning necks and gasps of a thousand fond parents (why fond?), aunts, and similar free-tickers, slowly wended (appropriate word, "wended") their way to the platform and settled themselves among the cushions thoughtfully provided by a beneficent Professorial Board. It was immediately apparent that the annual gown drive had been a brilliant success and that all the graduates were adequately, if not correctly, clad. The staff, resplendent for the nonce, scrambled to their appointed places, and the ceremony began. We are given to understand that the concatenations which followed were College songs. However, no time was lost in preliminaries, for the clamorous multitude were impatient for the intellectual treat which immediately followed. Mr. Justice Blair had some illuminating things to say about University education, spicing his remarks with some lively anecdotes of an original nature. To those of us who had been privileged to hear His Honour speak in a *very similar* vein on a previous occasion it was indeed a pleasure to be afforded another opportunity to acquire a surer grasp of the subtle intricacies of his argument. The speaker had our sympathy when it was apparent, from the fact that some of his sallies were anticipated, that he had made a slight miscalculation in assessing the precise level of the lower strata of undergraduate intelligence. After His Honour had concluded his inspiring address, Professor Rankine Brown proceeded to the minor business of conferring the degrees. The first batch of students, after devious wanderings, reached the front of the dais, and after presenting alternately back and front views to the audience, finally compromised by an intermediate stance. Professor Rankine Brown uttered the mystic imprecations over the heads of the awed graduates, and they filed back to their seats. The ceremony closed with the customary mutilation of College songs and a rendering of the National Anthem.

College Notes

AT the close of last year Victoria College suffered a very great loss by the death of R. I. Petherick. His was a character of rare quality and such that it enriched the lives of all with whom he came in contact. Into the lives of his friends has now come a feeling of loss and a feeling of emptiness that can never be filled.

The College could ill afford to lose Petherick. His brief two years during the Final Examinations at the end of the year.

in the Science wing showed that he was a student of exceptional merit. In 1928 he was the Bruce Dall Prizeman, the prize being awarded for the most brilliant student in the Physics pass-class. In 1929 he was appointed Physics Demonstrator, a position terminated by his death.

As a cricketer he played for Wellington College First XI. and for Victoria College; while as a leader he was one of the finest Head Prefects that Wellington College has ever had.

"Spike" joins with the Professors and students of this College in expressing their deepest sympathy with the parents and relatives of one of the finest men who trod our halls.

The year 1929 saw many staff changes. We welcome Miss Ellis, the new Lecturer in History, who comes with Honours in History from Otago. We envy History students their luck in being in contact with such fine scholarship.

In the person of Mr. (now Professor) H. H. Cornish, the newly-appointed Professor of New Zealand Law, we have an authority not only in his own Professorial subjects, but also in classical studies. Professor Cornish, L.L.M., M.A., is to be congratulated on his appointment to this position, which is one he is exceptionally well qualified to fill.

Miss Isaacs, Assistant Librarian, and Miss Maskell, lately Lecturer in History, have gone on a visit to Europe and the Old Country.

We are sorry to have to record that E. T. C. Leys and L. Williams were seriously injured in playing football. Leys, who at one time was in grave danger, is now discharged from hospital, but Williams is still there. It is understood that serious complications have set in, but it is to be hoped that he is soon put on the road to complete recovery. Through "Spike" the whole College sends him best wishes.

C. E. Malfroy, who has entered Cambridge, has already reached top rank in University tennis and has been awarded his full "Blue."

Dr. J. C. Beaglehole, Ph.D. (London), is now lecturing in W.E.A. courses at Dunedin.

R. R. T. Young, M.Sc. (N.Z.), M.Sc. (Cantab.), is in Wellington on a brief holiday visit, before taking up a position with an oil company in Australia.

Dr. R. M. Campbell, Ph.D., is now at Cornell, investigating Agricultural Economics. He holds a Commonwealth Scholarship. He was last heard of tramping in Canada.

1930 Casualties

SLIGHT (ENGAGEMENTS).

Miss Jean Troup to Mr. S. Weir.
 Miss Valda Elliott to Mr. S. Hardy.
 Miss Alexa Stewart to Mr. Ian Fraser.
 Miss Alice Hansell to Rev. W. Davies.
 Miss Kit Charlton to Mr. J. Slocombe.

SEVERE (MARRIAGES).

Miss Alice Hansell to the Rev. W. Davies.
 Miss Freda Line to Mr. H. Ive Forde.
 Miss Celia Riddell to Mr. William Goodwin.
 Miss Mary McLean to Mr. Rhys Griffiths.
 Miss Jessie Maxwell to Mr. N. Welch.
 Miss Eleanor Sewell to Mr. Gordon S. Troup.
 Miss Iris Patchett to Mr. Basil Rodgers.

STATISTICS.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Metcalfe (nee Hawthorne)—a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Yaldwyn (nee Cameron)—a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Radford (nee Shirer)—a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. Insull (nee Wilson)—a son.

The Rock Of Spirits

*In grim avoidance of a harsher fate,
 From that escarpment Maori women flung
 Their lives away—in days when terror hung
 On every look of lust or tribal hate.
 The spot is quiet now; at this far date,
 No cry from human desolation wrung,
 No battle-shout by frenzied warrior sung,
 Disturbs the waters' sunny, tranquil state.
 Yet on a thought the dark old times are back;
 Through dreary reeds a wind lamenting plays,
 Dim shapes and voices throng the forest ways;
 I see old Hongi lab'ring through his track,
 And on the Isle, where now the tourist strays,
 With villain cunning launch his night attack.*

Correspondence

The Extravaganza

Dear Spike,

Is the sole function of the Extravaganza the production of a fat credit balance? It would almost seem so. Consider "Kyd" as a horrible example. Can anyone seriously argue that this mixture of vaudeville and musical comedy was in any way a genuine expression of Victoria College life? I think not. There was, it is true, a furtive reference to the College Calendar; otherwise it was apparently felt that any allusion to College affairs was highly indelicate, an obtrusion to be avoided out of sensitive regard for the feelings of the Great Wellington Public (hereinafter known as the G.W.P.). Now, "Spike," is one simple-mindedly optimistic in urging most strongly that the Extravaganza, as a most important part of the Annual Capping Celebrations, should positively reek of Victoria College and its own peculiar interests?

The retort obvious is that the Extravaganza must pay; it must, in fact, be made a financial triumph if that is at all possible. So the G.W.P., from whose reluctant pockets the cash must be extracted, must be given what it wants. But the usual Olympian indifference of the G.W.P. to our affairs is convincing evidence that it does not want to hear about them or be regaled with College jokes it is unable to understand. Hence "Kyd" and its prototypes, all nicely gauged to titillate the popular taste. And we all acquiesce in the flabbiest possible fashion; we simply throw up the sponge and accept the whole thing as normal and inevitable.

I believe there are more than a few students who regard this subordination of the essential purpose of the Extravaganza to Box Office considerations as vicious. Furthermore, I cannot see that this policy is inevitable. Let the mass of the G.W.P. who are uninterested stay at home or go to the Talkies; let the Extravaganza cater for the student body and the minority of the G.W.P. who do take a real interest, and let the whole show be absolutely saturated with the life that is the life of Victoria College. Doubtless, this will mean a production in a smaller hall, in the Concert Chamber, perhaps. The women's ballets will be mercifully impossible—mercifully, because they are never bad enough to be amusing, but always far too bad to be artistically enjoyable. As for the singing, we might with profit revert to a practice of the past. The chorus need not appear on the stage, but can do their job quite adequately from the front rows in the body of the hall.

Such a show would, I am convinced, pay its way. But probably it would not pay well. Yet I seem to recall an obscure classical saw about something or other "magis auro desideranda." And if anyone objects that College life is not rich in sources of amusement, he should take off his blinkers and look again.

Finally, I may say that this letter picks no direct quarrel with those in any way concerned with recent Extravaganzas, since they, clearly, had to accept the conditions they found; but it does attack a widely accepted policy which seems to involve the prostitution of the Extravaganza to the Box Office.—Yours, etc.,
—V.U.C.

The Varsity's Reply To The Good Morning Club

Dear Mr. Editor,—

There dwelt, once upon a time, in a village called Wellington, a man who bore the name of Abdul Abdul Rustle. He was a good, bright lad, and of no mean intellect.

One night, sitting by the fireside, he said to himself: "You know, Rustle, you are such a bright spot; would this not be a beautiful world if everybody were like you." And the more he thought, the more the idea appealed to him, and again to himself he said: "Now, I Wonder, could I do anything to make the world as much like me as possible?" And thus brooding fell asleep.

He dreamed that an old man came to his side and in his (Abdul's) hand put a small wiggling germ, which had a human face, not unlike his own, indeed. Abdul tightened his fist on it and sunbeams shot from its eyes and fell tinkling on the floor, while at the same time it said (with an upward inflection), "Good morning"—and Abdul awoke.

"It is *the* idea," he said, and unable to contain himself, he rushed around the valley which was his home, and up a tall hill—called Victoria after a woman—and shouted aloud his dream.

And the nobles and commoners of the town heaped much unlooked for praise upon Abdul's head, and he was happy. The people made him President of the Little Sunbeam Society, while they themselves careered hither and thither, shouting and neighing, "Good Morning" at each other, irrespective of either the climatic or chronological accuracy of their greeting—but they were innately happy.

However, one day a stranger was observed within the city walls, of exceeding downcast features. When people said, "Good Morning, stranger," he scowled and said, "Bad sass to ye," with a falling inflection.

At last he was hauled before Abdul, Pres. L.S.S. "Stranger," said Abdul, "why are you not a Little Sunbeam?" "O, most sunny President, how easy it is to be happy when one's belly is full and rosy, when good raiment adorns round limbs, and you haven't got a wife and six kids that are hungry. Come to my country and I will show you something—sights which will amaze you."

Abdul went with him to the stranger's land and they walked along streets and saw strange sights on a lovely sunny morning. Along the main streets were seats placed at intervals, and on these seats were printed words which were unbeknown of Abdul—*Unemployment, Incurable Sickness, Suppressed Ambition, and Complacency*. Also upon the seats were persons one and all of dejected countenance, and coming to the first occupied, Abdul, of habit, gave him a cheery "Good morning," his voice rising all the time like a share in a Brewery venture.

"Ssh," said the stranger when, scowling, the man turned. "Why brag about it; can't you see how it's mocking him."

Like a flash the scales fell from Abdul's eyes. So, thanking the stranger, he went home and doffed the robes of office and the L.S.S. was no more. And, strange to say, nobody said *anything*.

—LEW.

The Cafeteria

Sir,—I have heard certain students of this College complaining about the service of the Cafeteria and the quality of the food ultimately received. Now, sir, let me say that the present-day students have not the strong constitutions that were the glory of us students when first I entered the College. You all remember the sad case of the student who, early this year was carried in rigor mortis from the Cafeteria. Now, sir, compare him with myself. That student was a fresher, and suffered little. I have been here 13 years. During those thirteen years I have partaken considerably of College meat and drink, and, looking over my daily diary, I find that to date I have drunk, at the rate of 3 per day, 7,800 cups of tea; at the rate of 5 per day, 13,000 scones; and at varying rates, 2,600 pies, 15,600 slices of bread, 1,300 chocolate biscuits, 700 plates of variously cooked cow, pig, and sheep, 8 plates of fish savoury and 1 plate of cheese savoury (!! quoth the Raven). Now, sir, the outstanding fact is that I am still alive. But that is not all.

From my diary again I find that I have spent during 13 years 2,600 hours in the Cafeteria. This works out to 3 months 2 weeks 0 days and 4 hours. Of this amount I have spent 1,950 hours, or 81 days 6 hours in waiting to be served, and 27 days (of 24 hours) 2 hours in actually eating. Now, sir, the second outstanding fact is that I have succeeded in becoming a Master of Arts. My thesis is proved. It is definitely proved that:—

1. The time spent in waiting for, and in eating food within the College Cafeteria is not wasted.
2. That the process of getting degrees is the process of eliminating the unfit.
3. That the finest testing ground is the Cafeteria.
4. That the survivors find M.A. a matter of ridiculous ease.

Sir, I thank you, and remain,

—TRIUMPHANT.

P.S.—I am a member of the Tramping Club and owe my gustatory strength to the inoculatory efforts of Prof. B--- W----'s stews.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Owing to pressure of space in the week of publication, "The Spike" committee regrets that some contributions could not be inserted. They will, however, appear in the next issue of "Spike."

We shall be pleased to receive original contributions in prose or verse for the next number. The closing date for the receipt of Club Notes and contributions will be September 1st, but we urge contributors to send in material as soon as possible.

EXCHANGES.

The editor wishes to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following exchanges. It is regretted that, owing to changes in the editorial staff, the list is not complete:—"The Taranakian," "The Otago Boys' High School Magazine," "Canta," "Peka," "The King's Minstrel," "Craccum," "Wreccum."

CLUB NOTES

BLUES CONFERRED 1915-1930.

BLUES, 1915-16-17.

The earliest records of the award of College Blazers dates back to the 1917 Report. In that year blazers were awarded to:—

Cricket Club: F. A. De la Mare, 1907-08; P. W. Burbidge, 1908-09-10-11; Dr. P. S. Foster, 1909; Rev. H. W. Monaghan, 1909; C. F. Atmore, 1912.

Football Club: K. E. Adams, 1915, 1916; H. D. Chrisp, 1915; W. A. Churchill, 1915, 1916; N. F. Little, 1915; T. Lyons, 1915; A. F. Meldrum, 1915; F. J. McKenna, 1915; L. D. O'Sullivan, 1915; B. C. B. Dickson, 1916; A. Jackson, 1916; N. A. J. Barker, 1916.

Hockey Club: N. A. Foden, 1915; C. H. E. Strack, 1915; K. J. Strack, 1915; J. A. Archibald, 1916; J. . Sheat, 1916.

Tennis Club: Misses M. Sievwright, 1915, 1916; E. W. J. Fenton, 1915, 1916; E. M. Still, 1915; J. McCarthy, 1915, 1916; Messrs C. F. Atmore, 1915; N. A. Foden, 1915; L. J. Edmondson, 1915, 1916; R. A. Howie, 1915, 1916; A. J. McLennan, 1916; P. E. Broad, 1916.

BLUES, 1918.

Cricket Club: 1917—G. G. Aitken, N. A. J. Barker, L. C. Hemery, F. A. Norton, S. V. Raines.

Football Club—1917—G. G. Aitken, H. D. C. Adams, L. A. Charles, A. Jackson, F. A. Norton, V. W. Russell, J. W. Ward, L. K. Wilson, S. A. Wren.

Tennis Club: 1917—Misses M. Sievwright, E. W. J. Fenton, R. Sievwright; Messrs. R. A. Howie, A. J. McLennan, N. N. Smith, W. E. Leicester.

Women's Hockey Club: Misses D. Bingham, 1915, 1916, 1917; C. Mander, 1915, 1916; N. Gallagher, 1916; R. Murphy, 1916; T. Wallace, 1916, 1917; E. Ellis, 1916; I. Windley, 1916, 1917; C. Donovan, 1917; L. Tarrant, 1917.

BLUES, 1919-1920.

Football Club: Messrs. N. A. J. Barker, G. G. Aitken, T. E. Beard, R. R. Scott, E. T. Crisp, A. Jackson, P. Martin-Smith, N. N. Smith, J. D. Hutchison, W. Randell, K. W. Low, E. V. Espiner, J. L. Dighton, G. S. Gillespie, J. D. Brosnan.

Athletic Club: Messrs. G. G. Aitken, N. A. J. Barker, J. R. Bennett, J. L. Dighton, J. L. Edmondson, G. S. Gillespie, A. Jackson, L. A. Tracy, W. L. Longhurst, G. H. Lusk.

Boxing Club: Messrs. McRae, J. D. Hutchison, R. R. Scott, N. McLelland.

Women's Hockey Club: Misses M. Richard, F. Tolley, M. Meyers, A. Martin, P. McMurray, N. Gordon.

Tennis Club: Messrs. A. Whitelaw, J. L. Edmondson, W. E. Leicester, R. Milburn; Misses A. Easterfield, W. E. J. Fenton, E. Waldie, I. Sievwright, A. Martin, H. Robertson.

BLUES, 1921.

Athletic Club: L. A. Tracy, A. Jackson, K. Griffin, H. McCormick, G. Seddon, H. G. Whitehead, G. G. Aitken, B. Thomas, R. Gapes.

Cricket Club: P. B. Broad, J. Gamble, W. Hain, J. F. Stewart, E. C. Wren.

Hockey Club: Misses G. Lithgow, M. Myers, A. Martin, I. Godfrey; Messrs. E. G. Cousins, W. H. Stainton, B. Kean, H. G. Whitehead, C. G. Kirk, G. H. Seddon, C. H. Wilson.

Football Club: S.K. Siddells, G. S. Gillespie, A. Jackson, G. G. Aitken, R. R. Scott, K. W. Low, D. Scott, A. D. McRae, J. D. Hutchinson, J. L. Dighton, M. L. Smith, H. N. Burns.

Boxing Club: A. D. McRae, J. D. Hutchinson, V. F. Conningham, N. J. Lewis, J. Meltzer.

Tennis Club: Misses Waldie, Fenton, Sievwright; Messrs. M. Gibb, W. H. Stainton.

THE SPIKE

BLUES, 1922.

Tennis Club: Misses A. Coull, R. Gardner, I. Thwaites, E. W. Fenton, E. Madeley; Messrs. N. C. Gibb and H. N. Burns.

Cricket Club: P. B. Broad, A. M. Cousins, W. H. Stainton, F. Joplin, W. G. Harwood, N. J. Lewis.

Athletic Club: L. A. Tracy, H. G. Whitehead, K. M. Griffen, C. W. Davies, H. E. Moore, A. Jackson.

Football Club: G. G. Aitken, P. B. Bryden, H. W. Burns, B. C. B. Dickson, F. Hanson, A. Jackson, P. Martin-Smith, G. G. Mackay, A. D. McRae, D. H. Scott, S. K. Siddells, C. B. Thomas, J. F. Trapski, K. A. Woodward.

Boxing Club: A. D. McRae, R. W. Frazer, W. F. Conningham, N. J. Lewis, R. T. Young.

Women's Hockey Club: B. Askew, G. Lithgow, A. Martin, E. Mills, B. Murphy, N. Meyers.

Men's Hockey Club: C. G. Kirk, H. G. Whitehead, C. H. Wilson, W. G. Harwood, E. G. Cousins, A. M. Cousins, E. Williams.

BLUES, 1923.

Tennis Club: Misses R. Gardner, I. Thwaites, N. Pigou, O. Sheppard; Messrs. W. P. Hollings, M. Gibb, R. R. T. Young, C. G. S. Ellis.

Cricket Club: J. L. Dighton, H. E. Moore, A. M. Cousins, A. Murray.

Athletic Club: K. M. Griffen, H. McCormick, S. G. McIntosh, J. O. J. Malfroy, J. Paul, L. A. Tracy, H. G. Whitehead.

Boxing Club: A. D. McRae, N. J. Lewis, R. R. T. Young, K. Vance.

BLUES, 1924.

Athletics Club: L. A. Tracy, M. Leadbetter, F. S. Hill, H. G. Whitehead, C. W. Davies, A. D. Priestley, K. M. Griffen, A. D. McRae, D. Barker.

Boxing Club: V. F. Conningham, A. D. McRae, N. J. Lewis.

Cricket Club: R. H. C. Mackenzie, E. C. Wren, A. M. Hollings, A. M. Wilson, L. J. Evans, G. C. Kent.

Football Club: I. A. Hart, G. Mackay, R. H. C. Mackenzie, P. Martin-Smith, A. D. McRae, J. Q. McWilliam, J. O. J. Malfroy, D. Scott.

Hockey Club: C. G. Grant, C. H. Hain, G. W. Martin, J. McDuff, N. J. Lewis.

Tennis Club: Misses M. Tracy, R. Gardner, I. Thwaites, O. Sheppard, E. Madeley; Messrs. R. R. T. Young, F. H. Paul, M. Young.

BLUES, 1925.

Athletic Club: M. Leadbetter, F. S. Hill, C. B. Allan, C. W. Davies, A. D. Priestley, L. A. Tracy, S. G. McIntosh, R. I. M. Sutherland, A. E. Gilliver, M. C. Amadio.

Cricket Club: G. C. Kent, J. C. Greig, E. C. Wren, A. M. Wilson, C. H. Arndt, A. M. Hollings, R. H. C. Mackenzie.

Women's Hockey Club: Misses E. Madeley, P. McMurray.

Men's Hockey Club: W. Sykes, J. McDuff, V. Francis, J. Laurie, H. Atkinson, C. Hain.

Football Club: H. Adams, W. Blaithwaite, S. G. Joll, I. A. Hart, J. O. J. Malfroy, P. Martin-Smith, J. Q. McWilliam, R. H. C. Mackenzie, C. J. O'Regan, R. E. Pope, H. Riggs, E. C. Wren, E. Walpole.

Boxing Club: A. R. Cooper, I. A. Hart, P. B. Marshall, W. Wilson.

Tennis Club: Misses M. Tracy, O. M. Sheppard, I. Thwaites, R. Gardner, E. Madeley; Messrs. R. R. T. Young, F. H. Paul, B. R. O'Brien.

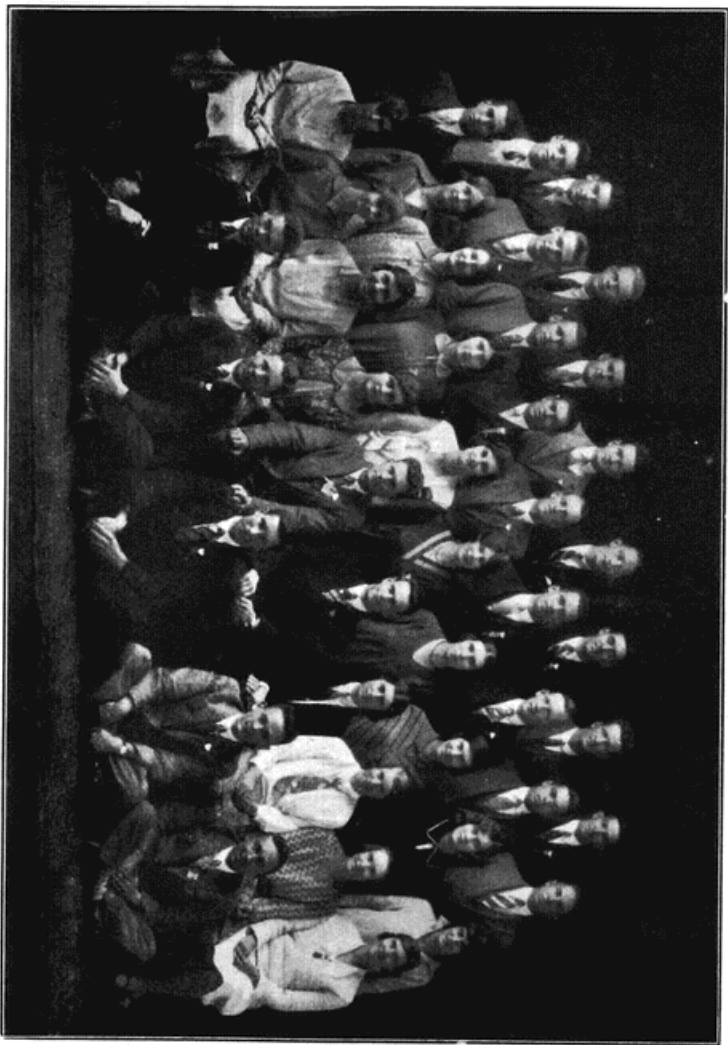
Rifle Club: E. G. Parker, J. B. Yaldwyn, R. F. E. O'Connor, I. Bertram, A. Ainslie, H. V. Scott, R. R. T. Young.

Women's Basket Ball Club: Misses R. Gardner, D. Crumpton, O. Sheppard, D. Pillor, M. MacLaurin, M. Downes, G. Wilkie.

BLUES, 1926.

Athletic Club: M. Leadbetter, E. K. Eastwood, A. D. Priestley, C. B. Allan, E. B. Smith, D. L. Jackson, G. Sceats, F. S. Hill, T. P. Rollings, W. G. Kallauger.

Football Club: H. N. Burns, S. Childs, J. B. Hart, S. Joll, G. Kells, T. Love, C. Mackenzie, J. McWilliam, J. O. J. Malfroy, P. Martin-Smith, C. J. O'Regan, R. E. Pope, G. Sceats, E. Walpole, E. Wren.



TOURNAMENT DELEGATES.

—Vibron Studio.

THE SPIKE

Cricket Club: C. H. Arndt, J. C. Greig, A. M. Mc Gavin, A. M. Hollings, A. M. Wilson, P. D. Wilson, R. H. C. Mackenzie.

Men's Hockey Club: V. Francis, D. Waghorn, V. H. Thwaites, G. S. Simpson, C. H. Hain, F. H. Paul, N. J. Lewis.

Women's Hockey Club: Misses E. Fletcher, P. Taylor, L. Hiskens, I. Campbell.

Tennis Club: Messrs. Young, R. McL. Ferkins, F. H. Paul, B. O'Brien, H. N. Burns, C. E. Scott; Misses O. M. Sheppard, E. Madeley, M. Cameron, M. Goodwin, M. Metcalfe.

Rifle Club: G. E. Parker, H. F. Bollard, H. V. Scott, T. Hislop, R. F. O'Connor, J. B. Yaldwyn, I. H. Macarthur.

Boxing Club: J. K. Hunn, G. Richardson, F. Desmond, G. Sceats, J. Platts-Mills.

Basketball Club: M. Maclaurin, O. M. Sheppard, E. Scarfe, M. O'Donnell, L. Gray, N. Page, D. Crumpton, D. Pillor, R. Fabian.

BLUES, 1927.

Athletic Club: Messrs. C. B. Allen, E. B. Smith, A. D. Priestley, J. D. Mackay, G. J. Sceats, W. G. Kalauger, F. S. Hill, E. K. Eastwood, D. Barker.

Football Club: Messrs. J. O. J. Malfroy, Noble-Adams, Mason, Mackay, Sceats, E. Walpole, R. H. C. Mackenzie, Leys, Childs, O'Regan, Martin-Smith, Deiderich, J. F. Platts-Mills, H. N. Burns, R. E. Pope, South.

Cricket Club: Messrs. A. M. Hollings, Leys, Hall, Mackay, A. C. Tripe, Vietmeyer, McGavin, R. H. C. Mackenzie.

Men's Hockey Club: Messrs. A. D. Priestley, I. H. Macarthur, F. H. Paul, M. Lewis, K. James, V. Francis, J. Macdonald.

Women's Hockey Club: Misses P. Taylor, E. Fletcher, I. Campbell, L. Hiskens, K. Bullen.

Tennis Club: Misses Sheppard, M. Cameron, Goodwin, Briggs; Messrs. R. Ferkins, B. O'Brien, F. H. Paul, C. E. Scott, W. Hay, J. H. Macarthur.

Shooting Club: Messrs. G. E. Parker, H. F. Bollard, I. H. Macarthur, T. G. Hislop, H. V. Scott.

Boxing Club: Messrs. W. E. Wilson, G. B. Richardson, J. Platts-Mills.

Basketball Club: Misses E. Scarfe, M. Maclaurin, M. O'Donnell, L. Gray, D. Crumpton, D. Pillar, M. Carty, D. Roberts.

BLUES, 1928.

Athletic Club: Messrs. A. D. Priestley, F. S. Ramson, E. B. Smith, C. B. Allen, G. J. Sceats, E. K. Eastwood, D. Barker, F. W. Jones, J. N. Goodson, J. D. Mackay, R. Anderson.

Football Club: Messrs. J. Blakeney, H. N. Burns, S. Childs, H. A. Cormack, A. Claridge, R. Deidrich, T. N. Foden, J. R. Grigg, E. Leys, A. Irwin, J. D. Mackay, P. Martin-Smith, R. H. C. Mackenzie, F. Noble-Adams, C. O'Regan, F. S. Ramson, G. J. Sceats.

Men's Hockey Club: Messrs. F. H. Paul, I. H. Macarthur, J. Macdonald, G. S. Simpson, W. D. Sykes, B. Massey, W. F. R. Atkinson.

Women's Hockey Club: Misses I. Campbell, J. Bade, M. Selwood, P. Heise, R. Munro, K. Bullen.

Tennis Club: Misses O. Lenz, F. Line, K. Zeisler; Messrs. R. McL. Ferkins, G. N. T. Goldie, W. Hay, I. H. Macarthur, W. J. Hay.

Rifle Club: Messrs. G. E. Parker, H. F. Bollard, I. H. Macarthur, R. Grant, E. W. Mills.

Boxing Club: E. E. Chamberlain, C. A. Steele, A. J. Watson, G. B. Richardson.

Basketball Club: Misses M. Maclaurin, L. Gray, E. Hardy, E. C. J. Park, D. Pillar.

Cricket: R. H. C. Mackenzie, H. Bailey, W. Dormer, J. C. Greig, A. M. Hollings, E. T. Leys, A. C. Tripe, R. F. Tripe, W. F. Veitmeyer.

BLUES, 1929.

Football Club: Messrs. F. Noble-Adams, E. A. Brown, F. S. Ramson, J. D. Mackay, A. H. Irwin, R. H. C. Mackenzie, E. T. C. Leys, S. C. Childs, T. G. Hislop, C. J. O'Regan, R. Deiderich, E. E. Blacker, H. W. Cormack, J. C. Blakeney, F. Grant, W. R. Hart.

Hockey Club: Messrs. K. C. James, H. B. Massey, V. Francis, W. D. Sykes, C. G. Frazer, G. S. Simpson.

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Tennis Club: Messrs. C. E. Malfroy, G. N. T. Goldie, R. M. Ferkins, C. S. Plank; Misses M. Carty, M. Line, O. Lenz, V. Dyer.

Boxing Club: Messrs. L. Sowry, F. C. Moore, M. Mahoney, D. G. Edwards, J. K. Logan.

Women's Hockey Club: Misses M. Huggins, B. Bade, I. Campbell, J. Bade, M. Selwood.

Basket ball Club: Misses I. Scarfe, E. Hardy, M. Patterson, M. Line, I. Morice, V. Wilson.

Rowing Club: F. H. Mullins, C. A. Steele, S. G. Rees, F. M. Bell.

Athletic Club: Messrs. D. Barker, E. K. Eastwood, J. N. Goodson, R. Leech, J. D. Mackay, F. S. Ramson, E. B. Smith.

Cricket Club: Messrs. R. H. C. Mackenzie, T. Nelson, W. Vietmeyer, H. Bailey, J. Greig, E. T. C. Leys.

Shooting Club: Messrs. R. Grant, W. Mills, H. F. Bollard, C. Macarthur, P. Page.

BLUES, 1930.

Athletic Club: Messrs. F. S. Ramson, J. N. Goodson, D. Barker, J. D. Mackay, E. K. Eastwood, L. W. Rothwell, J. C. K. Fabian and I. Wilby.

Boxing Club: Messrs. J. K. Logan, N. N. Wood, A. M. McDonald, D. Leitch, M. E. Mahoney, H. Williams and L. E. Sowry.

Men's Hockey Club: Messrs. G. S. Simpson, P. D. Wilson, H. B. Massey, A. J. Ferris, L. H. Davis, W. T. Vietmeyer and W. A. Cumming.

Football Club: Messrs. T. Hislop, J. Blakeney, S. C. Childs, E. Blacker, M. Edgar, F. Grant, R. Diederich, C. Dixon, W. Hart, E. T. C. Leys, R. H. C. Mackenzie, A. Irwin, F. S. Ramson, T. N. Foden, E. K. Eastwood, J. D. Mackay, F. Cormack and H. Cormack.

Basketball Club: Misses M. Line, L. Scarfe, P. Quinlan, M. Patterson, E. Hardy, I. Morice, D. Roberts, D. Pillar and V. Wilson.

Women's Hockey Club: Misses I. Campbell, M. Huggins, M. Maclean, M. Ives and F. Selwood.

Cricket Club: Messrs. T. B. Nelson, E. Aim, P. D. Wilson, W. H. Dormer, H. C. Bailey, R. H. C. Mackenzie, E. T. C. Leys and H. W. Osborn.

Tennis Club: Misses M. Line, M. Carty, V. Dyer and K. Ziesler; Messrs. Long, Harris and Simpson.

Rowing Club: Messrs. F. M. Bell, K. McGavin and F. H. Mullins.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The twenty-sixth New Zealand Inter-University Tournament was held at Auckland, 1930. Our team:—

Athletics.—Putting the Shot Championship, F. S. Cormack, F. S. Ramson; 220yds. Flat, J. N. Goodson, C. Jenkins; One Mile Flat, R. Leech, L. W. Rothwell; Long Jump, D. Barker, J. D. Mackay; 440yds. Hurdles, J. D. Mackay, F. S. Ramson; 120yds. Hurdles, F. S. Ramson, N. Hislop; 800yds. Flat Championship, R. Leech; Hammer Throwing, no entry; 100yds. Flat, J. N. Goodson, C. Jenkins; Mile Walk, no entry; High Jump, D. Barker, N. Hislop; 440yds. Flat Championship, E. K. Eastwood, F. S. Ramson; Javelin Throwing, F. Cormack, J. D. Mackay; 3-mile Flat Championship, J. C. Fabian, L. W. Rothwell; Relay Race, Leech, Eastwood, Goodson, Jenkins.

Tennis.—Men's Singles, R. Long and G. S. Simpson; Men's Doubles, P. Webb and J. Dive, W. Harris and G. S. Simpson; Ladies' Singles, M. Line and M. Carty; Ladies' Doubles, M. Line and M. Carty, V. Dyer and K. Ziesler; Combined Doubles, V. Dyer and W. Harris, K. Ziesler and R. Long.

Boxing.—Bantam-weight, J. K. Logan; Feather-weight, N. Wood; Light-weight, A. M. Macdonald; Welter-weight, R. Leitch; Middle-weight, M. E. Mahoney; Light-heavy-weight, H. Williams; Heavy-weight, L. Sowry.

Basketball.—M. Curtis, J. Dunn, E. Hardy (Capt.), M. Line, I. Morrice, M. Patterson, P. Quinlan, M. Gibbs, D. Roberts, M. Bell (emergency).

Swimming.—Misses S. Breen and A. Veitch; Messrs. J. Cowan and R. E. Rawle.

Shooting.—D. Banks, H. F. Bollard, R. Grant, P. Meahan, E. W. Mills, D. McLeod, H. McWhinnie, L. Williams.

Delegates.—Messrs. E. K. Eastwood and G. B. Richardson.

Early on Saturday morning the Southern teams arrived in Wellington, and were met by a few V.U.C. representatives. After arranging a "dump" for the visitors' luggage, the Otago and the Canterbury representatives were taken to breakfast at Barrett's and the Trocadero respectively. After breakfast they were left to their own resources for a few hours. At three-thirty the three teams assembled on the Thorndon Station about a hundred and fifty strong. Unfortunately owing to the large numbers travelling on this train, the Otago team was obliged to travel on a special relief express which left about half an hour after our own. The trip to Auckland was as uneventful as it usually is, and stops for refreshments seemed to be generally welcomed. A few choruses to the accompaniment of a ukulele enlivened proceedings for a time. Lights were extinguished early to give the optimists a chance. Attempts at sleeping were, however, for the most part unsuccessful.

At Frankton, and almost before would-be-resters had had a chance to recover from their efforts at slumber, the "liaison officers," Messrs. Wilson and Jenkin, were abroad distributing our packages and inspiring us with the belief that we must be somewhere near Auckland. Curiously enough we arrived at the Queen City on time and we were greeted with the spectacle of a pyjama parade of about forty of the Hongi Club, who welcomed us vociferously and who in the short time at their disposal managed to perform their haka.

The concrete Kiwi, too, was in evidence, but no attempt was made to storm the bodyguard.

The fact that the teams did not all arrive together enabled the billeting committee to do their work a good deal quicker than they could otherwise have done it. Within the hour all the Canterbury and Victoria representatives had been despatched to their various billets. The Otago team arrived some time later and were obviously tired after their forty-eight hours of travelling.

The weighing-in ceremony for the boxers took place that morning and the Official Reception and Photograph at the College in the afternoon. Professor W. P. Worley, chairman of the Professorial Board, briefly but warmly welcomed "the distinguished visitors," while a solitary fantail from aloft also showed its great pleasure to be with us. After the customary delay the official photo. was taken.

On Saturday morning the Tournament began in earnest when the boxers fought out the preliminary bouts in good style at the Town Hall, while the tennis teams commenced operations at the Stanley Street courts. Friday evening saw the finals of the boxing, which ended sensationally.

The remainder of Saturday morning was enjoyably spent by representatives in dancing at the Rendezvous.

On Sunday afternoon we were taken for a drive to Ellerslie and despite the dismal weather everyone seemed to be in the best of spirits. Afternoon tea at the Racecourse was quite a bright little function. The weather was on its best behaviour on Monday; in fact, the day was decidedly warm for such strenuous events as Basketball and Athletics, as those taking part discovered. The Victoria athletic team were the favourites, but the day proved to us "that the best-laid schemes . . ." and Canterbury carried off the honours by the narrow margin of one point. That evening the first swimming contest of these tournaments was held at the Tepid Baths in Hobson Street, and we were naturally curious to see how this event would appeal to the public. That the Carnival was a success is undoubted. The Baths were packed to the uncomfortable stage. The programme went off without a hitch save from the point of view of our swimmers. Tuesday saw the finals of the Tennis, or rather some of them, for the rain prevented play in the afternoon, and that scene of rivalry by night—the Tournament Ball—at which the Shields and Cups were presented to the winners by Lady Fowlds. The Ball was a fitting close to a successful Tournament.

Save for one or two Tennis finals, Wednesday was a free day. The last of the Mascots met their fate at the tennis courts. The evening arrived all too soon and with it the hasty preparations for departure. The railway officials were kind enough to allow students on to the platform to bid their fond farewells.

Reviewing the Tournament as a whole, we can say that it was undoubtedly most successful and that it reflects great credit on the Auckland Committee.

We extend our congratulations to Auckland on winning the Tournament Shield.

The following are the points for the Shield gained by Colleges in the various events:—

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	A.U.C.	O.U.	V.U.C.	C.C.
Athletics	1	2	6	7
Boxing	1½	2½	5	1½
Tennis	9	—	—	2
Shooting	3	1	—	1
Basketball	4	1½	1½	1
Swimming	2	—	—	1
	<hr/> 20½	<hr/> 7	<hr/> 12½	<hr/> 12½

A.U.C.: Winners.

V.U.C.: Runners-up.

Athletics.

16lb. Shot Championship: G. Orbell (O.U.C.), 1; E. E. England (C.U.C.), 2; N. Gray (O.U.C.), 3.

220 Yards Flat Championship: C. Jenkins (V.U.C.), 1; O. R. Morgan (A.U.C.), 2; J. N. Goodson (V.U.C.), 3.

One Mile Flat Championship: C. B. E. Taylor (C.U.C.), 1; H. North (O.U.C.), 2; D. W. Bain (C.U.C.), 3.

Long Jump Championship: D. Barker (V.U.C.), 1; H. K. Brainsley (A.U.C.), 2; A. W. M. Watkins (C.U.C.), 3.

440 Yards Hurdles: F. S. Ramson (V.U.C.), 1; T. N. Buxton (O.U.C.), 2; Lunn (C.U.C.), 3.

120 Yards Hurdles: F. S. Ramson (V.U.C.), 1; H. Fookes (O.U.C.), 2; Cooper (A.U.C.), 3.

880 Yards Flat Championship: O. C. Harley (C.U.C.), 1; J. . Webber (O.U.C.), 2; J. S. Watt (A.U.C.), 3.

Hammer Throwing: B. J. Dunn (O.U.C.), 1; G. B. Wilson (O.U.C.), 2.

100 Yards Flat: C. Jenkins (V.U.C.), 1; O. R. Morgan (A.U.C.), 2; J. N. Goodson (V.U.C.), 3.

One Mile Walk: E. B. Mackenzie (C.U.C.), 1; R. Frater (O.U.C.), 2; T. G. Holmes (A.U.C.), 3.

High Jump: Morris (C.U.C.), 1; J. W. Allen (A.U.C.), 2.

120 Yards Hurdles Championship: Ramson (V.U.C.), 1; Smith (O.U.C.), 2; Henderson (A.U.C.), 3.

Javelin Throw: V. C. Butler (A.U.C.), 1; J. D. Mackay (V.U.C.), 2; R. C. Beech (A.U.C.), 3.

Three-Mile Championship: E. B. E. Taylor (C.U.C.), 1; R. Bauer (C.U.C.), 2; A. D. Porter (A.U.C.), 3.

Relay Race: Goodson, Jenkins, Eastwood, Ramson (V.U.C.), 1; C.U.C., 2; O.U.C., 3.

Tug-of-War: O.U.C., 1.

Swimming.

100 Yards Men's Championship: J. P. Farrell (A.U.C.), 1; E. Fitch (C.U.C.), 2; S. Fogg (O.U.C.), 3. Time, 59 4-5sec.

220 Yards Men's Championship: J. P. Farrell (A.U.C.), 1; E. Fitch (C.U.C.), 2; J. Morris (C.U.C.), 3. Time, 2min. 43sec.

50 Yards Women's Championship: Miss E. Leitz (A.U.C.), 1; Miss V. Edser (O.U.C.), 2; Miss H. Gaze (A.U.C.), 3. Time, 34sec.

100 Yards Women's Championship: Miss V. Edser (O.U.C.), 1; Miss E. Leitz (A.U.C.), 2; Miss H. Gaze (A.U.C.), 3. Time, 76sec.

220 Yards Dual Relay: Auckland, 1; Otago, 2; Canterbury, 3. Time, 2min. 6 1-5sec.

Basketball.

First games: O.U.C. beat C.U.C., 15—9; A.U.C. beat V.U.C., 34—10.

Second games: V.U.C. beat C.U.C., 32—8; A.U.C. beat O.U.C., 42—12.

Shooting.

Practices: A.U.C. won two (Nos. 1 and 3); C.U.C. won one (No. 4); O.U.C. won one (No. 2).

A.U.C. won Aggregate and Haslam Shield. Scores: A.U.C., 809; C.U.C., 780; O.U.C., 756; V.U.C., 626. Highest scorer: I. C. MacLaine (C.U.C.), 129.

Tennis.

Men's Singles Championship: A. C. Stedman (A.U.C.).

Men's Double Championship: A. C. Stedman and J. E. Stedman (A.U.C.).

Ladies' Singles Championship: Miss Sherris (C.U.C.).

Ladies' Doubles Championship: A.U.C. (to play off).

Combined Doubles Championship: Miss N. Whitelaw and A. H. McDonald, A.U.C.

Boxing.

Bantam-weight: J. K. Logan (V.U.C.).

Feather-weight: R. Keenan (O.U.C.).

Light-weight: A. E. G. Stirling (C.U.C.).

Welter-weight: J. Dovi (O.U.C.).

Middle-weight: M. E. Mahoney (V.U.C.).

Light-heavy: R. B. Moorhouse (A.U.C.).

Heavy-weight: L. F. Sowry (V.U.C.).

Bantam.—J. K. Logan (8st. 4lb.) beat H. Hudson (8st. 6lb.), of Canterbury. This bout opened quietly enough in the first round. In the second Logan opened out and quickly had Hudson groggy with a series of telling left-rights to the head. After sending his opponent twice to the boards, the referee intervened.

Final.—In the final Logan met C. Lowndes, of Otago, who had shown himself a clever, aggressive boxer. Both men opened cautiously, but went into the second with a will. Lowndes scored for a time, but was soon practically overwhelmed by a flurry of blows to head. Blow for blow marked the third round and the first portion of the last, but "Mary" had his man very groggy at the end of the fourth and won his "blue" after a sterling exhibition against no mean opponent.

Feather.—N. N. Wood and L. M. Perry (C.U.C.) were evenly matched, at least, so it appeared over the first round. The second round showed Wood the heavier hitter and Perry after taking several powerful rights, took the count.

The final of this weight was a disappointment to us. Meeting R. Keenan (O.U.), Wood wasted no time in getting in to his man. Wood appeared to be scoring about two to every one of the southerner. Keenan's shorter reach appeared a disadvantage and his tactics of rushing Wood to the ropes did not appear to be gaining him any points, especially as Wood was using his left effectively. In spite of the fact that Wood had the better of at least three of the four rounds, the decision was given to Keenan.

Light-weight.—A. M. Macdonald met A. Hely, of Auckland, in what proved a good scientific exhibition. Macdonald was the cleverer boxer and had his man guessing all the time. Hely made a bid for the last round, but Macdonald won this fairly comfortably.

In the final he was up against a recognised hard hitter and good boxer, A. E. G. Stirling, of Canterbury. The bout was fought at a fast pace, and excellent boxing was witnessed. Macdonald was an elusive target until the canvas unfortunately slowed him up, when he took some heavy rights. At the gong in the second round Macdonald was groggy, and had not recovered by the commencement of the third. After taking a good deal of heavy punishment in this round the referee stepped in and awarded the fight to Stirling. Macdonald was awarded the Association's medal for the most scientific boxer in the Tournament.

Welter-weight.—D. H. Leitch v. M. Smith (A.U.C.). This bout was even throughout. Smith assumed the aggressive and boxed cleverly. Leitch's nose was giving him trouble, but he boxed back gamely and though beaten was by no means out of the hunt.

Middle-weight.—M. E. Mahoney v. T. S. Sutherland (O.U.). Sutherland proved a rugged opponent and was in good condition. Fighting over the first two rounds was marred by clinching, but the remaining rounds were characterised by straight and heavy hitting. Though at times erratic Mahoney gave a good display and was

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always on the offensive. With round-arm punches he frequently had his man on the ropes, and in the final round had his man very nearly out.

W. S. Allen (C.U.C.), a N.Z. middleweight "blue," was his opponent in the final. The first two rounds produced little boxing, Allen refusing to box openly and forcing Mahoney into many clinches. After being warned by the referee to cease holding, Allen endeavoured to stand off, but Mahoney, not to be gainsaid, connected heavily and flogged his man twice, the referee then stopping the contest.

Light-Heavy-weight.—H. Williams (11.7) v. A. M. McFarlane (11.11), O.U. Both men were fairly evenly matched, and honours were even over the first two rounds. The third and fourth saw some fast exchanges of blows, McFarlane using his right to advantage. Both men were weakening at the end of the fourth, though Williams appeared slightly the worse of the two. The bout was awarded to McFarlane on a fifth round which had been ordered.

Heavy-weight.—L. F. Sowry (11.13) beat Thorps (12.5½), C.U.C. This proved an unusually fast contest for a heavy-weight bout. Both men displayed great dash. Sowry was the quicker of the two, and gradually piled up a margin in points.

In the final Sowry met A. M. Hartnell (O.U.). Hartnell was the heavier man and possessed a solid punch. Sowry possessed the greater amount of science. This bout was fought at a killing pace and it seemed clear that Hartnell's weight was bound to tell, as indeed it did, and Sowry was forced to take the defensive. Near the end of the third he went down to a rain of blows. At this stage when Hartnell appeared to have the fight in hand, his supporters, through their impetuosity, lost him the fight by entering the ring before the fight was over.

THE CHRISTMAS CRICKET TOUR.

(By our Official Representative touring with the team.)

[This Report is not published by arrangement with Cook's Tours, Ltd., or the Government Tourist Bureau, but merely to chronicle another glorious page in the history of V.U.C. Sport.—Sports Editor.]

Owing to the Manawatu Cricket Association being engaged in a Hawke Cup fixture, the match at Palmerston was omitted, and the invitation of the Taranaki Cricket Association was accepted. The team sent away was much stronger than the previous one, especially in bowling, whereas the batting strength compared favourably with that of previous touring teams.

Much to the regret of the rural police, R. H. C. Mackenzie was unable to captain the side, as he was engaged in the Wellington-Canterbury Plunket Shield match. "Crow" was badly missed, as, in addition to being useful in cases of friction with the police, he has had experience of previous tours. The side was captained by H. C. Bailey, who led the team exceedingly well, and had a most successful tour, culminating in his engagement and marriage on New Year's Eve, after which he scored a fine century on New Year's Day.

The team left Wellington on Christmas Morning for New Plymouth, where they arrived at tea-time, to find that the telegram sent by the Taranaki Association ("Accommodation clean, but cramped together") was true only in part. The accommodation certainly was cramped altogether, six being in one room and four in the other. The lack of hat-pegs was remedied by some nails driven in by Robinson's cricket boot.

As V.U.C. were one man short owing to the defection of McCarthy, who was to join the others at Hawera, a local player, A. Jackson, was enlisted. (This is not the A. Jackson who played for Australia against England.) The match was played in showery weather, the venue being Pukekura Park. Taranaki, batting first, were dismissed for 151, Mahoney's 36 being the top score. Leys bowled exceedingly well to take five for 54, four of his victims being bowled. Kirkcaldie took two wickets and P. Caldwell and H. Osborn one each. V.U.C. opened with Robinson and Osborn, who went cheaply, but Bailey played a stubborn innings, and although Leys failed to stay long, the tail-enders all did well, and the last wicket managed to pull the score past Taranaki's total, the innings closing for 155. Bailey's 48 was the top score, and A. Jackson was next with 16. Ewart and Crawford were Taranaki's most successful bowlers. In their second innings the home side scored 144, thanks to Barker, who got 77. His innings, although he was dropped a few times, was invaluable to his side. He was finally brilliantly taken by Kirkcaldie at point.

Kirkcaldie was our best bowler in this innings, although Leys again bowled well. V.U.C. were thus left with 141 to get in well under two hours. But for several heavy showers, which caused temporary stoppages, they might have succeeded, but time was eventually called with three wickets down for 74. Robinson and Osborn opened well, and Osborn and P. Caldwell carried on in good style, but the task proved impossible, and time was called with the game a draw in our favour. Details:—

Taranaki.—First innings 151 (Leys took five for 54, Kirkcaldie two for 26, Osborn one for 25, Caldwell one for 27), and second innings 144 (K. Kirkcaldie four for 45, Leys three for 48, H. Osborn one for 30, P. Caldwell one for 18).

Victoria College.—First innings 155 (Bailey 48, Macfarlane 11, R. Osborn 13, Jackson 16, G. Caldwell 13, Kirkcaldie 11, Carey, not out, 12), and second innings 74 for three wickets (H. Osborn 28, P. Caldwell 26, Robinson 13).

Unofficial incidents of the team's stay in New Plymouth were the "Inter-Varsity Boat Race," which was rowed, or, rather, took place, on the lake in Pukekura Park, to the accompaniment of "The Song of the Volga (Vulgar) Boatman" and "Alouette," sung by the respective crews.

As both crews claim (a) a win outright, (b) a win by default, and (c) disqualification of the other crew, we are not able to say who won.

On their way to Marton to play Rangitikei, the team were met and interviewed at Aramoho by their Press representative, the author of these notes.

In an exclusive interview the team mentioned the "porter-gaffs" of the New Plymouth Club, which, to use the words of one member, "Went down like mother's milk." Criticism of the failure of the senior batsmen in the first innings was freely made by the Junior's members. Bailey's 48, we are given to understand, was compiled in about seven hours. Jasper hotly denies this, saying that it took him less than half that. The New Plymouth Press, in commenting on Osborn's one for 30 in Taranaki's second innings, said that he bowled with the success he deserved. The rest of the team are not prepared to comment on this, though some say they refuse to go half as far. A wire was sent to R. H. C. Mackenzie, playing against Canterbury at the Basin Reserve, as follows: "Rural police anxiously enquiring after your health. Good luck and best wishes from Ten Live Ghosts and Jasper." An official and altogether exclusive photograph was then taken. In Marton the team had a week-end to spare. They managed to find an opportunity to try out the theory that one glass of beer drunk through a straw will cause drunkenness, finding that it is quite erroneous, and will not hold water (or should we say "beer"). In further activities, the deadly low tackling of one member excited the admiration of all who witnessed it, and the wrath of all who experienced it.

The above facts were given to their Press representative on the morning of the Rangitikei match, for which the V.U.C. team was changed somewhat from that which played against Taranaki. P. C. Caldwell had returned to Wellington and his place and the other vacancy were filled by C. H. Hain, who had come down from Wanganui, and E. J. Aim, who arrived from Wellington that morning. Rangitikei sent Varsity in to bat, when they won the toss, and at lunch time three wickets were down, and half an hour after the resumption V.U.C. were all out for 73. Robinson, with 16, was top-scorer, and Leys and Aim were the only others to reach double figures, getting 13 and 12 respectively. M. Lyon, a good bowler at any time, was assisted by a strong cross wind, and came out with the fine figures of five for 16. Smith took four for 31, these two bowling unchanged. Rangitikei opened with Cameron, the Plunket Shield representative. He was dropped at point off the first ball of the innings and later was missed at mid-on, before being disposed of by Aim. Rangitikei reached 109, Kirkcaldie taking four wickets and Leys and Aim three each. In their second innings, Varsity opened with Robinson and Osborn, with forty minutes to go. Robinson was unlucky to lose his wicket on the last ball of the day. Continuing next day, we managed to reach 109, the same score as Rangitikei had got in their first innings. Staples was the chief bowler for Rangitikei this innings. Kirkcaldie batted well for 33. Robinson's 20 being the next best score. Rangitikei, with 74 required to win, lost Cameron and Marshall early, but Burke and Hayward stayed together until the runs were hit off, Rangitikei winning by eight wickets. Following are the detailed scores:—

THE SPIKE

Victoria College.—First innings 73 (Robinson 16, Leys 13, Aim 12), and second innings 109 (Kirkcaldie 33, Robinson 20, G. Caldwell 14, H. Osborn 11).

Rangitikei.—First innings 109 (Kirkcaldie four for 23, Leys three for 33, Aim three for 38) and second innings 78 for two wickets (Leys one for 18, Kirkcaldie none for 30, Aim one for 17, Hain none for 3).

While at Marton the team staged an impromptu tableau vivant, entitled "The Bells of St. Stephen's," to which reference was made in the Marton "Tribune."

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (played by a well-known member of the Football Club) was playing a leading part until the arrival of "The Vicar of Wakefield" (in person), who so far entered into the spirit of the proceedings as to attempt to come to blows with one of the "acolytes." The latter, however, not wishing that the cleric should lower the dignity of the cloth, tactfully effaced himself *quam celerim* and *ventre a terre* (a course which the other members of the quartette, led by the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," had already adopted), thereby saving both his own skin, and the Vicar's self-respect, at one blow.

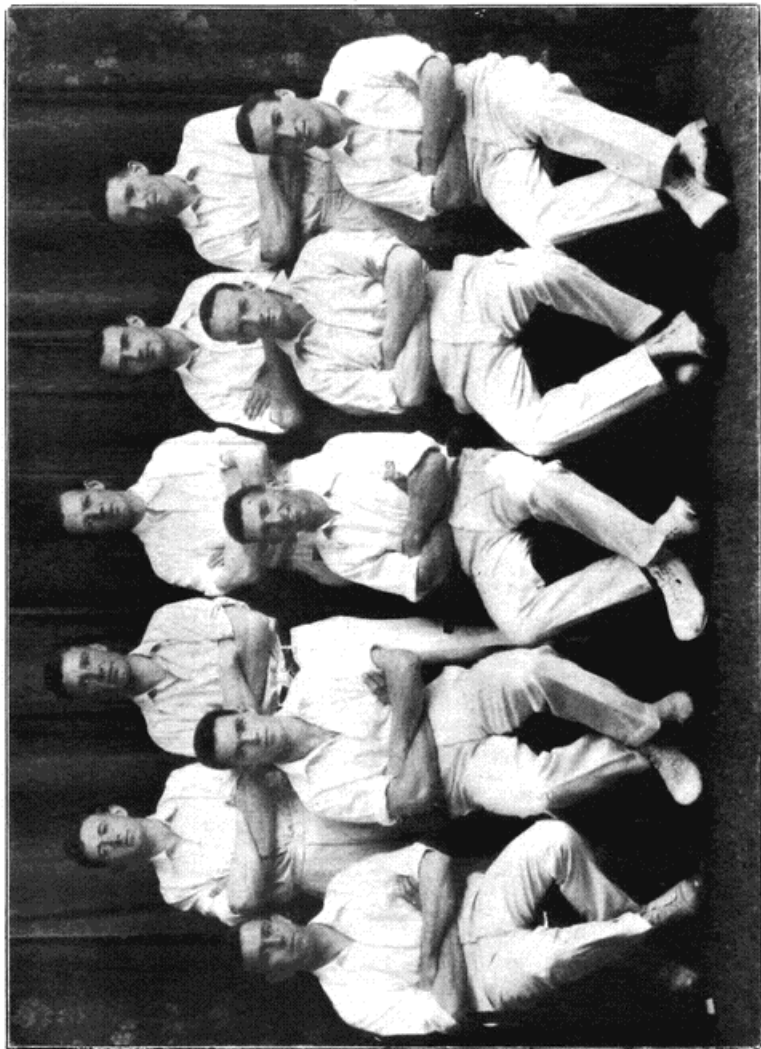
These details were mentioned in a special interview accorded to the writer in a taxi from the Wanganui Station to Spriggin's Hotel on New Year's Eve. The taxi carried fourteen besides the driver, together with their luggage. We are directed to state that the "Tribune" is mistaken in saying that the players apologised for their conduct. Apparently they did nothing of the kind. Mention was also made of the ill-timed remarks of the proprietor of the Marton Hotel. The team do not wish to dwell on this, but they are sure they will never stay there again. They send their New Year Regards to the Marton Cop, whom they hope to see again next year, and of whom they treasure the happiest memories, both of this tour and its immediate successor.

As stated before, the taxi from the station had fourteen passengers and their luggage on board, but nevertheless it delivered its quota safely. A Marathon bridge rubber was commenced at Marton and at Aramoho was unfinished, the score being 0—0. At St. John's it had to be abandoned owing to one of the players having to get off there, although he was nearly carried past his station. The score was still 0—0.

New Year's Eve was suitably celebrated, by parading down the Avenue, doing the ballet step invented on the last tour by "Crow." In spite of several police raids on the hotel, no members of the team were involved in any friction with the authorities. The celebrations were concluded when the team were asked to subsidise for the orchestra at the Luxor Cabaret. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Murray appreciated the way in which their toast was drunk. On their return to the hotel the team were put to bed by their Press representative after a final toast had been drunk to "Mr. and Mrs. Aim."

Next morning, in spite of several dry throats, the team were afoot early. It was a glorious day and V.U.C. winning the toss, elected to bat, Robinson and Bailey opening. Owing to J. Mete Kingi being unable to play (reason not stated), the vacancy in the Wanganui team was filled by H. J. Bishop, who had turned up at the ground to report the match and to take the place of any of the players whose condition prevented their playing. Happily, everyone was on deck and the team was able to take the field without any casualties. The first wicket fell at 33, Smith bowling Robinson, just as he was beginning to settle down. Aim was next, and both he and Bailey played very carefully, being content to stonewall until well set. The rest of the team in the meantime went away and had a sleep. After the "married couple" had put on 53 for the second wicket, Stewart came on at the crease and bowled Aim. He had compiled a good 30. V.U.C. were able to declare with eight wickets down for 315, Bailey reaching 113—a really good innings—Osborn 76 (another great effort) and Guy Caldwell 30. Wanganui, in their first knock, totalled 287, Aim taking four for 67, Leys three for 64, and Hain one for 41. In their second strike V.U.C. reached 65 for the loss of three wickets when time was called. Hain was 16 not out and Aim 28 not out. H. J. Bishop took two wickets for 28 in this innings. Solely owing to professional jealousy and a narrow-minded spirit of parochialism, the Wanganui Press made no mention of Bishop's bowling performance, which is here chronicled for the first time. Detailed scores are as follows:—

Victoria College.—First innings 315 for eight wickets, declared (Bailey 113, H. Osborn 76, Aim 30, G. Caldwell 30, Robinson 16, R. Osborn 10 not out) and



BACK (left to right): S. F. ROBINSON, P. C. CALDWELL, E. ADM. H. W. OSBORN, W. H. DOEMER,
FRONT: G. S. HARRISON, R. H. C. MACKENZIE, E. McLEOD, CAPT. I. A. MACCALLAN, H. C. BAILEY,
ABSENT: E. T. C. LEYS, T. B. NELSON, P. D. WILSON, R. J. BAGGIE.

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second innings 65 for three wickets (Aim not out 28, Hain not out 15, R. Osborn 10).

Wanganui.—First innings 287 (Aim took four wickets for 67, Leys three for 64, and Hain one for 41).

The residents of Niblett Street were entertained that night with song, the V.U.C. team bringing a surprise party round to visit their special correspondent. Although this necessitated an expedition on the part of the host to the nearest pub, to buy beer for the party, no complaints were received from the police or nearby residents.

The following morning the team departed for Wellington, where they were due to play on the following day. The Seniors' win over Institute, due to Leys's century, may be attributed to the practice obtained on the tour. There are some, however, who say that they won in spite of the tour, which we are assured is contrary to fact.

The averages for the tour are as follows:—

BATTING.

	Innings.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs.	Avge.
H. C. Bailey	4	—	113	163	40.75
E. J. Aim	4	1	30	78	26.00
H. W. Osborn	5	—	76	120	24.00
P. C. Caldwell	2	—	26	32	16.00
A. Jackson	1	—	16	16	16.00
G. L. Caldwell	4	—	30	58	14.50
K. Kirkcaldie	4	—	33	58	14.50
R. W. Osborn	5	2	10*	41	13.66
N. P. Robinson	5	—	20	67	13.40
D. K. Carey	4	2	12*	18	9.00
C. H. Hain	4	2	15*	18	9.00

* Not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.	Avge.
Aim	49.4	12	112	8	14.00
Leys	37.6	16	217	15	14.46
Kirkcaldie	66.3	11	190	10	19.00
P. C. Caldwell	12.0	1	45	2	22.50
H. W. Osborn	30.0	4	85	2	42.50
Hain	9.0	—	43	1	43.00
G. L. Caldwell	4.0	—	13	—	—

CRICKET CLUB.

The Senior Eleven experienced a very successful season, the team occupying a higher position on the Championship Ladder than ever before—being runners-up, equal with Old Boys.

This success was well deserved, and the team suffered but three defeats during the season, one of them being by the margin of one run.

The team did not differ very much from the previous season, but what made it a stronger match-winning combination this year was the fact that the quick-scoring members of the team were in the best form, and so the plodders were materially backed up.

"Tiny" Leys, who had been right off form the previous season, came back into his best run-getting mood, and Eddie McLeod, too, staged a great return to form, his all-round ability being invaluable to the side.

The team proved to be probably the strongest run-getters in the competition, every man down to the last wicket being able to get runs. Mackenzie again was the backbone of the batting side, totalling 457 runs for ten completed innings. His worth to the side can be judged from the fact that he took part in four partnerships of over a century for the first wicket. His usefulness to the side did not end there, as he kept wickets admirably, giving very little away. Bailey also was in fine form, scoring the second greatest tally for the side. He played a fine innings of 132 against Kilbirnie, scoring very quickly after he had passed the century mark, and

THE SPIKE

his aggregate for the season was past the third century. Also, he was a model of consistency, and was Mackenzie's partner in three out of the four century partnerships.

As stated above, Eddie McLeod came back into his best batting form this season. Chosen to captain the team this year, he led the side with admirable judgment and tact, as well as performing well with the ball, and coming out top of the averages of the regular bowlers. His fielding, too, was excellent, being a shining example for all in this respect. His form gained him a place in the New Zealand team in the Second Test.

Leys showed fine form with the bat and ball. He took the most wickets for the season—17 at a cost of 24.82 a wicket—and scored an invaluable century against Institute, being not out at the end of the day with 108. Aim, too, on being placed in the side for his bowling, had an early triumph against Hutt, and thereafter, though not proving so successful again with the ball, nevertheless made two fine innings of over fifty, as well as several other very useful scores. He took thirteen wickets during the season, being the fastest bowler in the side.

Nelson and Macallan, also, were two members of the side who performed very well all round. Theo averaged a bit over 23 with the bat, including a great innings against Wellington, and bagged fifteen victims at the bowling crease; whilst Macallan saved the side at least on two occasions with the bat, and won the Kilbirnie game with the ball, taking the final wicket in the last over of the day. A. C. Tripe, who left us early in the season, played three good innings for the side and came out with a remarkable average, while Osborn and Robinson both played at least one very useful knock for the team.

Peter Caldwell's fighting innings against Hutt deserved a better result than a loss by one run on the innings, but he could not seem to get going again during the season.

Bagge did not have as much success with the ball as in the previous season, though he took nine wickets at a total cost of 279 runs.

Blanford and Peter Wilson could neither of them seem to strike batting form, and Dormer also was not seen at his best with the bat. Blandford kept wickets quite successfully, however, in the several matches he played in, taking five victims behind the sticks.

Harrison, who was placed on the side for the last match of the season, although not used much in that game, showed that he should be a more than useful bowler in the future, keeping a fine length.

Games in Detail.

The opening games of the season saw V.U.C. drawn against Old Boys, and a solid opening score by our side, including the first century of the season, which went to Mackenzie's credit, seemed to point to a handsome win to the team, but a great fighting innings by our opponents saw a wonderful finish in which our side won by just two runs. That game had been exciting enough, but it was surpassed by the next, in which the side just failed to reach Hutt's tally by one run. A fine last wicket partnership by Caldwell and A. C. Tripe almost saved the game.

The next game was against the team which ultimately proved the Championship winners, and a fine innings by Hollings, late of our Club, saw the Wellington team in a strong position at the close of play, with 407 up for the loss of only six wickets. They declared the next day without going in, and with Mackenzie out with only three runs on the board, 'Varsity's position seemed precarious. However, the remaining members of the team put their backs to the wall, and in a remarkably even innings managed to save the game, scoring 312 for the loss of seven wickets at stumps. In the following game a slow-scoring innings by our men saw 262 runs on at the close of play for the day with only six wickets down. However, next day our Captain decided to take the chance and put Midland in at the opening of the day, and his decision was justified by our opponents being all out for 226 with about twenty minutes to go. Drawn in the next round against the powerful batting side of Institute, the team surprised its followers by dismissing them for 205, and this despite the fact that both McLeod and Nelson were out of the side in this match. A couple of wickets were lost before the close of play that day, and that made the outlook look less reassuring, but on the match being continued after the Christmas holidays the side reached the good total of 309, "Tiny" Leys playing a big hand in compiling 108 not out. The Kilbirnie match, also played on the Basin Reserve No. 1 wicket, provided a very interesting match. Mackenzie and Bailey gave the team a good

kick off by scoring 162 for the first wicket, the side compiling the solid total of 333 for eight wickets, and Bailey scoring his first senior century. As he had scored a century in the innings previous to that whilst on tour with the V.U.C. team, this second century was no mean feat. Kilbirnie put up a great fight to make the game a draw, but Macallan and McLeod, after the Crook-Hepburn partnership had been broken, got amongst the other batsmen, and Macallan won the game by clean-bowling Tucker with the first ball of the last over of the day. The team was living up to its reputation of providing great finishes, and the next game they added to their stock in this respect. Petone were sent right about for the poor score of 155, but Varsity at stumps had lost four wickets for 20 runs. On the game being continued two weeks after at the Basin Reserve, eight wickets were down for 104, and the match seemed lost, but McLeod and Macallan again came to the rescue, this time with the bat, and the side was able to declare with the Petone score passed without the loss of another wicket. That left the first round completed, with the side leading for the Championship, and only two games remaining to be played. However, in the following two games disaster overtook the side, and a poor score of 128 all out in the second match against Hutt saw us defeated again by that side. We managed to recover some of our prestige by making 128 for the loss of only two wickets in the second innings, Mackenzie's 74 being a splendid effort.

Put in on a bad wicket in the final match of the season, our side did well to top the second hundred, Aim, Nelson and Osborn making the score between them. However, when Old Boys on a good wicket next day had half their side out for 50 odd runs, things looked brighter, but a partnership by Bull and James saved the side for them, and we went down despite the good bowling of Leys, who took five wickets for 53 runs.

Thus the season ended, and the team occupied second place, equal with Old Boys, in the Championship. A distinct falling off of form in the last two matches cost the team the Championship, but the season, nevertheless, cannot be considered anything else than a most successful one.

Representative Honours.

During the season several players gained places in the various representative sides. Eddie McLeod represented Wellington in the M.C.C. match, performing with outstanding success. With the ball he took three wickets for 7 runs in the M.C.C. first innings, and four wickets for 56 in the second. Batting, he saved the side in both innings, scoring 37 and 20 not out. This fine all-round performance gained him the twelfth man position in the First Test, and a position in the team in the Second Test match, where he again performed successfully. He also represented Wellington against Auckland in the Plunket Shield match, scoring 102 in the first innings, saving his side after they were in a bad way, and in the second innings tallying 35. His success in representative matches was one of the outstanding events in a crowded season. R. H. C. Mackenzie gained a place in the Wellington Plunket Shield team against Canterbury, scoring a splendid 31, and having the bad luck to be run out when well set. E. T. Leys also gained a place in the Wellington Town Representatives against the Country, performing well with the ball. "Tiny" Leys, also, was chosen to play in the Wellington Shield team against Otago, but was unable to accept the position.

IN THE FIELD.

McLeod caught 9; Macallan, Bailey, Osborn and Bagge, 3 each; Mackenzie, Leys, Nelson, Caldwell and Aim, 2 each; A. C. Tripe, R. E. Tripe, Wilson, Dormer, Harrison and Robinson, 1 each.

HIGHEST PARTNERSHIPS (50 and over).

- 162 by Bailey (132) and Mackenzie (69), v. Kilbirnie, for the 1st wicket.
- 132 by Mackenzie (126) and Bailey (41), v. Old Boys (1st round), for 1st wicket.
- 132 by Mackenzie (74) and Robinson (42), v. Midland, for 1st wicket.
- 104 by Mackenzie (74) and Bailey (30), v. Hutt (2nd round), for 1st wicket.
- 93 by Mackenzie (126) and Leys (64), v. Old Boys (1st round), for 3rd wicket.
- 83 by Aim (74) and Osborne (35), v. Old Boys (2nd round), for 3rd wicket.
- 79 by Leys (108 not out) and Mackenzie (65), v. Institute, for 4th wicket.

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- 79 by McLeod (61 not out) and Aim (27), v. Midland, for 6th wicket.
71 by Nelson (72) and Leys (62), v. Wellington, for 4th wicket.
65 by Bailey (132) and Leys (33), v. Kilbirnie, for 2nd wicket.
57 unfinished by McLeod (57 not out) and A. C. Tripe (29 not out), v. Wellington, for 8th wicket.
56 by Aim (55 not out) and McLeod (29), v. Kilbirnie, for 4th wicket.
55 by Mackenzie (65) and Osborn (22), v. Institute, for 3rd wicket.
54 by A. C. Tripe (33) and Dormer (21 not out), v. Old Boys (1st round), for 9th wicket.
53 unfinished by McLeod (43 not out) and Macallan (30 not out), v. Petone, for 9th wicket.
52 by Caldwell (26) and A. C. Tripe (25 not out), v. Hutt (1st round), for 10th wicket.
52 by Nelson (72) and Bailey (24), v. Wellington, for 2nd wicket.

WICKET-KEEPING.

- R. H. C. Mackenzie stumped 0, caught 5. Total, 5.
J. A. R. Blandford stumped 2, caught 3. Total, 5.

RESULTS IN DETAIL.

Won 5, Lost 3, Drew 1.

v. Old Boys.—V.U.C., first innings, 336 (Mackenzie 126, Leys 64, Bailey 41, A. C. Tripe 33, Dormer 21 not out, Wilson 17, McLeod 11). Old Boys, first innings, 334 (McLeod, 3 wickets for 66 runs; Leys, 3 for 71; Nelson, 2 for 58; A. C. Tripe, 1 for 59). Won by 2 runs on the first innings.

v. Hutt.—Hutt, first innings, 201 (Aim 5 for 57, Nelson 2 for 23, Bagge 2 for 36, A. C. Tripe 1 for 17). V.U.C., first innings, 200 (Bailey 36, Caldwell 26, A. C. Tripe 25 not out, Nelson 21, Mackenzie 19, McLeod 14). Lost by one run on the first innings.

v. Wellington.—Wellington, 407 for six wickets (declared) (Nelson 4 for 82, Macallan 1 for 48). V.U.C., first innings, 312 for seven wickets (Nelson 72, Leys 62, McLeod 57 not out, A. C. Tripe 29 not out, Bailey 24, Bagge 18, Caldwell 13, Macallan 13). Drawn.

v. Midland.—V.U.C., first innings, 262 for six wickets (declared) (Mackenzie 74, McLeod 61 not out, Robinson 42, Aim 27, Macallan 20 not out). Midland, first innings, 226 (McLeod 3 for 36, Nelson 3 for 65, Aim 2 for 26, Bagge 1 for 25). Won by 36 runs on the first innings.

v. Institute.—Institute, first innings, 205 (Macallan 3 for 52, Leys 3 for 57, Aim 2 for 29, Bagge 1 for 39). V.U.C., first innings, 309 (Leys 103 not out, Mackenzie 65, Aim 27, Osborn 22, Macallan 16, Bagge 16, Robinson 13). Won by 104 runs on the first innings.

v. Kilbirnie.—V.U.C., first innings, 333 for eight wickets (declared) (Bailey 132, Mackenzie 69, Aim 55 not out, Leys 33, McLeod 29). Kilbirnie, first innings, 277 (McLeod 4 for 37, Macallan 4 for 67, Aim 1 for 29). Won by 56 runs on the first innings.

v. Petone.—Petone, first innings, 155 (Leys 3 for 22, Nelson 3 for 41, Bagge 2 for 22, Macallan 2 for 30), and second innings, 126 for five wickets (Macallan 2 for 20, Bagge 1 for 4, Osborn 1 for 17). V.U.C., first innings, 157 for eight wickets (declared) (McLeod 43 not out, Nelson 34, Macallan 30 not out). Won by 2 runs (declared) on first innings.

v. Hutt.—V.U.C., first innings, 123 (Macallan 46, Bailey 33, Mackenzie 16, Nelson 12), and second innings, 128 for two wickets (Mackenzie 74, Bailey 30, Aim 15 not out). Hutt, first innings, 279 for five wickets (declared) (Leys 2 for 66, Wilson 1 for 26, Nelson 1 for 38, Bagge 1 for 44). Lost by 151 runs on the first innings.

v. Old Boys.—V.U.C., first innings, 209 (Aim 74, Nelson 48, Osborn 35). Old Boys, first innings, 339 (Leys 5 for 53, Aim 3 for 60, McLeod 1 for 15, Osborn 1 for 19). Lost by 130 runs on the first innings.

BATTING.

	Innings.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs.	Ave.
A. C. Tripe	3	2	33	87	87.00
R. H. C. Mackenzie	10	—	126	457	45.70
E. McLeod	8	3	61*	220	44.00
E. T. Leys	8	1	108*	297	42.42
E. Aim	8	2	74	214	35.66
H. C. Bailey	9	—	132	305	33.88
T. B. Nelson	8	1	72	197	28.12
I. Macallan	7	2	46	134	26.80
W. Dormer	4	2	21	29	14.50
N. P. Robinson	5	—	42	61	12.20
H. W. Osborn	6	—	35	69	11.50
R. J. Bagge	5	1	18	39	9.75
P. Wilson	4	—	17	30	7.50
P. Caldwell	6	—	26	42	7.00
R. E. Tripe	1	—	5	5	5.00
J. A. R. Blandford	3	—	5	9	3.00
C. S. Harrison	1	1	0*	0	—

*Not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.	Ave.
H. W. Osborn	6	—	36	2	18.00
E. McLeod	88	17	252	11	22.90
E. T. Leys	127.2	17	422	17	24.82
T. B. Nelson	115	26	373	15	24.86
E. Aim	111.4	18	332	13	25.53
I. Macallan	99	15	337	12	28.08
R. J. Bagge	99	26	279	9	31.00
A. C. Tripe	45	7	131	2	65.50
P. Wilson	26	—	133	1	133.00
N. P. Robinson	1	1	0	—	—
R. H. C. Mackenzie	2	—	8	—	—
J. A. R. Blandford	1	—	13	—	—
R. E. Tripe	2	—	14	—	—
C. S. Harrison	6	1	18	—	—
H. C. Bailey	7	—	34	—	—
P. Caldwell	23	1	101	—	—

JUNIOR A.

Although in some games the Junior A team was somewhat disappointing, the team had on the whole a fairly successful and most enjoyable season. Nearly all games were keenly contested, and there were several exciting finishes. The Junior A team contains some very promising players some of whom may be confidently expected, if they show sufficient keenness, to find a place in next year's Senior team. Early in the season, Robinson played a very fine innings of 151 not out, but the only other century scored was a good innings of 128 by Wilson against Institute. Harrison had an outstanding year with the ball, taking nearly 40 wickets, and he was well supported by Williams, and towards the end of the season by Dormer. Matches played during the season resulted as follows:—

v. Midland.—Won by eight wickets. 'Varsity, 295 (Aim 73, Blandford 46, Chadwick 41, Paetz 34, McDonald 28, Arndt 26) and 83 for two wickets. Institute, 130 (Aim 5 for 46, Harrison 5 for 64) and 242 (Harrison 3 for 63). This game resulted in an exciting finish against time. Aim, Chadwick and Blandford batted particularly well, and Aim and Harrison bowled well.

v. Johnsonville.—Won by four wickets. 'Varsity, 122 (Osborne 34, Paetz 27) and 87 for six wickets (Arndt 20). Johnsonville, 78 (Harrison 3 for 41, McDonald 6 for 36) and 126 (Williams 5 for 25, Harrison 4 for 29). The Johnsonville wicket must be well in the running for the world's worst. Both our innings were processions, and so were our opponents', only more so. Our bowlers bowled well, and the fielding was very keen.

THE SPIKE

v. Kilbirnie.—Won on first innings. 'Varsity, 311 (Robinson 151 not out, Paetz 45, Arndt 34, Osborne 31). Kilbirnie, 214 (Osborn 3 for 26, Williams 3 for 55, Harrison 3 for 58) and 188 for eight wickets (Williams 4 for 55). When we looked certain to get an outright win a great fighting innings of 91 by Morris for Kilbirnie saved the day for them. Robinson batted very finely for us, and scarcely gave a chance.

v. Karori.—Lost by four wickets. 'Varsity, 129 (Arndt 30, Osborn 20) and 185 (Frazer 42, Wilson 31, Macdonald 23, Harrison 30, Arndt 23). Karori, 258 (Wilson 5 for 97) and 59 for six wickets (Harrison 4 for 13). This was our Waterloo, and we never looked like winning until we got six Karori wickets down in the fourth knock for 59 and nearly snatched a win. Harrison bowled very well in this innings.

v. Hutt.—Lost by 122 runs on the first innings. 'Varsity, 149 (Williams 70, Macdonald 27) and 158 for one wicket (Wilson 77 not out, Arndt 39 not out, Macdonald 36). Hutt, 273 (Kirkcaldie 3 for 42, Williams 3 for 87). This match was completed straight after Christmas, and we had a very weak team. Williams played a fine fighting innings.

v. Wellington.—Lost by eight wickets. 'Varsity, 156 (Cockerill 37, Moore 32, Rae 21) and 58 (Wilson 23, Kirkcaldie 15). Wellington, 160 (Wilson 4 for 22, Kirkcaldie 2 for 27) and 59 for two wickets. Our team was not strong, and failed badly in batting. Three players were absent in our second innings for various reasons, good, bad and indifferent. Our fielding was not too bright. The finish of the first innings was exciting.

v. Institute.—Won by 168 runs on first innings. 'Varsity, 322 for seven wickets (Wilson 123, Arndt 78, Dormer 43, Macdonald 20). Institute, 154 (Dormer 3 for 50). The weather was wet on the second day, and our team with great enthusiasm decided to play, and accordingly deprived themselves of a likely 8-point win. Our Captain arrived late with an umbrella up, to find the match in progress.

v. Petone.—Won by 40 runs. 'Varsity, 218 (Caldwell 68, Dormer 48, Chadwick 25, Macdonald 24) and 145 for nine wickets (Macdonald 28). Petone, 160 (Dormer 5 for 52, Harrison 3 for 52) and 159 (Harrison 6 for 41, Dormer 2 for 43). An unfortunate difference of opinion about a new ball caused a rather unpleasant friction between the two captains. Caldwell and Dormer batted well, and Harrison and Dormer bowled very finely. The fielding was exceptionally good, Martin taking a wonderful diving catch at square leg, and Caldwell taking five catches.

v. Old Boys.—Won by 12 runs on the first innings. 'Varsity, 200 (Dormer 49, Frazer 48, Williams 30, Macdonald 27) and three for 87 (Macdonald 35, Caldwell 26). Old Boys, 188 (Bagge 3 for 55). We have no record of Old Boys' second innings. Old Boys would have been first equal in the Championship if they had beaten us. Dormer batted well, and Bagge bowled well. The game finished in the dark. We have no record of the wickets taken by our bowlers in Old Boys' second innings.

Matches played, 9; won 6, lost 3.

Altogether the season was a very cheery and bright one, and we hope all last year's players will turn out again next season.

We finished third, equal, in the Championship.

Harrison has been awarded the medal presented by Mr. E. C. Wiren, a keen ex-player and ex-Club Captain, for the bowler taking most wickets in the Junior A.

BATTING.

	Innings.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs.	Avge.
Robinson	2	1	151*	159	159.0
Aim	1	—	73	73	73.0
Blandford	3	1	46	87	43.5
Wilson	8	1	128	287	41.0
Dormer	4	—	49	154	38.5
P. Caldwell	4	—	68	107	26.8
Arndt	14	2	78	301	25.0
Frazer	8	1	48	146	20.9
H. W. Osborn	5	—	34	101	20.2

McDonald	14	-	36	278	19.8
Williams	9	-	70	156	17.3
Moore	2	-	16	32	16.0
T. Caldwell	3	1	7*	28	14.0
Chadwick	9	-	41	123	13.7
Paetz	10	-	45	135	13.5
Harrison	6	2	30*	54	13.5
Rae	11	3	21*	98	12.3

*Not out.

BOWLING.

	Wickets	Runs.	Average.
Arndt	7	47	6.7
Caldwell	2	24	12.0
Dormer	12	161	13.4
Harrison	35	514	14.7
Wilson	11	183	16.0
Williams	22	359	16.3
Aim	5	86	17.2
Bagge	3	55	18.3
Chadwick	2	48	19.0
McDonald	12	323	26.9
Osborn	5	147	29.4
Kirkcaldie	6	195	32.5

Note.—The bowling figures do not include Old Boys' second innings, of which there is no record in which the wickets were taken by Bagge, Caldwell, Kirkcaldie and McDonald.

JUNIOR B.

Played, 9; won outright, 1; won first innings, 3; lost first innings, 2; lost outright, 3; Championship points, 29.

This team enjoyed the most successful season the Third Eleven has ever had—a singular contrast to the previous season's performance, when only one game was won. The team was a good one, and could easily have done better. It was, however, very difficult to field a regular team, from one cause and another. In fact, no fewer than 34 players played for the team during the season. Under the circumstances the record was very creditable, and the players had a most enjoyable season. The following are particulars of the games played:—

v. Institute.—'Varsity, 239 (McCarthy 100) and 157 (Cowan 62 not out). Opponents, 361 and four for 44 (Kirkcaldie 4 for 25). Lost by six wickets. McCarthy scored freely, especially with a shot over slips' heads. In the second innings Cowan batted right through the innings, batting very solidly. The rest of the team all made useful scores. This was a promising start, as in the previous year the team reached three figures in the first innings in only the second to last game.

v. Midland.—'Varsity, 188 (Cockerill 72) and 179 for seven wickets (declared) (Martin 59 not out and Walker 51). Opponents, 145 (Fleming 5 for 51 and Francis 4 for 56) and 146 for seven wickets (Francis 5 for 41). Won by 43 runs on first innings. This match was won against a good team after a hard fight, mainly through splendid bowling by Francis and Fleming. Midland had only one wicket to fall when time was up.

v. Wellington.—'Varsity, 350 (McCarthy 109, Rae 47, Sibson 46, and Martin 41). Opponents, 215 (Fleming 6 for 72) and 219 (Francis 4 for 72, Fleming 3 for 53, and Sibson 1 for 4). Won by 135 runs on first innings. McCarthy's knock was a better one than his first century, though his shot over slip's head was still in evidence. The rest of the batting was consistent. The bowlers stuck to a hard task well all the second day, but could give us no time to hit up the runs necessary for an outright win. Ours was a good score against good bowling.

v. Railways.—'Varsity, 262 (Fleming 49 not out, Moore 46, Caldwell 43, and Paton 40). Opponents, 118 (Kirkcaldie 3 for 21) and 82 (Kirkcaldie 3 for 20, Fleming 2 for 5, Middlebrook 2 for 32, and Francis 1 for 6). Won by an innings and 62 runs. Our batting was consistent, and the bowlers all reaped a harvest against a weak batting side, which, however, did much better against other teams.

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v. Old Boys.—'Varsity, 167 and 108. Opponents, 192 (Middlebrook 5 for 73 and Moore 1 for 16) and 93 for two wickets. Lost by eight wickets. This match was played before and after Christmas and New Year, and all our players available for both Saturdays except the Captain were taken into the Junior A team. We knew we would be short for the second Saturday, but the holiday attractions elsewhere proved too much for all but four of the players. These holidays are a bugbear for the Captains and Selection Committee. The Captain congratulates what was practically a Junior C' team on their good showing, though in case this should go to their heads he expresses the opinion the Junior B team would have defeated Old Boys without difficulty.

v. Khandallah.—'Varsity, 210 (Caldwell 53) and 103 for seven wickets (Martin 62). Opponents, 390 for nine wickets (declared). (Bowling averages unmentionable). Lost by 180 runs on the first innings. The team still was much affected by holidays, and played several Junior C's and two Junior D's, who all worked hard and well. We were very short of bowlers in this match, and our opponents took advantage of the fact. We really can't blame them. In this match the Captain distinguished himself by saving three Championship points by batting 55 minutes for only one run. If Bradman can score 1000 in May, mathematical students may be interested to work out by a judicious use of x , and with assistance from those tireless workers, A, B and C, how many years it would have taken him to do so.

v. Wellington College.—'Varsity, 165 (Middlebrook 40 not out) and 135 for seven wickets (declared). Opponents, 152 (Clouston 4 for 41, McIntosh 3 for 33, and Middlebrook 2 for 19) and 57 for nine wickets (Middlebrook 5 for 25, Clouston 3 for 15, and Martin 1 for 0). Won by 13 runs on the first innings. This was a splendid performance. The scores were small, but consistent, but the batting was good, and the bowling and fielding, with occasional lapses, splendid. Clouston and Middlebrook had a good match. It was a fine performance to defeat the strong College team, in an exciting and close struggle.

v. Stop Out.—'Varsity, 87 and 156 (Walker 51). Opponents, 365. Lost by an innings and 122 runs. Though still below strength, we had a good team in, and should have done better. We'll drop the subject in saying our luck was out, and Stop Out were in good form with both bat and ball.

v. Hutt.—'Varsity, 176 (McFarlane 43) and 150 (Martin 67 and McFarlane 41 not out). Opponents, 267 for seven wickets (declared) (Walker 4 for 38). Lost by 91 runs on the first innings. Hutt had some good batsmen past their prime, but their bowling was probably the weakest we struck, and our double batting failure was inexplicable. Pleasing features were the overdue glimpse of form shown by McFarlane and Walker's success with the ball. The match was an enjoyable finish to a good season.

Selected Averages are as follows:—

BATTING.					
	Innings.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs.	Avg.
Cowan	2	1	62*	69	69.00
McCarthy	5	—	109	242	48.40
Martin	12	1	69	398	36.18
Walker	9	—	51	168	18.67
McFarlane	10	1	42	169	18.78

BOWLING.			
	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
Kirkcaldie	13	158	12.15
Fleming	20	314	15.70
Francis	18	403	22.39
C. Middlebrook ...	18	443	24.61

JUNIOR C.

Though this team did not secure a high place in the Championship Competition, the season was enjoyed by all members and some promising material was discovered. Our chief defect was the lack of reliable batsmen. We had a strong bowling side, but though we disposed of most of our opponents for moderate scores, our batsmen

usually collapsed in the first innings, putting us too far behind to recover sufficiently with our second strike.

The team was led by H. J. Bishop, whose fielding was an example to the rest of the team, though during the latter part of the season the conflicting attractions of garden parties and sports meetings caused his absence from two or three games.

Eton was probably our most consistent batsman, but, unfortunately, he was transferred from Wellington towards the end of the season. Camp batted very well on several occasions, as also did Wiseley. We would like to see what the latter could do when sober. Besides being a most useful batsman, he was a good change bowler and an excellent field. A fine stonewaller was discovered in McWhinney, who was, in consequence, promoted during the course of the season from last man in to opening batsman. Wild only joined up with the University Club at the end of the season, but in one game he played for us he showed much promise as a batsman and also fielded excellently. Paton played in only one game, in which he scored the only century of the season. More should be heard of him in the future. Macintosh proved our best bowler, and towards the end of the season he was promoted to Junior B. Sherwood, Struthers and Frost were our other regular bowlers, with Wiseley, Bangrove and Camp proving useful changes.

Carey showed much promise as a wicketkeeper, his performances behind the stumps being much appreciated by our opponents.

The following played in the majority of the games:—Bishop (Captain), Sherwood, Frost, Struthers, Carey, Eton, Grant, Macintosh, Warren, Wiseley, Camp, Bangrove and McWhinney.

The results were as follows, one match being lost by default owing to the Christmas vacation:—Played, 9; won, 3; lost, 6; Championship Points, 21.

Best performances were as follows:—

Batting.—Paton 103, v. Marist; Camp 62 not out, v. Hutt; Struthers 59, v. Wellington; Sherwood 55, v. Petone.

Bowling.—Sherwood, 7 wickets for 24 runs, v. Midland; Macintosh, 6 for 32, v. Marist; Struthers, 6 for 33, v. Wellington; Camp, 5 for 27, v. Wellington.

Wicket-keeping.—Carey, 41 byes, 2 leg byes, v. Marist.

JUNIOR D.

This team was led by G. F. Nicole, who obtained the no mean distinction of correctly assessing the turn of the coin on each occasion when required during the season. It is feared, however, that this initial advantage was not carried to the best effect, as the team was successful in winning the Wooden Spoon!

The main difficulty experienced was the constant scramble to get a team together for each Saturday, and having got a team for the first Saturday, to hold it for the second Saturday. As a result of this, just on thirty players had represented the team at the close of the season. Also, luck was not with the team on most occasions, as more than once the last wicket fell with only a minute or two to go, thus snatching away badly-needed points.

The averages (specially selected) were as follows:—

	BATTING.				
	Innings.	N.O.	Runs.	H.S.	Avge.
Forde	5	1	87	47*	21.75
Riske	9	2	143	70	20.43
Roberts	10	—	144	52	14.40
Nicole	16	1	193	53*	13.86
Stace	12	—	133	32	11.08

*Not out.

	BOWLING.				
	Overs.	Maidens,	Runs	Wickets.	Avge.
Nicole	167	17	675	40	16.87
Stace	59	9	211	12	17.58
Fry	27	2	121	6	20.16
Roberts	44	6	201	8	25.13
Hardy	31	5	126	5	25.20

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TENNIS CLUB.

The enthusiasm displayed by members of the Club at the beginning was well sustained throughout the season, and the increasing attendances at the week-end and on week-nights gave an indication of the growing popularity of the sport.

Freshers and other members are asked, if they have any tennis difficulties whatever, or any suggestions for the furtherance of the Club's welfare, to communicate with the Secretary or other member of the Committee.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON PLAY.—The system inaugurated last year whereby each set on Saturday afternoons was made up by a committee man and lasted for twenty minutes proved so popular that it was re-introduced this season. No doubt this accounted for the large attendances of freshers and beginners of the game, and must undoubtedly result in tennis, in future years, being much stronger at College than would otherwise be the case.

YANKEE TOURNAMENT.—On Freshers Day, that is the first Saturday of the new Session, a combined-doubles Yankee Tournament was held. Although none of the players stood out as Tildens or Lengens, it was evident that, among the freshers, there are a number of promising juniors, who should develop into first-class players, and, we hope, tournament winners. After a number of exciting games the final was won by Miss R. Nolan and Mr. R. Blandford.

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS.—It is regretted that none of the Club championships reached finality. Although the examination system in vogue last year, and the bad weather experienced before Christmas was responsible for a large number of postponements, it is quite evident that competitors are too prone to procrastinate. As a result the matches drag on, and the lively interest displayed at the beginning of the season by those players who have played their matches, dies away and the so-called championships become a farce.

It is realised that the Summer vacation and the consequent absence from Wellington of a number of the players requires the tournament to be played over a longer period than is required by other tennis clubs in Wellington, but still it is evident that the members, in frequently postponing their matches, are the main cause of trouble. To overcome these faults it is hoped, next season, to commence the championships much earlier than has been done previously. If this is done and then followed by the scratching of those players who do not play their matches within the specified time for each round, it is expected that the large majority of the games will be played before Christmas, leaving only the semi-finals and finals to be played in the following year.

INTER-CLUB MATCHES.—In these matches a fair amount of success has come our way.

In the Senior B grade, 'Varsity, after a number of exciting matches against more experienced opponents, beat Brougham Hill in the last challenge game of the season, thus winning the championship in this grade. We wish to congratulate the team on its win.

In the other grades, the teams did not fare so well. In the Junior grade our team was defeated in the one challenge game played, and, owing to various factors operating last year, it was not possible in the lower grades, to put a team in the field every Saturday, resulting in neither our Intermediate nor our Fourth grade team finishing very high up the championship ladder. However, at the beginning of this year a number of freshers played in these two grades and the results of the matches played indicated that 'Varsity tennis, so far as these grades were concerned, was not lower than the other city and suburban clubs. This augurs well both for the coming season and for the future of tennis in the College, and it is to be hoped that all those players who can possibly do so will indicate their willingness to represent the College in the Inter-Club matches in the next tennis season.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Cam. Malfroy, until recently one of our members, was chosen as a Wellington Provincial Representative against the Australian touring team. He has recently gone to Cambridge and from recent advice it is learnt that he has gained his "full blue" in tennis. Further, he has won the singles and the doubles both in the Freshmen's Tournament and University Championships. We wish to congratulate him upon his successes, and, while it is unfortunate for the tennis in this College that we should have lost him, we wish him the best of luck in his new sphere, both in his scholastic and athletic careers.

Several of our members did well in the Wellington Easter Tournament. While no championships were won, the finals were reached by Miss Briggs and Messrs. Turner and Blandford. It is encouraging to see our members participating in the various tournaments, as such play is conducive to a good tennis temperament and ultimately to better all-round tennis ability.

CLUB LADDER.—During the season considerable activity has been manifested on the men's ladder, and, as usual, increased interest was displayed just prior to Easter.

It is regretted, however, that the same cannot be said for the ladies' ladder. Each year the same is said of this branch of our activities; or we should call it an inactivity. Knowing how keen the ladies are on week days and on Saturday afternoons, it is difficult to understand why they do not take more opportunity of improving their tennis by match play, so facilitated by the existence of a ladder. It is to be hoped that the coming season will bring a radical improvement in this matter and that the freshers, who will undoubtedly desire to climb high on the ladder, will inculcate new tennis life to those who hold places on it but who do not play matches.

INTER-UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT.—Our tournament team was as follows:—

Ladies' Singles: Miss M. Carty and Miss M. Line.

Ladies' Doubles: Misses M. Carty and M. Line, Misses V. Dyer and K. Ziesler.

Mixed Doubles: Miss K. Ziesler and R. Long; Miss V. Dyer and W. Harris.

Men's Doubles: Messrs. W. Harris and G. Simpson, Messrs. J. Dive and P. Webb.

Men's Singles: Mr. R. Long and Mr. G. Simpson.

The team was selected fairly early this year but, it is considered, not early enough to provide for sufficient practice for the various doubles combinations. Thanks to the Wellington Provincial Lawn Tennis Association several grass courts at the Miramar grounds were made available for the team to practice on.

The matches at Auckland were decided on the Stanley Street courts which were exceptionally fast. Most of the games were played on Easter Saturday, which was very warm and muggy, adversely affecting the visiting players.

Although V.U.C. won few matches, considering the calibre of our opponents, the lack of opportunities for adequate grass court practice and the fact that all their games were lost after very even contests, it is considered that the team did exceptionally well. Miss M. Line is to be congratulated on her splendid display against Miss Robertson, A.U.C., in the Ladies' Singles, and also with Miss Carty on their excellent showing in the Ladies' Doubles which they were unlucky to lose in the semi-final. R. Long and Miss Ziesler did well to reach the semi-final of the Combined Doubles, being defeated 6—4, 6—4 by the winners of this event.

The following are detailed results:—

Men's Singles: R. Long (V.U.C.) v. England (C.U.C.). Lost 6—4, 6—4. Much good play spoiled by inaccurate driving. The V.U.C. player lost to a steadier opponent.

G. Simpson v. Barrer (C.U.C.). Lost 6—4, 6—1. A long-drawn-out struggle—restrained tennis—a game of placement.

Men's Doubles: W. Harris and G. Simpson (V.U.C.) v. Dart and Beatson (C.U.C.). Lost 3—6, 6—4, 6—1. A very even game which the V.U.C. players lost, after having a comfortable lead in the second set, through not keeping up their initial pressure.

J. Dive and P. Webb (V.U.C.) v. England and Adkin (C.U.C.). Lost 6—2, 6—2. A hard driving game with good combination and net play by the C.U.C. players. The V.U.C. men did not settle down, and lost due to general weak overhead work.

Ladies' Singles: Miss M. Carty (V.U.C.) v. Miss Taylor (A.U.C.). Lost 5—6, 6—2, 6—2. The V.U.C. player did well to take first set after being 2—5 down. She did not keep up pressure and lost in third set after an even game.

Miss M. Line (V.U.C.) v. Miss Robertson (A.U.C.). Lost 5—6, 6—3, 6—4. An interesting and hard-fought struggle, characterised by excellent defensive returns by the V.U.C. player, alternated with nice forcing shots. The A.U.C. player played a steady, hard-driving game.

Ladies' Doubles: Misses Line and Carty (V.U.C.) v. Misses Seaville and Howell (O.U.C.). Won 6—3, 5—6, 7—5. Misses Whitelaw and Taylor (A.U.C.), lost 6—5, 6—5. Semi-final. In the semi-final the V.U.C. players played very well, especially Miss Line whose steadiness and lobbing when necessary, were outstanding. Both the V.U.C. players drove well from the back line. Lost to a combination which were better in overhead work and net play.

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Misses V. Dyer and K. Ziesler (V.U.C.) v. Misses Scott and Ballantyne (O.U.C.). Lost 6-5, 5-6, 6-2 after a very even and very exciting contest in which both sides played good tennis.

Combined Doubles: Miss Dyer and Harris (V.U.C.) v. Miss Ballantyne and Stallworthy (O.U.C.). Lost 6-4, 4-6, 6-3 after a very even contest with good tennis.

Miss K. Zeisler and Long (V.U.C.) v. Miss Howell and Clark (O.U.C.). Won 0-6, 6-3, 10-8. After losing the first set 6-0 the V.U.C. players steadied down. Miss Ziesler did much steady returning, while R. Long did well at net. The third set, which was a long one, was characterised by the V.U.C. players being on the offensive and their opponents making excellent recoveries.

v. Miss Whitelaw and McDonald (A.U.C.). Lost 6-4, 6-4 after an even game on a slippery court.

OTAKI MATCH.—On November 30th, a team from College visited Otaki to play our annual match with the Otaki Club. This season we were opposed by a combined team from the Otaki Club and the Otaki Maori College. Early in the afternoon rain stopped play when the result of those matches decided indicated a draw. The team was later entertained at the Maori College and altogether spent a very enjoyable day. No return match was played, but it is hoped, this season, to arrange such a match to be played on the College courts.

NEW PLAYERS.—As mentioned previously there are attending 'Varsity several freshers of considerable ability. Prominent among the ladies is Miss A. Pragnell, and among the men, Rousell, McCarthy, Carstens, Blandford. It is hoped that all students who are tennis players will willingly play for the College teams in the inter-club matches, and, in addition, take part in the management of the Club, not leaving the future of Victoria's tennis in the hands of a few enthusiasts.

BLUES.—The following "Blues" have been awarded by the Blues Committee for the 1929-30 tennis season. Misses M. Line, M. Carty, V. Dyer, K. Zeisler, Messrs. R. Long, W. Harris, G. Simpson. These members are to be congratulated on attaining the standard required for the award of a "Blue."

GENERAL STANDARD OF PLAY.—It has been realised for some time that the general standard of play at 'Varsity is not so high as it should be. Considering the enthusiasm displayed by members, and to the fact that each year a number of promising junior players come to College, the only reason that can be assigned for this low standard is that we have defects in our playing area. This has been realised for some time and several schemes are at present under consideration for raising funds for making necessary alterations to the courts and their appurtenances, e.g., the erection of a sighting screen and the levelling of the courts. An appeal is made to all members of the Club who have its future welfare at heart, to take an active interest in the Club, even if such interest may entail some small personal sacrifice. Attend the Club's Annual Meeting and back up wholeheartedly any scheme which may be brought forward for furthering the Tennis Club's aims and hence the social life of the University College.

HOCKEY NOTES.

The Hockey Club has this year the distinction of being the largest in New Zealand. Seven teams have been entered in the Wellington Hockey Association's competitions, as follows:—1 Senior A, 2 Senior B, 2 Junior and 2 Third Grade.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 21st March, when a somewhat meagre attendance did not promise an unusually successful season. Systematic canvassing, however, resulted in a large number joining up later, justifying the action of the Committee in entering a B team in the Third Grade.

The following were elected to office at the Annual General Meeting:—Patron, Mr. C. Hain; President, Mr. A. M. Cousins, L.L.M.; Club Captain, Mr. J. L. MacDuff, L.L.M., B.A.; Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. J. Bishop; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. S. Plank, M.Sc.; Committee: Messrs. G. S. Simpson, B.A.; Dip Ed., B. O'R. Cahill, B.A., L.L.M., and K. N. Struthers; Delegates to Wellington Hockey Association, Messrs. N. G. Lewis and J. L. MacDuff, B.A., L.L.M.; Hon. Auditor, Mr. C. H. Hain, L.L.B.

At the time of writing there have been five matches played, one Saturday being too wet for play. The Senior A team, containing four only of last year's eleven, has won only one game, but has been only narrowly beaten on other occa-

sions. The Senior B A team has won all its games, and should, on paper, have little difficulty in winning the championship, possessing as it does several of last year's Senior A team, who were standing down in favour of young blood. The B team has played only three games, losing the first 0-1, and winning the second, after Capping, by 2-0. The other game, against Hutt A, was lost 2-6.

The Junior A team has, as in previous seasons, been very inconsistent, and although the side possesses a strong combination, it is impossible to forecast where they will finish in the Championship. The Junior B team has done well, losing only two matches, and playing with good idea of combination. The Third A team has won a couple of games and should hold its own in the grade. The Third B team, which was entered after the first playing Saturday, has yet to score a win; in fact, it has not secured even a goal, but the tally scored against it, in the two matches it has played, is already over 20. In justice to this team, however, it must be pointed out that they have been handicapped by having to turn out short on both occasions.

The Annual Inter-Varsity Tournament for the Seddon Stick was held in Wellington, and proved the best yet held. The Committee spared no efforts to ensure that everything possible was done to ensure a successful tournament, and their efforts were well rewarded. Otago, Auckland and Canterbury all sent strong teams, and the hockey was of a very high standard indeed, the final game especially, between Auckland and Otago, being the finest seen on Karori Park for several seasons. To Auckland we extend our hearty congratulations on their winning the Seddon Stick, and we congratulate Otago on the fight they put up in the final, and also on the standard of hockey they produced in the second half of their match with Victoria. As unsuccessful candidates for the Wooden Spoon, we wish to thank Canterbury and congratulate them on adding to their tenure another year.

The teams from Otago and Canterbury were met on arrival by the Lyttelton boat on Saturday, 31st May, by those in charge of the billeting arrangements, and were quickly conveyed to their billets. The Auckland team arrived at 9.30 by the Limited and were met by their hosts and taken away to their homes in time to prepare for the matches in the afternoon.

The Annual Meeting of Delegates to the N.Z. University Hockey Council was held at 10.45, when matters in connection with the tournament were discussed.

The draw for the matches on Saturday was as follows:—1.30 p.m.: Otago University v. Victoria University College; 3 p.m., Auckland University College v. Canterbury College. Before an enthusiastic body of onlookers, the two teams lined out punctually for the early game, which proved to be fast and of high standard. After 10 minutes' play, Otago scored from the left wing, and five minutes later the Victoria forwards went through, for Read to secure a good goal. Shortly afterwards, from a melee in the Otago circle, Paul scored, and, just before half-time, succeeded in landing another. At half-time the score was 3-1 in Victoria's favour, and the supporters of the local team were most jubilant.

On resumption, however, Otago opened with a fine goal, and two minutes later had made the scores level. From then on the local halves and backs had a very busy time, and the V.U.C. forwards rarely got out of their own territory. Just before time Otago landed another goal, and in spite of desperate efforts by their opponents to score in the short time available, held their own, running out winners 4-3.

Exceptionally fast as this had been, a better game was to follow. Auckland and Canterbury showed hockey of an exceptional kind, and goal followed goal, first to one, then to the other, with great regularity. Towards the finish Auckland were showing the effects of their night journey, and suffered also from casualties, one man having to leave the field and another having to retire temporarily. With five minutes to go the score was 5-5, and Auckland, playing only ten men, were very tired. In a final burst, however, their forward line tore through the Canterbury defence and secured a splendid goal, leaving the field winners of a fine game by 6 goals to 5.

On Saturday evening the Hockey Club Dance was held. As a Ladies' Hockey Tournament was held this year also, the Committee of the V.U.C. Women's Hockey Club collaborated in the dance arrangements. Miss MacRae was in charge of arrangements, and we thank her very much for the work she did. As a result of

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her efforts, and those of her helpers, the dance was a very successful function. For once the decorations had the effect of hiding the ugliness of the Gym., which was decorated in two shades of pink, with the colours of the four Colleges displayed on the side wall, where the Seddon Stick was also displayed. In spite of the record crowd, there was no hitch in the supper arrangements, and there was enough left after both sittings to make a very acceptable gift to St. Mary's Home at Karori next morning. The orchestra was also in good form, and the visitors declared that it was a very fine dance indeed, and all appeared to enjoy themselves, in spite of the fact that they were all tired after their hard games in the afternoon.

On Sunday afternoon the teams were taken for a motor drive through Happy Valley, round Island Bay, and Lyall Bay to Massey's Tomb, on Point Halswell, and thence round through the Seatoun Tunnel to Mount Victoria and home through Roseneath and Oriental Bay. A stop was made for afternoon tea at the Blue Platter at Island Bay, where the teams listened for a while with interest to a negro preacher, who probably had never in his life performed before so large and appreciative an audience. It is a matter for consideration whether some of his gestures should not be incorporated in the haka.

The 1.30 p.m. game on Monday, 2nd June, was for the wooden spoon, between the losers of Saturday's games, Victoria and Canterbury. Canterbury started off at a great pace and had the better of the early stages, but the local team rallied well and held their own for the rest of the first spell, which ended, however, with Canterbury leading 2-0. In the second spell Victoria had more of the game and pressed hard for the first twenty minutes, when their efforts were rewarded with a goal by Bishop. Just afterwards, Read scored a beautiful goal from a difficult angle, and five minutes before the finish Paul secured just outside the circle, and taking no chances, dribbled it through to draw the goalie and tap it into the net. Time went shortly afterwards, and Victoria had scored their first win of the season, and had managed to avoid qualifying for the wooden spoon.

At 3 p.m. Auckland and Otago took the field and an exceptionally fast game ensued. The Auckland forwards, who are all exceedingly fast, had corrected the fault shown in their previous game of bunching, and were giving a fine exhibition of passing at full speed. The halves and full-backs on the Auckland side were playing very well, and when they were unable to break up an Otago rush, always succeeded in keeping them to the edge of the circle, so that Crawley, in goal, was called on only for long-range work. The positional play of both sides was excellent, and the superior speed of the Auckland forwards, the splendid play of Radcliffe (centre-half), and the defence of the Auckland goalkeeper, were the deciding factors. Otago played very well, but their centre-half could not check the Auckland centre, and one of their full-backs was weak. Their forwards were always dangerous, Howie and Watson especially so.

On Monday evening a dinner in honour of the teams was held in Barrett's Hotel. Mr. A. M. Cousins presided over a large attendance, amongst whom we were glad to see some of our older players and vice-presidents. A lengthy toast list was honoured, and Mr. N. R. Jacobsen announced his selection of the N.Z. University team to play Wellington on Tuesday, 3rd June. This team was as follows:—Crawley (A.U.C.), goal; Brown (A.U.C.) and Bellfield (O.U.), full-backs; E. Wilson (O.U.), Radcliffe (A.U.C.), and A. Wilson (O.U.), halves; Simpson (V.U.C.), Howie (O.U.), Watson (O.U.), Taylor (A.U.C.) and Huston (C.U.C.), forwards. Radcliffe (A.U.C.) was selected as captain. H. C. Read (V.U.C.) was emergency.

After the dinner a party went to the de Luxe and another band went to the Paramount to "The Love Parade." After the pictures both parties went to the Majestic for supper, where the members of the ladies' teams joined up, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

On Tuesday morning the N.Z. University team played Wellington on the Basin Reserve. The ground was insplendid condition and the game was a very fine one indeed, resulting in a draw, 4-4.

We wish to congratulate Simpson on again gaining a University blue, and also to congratulate Read on being picked as emergency.

In the afternoon everyone went to the football match and saw Wellington defeat Great Britain, and a fair crowd went down to Thorndon Station to see the Auckland team depart at 7.15, taking with them the Seddon Stick. An enthusiastic

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send-off was given them, and the remodelled haka was in evidence for the first time. The crowd then went down to the Ferry Wharf to see the Otago and Canterbury teams away, Canterbury taking with them the wooden spoon. Here again an enthusiastic send-off took place, and formed a fitting conclusion to the most successful tournament of the series.

Our thanks are due to the Wellington Hockey Association for the courtesy shown in connection with the tournament arrangements, to the Wellington Referees' Association for supplying referees for the matches, and to the Wellington Hockey Club for their agreement to a postponement of their match with the V.U.C. team, which had been set down for the Saturday afternoon.

A report of all games will appear in the next issue of the "Spike."

BOXING CLUB.

Some years ago, when O.U. seemed the inevitable home of the Tournament Boxing Shield, the V.U.C. Boxing Club was struggling through a very lean period. Its membership was roughly estimated at a round dozen; the grant from the Students' Association was, in these circumstances, necessarily low, and trouble was experienced to find the wherewithal to pay for instruction in the Noble Art. It was indeed fitting that at such an unfortunate time the Club should have at its helm one of the strength and contagious enthusiasm of our new Vice-President, Mr. G. J. Sceats. Largely through his efforts the Club emerged from its period of trial with flying colours, to assume its present position of eminence, the holders of the Tournament Boxing Shield.

In some recognition of his services, Mr. Sceats has been constituted the first life-member of the V.U.C. Boxing Club, and we wish him every success in his new home in Auckland.

V.U.C. Boxing Club Blues for 1929 were awarded to J. K. Logan, D. G. Edwards, M. E. Mahoney, F. C. Moore and L. E. Sowry.

We are all very pleased with the year's Tournament Team. It is probably the strongest combination that has ever represented V.U.C., and it acquitted itself well. Every single member was well up to the standard—we had five finalists out of seven weights, and our other two members were eliminated only after what were perhaps the hardest bouts of the morning. It is opportune to remark that our Instructor was of invaluable assistance. We congratulate the team on its good victory.

This year sees the selectors faced with gaps in many of the weights, and the lessons provided in the second term should be utilised by all those aiming at Boxing Blues. To succeed in boxing one must be fit, have boxing knowledge, and actual glove and ring experience. The latter two are provided for during the year, while the matter of physical fitness is attended to by the Instructor immediately before the tournament. So we exhort all would-be boxers to come along to the lessons. If you don't wish to spar, you will not be asked to do so. You will be shown how to protect yourself without actually having to do so; but we feel confident that once the gloves are donned, you will fall victim to the spell of the Noble Art and will joyously stand up to any knocks that may come your way.

BASKETBALL CLUB.

The Basketball Club opened this year with a large membership, from which three teams (Senior A, Senior B and Intermediate) have been chosen to play in the Association matches. So far we have not met with much success, but hope that, with regular practice, better combination will result.

In the Easter Tournament our team was unfortunate enough to meet Auckland—the champions—in the first round and was decisively beaten. In the second round, however, our team showed a similar superiority over Canterbury, who were defeated by a large margin.

Before the Tournament the A team was provided, with new uniforms—olive green gym. dresses, with the College shield on the front. The tunics, when worn with gold belts; and white blouses, present a very smart appearance.

Under the efficient coaching of Miss Roberts we should rapidly improve, and we look forward to a very successful season.

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HAEREMAI CLUB NOTES.

The Club held its annual general meeting on Friday, 14th March, 1930, and was attended by some forty members.

For its new blood the Club had to contend with the more gentle type of fresher this year owing to the fact that all the two-fisted beer-crawling he-men had joined the rowing club.

Just before the 1930 session commenced some members, by using a sufficiently good disguise, managed to creep into the Opera House and gave a free demonstration of the "Cistern" choir at work.

A very successful and at the same time enjoyable social was held in conjunction with the Women's Club. It was recognised even by others to be the most promising to date.

The Club was forced to ask its members to roll along in a body to endure for over two hours the masterpiece called on the ticket "Kyd." It will find its right name as it grows older.

Once again the Haeremai Club was called on to "run" the Capping procession. Though the actual arrangements may be in the hands of the Club, nevertheless it is a students' function, and all male members of the College should co-operate for once and ensure its success. The usual Capping ceremonies were attended by the Club.

The annual Club "Smoko," usually held at the end of Capping Week, was cancelled for this year at any rate owing to the somewhat startling and erratic performances of some water-tight members who supposed that a glass when rolled along a table and then allowed to bounce on to the floor would remain whole. These and other such unnecessary items, though unique, proved rather costly. But the Dinner to be held on the 28th June will be worth while.

This year the Club, incorporated with the Students' Association, attempted to make known the various College songs. The Club introduced the system of songs printed on lantern slides, which proved a most outstanding success. The singing reminded one of a notice which once appeared on a board outside a church:—

Subject:—What is Hell Like?

Come and hear our Choir.

ATHLETIC CLUB NOTES.

The annual meeting of the club was held in the third term, 1929, when the election of officers for the year took place.

On the 25th of November in the year of grace one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, that day being a Monday, club members, who had recovered from the plague and from one exciting night—the fifth of November—embraced the thrills of Nature, and commenced to tear up (according to Mr. Heath) that sward of green known to the City Council as Kelburn Park, and carrying a five-shilling training fee with it. So commenced the activities of the Club. This of course was a false alarm, and very few were so foolish as to repeat the performance until after Christmas.

Since the Tennis Club has startled our Executive by demanding fabulous sums for improving the courts, the Athletic Club have gone one better. It has been suggested that the Students' Association should buy Kelburn Park as a memorial to those who gave their reputation (those who did not have any have obtained one) in the immoral production commonly called "Kyd." A cinder track could then be laid down around the park. The Cricket Club are respectfully reminded that good practice wickets could be obtained on the "green" in front of the steps.

To continue with the activities of the Club members as usual competed in the various meetings in the Wellington District, and we can say with beams of pride flashing from our eyes, that the "green singlets" were to the fore in the great majority of these meetings. Three most successful and most enjoyable trips were made to Masterton at the request of the Masterton A.A.C.—of this more anon.

The Wellington Provincial Championships were held at Petone, and at these the Club was successful in winning the relay, proving in a most convincing manner that it held the honour of being the provincial champion relay team. V.U.C. also won this event at the tournament, and it is probably the strongest Club relay team in the Dominion. "Stan." collected his two monopolies and "Doug." the long jump. Both these Olympians repeated these performances in the New Zealand Championships, at Wanganui. Tough Guys!

As no doubt no one knows the Club has certain trophies which have owing to the successful raffle held at the beginning of the year, been recovered from the clutching hands of W— S.V. (abbrev.).

After these had been re-coated with alluvial g., they were distributed to the deserving as follows:—

- (1) The Dunbar Cup: F. S. Ramson (most points during season). (This was rank favouritism.—Ed.).
- (2) "Best Performance" Cup: I. Wilby (Interfaculty Meeting, half-mile).
- (3) "Most Improved Member" Cup: L. Rothwell.
- (4) The Club's "Mug": Hon. Secretary.

The following gained N.Z. University Blues:—Messrs. Ramson, Barker, and Jenkins.

Victoria Blues were awarded to Messrs. Goodson, Ramson, Barker, Eastwood, Mackay, Rothwell, and Fabian.

The Interfaculty Meeting was held in glorious weather on April 5th. Results:—100 yards and 220 yards, C. H. Jenkins; 440 yards, F. S. Ramson; half-mile, I. Wilby; one mile, L. Rothwell; three miles, J. C. Fabian; high jump, G. J. Seats; long jump, D. Barker; javelin, G. J. Seats.
—Half-Miler.

WAYSIDE WHISPERS.

Correspondence:—X.Y.Z.: No. The race would be run in lanes. If these were not procurable avenues would be good.

Half-Miler has received two letters—one from the proprietor of the Tauherenikau Pub, and the other from the Empire Hotel, Masterton, complaining of: (a) the scandalous treatment accorded to certain articles which were taken by brute force and ignorance, and shifted from their fixed positions (those souvenir hunters!), and (b) (this remark refers only to Masterton) of divers persons taking up an almost permanent position in certain places of emergency in the hotel and so causing a traffic jamb.

After a time the position revealed itself as a "Black Hole of Calcutta."

The incident of the Ladies' Bathroom had to be banned in order to allow certain members to retain their good name. "Half-Miler" too begs all those concerned to return those little souvenirs, e.g., plate-glass (handles), chairs and chesterfields, etc., as the furniture is only on time payment. On showing these letters to the people concerned I was informed that they did not feel disposed to do so as the food and refreshments supplied were not up to scratch.

Other daring scenes have been censored on account of the children who will read this most excellent issue. Several names also on application have been suppressed, but those people are reminded that the police have their records.—Half-Miler.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Society's activities this year have somewhat increased and a very large attendance at the Annual General Meeting proved that a successful year might be expected—an expectation that so far has been abundantly realised.

The first meeting of the year, held on Saturday, 29th March, brought up the question of gowns. "That the wearing of gowns by Victoria College students should be made compulsory" was moved by Mr. Mountjoy and seconded by Mr. Hurley, and opposed by Mr. Crossley, seconded by Mr. Bannister. The subject, so often the battle-ground of conflicting ideas, received a flogging sufficient to last for some time and the audience appeared to enjoy the spectacle. The following spoke from the audience:—Miss Birnie, and Messrs. Bishop, Priestley, Rosevear, Cahill, Vickerman, McNaught, Arndt, Rollings and Von Sturmer. Miss Forde presided over an attendance of over 130 members and friends. The judge, Dr. McIlraith, placed the speakers in the following order: Bannister, Hurley, Crossley, Bishop and Miss Birnie, saying that he had not taken into consideration such practised speakers as Messrs. Rollings and Mountjoy. The audience, as a whole, considered that gowns were desirable, but the students voted against the innovation. The second meeting took place on Friday, 11th April, when the subject for discussion was "That the report of the Unemployment Committee furnishes an adequate and satisfactory solution of the unemployment problem." Moved by Mr. Bishop, seconded by Mr. Fabian. Opposed by Mr. Powles, seconded by Mr. Haughey. The following speakers also took part

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in the debate: Miss Forde, Messrs. Reardon, McCarthy, Toogood, Crossley, Jessep, Hurley, Goodson, and Bannister. Both the audience and the members of the Society decided that the report had not hidden any solution of the problem and Professor Murphy placed the speakers in the following order: Powles, Hurley, Bishop, Miss Forde, Bannister.

The next contest, an inter-College debate, between Training College and Varsity, is reported elsewhere in this volume.

The next ordinary meeting was held on Saturday, the 10th May, and the subject, "That the observance of Anzac Day should be discontinued," was argued. The debate was noticeable for the number of new speakers, and occasionally the vehemence of the views expressed. Mr. Rosevear, seconded by Miss Henderson, moved and Mr. Hurley, seconded by Mr. Foot, opposed. The following speakers also had views and expressed them: Miss Davidson, Messrs. Crossley, O'Shea, Watson, McNaught, Willis, Chorlton, Arndt, Gibson and Bannister. The motion was carried both by the audience as a whole and by the Society. About 50 persons were present, mostly visitors, as this was a vacation debate. The judge, Mr. Parry, placed the speakers as follows: Bannister, Miss Davidson, Hurley, Arndt, Crossley.

The next meeting of the Society took the form of the annual political debate with visiting speakers. This year the subject was, "Which should govern New Zealand—United, Reform, or Labour?" The triangular contest is always difficult, but the visiting speakers provided both an instructive and amusing debate. Mr. McDougall, M.P., represented United; Mr. A. E. Mander, Reform; and Mr. W. Nash, M.P., Labour. The College speakers were: Miss Forde, and Messrs. Von Sturmer, Arndt, Bannister and Crossley. The audience, which numbered about 120, were almost convulsed by the speech of the United Speaker, and altogether the debate was the occasion for much hearty laughter and good-humoured interjection, although the political views were mostly conspicuous by their absence.

It has become the custom to have supper served at the end of all debates, and the Committee intends that this shall be the rule. A charge of one penny will be made to help defray the extra expense, and it is felt that this small contribution will not be unwillingly given. It certainly makes for a pleasant evening to feel that an informal chat over supper can be had after a debate.

It is hoped that this year will be a memorable one in the Society's history, and the syllabus has been made as diverse as possible, while new speakers are being welcomed and given the opportunity to develop their talent for speaking.

THE VICTORIA COLLEGE DEBATING TEAM ABROAD.

A BRIEF REPORT OF THE 1930 TOUR.

The exchange of student opinion by means of the tours of debating teams has become increasingly popular during the last five or six years. In fact, even far-flung New Zealand has had visits from four touring teams; but it was not till last year that our own students had the opportunity of travelling to debate with overseas Universities. In September of last year, V.U.C. sent three chosen representatives—G. R. Powles, W. J. Mountjoy and W. J. Hall—to engage in wordy conflict with students of the Universities of Canada and U.S.A. This tour was undertaken under the combined auspices of the N.Z. National Union of Students, the National Student Federation of U.S.A. and the National Federation of Canadian University Students.

Our first contest with a foreign University was at Honolulu, where we were met by representatives of the University of Hawaii. On the evening of our arrival, we were motored to various points of interest by two Chinese students. The next morning we were taken to the University of Hawaii. Honolulu is a very cosmopolitan place and at the University there were not only "White" students, but also Chinese, Japs, Hawaiians and various mixtures of these racial elements. We were each given a copy of the University newspaper, edited by a Chinaman. They took us to a Students' Association meeting. The chairman was "white," but the secretary was a Japanese girl. At this meeting a string quartette played Hawaiian airs, a quartette sang jazz songs, etc., and in between these items, the President would strike the table with a small hammer, the meeting would come to order, and in a silence that seemed to us very strange, conducted the business. No heckling! Yellow, brown and white, men and women, listened attentively. We thought of

last year's Annual Students' Association meeting and R.H.C.! Yet there was one striking point of similarity: there, as here (as one member of the party pointed out), the women voted like sheep, in a block, and one after the other. The Hawaiian Debating Society is very keen to send a team to New Zealand, and some of the students wanted to know if there were not some way in which students could "exchange" between N.Z. and the Hawaiian University. The idea of a "Yellow Peril" or Japanese menace is "pooh-poohed" at the University of Hawaii. "Coloured" students to whom we talked said that they were pacifists, but if a war were somehow to come, they declared that the Japs and Chinese of Hawaii would fight for U.S.A. rather than China or Japan.

Our next University was a Canadian one, the University of British Columbia, which is located at Vancouver. Here we had the good fortune to be billeted at Fraternity Houses. The "Fraternity" is an institution peculiar to the American Continent. It partakes partly of the nature of co-operative boarding-house and partly that of a secret society. There are somewhere about seventy fraternities in America. Each fraternity has many "Chapters" scattered throughout the continent, and each Chapter has its "frat. house," where the fraternity brothers live together as a kind of co-operative secret society. They have a secret initiation ceremony, secret signs and a secret organisation. The bond that binds one "fraternity brother" to another seems to be one of the strongest that one can imagine, and continues to be operative long after College days are past. The old students, or alumni, play a very important part in the life of American Universities, and fraternity alumni keep in touch with their frat. and contribute liberally to its funds. As fraternities exercise careful selection and only thirty to forty per cent. of College students have the opportunity of becoming members, election is considered a great honour, and the greatest honour paid to a freshman is to be "rushed" by four or five different fraternities. Women students have similar, though less powerful, organisations, called "sororities."

We were surprised to see numerous young men and women in the streets of Vancouver wearing on their backs placards on which their names were stencilled in big letters. We learnt that these were "freshmen" and "freshettes" (collectively: "frosh"), who must wear their names until the end of the initiation period, when, at the "Frosh Initiation Dance," they are at last discarded. We saw many young men about the streets and at the University wearing caps and ties of a particularly bright green, and were told that these were part of the enforced uniform of the "freshmen."

We attended some lectures at the University of British Columbia, and were impressed by the much greater scope offered the student there than here. There are, for instance, nineteen different history courses to choose from. In many Colleges in the States this is carried to extremes, and there may be from forty to fifty courses in a subject. This, of course, tends to specialisation, and the American College must answer the demands of a land of specialisation. One College, indeed, goes so far as to include as one of the courses for Ph.D. "Hotel Management!"

The University of British Columbia has a very full and varied club life, and this is true of practically all American Universities and Colleges. Sport, too, plays a very important part, often so important that, next to the President, the football coach is the highest paid man on the College staff, and valuable scholarships are given to outstanding sports.

Before proceeding briefly to outline the results of the tour, I should like to record one more impression, the Co-Ed! Her chief occupation seems to be the obtaining of "dates" for "necking" and "petting" ("petting" is below the neck). When one of our number ventured to express surprise at the amount of this that went on, a Professor of Psychology replied that, "after all, it is merely co-operation for the achievement of mutually satisfying states."

The standard of academic achievement in American Universities varies widely, and one can but say that in the best Colleges it is exceedingly high and in the worst it is very low. In fact, one of the most noticeable things, as we travelled from College to College, was the absolute lack of any uniformity. In some of the Colleges there is an exceedingly fine academic atmosphere and outlook, and knowledge is sought for its own sake; in others, the student merely spends four years at College and is churned out with an A.B.

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The following is a very brief summary of the debates:—

1. Powles and Mountjoy v. University of British Columbia, Vancouver—"That the British Empire is in grave danger of disintegration." Won by unanimous vote of three judges and also on audience vote.

2. Mountjoy and Hall v. Canucks' Club, Calgary—"That the emergence of woman from the home is a regrettable feature of modern life." Won on decision of three judges. Audience of a thousand.

3. Powles and Mountjoy v. University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon—"British Empire, etc." Won on audience vote.

4. v. Regina Public Speaking Club (full team debated from now on)—"That the system of trial by jury should be abolished." Won the audience vote, 3 to 1 majority, but lost judge's decision.

5. v. Hobart College, Geneva, New York—"That the continuance of the capitalist economic system is in the best interests of civilisation." No decision.

v. Wells College, Aurora, N.Y.—"British Empire, etc." Won on audience vote.

7. v. Hamilton College, Clinton, N.Y.—"That American Government is more democratic than the British." Lost on audience vote.

8. v. New York State Teachers' College, Albany, N.Y.—"American Government, etc." No decision.

9. v. Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.—"Capitalism." No decision.

10. v. Albright College, Reading, Pa.—"Capitalism." Won on audience vote.

11. v. Penn. State College, State College, Pa.—"Jury system, etc." Won on audience vote.

12. v. Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.—"Jury system, etc." Won on a system of change of opinion voting.

13. v. Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.—"American Government, etc." Won on "low point scoring system." Audience of a thousand.

14. v. Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.—"Jury system, etc." Won on audience vote.

15. v. Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa.—"Jury system, etc." Won on audience vote.

16. v. Hood College, Frederick, Md.—"Emergence of women, etc." This was a women's college, so the debate was very lively. No decision.

17. v. Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.—"Jury system, etc." Won on audience vote.

18. v. Lincoln University, Wilmington, Del. (a negro University)—"American Government, etc." Won on decision of three judges.

19. v. New Jersey Law School, Newark, N.J.—"American Government, etc." The teams split, Mountjoy assisting two New Jersey men against Powles, Hall and a New Jersey man. A very keen battle, but no decision given.

20. v. Princeton University, Princeton, N.J.—"Emergence of woman, etc." No decision.

21. v. Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.—"Emergence of woman, etc." Won on audience vote.

22. v. Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.—"Emergence of woman, etc." Won on judge's decision.

23. v. Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H.—"Jury system, etc." Won on audience vote.

24. v. Boston University, Boston, Mass.—"Emergence of woman, etc." Won by vote of two out of three judges, after keenest debate of the tour.

25. v. Bates College, Lewiston, Me.—"Emergence of woman, etc." No decision.

26. v. Brown University, Providence, R.I.—"British Empire, etc." Debate held under the auspices of the British Empire Club. Representatives from eighty-two Universities from all over the world were present. No decision.

27. v. Columbia University, New York City.—"That all international disputes can be settled by arbitration." No decision. This debate was recorded by a stenographer and will be printed in full in the "Debater's Handbook for 1930."

28. v. Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.—"International disputes, etc." Won by change of opinion vote.

After such a chronicle of debates and decisions, it is perhaps necessary to say that the aim of the tour was not the mere gaining of decisions, nor is the success of the team to be measured by the number of its victories. The team hopes that,

as a result of its visit, it may be able to establish some more or less permanent contact between V.U.C. and the Colleges of America, and that in some small way it may be able to help to create some bond of sympathy between N.Z. students and those of U.S.A.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM AMERICAN COLLEGE PAPERS.

"The University of New Zealand, although situated in what is generally considered the most out-of-the-way corner of the earth, is one of the world's greatest Universities."—"Middlebury Camps," October 23, 1929.

"The University of New Zealand, of which Victoria College is a part, has an enviable reputation in the international debating field. Forensic activities play so important a part in the University life that every year the team of one of the four Colleges makes an international tour. On these world-circling trips contests are held with outstanding educational institutions in every nation visited."—"Middlebury Campus," November 27, 1929.

CHRISTIAN MOVEMENTS.

Life is made up of experiences, and now and again we need to take time off from the rush and tear of the experiences in our own spheres of life. We need to ponder, and to piece together these impressions extracting meanwhile ideas whose value we have proved. Some say waste of time and some say fanaticism. We believe however that the founders of the old religions knew their business when they decreed the Sabbath. We need a regular period of quiet, rest and retirement from our everyday surroundings. Sunday is a good time for it, and camp-life affords the best surroundings. We can reflect upon the experiences of last week, test whether our jobs are really such hum-drum affairs and plan to get more next week out of the incidents of life than we have been doing. We can plan to meet the waves of our environment as like a good swimmer and not like a cork, haphazardly tossed about.

We believe that our camps give you this opportunity for thought and that they temporarily "take you away from yourself." We believe, consequently, that they are helping the cause of right in the world.

These are our movements. These are what we have tried to do so far. These are what we aim at carrying on.

FREE DISCUSSION CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting was held on May 30th and, after the Secretary had presented a masterly exposition of the Club's finances and the election of officers was concluded, Mr. J. R. Elliott set forth the "Disadvantages of Being Earnest" before a large audience. To "mean well," said the speaker, was bad enough by all odds; to be "worthy" was a shade worse; but to be "earnest" was "too utterly utter." To be sure, every man had his own private code of conduct, but this gave him no authority to force it down other unwilling throats. The speaker went on to deplore the Puritan blight and to proclaim the gospel of "Joie-de-vivre," with appropriate bouquets to Herrick, Omar Khayyam and Swinburne. We were enjoined to enjoy the present, so that in the future we might have a past. Proselytising was trenchantly condemned, reformers were a loathsome creed, and Prohibitionists past description in Parliamentary language. If people wanted to carry out reforms, let them heed the copybook maxim, "Example is more potent than precept." The audience, somewhat dazzled by this display of intellectual pyrotechnics, did not know, in their naive colonial way, whether the speech was earnest flippancy or flippant earnestness. But Mr. Miller scored a decisive point when he declared that if you robbed the Anglo-Saxon of his proselytising you robbed him at the same time of all the joy of his life.

On Friday, June 13th, Rev. J. Newell, M.A., gave a very interesting address on "India" to a disappointingly small audience. Mr. Newell, who spoke from many years' personal experience, told us of Tagore, Sarajini Naidu, C. F. Andrews, Ghandi and the leaders of the Non-co-operative Movement. The withdrawal of Great Britain from India would, he thought, lead to chaos, since the smouldering antagonism of the Hindus and the Mahomedans would blaze out. The Mahomedans were in a minority, and hence strong supporters of the British regime. Miss Katherine Mayo's book on "Mother India" had been subjected to searching criticism, but the speaker considered that it was, on the whole, no exaggeration. Mr. Newell concluded his most informative address with a strong plea that every effort should be made to propagate Christianity among the Indians.

THE SPIKE

SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

Vacations come and go, but still the work of the Social Service Club goes on. It is the only Club in the College that operates the whole year round. If some of our members are away, there are still plenty of others to carry on.

The festivities held last Christmas at the various Homes were very successful indeed, and the Club can recommend H. J. Bishop, as a Father Christmas, who helped us greatly by distributing the little gifts from the trees at the various Homes and we feel sure that the children appreciated the fatherly advice he gave each one.

On the Wednesday before Christmas we took a party to the Miramar Receiving Home, and after regaling the children on all manner of Christmas cheer, games were indulged in, until Father Christmas appeared and distributed a small gift to each child; they seemed to be appreciated by the recipients, and certainly all members of the Club who made the trip were amply rewarded by the happiness of the kiddies. The following night a similar party was taken to the Austin Street Home, when the boys were given their turn.

The work at the Mental Hospital at Porirua is still running as smoothly as ever, the institution being visited by a car-load of students every Saturday fortnight.

Miss A. Mason and Miss L. Mitchell are in charge of the work at the Girls' Borstal Institution at Point Halswell. They visit the girls every other Saturday afternoon and once a month on Thursday evenings.

The Annual Meeting of the Club was held on April 9th, at the College. There was a fair attendance of students, and the election of officers resulted as follows:— President, Professor F. P. Wilson; Vice-Presidents, Professors T. A. Hunter, H. H. Cornish, W. H. Gould and Dr. I. G. L. Sutherland; Organiser and Secretary, R. L. Page; Treasurer, G. McKenzie; Committee: Misses Mason, Mitchell and Godfrey, Messrs. Williams and Kingsford.

There are now many avenues of work open to students who may be interested in Social Service, and no matter how many more join our ranks, we have work for all of them. We would like to have more visiting Porirua, and can assure students that they would not find it half as bad as they imagine; certainly, all psychological students should see the institution at least once. Then there is the taking of the kiddies from the Homes to the football matches and pictures on Saturdays, and would like to hear from the students who are willing to help in this direction. A note in the rack will find us.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Club endeavours to foster an interest in dramatic art and literature among the students of the College and the large attendance at the readings on Friday evenings shows that interest in the Club's activities is increasing. Readings were resumed in January and were continued during the last two months of the College vacation. The following plays were read: "The Ship," a drama by St. John Ervine; "The Tragedy of Nan," by John Masefield, in which Miss Cooley read with splendid sincerity the part of Nan; Mr. Benge and Mr. Cormack also read very effectively; "The Betrayal," by Padraic Colum; "Episode," by Herman Ould; and "Major Barbara," by Bernard Shaw. These readings were fairly well attended, and the Club will continue to hold readings during the vacations this year.

Most people will remember with pleasure the Club's opening evening for 1930, when two one-act plays, "A Woman's Honour," by Susan Glaspell, and "Moonshine," by Hopkins, were produced. Honours in the first play were shared by Miss Zena Jupp and Miss Ola Neilsen. The lawyer and the prisoner were played well by Mr. Mountjoy and Mr. Cormack respectively. The second play, which was particularly well received, contained only two characters, Luke Hazy (a moonshiner) and a revenue officer who has fallen into his hands. The former was played by Mr. Wright, who looked a really convincing Kentuckian, and who played his part splendidly. The resourceful revenue officer was ably portrayed by Mr. Crossley.

During the first term readings had to be suspended owing to Extravaganza practices claiming most of the Club's members, but during the May vacation "Lilies of the Field," a comedy of John Hastings Turner, was read, and on May 30 "The White Chateau," an outstanding war play, was read. This play was written by

a Wellingtonian, Reginald Berkley, who has made a name for himself as a playwright in England. His most recent successes have been "The Lady With the Lamp" and "The Unknown Warrior"—a translation from the French. In this reading Mr. C. G. Watson, a newcomer to the Club, gave the best performance, which was closely followed by those of Miss Spence-Sales and Mr. Dornier. Readings will be carried out every Friday this term, and in addition, the Club intends to produce a play about the beginning of August. Several plays are at present under consideration and rehearsals should be under way by the time "Spike" is printed. It is to be hoped that this year the Club will receive more student support at the public performance of the play. It represents the culmination of the Club's efforts for the year.

ORCHESTRAL RHAPSODISINGS.

Take it on the whole, we have had an enjoyable half-year. Our chief capophonist has brought us within an ace of keeping time together. Next year we hope to merit the title of "Synchronic Orchestra." For the present, however, people are unsympathetic enough to refer to our efforts as "chronic" though they have not gone to the lengths of calling them a "sin."

Our notable achievements this year include a Dramatic Club evening, the Extrav., and a tour of the city of Wellington with performances in the private homes of the performers. These fortnightly revels, we thought, might bring "home" the great masters to the unversed of our neighbourhoods. No doubt the impression we left was a lasting one.

I now append an impression of the Extrav.:—

A Voice: "Right!!! All together!! Three for nothing!" (Wierd noises become audible).

A Voice from Stage—terse and unsympathetic: "That d—d orchestra's here at last."

Passage of time. Enter shade of Wagner, who has arrived from Hades by the 8 p.m. volcano in time for the finale of Act I.:—"Das ist worse than Hades" (stuffs his fingers in his ears and turns to the shade of Mendelssohn):—

"Mendy, mein friend, who iss da perpetrator of all this?"

Mendy: "Waggy, old chap, this is your Bridal Chorus."

Waggy: "Mein —! Gott in himmel!" He swoons and Mendy carries him out.

Fortunately for the reader the manuscript is here undecipherable.

Before taking leave of the aforesaid reader, however, we must take leave of our popular conductor "Olly" Keys, and wish him "bon voyage" on his trip home, and "bonne chance" when he arrives on the foreign strand. We appreciate his work in building up our 'Varsity orchestra, and in the cause of music as a whole. "Olly" is a true music-lover and his work is therefore pleasant to himself and enduring in its result.

I can only remark pessimistically—"Who's going to carry it on?"

THE NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS.

WHAT DOES IT DO?

The N.Z.N.U.S. has now completed its first year's workings, and perhaps some are wondering what has been achieved, while to others, unfortunately, "N.U.S." is but a name. The following is a brief outline of some of the things that have been done and are being done by the N.U.S.:—

CHEAPER TEXT BOOKS.

The Books Committee has been successful in obtaining the same terms from Messrs. Foyle, Ltd., of London, as those which have been granted to English University students. The Books Committee will shortly exhibit a list of the text books prescribed for 1931, together with the published prices. Students may then obtain a signed order from any member of the Committee and order the books from Messrs. Foyle, Ltd., who will charge only the published price. If second-hand books are required, the cost will be two-thirds the published price.

The Committee is endeavouring to arrange for an efficient scheme by which students can sell and buy second-hand text books through a second-hand book store, to be open for the first three or four weeks of the College year.

THE SPIKE

SPORTS.

The Internal Affairs Committee has brought into operation new and standardised regulations governing the award of New Zealand University Blues.

The Sports Committee arranged a tour of a New Zealand University Athletic Team to Australia last year.

DEBATING.

The Debating Committee arranged a Debating Tour to Australia last year in September, and in the same month the Victoria College Debating Team left for America, under the combined auspices of the N.Z.N.U.S., the National Federation of Canadian University Students, and the National Student Federation of U.S.A.

This year the N.U.S. has arranged a wireless debate between A.U.C. and V.U.C. for the 14th July. The two teams will be able to debate without having to travel, and people in both Auckland and Wellington will hear both sides. This is the first time anything of this nature has been tried in New Zealand, and, as far as University debating is concerned, in the world. The N.U.S. Debating Committee is also endeavouring to arrange a similar debate between Canterbury University College and Otago University. Finally, the Joynr Scroll Contest is to be run by the N.U.S. this year, instead of by the Tournament Committee.

TRAVEL.

A Students' Identification Card is being prepared, which will enable N.Z. students to get special student concessions when travelling abroad.

The Travel Committee are also endeavouring to arrange for concessions to students at New Zealand hotels.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Through the C.I.E. (Confederation Internationale des Etudiants), the N.U.S. is kept in constant touch with student happenings the world over. The N.U.S. has official representative in London (Mr. Northcroft) and New York (Mr. Cabot). It was represented at the Imperial Conference of Students at Montreal last September by Mr. Henley, who furnished a most useful and valuable report, including much that N.Z. might learn from other Universities. We were represented at the C.I.E. Conference at Budapest last year by Mr. Northcroft.

The N.U.S. has arranged for N.Z. to be represented at the International Student Games to be held at Darmstadt next August. Mr. Lowe, the famous English athlete, acting as our agent, will select a N.Z. team from N.Z. students studying in Britain.

The Foreign Affairs Committee has obtained information as to the cost of living at English Universities and is obtaining information regarding conditions of study at Home. They are co-operating with the International Student Service and the S.C.M. in an endeavour to invite a South African student here to study medicine.

GENERAL.

The Internal Affairs Committee hopes to have arrangements in hand soon for some system of placing students in employment during vacations, and to compile a book of information for secondary school pupils who intend going to 'Varsity.

These are some of the things the N.U.S. has done and is doing. It is but a year old, and now that the difficulties inherent in the starting of a new organisation have been overcome, it should enter into a period of even greater usefulness. It should be remembered that the N.U.S. is the co-ordinating body for the Colleges of the N.Z. University. Its officers are appointed, indirectly, by the four College Executives. The Headquarters for this year are located at Canterbury College.



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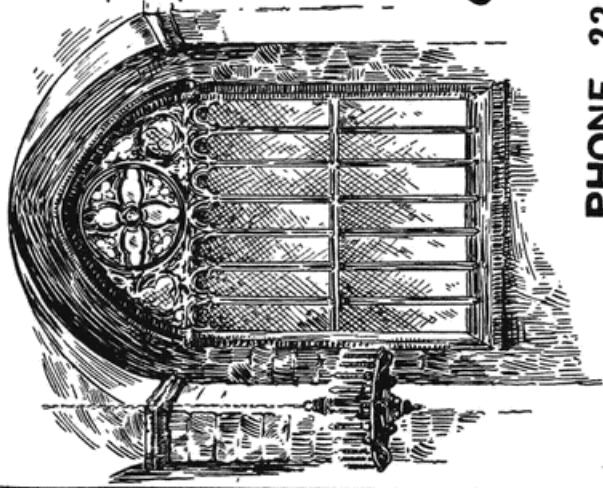
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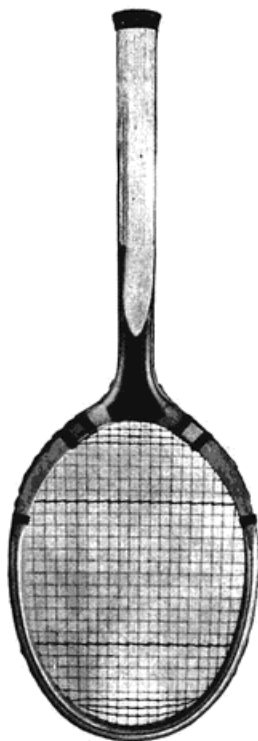
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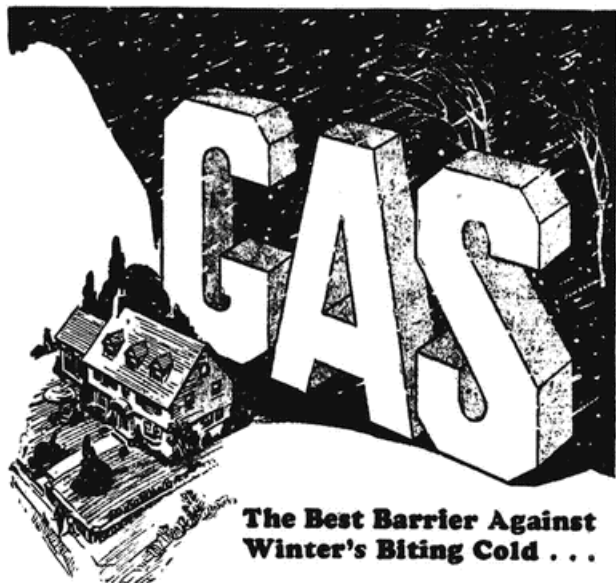
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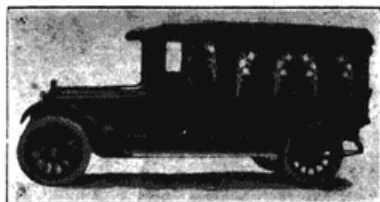
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