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For names see page 6




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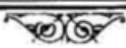
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OR

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW



JUNE, 1921



(Registered for transmission as a Magazine).

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THE SPIKE

OR

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

(PUBLISHED TWICE IN THE SESSION)

The Editorial Committee invites contributions, either in prose or verse, on any subject of general interest, from students or officials connected with the College. All literary communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, Victoria University College, Wellington.

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

Vol. XX.

No. 1

Editorial



There are some noises which are pleasant to the human ear, such as music on the waters, the voice of a beloved one, or a tinkling dinner-bell; but there are others which are abominations, such as rusty engines, foghorns, and certain undergrads. at public meetings.

We know the "old tradition that youth should be a romp." We heartily believe in it. We think it unnatural for youth to go about silent and sober-minded. That young men and maidens should overflow with the joy of living, with vivid interest in their surroundings, with health and happiness, has been from time immemorial the way of nature and the way of life—it is our inheritance from the Golden Age.

When man is first born into the world, he usually heralds his entry with noise. To some infants—alas, we think many of our undergraduates were of this type—life is one long noise, punctuated fortunately with sleep. The noise is mostly meaningless and seldom musical. And so, when the unfledged student comes to College, he has made a habit of thinking himself the big noise. We rather like this habit in its proper place. We frankly enjoy ourselves in Capping Processions and at the Haeremai Club. But at public meetings—

Perhaps we have been brought up differently from other students. We were always taught that it was wrong when someone had come to speak at a meeting and many others had come to listen—that it was wrong for us to prevent his speaking and their listening. That we should be so selfish and self-opiniated is too awful to contemplate. When we are at the theatre or visiting a friend, and somebody comes forward to play or sing, etiquette forbids our interrupting him or talking and shouting during his performance. And when our hostess chats with us, we have more decency than to monopolise the conversation and to drown her every attempt to speak. Yet somehow there is a class of undergraduates whose conduct is not so regulated. They are a minority, certainly—a close inspection at any meeting will show them to be a small minority; but they have one of the characteristics of smallness. Like crying children, they are heard unceasingly, while their noise is even more meaningless and even less musical than that of babes and sucklings.

We should not mind if the noise were intelligent. Universities exist for the cultivation of intelligence, and manifestations of it at public meetings would be at least encouraging. Besides, a person who comes to hear a speaker or musician does not mind being entertained equally well by someone else. Yet—the statement cannot be refuted—the interjections during the last few years have not betrayed the slightest modicum of intelligence. We believe that this is due to the fact that students with any intelligence have more self-respect than to interrupt. There has been nothing more than a confused babble of tongues—student shouting to his neighbour with an entire disregard for all his other neighbours, interspersed at times with a senseless and incoherent concerted movement.

It will not be out of place to instance the chief sufferer from this kind of self-opinionation—the Inter-University Debate. The lack of etiquette here is even less excusable than at other times. The interjector is harassing the men of other colleges, men who are speaking not for themselves, but for their colleges. It is unfair tactics. We cannot appreciate any moral difference between obstructing the speakers at the Debate and obstructing (say) the runners at the sports or the heavy-weights at the boxing. Nevertheless, at Wellington, last year, the judges were forced to stop the Debate; at Dunedin, the year before, there was a pandemonium ending in a free fight; and this year, at Christchurch, both judges and newspapers deplored their inability to hear the speakers.

We have likened these undesirables to crying children and to foghorns; but a foghorn blowing every thirty seconds through the night is like the harps of angels when compared with the "sky-rockets" indulged in at even lesser intervals for two solid hours in Christchurch. The lack of originality among the obstructors can be judged from this; they had no other ideas amongst them. And the persistent babbling and uproar can only be likened to the foghorns of a whole fleet gone wrong in their mechanism and resisting all efforts to stop them.

There are some who try to defend these uproar-makers; they say it has been a tradition since the Tournament began. We fail to see that this is a defence, even if it were true. That there is an

incipient tradition, we grant you: our object is to show its worthlessness. But in the early University Debates, any interjections attempted to be witty. Their authors listened to the speeches, watching for some faux pas, some lapsus lingua which would let them lash their whips of scorn. How different is the modern method, which refuses to hear the speakers and which howls down their every endeavour to make themselves articulate!

We believe that students should recognise that the opinion not only of the general public, but also of the majority of their own number, is against them in this matter. In the Christchurch "Star," last Easter, it was said: "If this be the intellect of the country, Heaven keep me from the slums." In our own pages is a student's opinion: "Such individuals can be imagined playing marbles on the floor of Westminster Abbey." It was a similar feeling that prompted the adoption of a motion by the Debating Society—a motion that every Students' Association should require its representatives to sign a guarantee not to interfere with the debaters in any way which will prevent their doing their best for their colleges, and also that the home Students' Association should give a similar guarantee on behalf of all its students. This scheme may seem visionary and useless, but it recognises that we can only hope for improvement when each individual student realises the difference between good fun and fair play on the one hand and larrikinism, bad taste, and hooliganism on the other.

We do not demand self-respect from all our student body, but we demand from every undergraduate a respect for the good name of his college; and perhaps those who are deaf to a personal appeal will think twice before they smirch the reputation of their college. We hold it to be an undoubted fact that this phase of student life receives no sympathy from the outside public; that for this reason we find it difficult to get public men to address us or to judge at our debates; and that the Press and the individual citizen refuse on this ground any appeal for University objects. The man who acts the larrikin at University gatherings injures not only himself, not only his fellow-students, who are for the greater part of a different stamp of manhood, but also, and inevitably, his college. He who does this can find no justification.

Simile.

Up from the hills in the eastward, black at the break of the morning
Springs to the sky's embrace like a lover the ardent sun

Welters and spreads in a flood of bright yellow gold, while he
scatters

Over the fresh dewy world his beams; for the day is begun.

So does a venturous swimmer, rising from depths of the ocean,

Fling from his glorious head showers of glistening spray—

Bury his arms in the waters, flashing all white in the sunshine.

Cleaving with beautiful motion the waters all blue of the bay.

J. C. B.

Seventeenth Annual Inter-Varsity Tournament, held at Christchurch, Easter, 1921.

“If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.”

—Shakespeare.

The 17th Tournament, held at Christchurch, was favoured with glorious weather, and many of the events provided keen contests—chiefly the competition for the Athletic Shield, wherein Victoria got home by the narrowest margin possible. The honours were well divided, C.U.C. getting the Joynt Scroll, O.U. the Boxing Shield, A.U.C. the Tennis, and V.U.C. the Athletic Shield.

EN ROUTE.

Between 50 and 60 “Wikitorians”—representatives and bar-rackers—left by the s.s. Maori on Thursday night, for Christchurch. The lovely moonlight night kindly provided by Mr. Bates was duly appreciated, and the trip down was largely without incident.

The Auckland representatives were unfortunate in being unable to get down until the following night. On arrival at Lyttelton we were enthusiastically welcomed by Bob Comrie.

The Christchurch station provided no scenes of uproarious merriment. All parties seemed to be reserving their energies for the serious business ahead, even that grand old haka?? “Wikitoria” was given a morning off duty. However, we were quickly and expeditiously “sorted out” and despatched to the care of our respective hosts and hostesses, whose kind hospitality cannot be sufficiently praised.

An innovation that was much appreciated was the club at the “Starland.” As stated in the programme, this club provided a lounge, reading-room, dancing, gramophones, piano, and “information on any subject at all;”—brainy youths in this City of the Plain.

RECEPTION.

On Saturday morning, at the tennis courts, Hagley Park, Professor Shand, “in the absence of a far greater,” welcomed the visiting students.

THE DEBATE.

The annual debating contest for the Joynt Scroll was held in the Choral Hall, on Saturday, March 26th.

The authorities had provided a formidable board of judges—Rev. J. Paterson, and Messrs. E. J. Howard, M.P., and M. L. Reading—who had chosen an equally formidable subject for debate in the question, “Will the Principle of Nationalism Continue to Mould World Politics?” Canterbury College had filled the chair with their latest professorial acquisition, Professor J. Shelley. The four colleges had sent forward their picked men, well versed in the intricacies of world politics; and altogether, on paper, there appeared all the requirements of a keen contest.

But another element had to be reckoned with—the noisy element,—and at 7.45 they arrived in force. Unfortunately, the general public had not gathered in great numbers, and the student public, both local and visiting, had also declined to overcrowd the hall. Counter-attractions at Starland Club and at the boxing championships were no doubt responsible for the small student attendance, but it is to be regretted that a greater number of students did not by their presence indicate that they still regard the debate as an essential part of the tournament. In a half-filled hall, the disturbing element were able to make their presence felt far more effectively than they could have done in a crowded audience. The result was that the contest was very seriously interfered with on several occasions, and throughout was marred by a succession of noises too varied to enumerate. We are inclined to think "The Press" over-charitable towards the interrupters when it states that "Their banter was wholly good-natured, at times witty, and never 'over the odds.'" We prefer the candour of "The Sun," which holds that "As a college free-and-easy, the contest was a success; but as a serious debating function it was decidedly not so. Crowds of undergraduates, with their usual exuberance of spirit, rent the night with weird instrumental music and snatches of weirder song. The speakers gallantly plodded on, and during the rare lulls one could catch an occasional high-sounding phrase or so, which, torn from its context, merely served as a fresh butt for the undergraduates' raillery."

A visitor thus describes his impression: ". . . . I thought that as this was a contest to determine the best team, the speakers would get a moderately fair hearing. But this only goes to show how crude and undeveloped my idea of sport is. Some minutes passed, and then I 'cottoned' on to the 'big idea.' The audience were there to hinder the speakers. The thing developed into a verbal catch-as-catch-can, and it was refreshing to see an occasional new joke lever its way through the clamouring legions of the veterans."

The contest was opened by a debate, in which Canterbury took the affirmative against Otago. K. G. Archer opened for Canterbury. His speech was greatly broken by interruptions, including the parade of a jazz band; but he traced clearly the development of nationalism, and showed its present influence as a factor in world politics. W. P. Morrell, who led for Otago, showed considerable improvement on previous years. His matter was good. He grappled with the argument of the mover and proceeded to refer to the growth of international feeling and its embodiment in institutions of an international character. A. K. North, who followed, made what was undoubtedly the finest speech of the evening. His reply to Morrell was effective, and his elaborations of the portion of their case left to him by Archer was equally telling; while in general delivery and in the power to hold his audience, he outdistanced all the other speakers. W. M. Ryburn, in reply, made a good debating speech. He managed, without great effort, to hold the attention of the audience, and spoke fluently and with conviction. He traced the growth of other factors in world politics which had tended to lessen the influence of nationalism.

The second debate—between Auckland and Victoria—was opened by A. G. Davis, A.U.C., who sailed confidently ahead in

spite of interruptions. He outlined the history of nationalism and indicated the forces which were operating to prevent the consummation of internationalism. G. O. Cooper, in opening the case for the negative, made a good fighting speech, which won for him the special mention of the judges. If he made any mistake it was in attempting to be on too good terms with his audience. He maintained that internationalism was ousting nationalism from its former position of dominance in world politics. O. E. Burton, in seconding Davis, made a strong case for the view that nationalism is not a dying principle, and ended with an examination of the strength of national feeling among our own people. His speech, however, was marred by interruptions. Though he might have been at home among appropriate interjections, or even in face of hostility, he was obviously quite unprepared for the kind of obstruction he was in reality called upon to face. S. A. Wiren had the unenviable task of making the final speech of the evening. The audience was still on the attack, but Wiren made one very effective reply, and was thus the only speaker to score one off the obstructionists. His reply to Burton was good, and he dealt effectively with the portion of the subject which had been left in his charge. His speech, however, lacked the vigour which was required to make an effective ending to a debate which had been somewhat lacking in that essential.

The verdict of the judges was C.U.C. first, O.U. second, V.U.C. third, and A.U.C. fourth—a judgment which met with very general approval.

ATHLETICS.

V.U.C. REPRESENTATIVES.

100 yards: L. A. Tracy, H. Whitehead.

220 yards: L. A. Tracy, H. Whitehead.

440 yards: L. A. Tracy, R. C. Christie.

880 yards: G. H. Seddon, C. B. Thomas.

One mile: G. H. Seddon, K. M. Griffin.

Three miles: K. M. Griffin, H. McCormick.

One mile walk: L. Grant.

120 yards hurdles: A. Jackson, N. M. Thompson.

440 yards hurdles: A. Jackson, G. G. Aitken.

Long jump: A. Jackson, W. T. Longhurst.

High jump: B. Dickson, W. T. Longhurst.

Putting the 16 lb shot: D. R. Wood, W. T. Longhurst.

Throwing 16 lb hammer: R. Gapes, M. L. Smith.

Relay team: B. C. B. Dickson, C. B. Thomas, G. H. Seddon, and R. C. Christie.

The athletic meeting was held at Lancaster Park, Christchurch. The track was in excellent condition, being very fast; but, unfortunately, the ground is so laid out as to render it impossible to have a long "straight," all the running being done on the curve. Consequently, times that were excellent might have been bettered. The weather was ideal for running, and notwithstanding the counter-attraction of "the races," there was a large attendance of the public.

The standard shown in all events was very high, as may be gathered from the fact that no fewer than three records were broken. L. A. Tracy, our sprinter, put up a brilliant performance,

which has never been bettered, and probably never equalled, in the history of the tournament. Commencing by winning the 220 yards championship and breaking by 3-5ths of a second the New Zealand University record, held jointly by himself and that great sprinter R. Opie, he followed up by winning the 100 yards in the excellent time of 10 1-5 sec. Later in the day he surprised even his most ardent supporters by doing the "hat trick," and completing his display of sprinting by annexing the 440 yards championship in the further good time of 52 sec. This day's performance conclusively proves that Tracy has now come into the very forefront of amateur athletics in the Dominion, and could he have competed in the New Zealand championships at Auckland would have come very close to annexing one or more of the championship events. This man is not at the top of his form yet, and it is anticipated that he will do even better next season.

A further competitor to put up a noteworthy performance was another V.U.C. representative, A. Jackson. In the long jump he was beaten for first place by the very narrow margin of 1 inch. In the early part of the afternoon he won the 120 yards hurdles in what seemed to be very fast time. It is most regrettable that, owing to some mistake on the part of the timekeepers, no time was taken. In the last race of the day, Jackson and Aitken, as in the last two tournaments, were again faced with the difficult task of obtaining both first and second place between them, to place V.U.C. one point in the lead. Unfortunately, Aitken became entangled in a falling hurdle early in the race, and had to retire; but Jackson, running strongly, won in the excellent time of 60 1-5 sec., which time is the best Australasian time so far put up over the newly-adopted three-foot hurdles.

As in the last two years, V.U.C. ran neck and neck with Otago for the shield, but in this instance Auckland, running up very close, were only one point behind V.U.C. and Otago, who at the end of the day finished up with 13 points each. As we were the holders of the shield, it was ruled that we did not share the honours with Otago for the year, but that, as in other shield competitions, the holders must be beaten before losing their claim to the coveted honour. Consequently, for the third year in succession, V.U.C. has its name engraved on the silver plate, and is to be congratulated on doing the "hat trick"—a feat which has been equalled only once before, in 1902-3-4, when C.U.C. were victorious on the three occasions.

In the distance events, R. M. Webber (Auckland) won the one mile and three miles in masterly style. K. Griffin (V.C.) and H. McCormick (V.C.) were second to Webber in these races, respectively. Griffin, in the mile, put in one of his sensational sprints, but could not beat Webber, who is one of the most promising long-distance runners in New Zealand.

In the half-mile, Grierson (Auckland), after a great race in which Olphert and Lockwood challenged him every inch of the way, struggled past the post a winner by three yards in the record time of 2 min. 3 sec.

The Otago representatives, as usual, annexed the hammer-throw and shot-put. Bennett's "put" of 35 ft. 6 in. was a very fine effort. Whyte, who won the mile walk for Otago, is an excellent type of walker with an unquestionable style. His performance on the day was not up to the standard of which he is capable. With a "day

on" he will do very much better time, and should be heard more of in the future.

Of our representatives one is worthy of mention, although he did not obtain any points for us, and should be a very able runner next tournament. That man is Whitehead. Whitehead was only beaten by a few inches in the 220 yards by Perry, of Auckland, and must have been running very near record time himself.

To Canterbury College came the honour of "the wooden spoon" once more. At the same time they also have the honour of winning the shield for us. In the last race of the day, in which Jackson put up his fine performance, had an Otago representative gained even a second place the shield would have gone to Dunedin. An Otago man led for second place right up to the "run home," but Malfroy, of C.U.C., hurdling in great style, passed the Otago man and came in second, thus winning for the maroons their only point of the day.

The "Wikitorias," as may be imagined, cheered themselves hoarse "barracking" for Malfroy.

Thus another memorable contest ended. The day concluded with the relay race and tug-o'-war, and last, but not least, a "free fight," in which everyone but the Dunedinites were overjoyed at the destruction of a "kewpie," which was torn limb from limb.

Next tournament will be held in Auckland, and unless V.U.C. obtains some "new blood," the chances are that the shield will go north.

The burden of winning 11 points out of 13 should not be left to Tracy and Jackson. There are athletes in the College, and we must have them on the track. Do not think, because you cannot beat Tracy or Jackson now, that you never will. It has taken three years' hard training for both to reach their present standard. The moral is: train hard and consistently, and gain all the track experience possible by competing in all the local sports meetings.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The Tennis Championships, which were played on the Canterbury College courts, provided an interesting series of contests. On the whole the standard of tennis was not so high as in past years, but one can derive a certain amount of comfort from the realisation that we cannot always have the play up to provincial championship standard. Victorians went south without feeling unduly hopeful, and were not surprised by the performances of their team.

On the men's side, Otago secured the championship singles in the person of A. W. Sims, a young player with a style of his own, who has already represented the Dominion against the New South Wales team. His performances in Auckland left no doubts as to his ability to gain the title, and he disposed of Byrne in the first round without even exerting himself. Our other representative, M. C. Gibb, managed to lose to Lusk, of Otago, after having the match apparently all his own way; and Sims fought out the final with Johns, of Auckland—a player of greater steadiness and an occasional hard-hitter, but lacking the brains of the Otago man, who gained the decision in two sets (7—5; 10—8).

In the men's doubles we had little better luck, Broad and Byrne going down before the first Otago pair in the first round, and Gibb



Berkett, photo

Tournament Representatives.

For Names see page 25

and Stinton, after winning an apparently lost match in a highly-creditable style from the second Otago team (Lusk and Slater), going out to Grant and Johns, of Auckland, 6—2; 6—2.

That there was little disgrace in this was seen when the victors over our teams fought out the final, which was won by Auckland, 6—3, 6—4—a surprise victory which resulted from Nash, of Otago, crumpling up under the nervous strain. Sims played a magnificent game, but could not pull the match from the fire.

The less said about the combineds the better. Worker and Willecox, of Canterbury, found little difficulty in putting out Gibb and Miss Waldie, and in beating Haigh and Miss Martin. Johns and Miss Knight, the championship winners, found less. The Auckland pair beat Canterbury in the final, in a most disappointing game, 6—3, 6—4.

With the ladies things were more hopeful. Misses Sievwright and Waldie won their matches in the first round, though Miss Fenton lost to Miss Valentine, who beat Miss Sievwright in the second round. Miss Waldie's staying power carried her to the semi-final, where Miss Knight defeated her after a game fight, 9—4. The Auckland girl had little trouble in disposing of Miss Archenhold in the final, emerging as champion by the margin of 9—2.

In the ladies' doubles, we may claim fairly to have had bad luck, Misses Martin and Myers losing to D. Archenhold and G. Willecox, this and last year's champions, after having a substantial lead, and Misses Waldie and Sievwright, in the third round, dropping an apparently certain victory to Misses Valentine and Smith when seemingly all was over bar shouting.

These two pairs, both of Canterbury, fought out an uninteresting finish, the laurels going to Misses Archenhold and Willecox.

This meant that Auckland holds the Championship Cup for another year, and that if Victoria is to see the Cup in the distance (which has not been for the past fourteen years), the tennis club must get some new blood and prove that it is alive and kicking.

THE BOXING TOURNAMENT.

The boxing contests for the Easter Tournament were held in King Edward Barracks on the morning and evening of Easter Saturday. Our team did not meet with the success that was expected. It included two of last year's champions, and at least one other member who was considered "a moral;" but only one, J. D. Hutchinson, boxed up to expectations. However, the boxing was good, and of a higher standard than that of the previous tournament. Otago cleaned the board with the exception of the middle-weight, which was won by the College representative, Mr. T. W. Robson acted as referee.

FEATHER-WEIGHTS.

Jeune (C.U.C.), 8 st. 12 lb v. Meltzer (V.U.C.), 8 st. 6 lb.

The first bout of the feather-weight class was between Jeune and Meltzer. In the first round Meltzer showed an inclination to smother up and then wade into his man. Jeune boxed more cautiously than Meltzer, but both missed chances. At the close of the third round Meltzer tired considerably, and Jeune obtained the decision.

Kennedy (O.U.), 8 st. 10 lb, drew a bye, but to even matters up fought three rounds with a local man.

Kennedy (O.U.), 8 st. 10 lb, v. Jeune (C.U.C.), 8 st. 12 lb.

In the final Jeune fought better than he did against Meltzer, and kept Kennedy moving the whole time. Jeune did most of the offensive work, but did not seem to have condition to enable him to follow up his advantage. Kennedy won.

LIGHT-WEIGHTS.

Farquharson (C.U.C.), 9 st. 5 lb, v. Forsyth (A.U.C.).

Farquharson beat Forsyth in the first bout of the light-weights. Farquharson is a good man, his defence being particularly clever. Towards the close of the last round Forsyth was groggy, and had little fight in him.

Smith (O.U.), 9 st. 10 lb, v. Lewis (V.U.C.), 9 st. 10 lb.

Lewis fought well against Smith, who is an older and more experienced hand at the game. In the first two rounds there were some good sallies started by Lewis, but Smith used both hands freely when at close quarters and punished Lewis pretty severely. The third round saw Lewis as game as ever. He opened up with a brisk rally, using his right effectively on Smith's body, but Smith replied with lefts to the jaw and right jolts to the ribs. It was a good fight, Smith being declared the winner.

Smith (O.U.), 9 st. 10 lb, v. Farquharson (C.U.C.), 9 st. 5 lb.

Farquharson put up a good fight, but Smith has at present too much skill for him. The footwork of both boxers was good, but of the pair the Canterbury man seemed the quicker. The win went to Smith.

WELTER-WEIGHTS.

Conningham (V.U.C.), 10 st. 5 lb, v. Cooke (A.U.C.), 10 st. 5 lb.

This bout was fought in the morning. It was unfortunate for Cooke that he had to fight after coming off the boat, but it was unavoidable. Conningham fought disappointingly. Cooke had plenty of dash, but the Wellington man had no difficulty in getting out of his way and getting good, telling blows in. Towards the close of the last round Cooke was very tired, but Conningham livened up considerably. Conningham was declared the winner.

Church (O.U.), 10 st. 5 lb, v. Conningham (V.U.C.), 10 st. 5 lb.

This fight proved a good, open "go," both contestants giving a good exhibition of boxing. Church has more experience than Conningham, and showed up very well in the in-fighting. Conningham's footwork was good. During the second round Conningham landed a beautiful backhand to Church's face, which caused Church to "do a big think;" but Conningham didn't follow up his advantage, and before the close of the round Church had covered up matters. Church was given the decision.

MIDDLE-WEIGHTS.

Hutchinson (V.U.C.), 10 st. 12 lb, v. Lawther (C.U.C.), 10 st. 9 lb.

The first round opened quietly, but Hutchinson took the offensive and right-hooked Lawther's jaw. In the second round, Lawther took the offensive, and there was some good slamming. Both fighters realised the value of body punches, and used both hands to some purpose. Hutchinson seemed to be resting a bit in this round. The third round proved interesting. Both fought well and there was plenty of excitement. Hutchinson forged ahead, gaining points for right hooks to the jaw; but the judge ordered another round. The fourth round proved too much for Lawther, and the decision went to Hutchinson.

Hutchinson (V.U.C.), 10 st. 12 lb, v. Tanner (O.U.), 10 st. 10 lb.

This proved the most interesting fight in the tournament. In the first round Hutchinson made the pace. Hutchinson has a habit of feinting with his left and slamming his right to the jaw, which invariably reaches its objective. Tanner seemed to be unable to keep out of the way of Hutchinson, whose timing and judgment of distance were excellent. The second round saw Tanner adopting the offensive, and he showed up to greater advantage. Two snappy hooks to the jaw—a right and a left—sent Hutchinson to the boards. At nine Hutchinson sprang to his feet and watched Tanner closely, who tried hard to break through Hutchinson's guard and deliver a knock-out. The third round was most exciting. Hutchinson stepped out of his corner as fresh as when he first entered the ring. Tanner adopted dodging tactics, but Hutchinson proved too quick, and blows to the face and body with both hands told on Tanner. In a clinch Hutchinson drove a terrific left to Tanner's stomach, which nearly finished the fight. From now on the Otago man was visibly weakening, and stood up gamely to the onslaughts of the Wellingtonian. Hutchinson piled up points freely, and was given the verdict.

HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

McKegg (O.U.), 11 st. 6 lb, v. McRae (V.U.C.), 11 st. 10 lb.

This fight proved interesting enough, though both boxers showed an inclination to punch for the face and neglect the body altogether. McKegg left his body open on many occasions, but McRae was slow to see his advantage. McRae opened the fighting with a straight left to McKegg's face. Clinches followed, which, as the fight went on, became more akin to wrestling than boxing. A fourth round was ordered. McRae livened up considerably, but, apparently, the judge considered his tactics wild, and gave the decision to McKegg.

THE BALL.

“Away with melancholy, as the boy said when the school missus died.”—Dickens.

Enchanting music—it was “quite the best orchestra in N.Z.” (we were told so), a good floor, the lovely grounds of the Metropolitan Tea Kiosk, and the freedom from restraint felt by all except a few poor tennis reps., combined to make the ball an unqualified success. During the ball the various shields and cups were presented by Mrs. Blunt.

“Good-night! Good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow.”—Shakespeare.

A lovely passage home on Tuesday night in the Wahine concluded a most successful tournament.

Our photo. includes the following representatives:—

Back row: A. D. McRae, N. A. Byrne, M. L. Smith, F. H. Haigh, H. G. Whitehead Miss E. Waldie, C. B. Thomas, G. G. Aitken, M. C. Gibb, L. Grant, H. McCormick, N. Thompson. Second row: R. C. Christie, R. Gapes, Miss I. Sievwright, E. Evans, G. H. Lusk, Miss E. Fenton. S. A. Wiren, A. Jackson, B. C. B. Dickson. Third row: K. M. Griffin, J. Meltzer, N. G. Lewis, L. A. Tracy, G. O. Cooper, D. R. Wood, W. H. Stainton.

OFFICIAL RESULTS—EASTER TOURNAMENT.

ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

EVENT.	FIRST (2 points).	SECOND (1 point).	TIME OR DISTANCE.	RECORD.
Putting 16 lb. weight	W. J. Bennett, O.U.	G. R. Kingston, O.U.	35 ft. 6 ins.	37 ft. 3½ ins.
One Mile	R. M. Webber, A.U.C.	K. M. Griffin, V.U.C.	4 min. 40 sec.	4 min. 32 sec.
220 Yards	L. A. Tracy, V.U.C.	W. J. Perry, A.U.C.	22 4-5 sec.	23 2-5 sec.
Long Jump	W. J. Perry, A.U.C.	A. Jackson, V.U.C.	20 ft. 6 ins.	22 ft. 8½ ins.
880 Yards	M. Grierson, A.U.C.	J. W. Olphert, A.U.C.	2 min. 3 sec.	2 min. 3 1-5 sec.
Hammer Throwing	J. Gray, O.U.	W. J. Bennett, O.U.	98 ft. 5½ ins.	131 ft. 8 ins.
100 Yards	L. A. Tracy, V.U.C.	W. J. Perry, A.U.C.	10 1-5 sec.	10 secs.
One Mile Walk	C. Whyte, O.U.	A. R. McKegg, O.U.	7 min. 26 sec.	7 min. 6 sec.
High Jump	G. G. Harkness, O.U.	R. F. Allen, O.U.	5 ft. 4½ ins.	5 ft. 6½ ins.
440 Yards	L. A. Tracy, V.U.C.	M. R. Grierson, A.U.C.	52 secs.	51 2-5 sec.
120 Yards Hurdles	A. Jackson, V.U.C.	P. Treahy, O.U.	No time taken	16 secs.
Three Miles	R. M. Webber, A.U.C.	H. McCormick, V.U.C.	15 min. 59 sec.	15 min. 24 sec.
440 Yards Hurdles	A. Jackson, V.U.C.	J. Malfroy, C.U.C.	60 1-5 sec.	62 secs.

Tug-of-war.—C.U.C.

Relay Race.—C.U.C.

Points scored: V.U.C., 13; O.U., 13;

A.U.C., 12; C.U.C., 1.

De la Mare Challenge Cup (one mile flat).—

R. M. Webber.

Trevor Hull Memorial Shield (high jump).—

G. G. Harkness.

Athol Hudson Memorial Cup (three miles flat).

—R. M. Webber.

Ladies' Cup (most points).—L. A. Tracy.

Tennis Championships.

Men's Singles.—A. W. Sims, O.U.

Men's Doubles.—V. Johns and Grant, A.U.C.

Ladies' Singles.—Miss B. Knight, A.U.C.

Ladies' Doubles.—Misses G. Wilcox and

D. Archenthal, C.U.C.

Combined Doubles.—Miss B. Knight and V.

Johns, A.U.C.

Boxing Championships.

Heavyweight.—A. R. McKegg, O.U.

Middleweight.—J. D. Hutchison, V.U.C.

Welterweight.—J. Church, O.U.

Lightweight.—O. H. B. Smith, O.U.

Featherweight.—Kennedy, O.U.

Debating Contest.

Joynt Challenge Scroll.—K. G. Archer and

A. North, C.U.C.



PROFESSOR COTTON.

Dr. Cotton began his studies at Otago University, in 1905. He continued both at the University and at the Otago School of Mines, and graduated in 1907, collecting both the Junior and Senior Scholarships.

In 1908 he obtained the M.Sc. degree, with 1st Class Honours in Geology. At this time he was engaged in research work on the petrology of the volcanic rocks of the Dunedin district.

After leaving the Otago School of Mines he went to the Coromandel School of Mines as Director, and from there he came to Victoria College in 1909, as Lecturer in Geology.

At this time he changed his line of work and started on the physiography and structure of New Zealand from a new viewpoint. His numerous excellent papers in this connection began with the Wellington district; then the Nelson and Marlborough districts; and finally he worked on the Central Otago district.

Dr. Cotton started the Geological Section of the Wellington Philosophical Society, and was chairman of the section. He was joint editor of the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute with Dr. Cockayne, and then for two years was editor.

He has also been on the editorial staff of the Journal of Science and Technology since its formation.

In 1915, Dr. Cotton obtained the D.Sc. degree, and this year he has been elected a Fellow of the New Zealand Institute—the highest honour conferred in New Zealand.

Professor Cotton's lectures are clear, concise, and to the point, and he is ever ready to help. His students realise that were it not for his ability they would not have passed their exams.

We wish Professor Cotton every success, and offer him our heartiest congratulations on his appointment.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

F. P. Wilson, M.A., F.R.E.S., was one of the first students of Victoria College, when the College opened in 1899. There were then only four professors and 80 students.

In 1904, Prof. Wilson took his B.A. degree, and the following year he took his M.A. degree with Honours in Political Science.

In 1906, he was appointed the Graduates' Representative on the College Council, but resigned this position in 1908, when he was appointed Lecturer in History and Economics, which position he held until the appointment of Professor Murphy to the Chair of Economics, and the foundation this year of the Chair of History, of which he is the first Professor at V.U.C.

Professor Wilson was the founder of the Glee Club, which was one of the first College clubs, and he has been the conductor since its inception.

He has been a prominent member of the Tennis Club for years. In 1902, he obtained the College championship. He also played in all the tournaments and shield matches up till 1905, when V.U.C. won the Tournament Tennis Shield.

Those attending the Law Lectures during 1920 will be pleased to hear that Mr. S. Goodall recently rendered "distinguished" and valuable services in connection with a fire in Boulcott Chambers. Mr. Goodall, together with a small street urchin, located a fire in a room in the above chambers. P.C. 49 was summoned, who, together with P.C. Goodall, effected an entry by means of fire escapes and window-sills; but we regret to say that on discovering that the fire was an evening party, and that the proprietress of the room was decidedly annoyed at the privacy and sanctity of her rooms being violated by two police-officers without reasonable cause, P.C. Goodall, under cover of the fact that he was at an advantage in being a plain-clothes constable, left his colleague to pacify the aforesaid lady on his own, and departed to ponder over the rights of intrusion on personal privacy by a plain-clothes constable.

Mr. I. L. G. Sutherland, M.A., who was awarded the Post-Graduate Travelling Scholarship for 1920, has been granted a free passage and will be leaving shortly for Great Britain. Mr. Sutherland intends to take up research work at Glasgow University.

Mr. J. A. Allan, M.A., who last year won a senior scholarship in Philosophy, and this year gained his M.A., with 1st Class Honours, has left V.U.C. for Edinburgh University. Prior to his departure, a small farewell gathering was held in the College tea-rooms, at which several members of the staff and representative students wished Mr. Allan success in his new sphere of study.

Notwithstanding our thankfulness that the new buildings are at length under way, we regret that part of our picturesqueness has been lost in the process. We publish a photograph of the College, taken by Mr. R. V. Kay some three or four years ago—in the days when the pine-trees still waved above us, to the delight of spring poets and the chagrin of the tennis club. We trust this will prove an interesting reminder of the fast-vanishing "Old Clay Patch."

WAR MEMORIAL NUMBER OF "THE SPIKE."

The War Memorial Number of "The Spike" was published early in the first term. This publication forms a valuable record of the part played by V.U.C. students in the Great War, and should be of interest to all students, past and present. The Students' Association desires the fact of the completion of this number to be widely known, especially among past students and their friends. A large number of copies are still on hand, and any person interested may obtain a copy on application to the Students' Association.

THE NEW WINGS.

“Non coeptae adsurgunt turre . . .
 . . . pendent opera interrupta minaeque
 murorum ingentes, aequataque machina caelo.”

—Virgil, Aeneid iv. 85.

There is little more that need be said, for Virgil, having foreseen such a state of affairs, has graphically expressed the position in one or two sentences which are not to be improved upon.

The Memorial Wing, however, is to be completed by next session. The Memorial Window is under construction, and the Library floor is almost complete, and, under favourable circumstances, we should see the roof on inside eight months.

The new wing which is under construction is to complete the present block of buildings. The architecture is to be uniform with that of the present buildings, except that Oamaru stone is not to be utilised for facings. The ground floor is for the Geology Department, and the building is also to accommodate the machinery-room and workshop and the Physics Department.

The College, when complete will form an imposing structure and a landmark from the harbour and city; but, nevertheless, this and the beautiful view do not recompense for the narrow-sighted policy of the College Council in making the present site a permanent one.

Half-Way Hill.

“The Hill and Asperous Way that leadeth into the House of Sanity.”—Sir T. Browne.

The Wine of Life is sweetest
 When quaffed upon the Hill,
 Where the sober hours fly fleetest
 And the drunk winds never still.
 For the lees lie in the moil below, the broil below, the spoil below,
 The fume ascending to the sky
 Wherein is set our will.

The Pipe of Peace smokes softest
 Beneath the starry thatch,
 Where the Pipes of Pan thrill ofttest
 About our scarry Patch.
 And the ash drops in the mew below, the stew below, the brew
 below,
 The wreathed smoke dissolving in
 The Void that we unlatch.

The Lovelight flickers frailly,
 And we view it from afar;
 For, pulse our hearts how gaily,
 Our dream is on a star.
 And we gaze into the blaze below, the maze below, the haze below,
 To thank the light alluring us
 That we are where we are.

Matrimonial.

Time passes, and many friends have impressed on me the necessity for taking unto myself a wife. They point to the bleak disorder of my bachelor apartments when compared with their warm firesides. They urge upon me my duty to the State—a duty which, in this case, I fail to apprehend. They mutter vague unpleasantries about selfish celibates, and, worst of all, about taxes on bachelors. So at last I have decided to overcome my natural timidity and to explain to my future bride, whoever she may be, my viewpoint of our wedded life. Of course she may be a widow, or at present some other fellow's bride, and may have preconceived ideas on the subject. If so, and she will be kind enough to leave a note in the letter-rack, I do not doubt we can see eye to eye on the matter.

I am tall and fairly good-looking, with a very high opinion of myself. I answer to the Christian name of Albert, or, more familiarly, of Bertie. My income is nearly sufficient for my expenditure, and with an effort I might absolve her from all liability for keeping me. My family is neither "remarkably poor nor conspicuously honest." I have spasmodic enthusiasms for literature, art, and music, which she must be willing to share. Let her not be enthusiastic about them at other times, or she will be unto me as a poseur, a litterateur, a persifleur, and a diletante. I have equally volcanic likings for tennis, golf, climbing, swimming, and poker, in which she must participate and risk the attractions I shall tell her of a little lower down. I smoke and drink and gamble a little, and, provided she does not try to reform me, shall probably manage not to go to extremes. My friends are not a bad lot on the whole; but space prevents my telling before that first meeting (which from now on shall be, of course, my only thought) how P. M. S. is all right, when you know him, but a trifle ———, and how C. Q. P. is a ———, and rather ———, but a good chap withal.

And She? She must be beautiful, as the stars of the morning when we sip our matutinal coffee, and as Mother Eve when we take an after-dinner stroll; and I will go to balls and theatres and feel the envy of all beholders. She must be good by instinct, so that I may follow undoubtingly her opinions of right and wrong; but nevertheless she must have some smack of the devil, for that is what appeals to one in woman. She must be able to "mother" me, to look after my socks and collar-studs, and, above all, to cook me fastidious meals. She must be able to see, what most other people never see, my jokes. She must be able to endure and to understand a "grouch." Above all, she must be witty, interesting, intelligent, her words neither too deep nor too shallow, her manner neither too affected nor too dull, her thoughts neither too fanciful nor too heavy. And when I find all these in one single woman, my heart shall follow my head and fall violently in love; but until then, here's to celibacy and a little peace and quietness.

—DICTON.



Alma Mater

Photo—B. V. Kost

CAPPING DAY



THE PROCESSION.

The Procession in connection with the Capping Carnival was held on Friday, May 13th.

As might have been expected from the day and the date, the elements were against us; but in spite of it all, the procession proved to be an unqualified success.

No doubt the actual participators themselves enjoyed the fun more than the spectators, and the Carlton Hall, before the appointed time of starting, presented an indescribable scene of animation, niggers, fairies, parsons, vampires all intermingling, and each one attempting to surpass his neighbour in beauty or in hideousness.

The procession moved off at about 3.15. and proceeded through the main streets of the city. The light immediately became dull—dark, black, ominous clouds rolled along, and a short while after starting the rain came down mercilessly. But the heroes heeded it not. It was a case of "on with the procession," and, as the lady onlookers will testify, "joy was unconfined."

The procession was headed by the mayoral party, accompanied by two representatives of the City Council. Some say that the Skipper looked more like a "nightmare" than the "Wright mayor." Then followed a striking display of various original tableaux,—so striking that, in the face of the gale, they struck completely and refused to hold together.

One of the difficulties of regulating the procession lay in the fact that the motor-car at the head went too quickly for the horses in the rear. Consequently, the procession had to halt at intervals. For example, it halted at the "Albert," the "Windsor;" and it halted at the "Grand" (a truly grand halt); and although it was no doubt accidental, it also halted at the "Occidental."

The boys were by this time completely warmed up (?) to their work, and it would have taken something more than the rain to have damped their "spirits."

In the Post Office Square the Mayor eloquently addressed the crowd that had gathered, and exhorted them to roll up to the Xtravaganza on the next night. They did, too!

The stunts carried out on the return journey were many and varied. Maoris shrieked and haka-ed; fairies flitted gracefully in the sunshine (?); ministers sealed the bonds of matrimony with an utter disregard of their responsibility; and the Bolshies destroyed everything that came in their way.

By the time Courtenay Place was reached, everybody agreed that they had had enough, and the general feeling was: "I must be goin' 'ome now."

The gathering accordingly broke up in disorder.

CAPPING CEREMONY.

The Capping Ceremony was held, as usual, in the Concert Chamber, on May 12th. The surprising feature of the affair was the subdued, almost funereal (that is, comparatively speaking) nature of the proceedings, which seemed rather to surprise the speakers. The interjections were mainly of the customary stupid variety, but were, on the whole, few in number. The choruses were sung better than they were last year. Mr. Levi opened the oratorical part of the proceedings with some long and inaudible remarks which were, no doubt, deeply interesting. Mr. C. J. Parr, the celebrity chosen for the afternoon, spoke his piece, in which he made some quite daring and progressive statements. He then shook with becoming fervour the hands of an infinity of graduates, and even condescended benevolently to pat some blessed ones on the back. Parr, thy smile was in itself an education! Prof. Hunter put in an appeal for residential colleges, and once more defied the Chancellor over something or other. During his speech the audience was scandalised by the horrid sight of one Murphy asleep in an attitude of well-earned but bored repose. We then went home.

THE BALL.

Youth, beauty, music, laughter, a starry night—gods! The ball was held in the Town Hall. The decoration, which some might say was meagre, we prefer to call chastely effective. We hesitate to describe the—ah—frocking—the large quantity (in toto) of ninon and chiffon and net and gauze and jazzy scarfs and such-like fal-lals, and all that sort of thing, which graced the femininity present. We can only say they all looked charming and behaved with that seductive decorum which has always been the high tradition of V.U.C. Owing to the concert chamber being unavailable, supper (when at last one arrived at it) was hardly the breathlessly-exciting function it has been. Personally we waited, supporting a fainting partner and assailed by the most unutterable pangs, for one and a-half hours, at the end of which we found the sandwiches all gone. We think that labouring under the most immense difficulties as they were the managers might have done better than this. However, we have no wish to be unpleasant—we accuse none; we cavil not; we merely state. And it was really a very good dance, and, thank God! undisfigured with any of those crude concatenations of a debased humanity—jazz effects.

But why that stern, unbending look, O C. Q. P.—that ramrod back and furrowed brow? Come, come, dear boy! Take your pleasures not so seriously! Give a more care-free abandon to the charms of Terpsichore—woo the muse more madly!

UNDERGRADUATES' SUPPER.

After the Saturday performance of the Extravaganza, a disorganised and extremely cheerful rabble proceeded to the Marble Bar, where they clamoured for admittance. This being granted in the interests of law and order, they wiped up all the eatables in view (not much, to be sure!), sang a large quantity of the usual songs, jazzed, one-stepped, stood on the tables, broke the crockery, watered the pot-plants, and were finally turned out early on Sunday morning. A joyful two-and-sixpence worth, my brothers!

LUNCHEON.

This was another half-crown show, held in the Farmers' Institute Council Room, where the food allowance was very—extremely—meagre, and where one had not even the satisfaction of smashing the plates. Instead, one spent one's spare time in opening innumerable bottles of non-alcoholic beverages with a pair of scissors, while listening to the witty, weighty, and mutually-admiring remarks of the various speakers. The chairman, Mr. A. Fair, started off with great good humour. Mr. P. B. Broad replied on behalf of the new graduates; Mr P. Levi spoke for the College Council (and this time we managed to hear him); Mr P. Martin-Smith made some characteristic remarks, referring to the College as a whole ("And who could wish for a Better 'Ole?"—Prof. Kirk). Mr. Tonkin appealed for more (very necessary) support for "The Spike;" Mr. de la Mare, smiling as always, added his cheerful quota to the conversation; and Prof. Hunter concluded with prophesyings of changes to come in University government; and we think that's all. Apologies to anyone left out! We suggest that in future all speeches, confined though they be to five minutes, be kept till the end of the luncheon, to allow one a few consecutive moments to devote to one's plate. After the usual toasts had been drunk and the usual songs sung, the gathering broke up and we departed from that genial atmosphere into the wind and rain.

EXTRAVAGANZA.

In letting one's mind stroll pleasantly back over the night at the Extravaganza, and rest in peaceful contemplation over it, one's impressions fall easily into three groups. In the first place the production itself was good—exceedingly good—even in comparison with the best of the extravaganzas of past times. There was plenty of colour and brightness. The leggy first act was a genuine joy. Obviously great efforts had been made in the training of the actors and chorus, and the result was pleasing. Too much praise, indeed, cannot be given to Mr. Evans and Miss Richmond. Undoubtedly the honours of the evening lay with them, and if the Students' Association is wise it will grapple them to its soul with hooks of steel, for the greater glory of future years.

As regards the acting, this year the Association was fortunate in having the services once more of Chas. Gamble of happy memory, and A. J. Mazengarb. Bert Egley was another survivor happily captured from the past. So far as I can recollect, this was the first appearance of Mr. P. J. Smith, and he was a genuine find. Both

in the first and third act, Mr. Smith was in his element. I enjoyed him even when he forced upon an unwilling Russian an Irish brogue that one could easily have carved with a blunt shillelagh—if that is how the confounded word is spelt! Without singling out any particular individual for criticism, a word might be said with profit on the necessity, in a theatre so large as the Opera House, of speaking at any rate in a tone louder than that in which one retails to a bosom friend the latest raciest story. Even when quite close to the stage, a difficulty was experienced in catching much of the dialogue. In the third act, not one word could be distinguished in the songs of Messrs. Pringle and Rishworth. Miss Willcocks and Miss Wilson acted well together in the first act, and were ably assisted by Miss Cameron. I am not acquainted with Mr. Theo. Tresize, and am therefore not in a position really to judge Mr. Free's representation as a parody; but judging from the enthusiasm of the audience, his performance must have been excellent. In the second act, it was pleasant to see our old friend Mr. Eichelbaum on the stage once more. In Miss Milesi and Miss Bailey the committee had made another happy choice. May one see more of them in future years! The third act was remarkable for the most truly striking explosion seen on the stage for many a long time. It paralysed not only the actors, but many of the audience.

One of the features of the Extravaganza most appreciated by the audience during the evening were the songs of Mr. Evans and Miss Pigou. These, and one of Mr. Mazengarb's songs, were specially composed by Mr. Stainton, and their catchy music contributed largely to the success of the piece. The fourth act was undoubtedly the most successful of the four. Finally, a word as to the play itself. Frankly, I must confess to disappointment. I have a copy of the play before me as I write, and I am inevitably forced to the conclusion that the authors, in attempting too much, achieved too little. It misses; it halts when it should gallop; it is weak, when there was every opportunity for strength. The authors have seized on four ideas, waved their hands in the air, and, apparently, sat back, expecting the finished work to emerge from airy nothing. I think that, without exception, every extravaganza hitherto produced has been the work of those who have had some practical experience on the stage—or at any rate have assisted in the staging of a capping play. Perhaps that may account for the failure this year on the part of the authors really to have made a genuine success of their play, qua play. Let me make my meaning perfectly clear. The production was a success—real, undoubted, and deserved; but it was a success due to the producer, not to the author. It was bright and entertaining and amusing; but how the Dickens could it be otherwise, when one considers the bright, entertaining, and amusing gels, damme! by whom it was presented?

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones may be right in saying that a play is written not for the study but for the stage, and must be judged by its success thereon; nevertheless, one can assert, without fear of contradiction, that the play which will not stand examination will vanish very quickly into the night of time. That, I am afraid, is the fate of "Done to Death." In their preface the authors state: "Under the frivolity of our extravaganza is deeply hidden a philosophic germ." It was indeed, too deeply!

Mr. Dooley on the Wild Student.

"They tell me th' night-dooty polisuan in Manners Street fainted at th' nise made in th' arly mornin' be th' stujents retarnin' fr'm cellybratin' th' Ixtravagander, or whitiver they call it," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley. "ye put it dilicately, Jawn. I heerd 'twas th' odour iv th' potent liquors consumed be th' same Univar-sity boys bechune th' acts an' behind th' scenes. But don't ye believe it, th' only thing dhrunk be th' wild stujents behind th' scenes was coffee. It was called coffee. Th' fifty odd bottles iv Johnny Walker an' prime Constantia sent be meself, f'r purely thayatrical purposes d'ye mind, to rayplenish th' ile in th' lamps broke be Craig Kennedy's marvelluous gigglite bomb, was dhrunk be inthris'ed visitors fr'm th' gallery. They was a continule stream iv thim, I'm told, an' th' dure iv th' dressin'-room where th' chemical effecs was praypared was kept as wide open as th' mouth iv a lylist, to th' grrreat embarrassment iv Maud Allen an' Paekakariki Bobby, th' famous nachur studies an' wild life exparts iv Wikitoria."

"But don't you run away with th' idee that these stujents' ix-travaganders are good f'r thrade, unless it be th' paint thrade. Even th' dhrapers wud starve if we let that felly Mack Sennet go in much f'r higher ejuication. Time was whin th' wild stujents hit th' town with a nise like a Frinch pollytical newspaper discussin' th' collietin' iv th' indemnity, arrayed in th' garments of bashi-bazouks an' fuchurists—most amazengarbs—behavin' like Black an' Tans in their gen'ril conduct, an' their tongues hangin' out like th' Maori Wars. Thin we'd send th' barmaids home, put bars on th' cellar dures, an' hide th' loose bottles behind th' chimney-piece. 'Twas no use, Jawn. They tuk to comin' down th' chimneys. But outside a little anxiety as to what the laboratry fellies wud lave in th' barrels, I didn't mind it at all, Jawn. The C.U. always paid up handsome."

"Conthrast th' sichuation now! With th' high cost iv livin' sindin' up th' price iv slate pincils, th' stujents can't run it; an' if they cud, well there's a new wurruld born on th' eindhers iv th' ould, as Ruddle Kiplin' puts it, with Sir Bob Stout f'r its guidin' star, registerin' safety first. 'Th' 'Varsity man,' says Bob, not Semple, ye ign'rint proleytariat, 'th' 'Varsity man, an' ye look like kids to me, he cannot think high an' live low if he smokes more than wan seegar at a time or looks on th' red wine when it's at full thrigger. Unless,' he says, 'he knows his own carrgo capacity. If,' he says, 'he injyes his food an' howls like a wolf iv th' forest when he's not be himself or settin' at th' feet iv his perfessor, he is mor'lly debased. I hates to see a 'Varsity man,' says Bobbie, 'lookin' like he injyed it. An',' he says, 'me dear friend Paryent an' Guarjeen supports me.' Consequentially, Hennessy, the wild stujent gets his hair-cut, puts on a pink vest knit be lovin' social clubs whin he was travellin' in Yurrup hangin' th' Kaiser, an' jines th' byes, singin' rousin' hymns an' takin' sly side-peeps at Har-row's Notes on Poverty, just about closin'-time, Jawn, so's they won't get too stunned to pay their war tax at th' Ixtravagander. After an excitin' hour on th' could streets, makin' faces through th' teashop windies an' sayin' hullo to th' polisman on pint dooty, he walks back to th' hostel, takin' wan sthep at a time. Th' matron says to him, 'How did ye injye yeerself, me poor lad?' An' he

smoothes his bow an' wipes his horn-rimmed specs given him be th' College librarian, an' says, 'Oh, twee!' Thrillin' isn't it, Jawn? Shades iv me grand-uncle who was transported to Jazzmania for poisonin' th' Proctor's bulldog with th' Chancellor's cheroots! Ye'd think th' War Reggylations was still in foorce, Jawn, instid iv th' Welfare Leagues stirrin' up th' poppylace to a keener injyemint iv life! What wud me ould drinkin' companyuns, Percy Burbank an' Jimmy McDowdall an' Davie Squiff an' Prof. Pickwick, say if they only knew?"

"Is it th' softenin' infloence iv th' wimmin stujents, d'ye think?" asked Mr. Hennessy cautiously.

"Now ye've said sompthin', Jawn," said Mr. Dooley. "P'raps it is; p'raps again it isn't. 'Tisn't, f'r me to say; but th' boot might consaveably be on th' other fut, now mightn't it? Umpteen years ago there was what th' Sixth Assistant Local Deppity Dillydally to th' Chief Bonehead iv th' Woollen Jumpers Department iv' War Offis, rayportin' in Parlymentary Paaper Z.23, praysinted be ordher iv both Houses, on th' subject iv th' absence iv th' new cadet at his grandmother's Rep. funyral at th' Athletic Parrk, called a 'rayprehensible abstintion' iv wimmin fr'm Victoria College. They just didn't go, Jawn. Sometimes th' stujents' mothers wud come along an' go over th' top about th' price iv th' last libry table smashed be Johnny sittin' on it instid iv on the vollum iv th' Law Rayports pervided f'r th' purpose; or p'raps about Billy, who rayprisinted a soubrette in th' procession, not havin' his raymarkably lifelike performance mentioned in 'Truth.' But f'r purposes iv boney fido study, they was a complete lack iv millinry at th' Univrsty. Thin a bould young pupil-teacher, consumed with curiassity as to whether Prof. Mac. talked as sweet as he looked, broke through th' hin convintions an', her sorrowin' paryints clingin' to her on their knees an' beggin' an' implorin' her wid tears streamin' from their ould eyes not to get to know more than their rayspieted grandmothers, she jined up with th' College. An' d'ye know, Jawn, she had to give it best on account iv th' press iv admirin' min stujents hinderin' her fr'm gettin' to th' lechur-rooms. Then others follied her abandoned example until Jimmy Brooks had to stop smokin' in th' hall because th' fumes iv Jockey Club an' Eau de Cloan put his pipe out. But so daymure were they all. Jawn, ye'd think it was Oliver Cromwell fresh fr'm th' cellybrations at Drogheda that was Chancellor an' not Rompin' Robbie. I well rimimber Hogan's wild girrul jinin'. Whin she'd been there a fraction she writ back that she was dispritley in love with ping-pong! Ould Man Hogan swore like Vryn Evans directin' th' chorus; an' he smoked f'r th' Gin'ral Post Offis like Bill Massey f'r Payris, knockin' over mild Hindoos an' ice-cream caravans an' a sane Labour man explainin' away th' latest divilopmint iv th' Rooshian sichuation; an' he even intruded upon th' sanctity iv a spoortin' crowd that had been waitin' outside that public utility, th' 'Avenin' Boast,' as me Zekkoslapokyan friend Guggenheimer iv Somes Island calls it, f'r two days an' nights f'r th' raysult iv th' Kelburn Cup. Whin he gets to th' Post Offis, 'Give him up,' he teleygraphs, 'they don't no Chow marry into this here family.' She was a cliver girrul, Jawn. She studied Digestic Ayconomy, Spikeology, Edification, B.A.s, an' Free Discussions, an' Law knows what, Jawn: it wud take young Leicester to say it all through without lookin' stunned. An' just whin Ould Man Hogan was thinkin' iv

gettin' her a job in th' Dayfince Department, what does she do but take up a dancin' course in one iv th' Vryn Extravaganders. Now she's runnin' a jazz school, New Zealand style, on th' Bowery New Yark, an' is engaged to be marrid to a broken-down school teacher be th' name iv Woodrow Wilson. An' Ould Man Hogan writes letters to th' paapers undher th' nonnentypume iv 'Contributed be th' Well-fed League,' blastin' up this higher ejucaation what robbed him iv th' support iv his aisy years."

"Didn't th' Pope condimn jazz?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He never larned to speak it," said Mr. Dooley; "not like U.Q. But if ye are rayferrin' to th' tango, then it might be said he all but. Th' local branch iv th' Yellow Peril Association, Pride iv Garibaldi Lodge, wint to him an' said, 'Yeer Holiness—which is not to say we admit yeer right to the title, an' ye'd see it yeerself if ye'd only read some suitable literachoor such are Maria th' Monkey an' th' Black Profiteer an' Done to Death an' sich like—.' 'Yes, it is a fine day, says His Holiness. 'What kin I do to aise yeer minds?' 'Our minds is quite our own, an' thank ye,' says they. 'Ye must stop this tango, or we'll fasten th' next war on to ye!' 'Is it some kind iv rayfrishmint?' says His Holiness. 'Tis a deprayved divilopmint iv th' noble arrt iv tripsicord,' says th' Grand Master, 'an' 'tis distractin' th' minds iv people fr'm th' importance of pollytics.' 'Sthep it f'r me,' says th' Pope. An' they started to sthep it out like the twelfth of July, whin they recollected their veneration f'r their principles an' sint f'r a couple iv harrd young freshers fr'm Victoria College instid. An' whin th' Pope had watched th' Salamanca fans f'r a spell, he looked tired an' said, 'Run away, me children. Ye take yeer pleasures too sadly.' Now, talkin' iv Victoria College"

"Would ye," asked Mr. Hennessy, with some warmth, "incourage thim mad stujents to tango an' jazz an' do corroborrees, instid iv fixin' their minds upon their readin' an' spellin' an' keepin' blots off their copy-books?"

"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley, with solemn emphasis, "I would incourage annythin' that wud keep their minds off their mouths whin I rise to me feet to 'vomit up me void iv windy wurruds,' as me friend Eich. wud put it, at their Foolscapping Festivals. If they only danced before me, I'd be able to stand it; an' mebhe I'd cut me cackle short to watch 'em, knowin' that th' noble sintimints I'd given utterance to wud not be totally lost to me felly-men But I dunno, Jawn: I haven't been asked to speak yet."

P. J. S.

Nocturne in Silver and Black.

A street. The tracing of some tossing trees

In silhouette against the lighter skies,

A moaning wind which tells of stormy seas.

The sheen of rain-swept pavements and the eyes

Of chains of winking lamps which set in black

Crawl up the circling hills like tinselled flies.

A struggling moon prisoned with clouded bars,

And through the darkness of the flying wrack

Beats the hard silver of the wintry stars.

C. Q. P.

Old Students' Column.

A very gallant action was performed by Mr. Max Cleghorn at Opunake recently.

Three Maoris had gone fishing in a very rough sea, and, when about a quarter of a mile from the shore, their boat overturned. Two of them struggled ashore, and the other was left hanging to an oar. A sympathetic crowd had gathered on the beach, when Cleghorn arrived on the scene and called for volunteers to man a boat and go with him to the rescue. A crew being forthcoming, two attempts were made before the drowning man was reached. All went well on the return journey till they were within a couple of hundred yards from the shore, when a huge breaking wave completely overturned the boat and threw all its occupants into the water. Two of them got safely ashore; Cleghorn, two of the crew, and the drowning man, remained in the water. Cleghorn first brought the drowning man to land, through tremendous surf, and then, though himself nearly done, swam out again and rescued the other two.

The "Opunake Times," in a leading article devoted to the event, said that Cleghorn had proved the heights to which selflessness can rise, and that it was a fine thing for a community to have such a one among them.

Messrs. H. H. Ostler and F. E. Mackenzie have returned safely from a successful big game shooting expedition in East Africa.

Among their victims they numbered elephants, lions, bison, hippopotami, zebras, all kinds of gazelles and antelopes, and one giraffe shot in mistake for a lion. The last-named fell to the gun of Mackenzie, and in explaining his error when being fined for the deed, he is understood to have said that it made a noise like a lion.

Before they departed on their journey, our professional ode manufacturer was commissioned by one of them to write a farewell. This is it:

Farewell to Ostler! He's going to take it easy,

A-singing down, a-swinging down, the jungle-fringed Zambesi.

Farewell to Ostler! He's going to Nicaragua,

To crock the creaky crocodile and jag the jolly jaguar.

Farewell to Ostler! He's going off to Zion

To stiek the unconsecrated pig and kill the kosher lion;

And if he meets a Rabbi there in holy Hebrew habit,

He'll simply add a "t" to him and pot him for a rabbit.

The commission, consisting of one zebra skin done in stripes, is still, we understand, outstanding.

Mr. F. L. G. West has been admitted into partnership in the legal firm of Messrs. Jackson, Russell, Tunks and Ostler, Auckland, and has also been elected a member of the Council of the Auckland Law Society. He and Mr. Mackenzie have a "bach" decorated with the heads, skins, and tails of wild animals.

Old students recently in Wellington included Messrs. A. H. Johnston, H. H. Ostler, and W. H. Wilson, all of Auckland, who were down for the Court of Appeal sittings; and A. H. Bogle, of Wanganui. The latter is now busily engaged in surveying the backblocks around the upper reaches of the Wanganui River.

A recent publication of interest to Victoria University College is that by Dr. Diamond Jenness, embodying the results of his anthropological researches in New Guinea. This book he has written together with another authority on the subject. Dr. Jenness, it will be remembered, was sent out by Oxford University in charge of an anthropological expedition some years ago, before he accompanied Dr. Steffanson on his expedition to the Far North.

He has now received an important appointment from the Canadian Government in Canada, in connection with his particular subject.

"The Spike" wishes to congratulate Miss L. Leitch and Mr. Les. Day, who recently joined fortunes, and hopes they will meet the best of good fortune in their future life.

Mrs. John Hannah (nee Marjory Nicholls) has left for a trip to England.

Mr. Arthur Fair, M.C., has been appointed one of the Crown Solicitors at Wellington.

Mr. H. A. Mackenzie, who has been studying at the Sorbonne under a soldier's scholarship, has postponed his scholarship in order to study at Prague. He is now teaching English at the Czecho-Slovakian University in that city.

NOTES FROM CANTERBURY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

V.U.C. is represented in the gods that be by A. H. Tocker—Lecturer in Economics.

Amy Harle has, after numerous aimless meanderings, at last reached the sanctuary of Canterbury College. She spends her time advising the Professor and setting an appalling and distracting example to the demure damsels of the College. She has, in fact, worn out the grass of the quadrangle. Keep off the grass!!!!

R. J. Comrie has at last reached the height of his ambition and returned to long clothes. He is even said to sleep in his "nightie"—during lectures.

S. W. Hall (V.U.C., 1919) is taking the B.A. course.

A. E. Davenport has reached the stage in his meteoric career when all pleasure is as dust.

The budding young engineer, F. Tregartha, is deep in study for the Ass.M.Inst.C.E.

L. W. Britton, after the gay and distracting life of Kelburn, has taken Holy Orders in the Sumner Deaf and Dumb Institute. He hopes to return to Wellington in the near future.

Although there is no further need for urgent telegrams, J. E. Brodie's state (or States) still causes great anxiety to his friends. He is taking the sudden change in his career very calmly.

NOTES FROM AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

W. A. Dowd has joined the Land and Deeds staff in Auckland. He is studying to complete his LL.B., and, incidentally, is playing senior football for A.U.C.

L. Brooker, who is continuing his science scourse, is secretary of the football club.

F. E. Mackenzie has settled down to dusty law again in the Queen City. He had an attack of malaria, which he caught just after leaving Africa, but has managed to throw it off again. He is a leading light in the Acclimatisation Society, and is keen on stocking the National Park with heather, bilberry, and grouse. Lately he has become an engaged homme—to a Miss Bews, of Remuera.

L. P. Leary has become a partner in Bamford and Brown, and is due to become one of the shining lights of the bar. He is writing a drama for the Extravaganza, entitled "Bill Stoney," which is "the goods."

G. H. Seddon is Assistant Land Registrar in Auckland. He is playing hockey for A.U.C. seniors, and taking the part of Donan Coyle in the Extravaganza.

R. Gardner, F. H. Fielder, and J. C. Smith are all taking Science. Rumour has it that the last devotee sleeps on the premises.

Professor P. W. Burbidge (Physics) and Mr. T. L. Lancaster (Botany) are the biggest grafters on the Science staff.

Membra Disjecta.

(The following Fragments are printed to perpetuate the memory of a Youth of genius and intellect, who smitten one day with the divine Afflatus, tossed them and others off with the most marvellous rapidity, but the wastage of his Frame, not fitted for long to sustain the arduous of poetic Composition, was aggravated by the refusal by the "Triad" of some of his most inspired verses; and blasted alike by this disappointment and his too furious wooing of the Muse, he descended into an untimely grave.)

I

To James Brook, Esq.

Brooky! I love thee for thy cheerful mien,
 The optimistic smile upon thy face,
 (That ever our chief ornament has been)—
 Thy conversation's frank, unstudied grace;
 I love thee for the way thou wavy'st thine arm
 And speed'st the traffic up upon the stairs;
 I love thee, and I view with wild alarm
 The lessening numbers of thy sacred hairs,
 Lo! I have seen thee, like some classic god,
 Majestically standing in the door
 And I have seen thy head, so noble, nod
 With weariness—I love thee more and more:
 But chief of all, amid the noisy crowd,
 I love thy magic whisper, "Not so loud!"

II

Triplet.

When Gin blows his whistle
 The chorus all jump.
 They fear that he'll bristle
 (When Gin blows his whistle)—
 He's a prickly old thistle
 When you give him the hump—
 When Gin blows his whistle
 The chorus all jump.



Science students this term have been mainly engaged in experiments on the "invariable procedure."

The Physics Department, as usual, has been the leading light, much (radio) activity having been observed. In this connection we note that the invariable procedure is for uranium to (u)rain on the floor, and pitch blende to pitch into the rubbish-box.

A very interesting discovery has been made by the mathematical section in connection with Bode's Law, it having been proven beyond doubt that $2 - | - 2 = 4$.

Among the recent innovations is a special form of condensing apparatus, which the Biological Department obtained from Taranaki. This marvellous invention utilises all the vapours of benzene, xylene and alcohol, which escape from the chemical lab. Mr. Yeates is the sole owner of this plant.

The geology section has been very studious, inhaling some knowledge of rocks and crystals, and their habits. Dr. Cotton's fine lectures and picture-show are always appreciated, but the dissertations of a lesser, though eminent, geologist (Mr. Richardson) are n—. ('Nuff said!)

The chemical section has been at work, and some "epoch-making" experiments have been performed. Some "Nobel" apparatus has also been manufactured.



It has been discovered (Monro, J. C. S., 1921, April) that Erlenmeyer flasks, when evacuated, collapse with great gefoom. (BANG!!) A small research on petroleum jelly titration has been undertaken, and some research work has been done on the "invariable procedure." Interesting results obtained are as follows:—

(1) Alkali fusions should be carried out in silver basins with unprotected thermometers.

(2) A thermostat is a simple device (?). It is essential for it to "therm," but on no account "stat." The chemical one does neither.

(3) Gaede air-pumps should be filled with mercury. This treatment vastly improves them (?)

(4) Gooch crucibles should be heated with the naked flame, and on no account be dried in the air oven. (Richard his Son.)

(5) All spurious **liquids** should be thrust down the sink with a glass rod. (See sketch.)

(6) Melting points should be taken in a bucket placed in a beaker of Ol Ricini (castor oil, extra dirty).

Standard thermometers should also be used, as this treatment renders them very accurate (?)

Many other examples might be given. However, with one more we must conclude: Following the "invariable procedure," Mr. McClelland was observed to have one shave during the term!



A Student in Farms.

The Story of a Vicious Circle.

The spectacle of a plain, fourfooted cow sitting alone with her destiny, chewing the cud, and altogether unconscious of the laws of the Equinox, has in it I know not what of tragic, that moves me more than the crash of conflicting mastodons.

—Sir Owen Seaman, after Maeterlinck.

“I should imagine,” said Markson-Peters, “that nowhere is there greater scope for the truly student point of view than on a farm such as this.” Mr. Markson-Peters looked benevolently round him at the tract of dairy land where he was to spend his five months’ vacation. You had only to look at him once to classify him as an evolutionary empiricist and a humanitarian—setting foot on a farm for the first time in his life. I knew he was a rather likeable young man in spite of that; so I did no violence to his illusions.

“Fancy keeping calves tied up all day in a filthy shed! Why, the first principle of education is to adapt the individual to its environment. How does that man expect such treatment to develop character in an animal? These calves need the society of their peers, if they are to grow into fully-developed bovine amplitude. Sociologically, educationally and psychologically, your farmer is in a hopeless rut. Like that rough fellow trudging round and round the paddock behind his plough, they are entrapped in a vicious circle.”

Mr. John Wicks, dairyman, drew his flea-bitten horses to a grateful halt beside us. Hay-wire played an integral part in the suspension of his clothing, also in the solidarity of the harness. He was a utilitarian by habit and a pessimist by conviction. A man of few words—polite ones, at least—he made no objection to my friend’s proposal for the emancipation of the young. “Best put them with those bulls yonder! Grab them by the stick and earhole! Kick them in the guts if they make any fuss.”

Markson-Peters became all spectacles and owlish inquiry. Wicks made an objurgative resumption of his journey, and left me to the philosopher’s catechism. The “stick,” I explained, had nothing to do with corporal punishment. It was just the tail. “A hole” always denoted the absence of any tangible object, but “earhole,” paradoxically enough, referred to the auditory appendage.

To such a profound psychologist and educationalist, I thought it unnecessary to explain that for nine weeks the instinct for freedom and the desire to exclude the intermediary bucket in its milk supply had been curbed in that young breast and denied outlet; and that instincts were reinforced by compression.

With great aplomb, Mr. Markson-Peters laid hold of the lusty bull fore and aft, as directed, while I untied the rope which had fettered the bovine exuberance of youth. There was a pair of gasps, an upheaval of smoke and smell, as the young bull trod on Mr. Peter’s pipe, and the pair left for the open spaces, touching earth every twenty feet or so. A chorus of bellows from the rear stopped the procession in mid-paddock. No bull ever ignores a challenge couched in those terms. The herd sire looked conveniently small at that distance. His youngest son wheeled about,

dived between Mr. Peter's astonished and agitated legs, and set forth to do battle.

Mr. Peters had retained his grasp on the sources of motion by little short of a miracle. The calf took little notice of him, even now as he sat facing astern, and clave to the salient features as a Scot unto a saxpence. He fell off shortly, and turned a neat furrow with his shoulder blade; but a sporting desire to be in at the finish impelled him to hold fast; and the calf, scared to a gallop by the fresh turn of events, drew up breathless at the boundary fence.

A strange alteration had come over Markson-Peters. His garments bore traces of travel. His eye held the glint of the professor who starts his lecture anew as the door closes for the fifth time since ten past. Cold ferocity was depicted on his face. He be-thought him of Mr. Wicks's last injunction, and made play with his feet. I pried loose his steely grip on the unlucky calf, and removed the prospect of immediate murder. Mr. Peters was still misquoting Scripture and thinking aloud when I closed the gate of the calf paddock upon a badly-winded and hopelessly under-educated calf.

It was some weeks before it was possible to converse impersonally on the subject. "Reversion to type," said Markson-Peters. "I nearly fell into the vicious circle myself. Now I am managing the animals quite well with moral suasion. Animal psychology is a fascinating study."

No doubt a similar consideration induced Mr. Wicks to bear with him for five months. "After he came a stoumer with that bull of Strawberry's, he got all sorts of unholy notions inveigled in his bosom," he confided to me in his academic style—an acquisition attributable to Mr. Markson-Peter's penchant for the correct term on all occasions. "He denounced about kindness and instinctive reactions and affective aphorisms of the carbohic, bucolic and diabolic——" Here Mr. Wicks began to transcend the realms of concise and reputable utterance. The burden of his song can be put in syllogistic form, thus:—

All theoretical fanatics were agriculturally unsound.

Mr. Peters was able to adapt his philosophic phraseology to the exigencies of a cow-kick on the shin.

There was hope for Mr. Peters yet (and even science had its uses on a farm).

"The vicious circle is getting him," said I.

Markson-Peters tells me he is going to write a thesis this vacation on "The Emotional Complexes of the Manumalian Quadrupeds" (hayburner, 4-cylinder, Glaxofontis Taranakiensis).

"I am going to observe the sensations accompanying the administration of food, punishment, water, alcohol, and so on; the emotional reactions to warmth, pain, blue, grief, cold, red, etc. There are two infallible indexes of every shade of emotion—the oscillation of the tail, and the orientation of the ears. Thus, when a cow swings her tail freely about her lateral axis, or points her ears north-east and south-west respectively——"

So he had evolved and reverted, from a scientist to a farmer and back again—to a devotee of the "stick-and-earhole" persuasion. Such is the lot of man. To-day he steps into the breeches of youthful aspiration; to-morrow he stops a chink to keep the wind away.

Reviews.

A SOUL'S PROGRESS.

(P. W. Robertson. London; Arnold; 1920.)

The five chapters of "A Soul's Progress" are symbolical representations, in the form of impersonal narrative, of successive phases, or experiences, of the spirit. Taking their colour from diverse ages and civilisations, differing widely in context and character, they are bound together by the thread of a characteristic intellectual and moral attitude, easier to feel than to define; and of conscientiously artistic workmanship. It is a book to be read leisurely, with body at ease and mind in harmony, attuned to thoughts of permanent import. For here is much thoughtful perplexity, indeed, and unsatisfied groping of the soul; but no hint of the turmoil of mind characteristic of our age, horror-struck at the recrudescence of atavistic savagery, and irked by the splitting vesture of established economic and political ideas. We can imagine the author, with an understanding smile just touched with gentle mockery, relegating such preoccupations to their rightful place, in the realm of Maya.

The first of the "stories," which Professor Robertson in his introduction seems inclined to disparage, will seem to many of his readers the most attractive of the five: partly, because it represents in his own experience the discovery of the quality of sheer joyousness in art—a discovery which, among the compensations for life, holds at any rate the second place; partly because his symbolisation of that experience is singularly happy in its dainty grace. There is at Parma a famous painting by Correggio, the "Virgin and St. Jerome"—a painting so transfused with light that the Italians (of his time) nicknamed it "The Day;" in it there is a figure, the Magdalen, that no man who has seen it is likely to forget, and also an angel showing a book to the infant Christ; a girl of fifteen or less (Professor Robertson can hardly be right in making her seventeen); such an eager, honest face, firm-willed, with lips broad-parted in a smile of keen intelligence; and about her he has woven a fanciful legend to which he gives a cunning air of reality, delighting in such ingenious mystification. A cameo Romola. After all, no two men would read such a face exactly alike, and to many the Magdalen would, for the time, shut out all other thoughts; an interpretation like Professor Robertson's is no more than a complete revelation of personality; the gracious, dignified serenely joyous figure of Monna Betulla, a charming creation in itself, suggests a mental poise of underlying serenity, the spirit of Leonardo as against that of Michael Angelo.

[A detail of the "Virgin and St. Jerome," showing the angel's head, is reproduced in this issue.]

"Duiilus of Danzig," like Monna Betulla, rests on a supposititious document, but with less convincing effect. The character of the man, a sort of half-Italian Amiel, and the setting of the story, are less attractive. Professor Robertson, indeed, is singularly sensitive to the less obvious aspects of the beautiful, and makes us feel that the grey mists of the Vistula appeal to him at least as much as the

medieval quaintness of the city. But the shores of the Baltic during the Thirty Years' War, the company of a poetaster like Hoffmannswaldau, offer small attractions compared to Italy of the Renaissance. The chief interest of *Duilius* will lie in the lingering care with which Professor Robertson has dwelt on the gropings of his own mind after canons of æsthetic judgment.

Very different is the impression created by the next episode, the "Burmese Monk." If *Duilius* seems most closely to follow the author's thought development, the Burmese monk gives the strongest impression of being true in the literal sense—a compound, no doubt, of several real experiences. It symbolises that stage of the soul, so well known to all Eastern thought, where "the Path," "the Way," the mode of seeking, seems the one important thing, not yet merged in the realisation that seeking is finding. It would have been surprising if such pre-occupations had not led to an anxious investigation of the solution suggested by Christian doctrine and Christian emotional experience; and this he symbolises for us in "Lysippus the Osirian;" and for these few pages, he has plunged deep into Egyptian lore, with a thoroughness worthy of Anatole France or Pierre Louys. And hardly has he emerged from the atmosphere of first-century Alexandria, than he plunges into the newly-opened ocean of Chinese literature. Professor Robertson seems to "work off" a new emotion, artistic or intellectual, by casting it into a literary symbol, and though his soul has found an answer to the great quest, we may hope that he will experience many another need of such catharsis. And the fiction of a Chinese MS. enables him to introduce detached thoughts which we should be sorry indeed to have lost, such as

"The reality of the past is as thin as the heart of autumn, for if we touch it ever so lightly with the fingers of desire, it bursts like a bubble. The past is but a shimmering illusion like the present."

Unlike Mr. Burke, of "Limehouse" infamy, who gratuitously invents sayings of Lao Tzu, Professor Robertson's touch is infinitely gentle and discreet. One can enjoy the aroma of that exotic world of thought, so deftly caught, without claiming to know how deeply a cultured Chinaman would be impressed.

Of the personality that these symbolisations reveal, the most astonishing feature is the man of science, who is a metaphysician and a humanist; whose training has been abstract and inductive, and whose outlook is concrete and intuitional; who can speak of a scientific theory "hinting at the very secrets which are eventually to bring about its overthrow," like any neo-pragmatist. His style is the man, too. It is often suggestive of Pater, and of a predilection for the decadent; but no one could say of him, as of Pater, that his style is like the face of an old woman enamelled. Through it all runs a fresh, healthy catholicity of feeling; it is skilled craftsmanship, without either the seventy attempts of Plato at a sentence, or Flaubert's "affres du style." Thundering cataracts of liquid gold there are none, but also very little "emblazoned fruit"—a discreet chiaroscuro, and a genuine power of evoking the suggestive aspects of nature. The best comment with which to close this appreciation is that "A Soul's Progress" is a book which it is an enhanced pleasure to re-read.



Angel's Head. Detail of "Virgin and St. Jerome."
(Correggio.)

POEMS.

(Eileen Duggan. N.Z. "Tablet" Co., Dunedin.)

We have always had the greatest admiration for that small amount of Miss Duggan's verse that has been published in "The Spike." After reading her booklet of "Poems," we regret more than ever that so little of her work has appeared here.

Father Kelly, in his preface to the "Poems," says: "It seems to me that they are the product of a heart and mind inspired by two forces—Catholicism and a love for Ireland." Nothing can be more interesting than to discern the working of these forces on the mind of a young New Zealander the background of whose thought is made up of entirely New Zealand impressions. Still, we regret that it cannot be said that the characteristic spirit of V.U.C. is a third force of her inspiration.

We can well understand how Catholicism and Ireland appeal to one, endowed as she is, with the gift of insight and of sympathy with suffering. We like to think that we see her as the embodiment of her own New Zealand, which she pictures so strikingly in her poem "Two Lands." There is nothing submissive about her attitude—rather the other way. In her:

"Fear knew not to evade
As Love wist to pursue."

And here, in New Zealand, Ireland has need of a partisan. Miss Duggan convinces us not of the truth of what she is saying (we are no judge of that), but of her own sincerity. She is sure of herself, and with unity within she is able to create.

She enables us to see with her eye and to interpret with her mind. The famine wind that blew from out the four corners of twilight

"—cried at a window in Antrim,
It caught at a Connacht hasp,
It sobbed to a fisher in Munster,
And startled his net from his grasp."

She has given a beautiful thought in her "Mater Dolorosa," where she describes Mary's memories of the Christ-child. Instead of seeing Him on the Cross, she sees

- - "a lithe, sweet form that played
By Joseph's bench in Nazareth,
And, shouting, pricked the cruel nails
Into its little tawny palms
To start and moan in childish pain."

We remember our own experiences when she reminds us of them:

"My Soul to-day is like a beaten child,
That cowers with sobbing moan low in the dark,
Catching its breath in memory of the rod."

Of the poets who have influenced Miss Duggan, we imagine that Francis Thompson holds a chief place. "The Child Wonderful" is reminiscent of him, and so is "Consolation," a poem not included in this little booklet. "Consolation" contains a lament and a hope:

"Mourn not for her who now forgetteth mourning,
Cease from to-day your grief and sorrowing.
She who on earth went pattering over autumn,
Now threadeth daisies in the meadow of the spring."

It is a wonderful gift—the gift of song. Whither it will lead her we cannot say. Ireland and Catholicism have many voices, as you yourself have suggested, Miss Duggan:—

“God has so many troubadours,
With songs of March and May,
On pipe and flageolet,
To flute of flower and seed;
God has so many troubadours
To sing in court and train,
He will not miss my bitter reed,
I shall not sing again.”

Will you, we wonder, yet find in New Zealand something to arouse your sympathy, to awake your pity, or to fire your enthusiasm?
E. R. D.

A Lament.

How are they fallen, fallen, those mighty ones, those pine-trees!
Fallen are they, and grace the grounds no more;
They were tall, they rose high, they aspired towards the stars:
But the axe of the woodman was laid at their roots,
And they fell.

How are they fallen!
They were old,—gnarled were their trunks;
But they grew lustily and put forth leaves;
Their branches stretched forth,
North and south they stretched, and east and west;
And the moon looked very romantic through them.

There were certain players of tennis; and they lost their balls in the branches, in the foliage thereof were they hidden from sight. And the players of tennis were wroth, and they said: Let the trees be accursed of the Lord, and let the axe be set to their roots and let them be hewed down, that they may fall, and be no more an occasion of tribulation, nor anathema, nor abomination in the sight of all men, that we may not lose our balls wherewith we play therein. But they fell not, for the words of the players of tennis were as the breath in their nostrils, for wherein were they to be accounted of?

Weep, maidens, and mourn that they are no more!
Raise high your voices in sorrow!
O youths! go with downcast looks, with heads bowed down, with grief-stricken faces!
Go! put ye on sackcloth and ashes,
And stand ye in the streets and in the squares, in the public places,
And cry that they are fallen!
That they which were tall and mighty
Are fallen and are no more!
For the axe was laid at their roots and they fell,
And the hand of the woodman was not stayed.
Yea, with axes and with wedge and with hammer of iron were they split:
They were split in twain and in four,
And in six and in eight were they split.

But the Government were suddenly aroused, and they rose up and said, we will arise and make us a new University, for the old

one is not up to much; two new wings will we add to the old one-- a wing upon the right hand, and a wing upon the left hand; and in the wing of the right hand shall there be a new place of refreshment, of flesh-pots and of making merry, that students may get them weak tea and burnt soup and underdone potatoes; for in such things is their delight. And the charge shall be one shekel of silver; and Mrs. Brook shall have dominion over it. And there shall be a new library wherein for the Rev. Ward to disport himself; in the sanctuary thereof shall he sit, and candles shall burn before him and incense, and cherubim and seraphim shall bear him up; and there shall also be a place for P. Martin-Smith; and it shall be an holy place. And we will make therein new rooms for the professors; for they are old men and very learned, and weary, and in the evening of their days they would have peace. And in the wing of the left hand will we make provision for the students of science, for great is the need thereof; and therein shall be rooms for stinks, and rooms for strange machines, and for all manner of wonders. And thereunto we will make us noble drains and lay down pipes and make us a quagmire and a filthiness of the ground. And we will send workmen to do all these things, for they are skilful and know all about it. And the workmen came: great of muscle were they, broad of shoulder, skilful with all manner of tools; and they spat on their hands and dug up the ground and made a quagmire thereof and made drains. Now this was for the wing of the left hand. And they took bricks and laid them together and began on the wing of the right hand; and after a year or so they got it about half done, for they were very skilful workmen. And behold! they could not get on properly with the wing of the left hand, for it was many cubits long and many cubits wide, and many high; and there was not room for the new wing and the pine-trees both. And the workmen cut down the pine-trees, for they were in the way.

How are they fallen, fallen, fallen, those mighty ones!

They are fallen and are no more.

They were tall, they rose high, they reached to the stars:

But the axe of the woodman was laid at their roots,

And they fell. How are they fallen!

They are fallen, and their mightiness is no more.

J. C. B.

The Shipping Clerk.

No more upon the deep the galleon dips,
 From Eastern oceans, with its woolly fleece
 And odorous gums. No more the trireme slips
 Its cable for the wine-dark seas of Greece,
 Or rides deep-laden with the gems of Ind,
 Pale poppy-scented drugs and ambergris,
 Rare spikenard and oils ten times refined,
 And wroughten silver from the mines of Dis.

Instead, he sits upon a high-perched stool,
 With mournful mouth and outworn office-coat.
 Statistics clog his brain with rankling rule,
 And calculations rumble in his throat.

He sprawls and yawns, while, half the world around,

A dirty tramp rolls into Plymouth Sound.

C. Q. P.

Revolutionary Memoirs.

(“The Spike” has pleasure in presenting for the first time the following extraordinary and absorbing narrative, printed direct from the original historic documents.)

To the Editor, “The Spike.”

It is now two years since that second notorious excursion to Samoa of the New Zealand Parliament, and in view of the remarkable reports concerning the Labour Party's share in this trip which have been circulated at recent elections, I am taking the liberty of forwarding to you these papers for publication in your enlightened paper—free as well from the debasing taint of Capitalism as from the personal animus of party. They are, as you will perceive, parts of the diary of one of our greatest Labour pioneers, and they throw a revealing light on the noble and self-sacrificing character of one who may well be described as a Napoleon of Statesmanship.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN JOHNSONSON,

Literary Distributor of the Official Labour Party and the Real Opposition Party of N.Z.

17/7/32.—Am writing this in the lounge as the ship lies at the wharf. From the porthole I can see sweeping in a turgid mass the charnel house of N.Z. Capitalists, where year after year, day after day, yea, night after night, the downtrodden democracy, with his sleeves rolled up and his honest eyes alight with a vision of better days, wrings an honest livelihood for his wife and children from the sinews and bones of his stalwart frame. (Note for speech purposes.) We are leaving to-night for an isle as yet barren of the higher thoughts, but where I and my party hope to sow the seed of greater things.

20/7/32.—Unavoidable circumstances have prevented my attention to the diary for a few days, but little has happened since the last entry, and I feel better now. Am more than ever convinced that the current systems of transportation as exploited by the Capitalist Governments are quite inadequate to the present needs of civilisation. (Humble suggestion for further plank of Labour Party: to institute aerial services in place of the present obsolete methods of conveyance.)

21/7/32.—To-day has been one of much endeavour, and I look back with pride on the work accomplished. Started with the steward, when he brought my breakfast in. Gave him the six Communist Articles on the Conservation of Energy, and delivered what I could remember of Trotsky's famous lecture on How Capitalism Must Capitulate. He seemed very impressed, and is evidently busy studying the pamphlets, as I haven't seen him since and get no answer to my rings. The purser is a capitalist of the worst type, and am afraid that he will prove very hard to enlighten. Several times I approached him on the subject of the Liberation of Labour, but beyond accepting my pamphlets (which I suspect he is saving for shaving paper), he remains obdurate. He shall yet be one of our greatest disciples, and the doubting Thomas shall yet become the most ardent believer in the inspiration, the enlightenment, and the message of Socialism.

25/7/32.—Converted the purser to-day. The captain is evidently a bulwark of the capitalistic system. In my arguments with the purser we had occasional recourse to that curse of the working-man which is yet of great medicinal value, and which is of aid in the intricacies of argument for the clearing of the brain. For this reason the captain imputes to me the cause, the result of which is the purser's regrettable present state of intoxication. In vain I maintained that a secret store of whisky was perhaps responsible for the circumstance, and pointed out that my Party's views on the liquor question were incompatible with the unfortunate state of the purser. The captain requested that all my medical stock of liquor be immediately disposed of. The principles of my Party on the subject of waste forbid any course other than the consumption in a medicinal manner of this supply, and as to-morrow we enter an anti-cyclone region, and the beverage being of great value as an antidote to mal de mer, immediate steps will be taken to-night by the Party with a view to its disposal.

27/7/32.—Two days have elapsed since my last entry. A lingering headache, no doubt the after-effects of sea-sickness, restrained the activity of my labours. The Capitalist members of the party have devised a means of spending the money earned for them with the sweat and blood of the working-man. Each day a sweepstake (a name which is a vile calumny on one of the most thrifty and honourable sections of the labouring community) is held, the object being to decide who can guess the nearest to the correct number of knots travelled by the boat in the day. I determined to endeavour to wrest from the plutocrats some of their ill-gotten gains, and guessed within 17 knots of the correct distance. William Ferguson Massey guessed the number exactly, but I, with the aid of the Labour Party's statistical index, which has proved of such comfort and inspiration at election times, proved that, inasmuch as it was the exact distance he had guessed and not the nearest, to me was due the stake. As usual, and because two Reform proselytes held the money, I was compelled to bow before the bludgeon of the majority.

1/8/32.—I and Peter have been busy upon the Party's new pamphlet, "Soap Allowance for Miners: Its Justification and Necessity," and we are convinced that there is good cause for complaint in the present system. After working for hours in peril 'midst the darkness of the nether regions, hewing the ebony mineral which is the source of such wealth to his grasping employers, the weary miner returns to the welcome light of day and the toil-lined furrows of his better half's smiling face with his honest countenance soiled and dusted by the uncongenial colour of his servitude, and in the efforts to present to the world a face as pure and shining as the soul beneath, must perforce use his own soap. (Note: For speech at B. S.'s rally, re "Coalition of Coal Miners," to be followed by Miss S.'s singing, during collection, of "Don't Sink All the Beer, Daddy.")

6/8/32.—To-day we made a quiet inspection of the engine-room and stokehold. A stop-work meeting was held, and several resolutions, which appear in the Party's Bulletin, were passed unanimously. Just as it was being moved that "In view of the unfavourable effects of the heat on the complexion, beer should be provided

at each meal for the stokers and firemen," the captain again proved his enmity to the cause by interrupting the proceedings. It seemed apparent, though, from the expressions of approval shepherding the motion, that the same would also have been carried unanimously.

7/8/32.—We have arrived at Samoa, and to-day has been one of great moment in the annals of Labour. While the Capitalists gave themselves over to receptions and speechmaking, I, armed with Peter's carpet bag (the red one patched near the handle), full mostly of propaganda, and the other members of the Party, have been enlightening the banana-gatherers as to the progress of International Socialism. Three stop-work meetings were held, and I am pleased to record that all the resolutions were passed unanimously. Afternoon tea and bananas were supplied from Nature's luxuriant surroundings and the carpet bag, and, judging by the happy expressions of farewell accorded us by the workmen on our departure, they now look at the future more hopefully, with vision, seeing at hand the bounteous and easeful days of the Red Flag.

14/8/32.—I set this down with aching heart—aching at the thoughts which I know disturb the soul of my worthy pal Peter. Does he not know—is he not aware—that at home in fair N.Z. my wife waits faithfully for me, patient as she has always been, and bravely bearing up against the foul and calumnious attacks made upon me by the Welfare League during my absence? Enough! I will state the facts. Let history decide. Last night, as anticipated, the representatives—true and false—of the people of N.Z. were entertained in state by the Samoans. The opportunity was seized by me and the other members of the official Labour Party, to instil into the natives the doctrines of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Following a large supper, we were entertained with native dances, which were a revelation to all. When these were over, we mingled—armed with propaganda—amidst the assembly. 'Twas then I realised that we were faced with no mean task for few there were who had more than a smattering of our tongue. With a hasty surveyal, I singled out one whose luminous eyes and broad, smooth forehead betokened a quick intelligence. A babel was arising from the crowd sufficient to drown all attempts at conversation, and, upon my beckoning, the pupil willingly (the natives are very docile) retired with me a short distance, within sight of the assemblage; whereupon I battled in my well-known eloquence to convey to her some of the elemental Marxian doctrines, and am satisfied, after two hours of interesting dialogue (mostly in signs) that she will prove a staunch supporter of the Socialistic principles. Alas that my comrade should think that I was "dallying with Amaryllis in the shade!" Knowing the fair-minded character and conscientious nature of Peter as I do, I am sure that the right view of the situation will shortly smite him.

18/8/32.—Our brief stay is now at an end, and as I write I can desery, mottling the distant horizon, the pall-like cloud of Samoa's sunny mount fading in the distance. Am convinced that a firm foundation has been hatched amongst the toilers of Samoa which will in a not far distant future bear the fruit of prosperity and happiness for the World's International Workers.

R. T. D.

How Others See Us.

To the Editor of "The Spike."

Dear Sir,—I am enclosing a copy of the daily paper from Stanford. The article on New Zealand University life seems to me to have been inspired by one or other of the two Stanford graduates who went out to Wellington last August. I may be wrong; but I know of no other direct source from which it could have come. In any case, it may interest you to know "how others see us."—Yours truly,

J. BENSON WYMAN.

NEW ZEALANDERS GET GRADES GIVEN AT OXFORD COLLEGE.

Wouldn't it be a knock-out to wait three months to get a peep at your quarter's grades? And wouldn't it knock you back to 1872 if you had to do all your work at night? Maybe it would; but anyway, that's what those who seek the light of knowledge in New Zealand have to do. Besides all this, the Britisher's sense of humour is brought to play, for it is to English correctors that final grades be attributed. No doubt many a poor dumbell has wished the ship would sink with his papers on board while it crossed the bloomin' deep for the sceptical eye of the Oxford corrector.

It comes to Stanford from the best authority that New Zealand school sessions are no less than six months long, April to September, but everyone knows what a prof. can proffer in six months.

Night schools and Oxford correctors have their advantages, however, for you can always find the source of faculty blame. There is only one instructor in each department.

Just a minute! Don't leave! There are usually only two women enrolled in the average New Zealand university. They get their learnin' at home. Alas. They shall never know the wonders of the Engineering Corner.

"Wherefore Art Thou Romeo?"

Oh Sages, tell me why the Soul of Life
 Dies in success;
 Why love will drive to super-human strife
 For love; but faints at Fortune's first caress.
 For thus I love and cease
 To love, when Love is mine.
 Thus, Sages, tell me why man's soul is cast
 With seams of clay;
 Why Love, Life's summit, often fails to last
 Beyond its echo; tell me now, I pray,
 And give me long-sought peace.
 Cry ye, then, "Love is thine?"

R. W. C.

Realism in Poetry.

To what lengths a poet should go in his use of realism, is an open question. To-day there is an increasing desire for a Zola of verse. People are not satisfied to leave the dregs in the kitchen-sink: they want to know what these are and of what they are composed. "There are all sorts of interesting things in a heap of offal," they say, "so let us have an analysis of it." From the point of view of the scientist this may be praiseworthy, but clearly the function of a poet is not to satisfy such instincts. Poetry should be, first and foremost, song, and its appeal neither revolutionary nor didactic nor pornographic, but æsthetic. Without necessarily being emotional, it should evoke a mood. Where the poet sings of love and introduces sexual odours, he merely evokes discomfort and surprise. The latter is caused, not by his talent, but by his lack of good taste. The Chinese poet, Po Chu-i, lauded the smell of his lady's arm-pits, but we are not the Chinese. To us, many of their ideas are unclean.

The opposite tendency, with its draperies and its Cranford, is Mid-Victorianism. The recent stimulus against this came from Rupert Brooke. His "Channel Passage" and his "Jealousy" have been quoted so often that they must now be familiar to all readers. He is the real precursor of the movement as Meredith and Hardy were the precursors of the modern novel. Amongst his followers are Oswald Sitwell (of "Wheels" fame) and Aldous Huxley (author of "Leda" and "Limbo"). Take the latter's lines in "Frascati's":

"What steam of blood or kidney pie?
"What blasts of Bantu melody?"

and then

".....we sit in blissful calm
"Quietly sweating palm to palm."

No one doubts that this is clever ragtime verse. It was a somewhat similar quality of cleverness that characterised the nineties. There is also about an equal amount of sincerity. But from so fine an artist as Lascelles Abercrombie one expects an avoidance of subjects and subject-matter which he knows are unsuitable to poetic expression. We can see nothing beautiful, nothing even appealing, in a conversation that takes place in a bar between a slattern and a number of drunken men:

"'She cannot do it!' one was bawling out;
"A glaring hulk of flesh with a bull's voice.
"He finger'd with his neckerchief, and stretcht
"His throat to ease the anger of dispute,
"Then spat to put a full stop to the matter."

It may be, as the author says, "Witchcraft—New Style;" but let us have the old style and be done with it. There are, however, instances when realism that aims at being excessively sentimental or excessively simple has the virtue of being genuinely amusing. We know what happened to Wordsworth's blind boy, and so when Alfred Noyes asks us to read this, we feel instinctively that tragedy is near at hand:

"For he used to buy the yellow penny dreadfuls,
"And read them where he fished for conger-eels,
"And listened to the lapping of the water,
"The green and oily water round the keels."

Yet Alfred's little boy has a fellow to share his fate. He appears in Robert Graves's "Country Sentiment," and we cannot leave him without making the observation, however unkindly this may be, that the country churchyard has delayed its sentiment all too long. After enquiring the whereabouts of the page boy of the Hawk and Buckle, the poet says:

"And what of our young Charlie this hot summer weather?
 "He is bobbing for tiddlers in a little trickle-truckle,
 "With his line and his hook and his breeches of leather."

Were the writer an elderly and inexperienced sentimentalist who had taken up poetry as a mission or as a hobby, we might forgive him. But to Graves the absurdity of the lines must be apparent. They are puerile. We have a right to cavil at them. Of late we have suffered much of this sort of thing. There is Saul Kane the blaggard and little Jimmy Jaggard. There is also Mascefield's blacksmith, who,

".....in his sparky forge
 "Beat on the white-hot softness there:
 "Ever as he sang an air
 "To keep the sparks out of his gorge."

Perhaps he did. Poor chap! he cannot prevent ours from rising. For sheer ugliness, the last line rivals Meredith's "Or is't the widowed's dream of her new mate," which Arthur Symons declares to be the ugliest line in the English language. We have indeed suffered much. Come, let's have an end to it!

—W. E. L.

Olla Podrida.

REWARD.

LOST.—A Skull Cap. Apply to Rev. Martin-Luther-Smith, College Library.

WANTED: A Second-hand Dress Suit, for elderly duchesse. —, "Evening Post."

Still another sex problem!

WANTED KNOWN: "Monro Doe(g)trine." No dogs shall be allowed in the lecture-room.

(Dachshund uber fox-terrier.)

FOR SALE: A Second-hand Girl's Overcoat. Apply —, "Evening Post."

Poor girl! One of J. E. B.'s old friends, we expect.

Lady Clarke divorced her husband, Sir Rupert Clarke, in Melbourne decently.

Just what a lady would do!

440 Yards Championship: W. Candy (Wellington), 1; A. Doel (Auckland), 2; M. Grierson (Auckland), 3. Won by five years. Time, 52 2-5 sec.

We wonder if the second man could race the new wing.

The retiring Mayor (Mr. W. H. Jackson) probably feels that he cannot do justice by his position as headwaster of the District High School while occupying the position of Chief Magistrate.

Surely a case for impeachment (of waste)!

* * * * *

FUNERAL CARD.

The Funeral Card of the late Mrs. ——— will leave her late residence, to-morrow, Tuesday, at 2.30 p.m., for the Cemetery, Karori.

Getting ready, doubtless, for the Last Trump.

* * * * *

. . . . A fine 22 ft. high Monolithic obelisk. The stone already bears sixteen names of dead soldiers inscribed in gilt.—“Grey Evening Star.”

Worthy of diggers from the Gold Coast.

* * * * *

That the spirit of the sea is not lacking in New Zealand has recently been exemplified by a locally-owned barge being fitted up to take young New Zealanders to train as officers to man our merchant vessels.

No doubt for the Christchurch Ship Canal, which Doc. Thacker is always barque-ing about.

* * * * *

LONGBURN HANDICAP.

1000 miles. List of Acceptances.

Are you long-winded enough for this, Tommy?

* * * * *

Dr. Hertz, Chief Rabbit, preached to a crowded congregation at the Synagogue, this morning.

Lettuce pray!

* * * * *

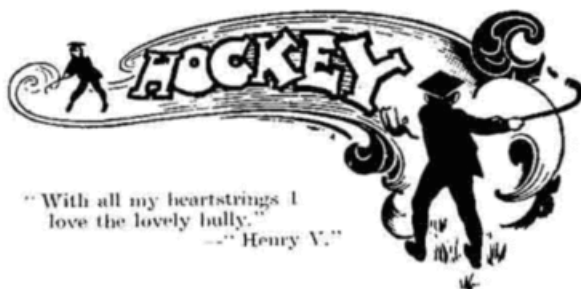
D.I.C. requires Pantrymaid, and Two Girls for Sandwiches. Apply Manageress.

Something sweet and spicy. Personally, we prefer a vegetarian filling

Athletic Club.

The Athletic Club had a most successful season during which many members reached a high standard of performance. Our appeal for long distance men met with a good response, the result being that we were placed in both the distance events at the Easter Tournament. Griffin and McCormick who trained conscientiously during the whole season are to be congratulated on their fine performances in these events. The standard of performance is rising in all events and the Club is proud to have supplied the team which carried off the Shield for the third time in succession. There is still room for men in the field events, for, although we won the Shield, we did it with four men. As the performances of Tracy and Jackson will be dealt with elsewhere we will not go into them any more than to extend to them our heartiest congratulations on their splendid efforts. New blood will be welcomed in the team, and all those who entertain hopes of Tournament honours should get in touch with the Athletic Club so as to be prepared to start training at the end of the season.

(We understand that the Athletic Club held a very successful meeting on the first Saturday of the session and regret that no report thereof has been forwarded.—EDITOR.)



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

The unnatural has happened: the Club has four teams playing this season and, strange to relate, not one has the envious position of bottom place in their grade. Indeed, the Junior A team has not yet been defeated, and their manner is becoming most pronouncedly over-bearing. The following is the Club record to date:—

	Matches Played.	Matches Won.	Matches Drawn.	Goals For.	Goals Against.	Champ'sh. Points.
Senior	4	1	0	8	19	2
Junior A .. .	4	2	2	13	7	6
Junior B .. .	4	0	2	3	10	2
Thirids .. .	4	1	1	8	10	3

Unfortunately, five members of last year's senior team are not with us this season, and we feel the effect of this when we meet teams whose personnel has remained the same for two or three years. Nevertheless, our games are very enjoyable, and we feel confident that we will finish up the season near the top of the ladder. We hope that a few notes on the games played will be of interest.

Versus Ramblers. Lost. 1—3. Our first game was against last year's champions. The "Post" complimented us on showing signs of business-like training. If they only knew! A. Cousins scored our orphan.

Versus Wakatu. Lost. 2—11. We were badly outclassed. The "Post" did not compliment us on this occasion. Grant, in goal, complained that he really was not an "Aunt Sally." Miles and Whitehead notched our goals.

Versus Hutt. Won. 4—3. We just managed to scrape home, but a win's a win, for a' that. Miles and A. Cousins shared our score.

Versus Petone. Lost. 1—2. Our most closely-contested game and a good exhibition of hockey. Our opponents' scored their winning goal right on time. The paper declared that we were "beaten at the post." E. Cousins scored for us.

JUNIOR A.

Versus Petone. Won. 4—2. A hard game on a hard ground. The game was played at Petone, and support for the home team was not lacking. However, we managed to emerge triumphant.

Versus United. Drawn. 3—3. Our play could scarcely be said to be of a high standard. "Bungling" in the circle spoiled our chances of success.

Versus Huia. Drawn. 2—2. This was the strongest combination we had met to date. There was a distinct improvement on last Saturday's play.

Versus Wakatu. Won. 4—0. The forwards had a day out, Morine being much in evidence.

JUNIOR B.

Captain, W. A. SHEAT.

The Junior B has not so far achieved any remarkable success, but has managed to make a fair showing on several occasions against more experienced players. The middle of the season should see improved combination in the team and then the Junior B's should be well up to the general standard of Junior Grade. The results to date are as follows:—

Versus Y.M.C.A., drawn (1 all). This was a strenuous game in which V.U.C. managed to keep the opposing team almost continually on the defensive.

Versus Wesley Rovers. Lost 6-2. Played at Petone. The team was without two of its regular players, but showed improved form on the previous Saturday, and, towards the end of the game, had the situation fairly well in hand.

Versus Karori. Lost. 1-0. In this game the team was up against much more experienced players, but made a good showing and displayed better combination.

Versus Wellington. Drawn 2 all. This was the most hard-fought match to date, and the result was gratifying in that V.U.C. held their own against an older team.

THIRD GRADE.

Captain, P. RUSTON.

This team is composed mainly of new players, but already they are beginning to make headway with the game and before the end of the season should have developed into a good fighting team.

Results to date are:—

Versus Wesley. Drawn 1 all. This again was a strenuous game; several players suffering minor injuries, but by "sticking together" the team managed to hold its own.

Versus Huia. Lost. 3-2. This was the most exciting game to date. Huia's winning goal was shot almost on time.

Versus Karori. Won. 3-1. Karori's players though youthful were good battlers and the victory was hard won.

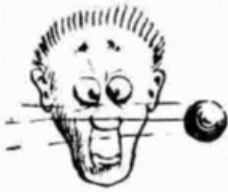
Versus Hutt. Lost. 5-1. This was a fast and strenuous game. The result is no indication of the evenness of the game. V.U.C. displayed improved combination.



Rotten Shot !!!



A "Shinner"



Go on! SCORE!!



Oh yes We won :-
6 to 3



A Spectator



Kill him!



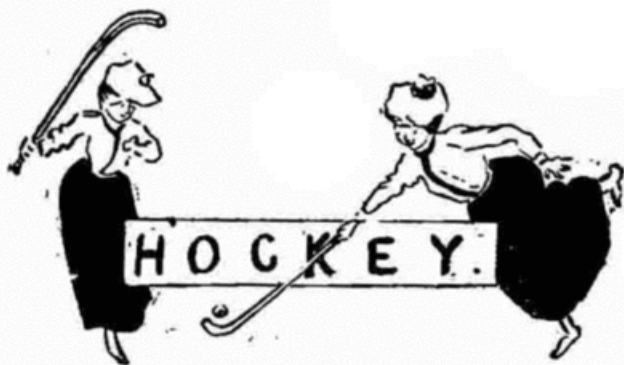
Shoot!!



Woo

PSYCHOLOGY ON THE HOCKEY FIELD

The Physical Accompaniments of Emotion.



Women's Hockey Club.

During the hockey season last year the College team was defeated but once—after a very enjoyable game against Rambler's A, winners of the Championship Cup. This left us "runners-up" so at present we are holding the Runner's Up Cup.

This year at the annual general meeting of the Club, it was decided after much discussion to enter, for Championship matches, one senior team and, in addition, one junior team, the aims being to encourage more interest in hockey generally and to give practice to the Juniors so that they might fill places in the team vacated by Seniors not returning to College after this year.

At the opening matches both teams were very much out of practice, and there was very little combination in the play. However, after two or three matches when we began to understand each other's play, the improvement was distinctly noticeable. We had decided this year that a coach would be most helpful to the Club, so Mr. Kean very kindly consented to give an occasional black-board lecture, and, whenever possible, a little helpful advice on the field. The latter we have been very thankful for, but we regret that up to the present we have been unable to have a black-board lecture.

Karori Park is still the centre of our interest on Saturday afternoons and so far, all our matches—save one which the Juniors played at Petone—have been played there. The Juniors were very pleased to find new grounds at Petone more suitable in every way for hockey, for now should one forget to ask the lorry to call and take them back to the station, there is no need to run through the main street from the racecourse to catch the early train with the everlasting fear of arriving at the station in time to find that it is already a little nearer Wellington.

The Senior team are still supporters of green jumpers and skirts and gold ties, while the Juniors have as their uniform green jumpers over navy drill tunics. Next year we hope that the uniforms of both teams will be the same, or that we shall be able to enter two Senior teams.

Our results for this year's matches are:—

SENIORS.

- Versus Y.W.C.A. Lost. 3-2.
- Versus Rambler's A. Lost. 4-nil.
- Versus Rambler's B. Won. 2-1.
- Versus Base Records. Won. 8-nil.

JUNIORS.

- Versus Y.W.C.A. Won. 2-nil.
- Versus Girls' College. Drawn. 2 all.
- Versus Hutt Valley. Won. 23-nil.
- Versus Wesley College. Won. 10-nil.

Before closing, we wish to thank Professor Marsden for his donation to obtain a prize for the member of the Club who shoots most goals throughout the season. At present Miss Metcalfe is well in the lead, having shot fourteen goals in the match against Hutt Valley at Petone.



"How is this reason (which is their reason) to gauge a scholar's worth
By casting a ball at three straight sticks, and defending the same with a fourth."

—Kipling

The Club has just passed through one of the most difficult and, at the same time, one of the most successful seasons in its history. After the disappointing results of the previous season, the Club has now set itself on a firm foundation, and every effort is being made to bring the Club into its former position among senior teams. After a most enthusiastic annual general meeting, application was made to the Wellington Cricket Association to enter a senior and perhaps two junior teams. Much controversy took place with the result that we were excluded from senior ranks. However, this will not discourage us, and we make an urgent appeal to all old and present members to support us in this important matter. As a result of this disappointment, many leading members withdrew from the game altogether. However, we successfully ran a junior team through the whole of the season. Of the nine matches played, five were won and four lost. Although this is not a brilliant record for a University team, this season has done great service in stirring up enthusiasm in both past and present members of the Club.

Another important pre-war branch of the activities of the Club has been renewed. Two inter-Varsity matches were played and a third so nearly eventuated that we feel certain that the triangle will be completed next year. On the 28th and 29th of December we entered a fairly strong team against Auckland University College, who incidentally won the Auckland Senior Grade Championship. Although we lost, a most exciting finish ensued in which Auckland "got the wind up" properly, just winning by 2 wickets.

At Eastertime a match was arranged against Canterbury College. This we managed to win by 19 runs; also an exciting finish.

And now the Club looks forward to a season of renewed and increased activities, of great and enthusiastic support from past and present students, and of full teams and keen practices. As far as practices are concerned, last season was most unsatisfactory and disappointing. About three or four members turned up regularly, only to find that they were the only ones present. This went on week in and week out, so that the enthusiasts gradually became disheartened and they too dropped off. There is not a cricketer in all the world who could not derive benefit from constant practice, at least three or four days a week. To attain to a high standard of play, it is necessary for the whole team, from the captain downwards, to practice together and PRACTICE TOGETHER and PRACTICE TOGETHER. If only the members of the Club will all turn out for an hour three days a week, the Club has rosy hopes of achieving great successes in the season that lies before us.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE v. V.U.C.

(Played at Kelburn Park on 28th and 29th December, 1920.)

Although the weather was threatening on the morning of the 28th, it cleared in the afternoon so that play was commenced at 2.15 p.m. On the 29th, the weather was ideal for cricketing. The following are the scores:—

AUCKLAND.

First Innings.

Goodwin, c Reid, b Morton	103
Cross, b Cousins	8
Eton, b Reid	11
Garrard, c Foster, b Reid	86
Jones, b Cousins	20
Bellhouse, b Reid, c Cousins	19
Airey, b Reid	32
Bannister, c Ward, b Morton	16
Kelly, not out	5
Milne, b Morton	12
Dunning, run out	0
Extras	24

Total 336

Second Innings.

c Cousins, b Reid	8
b Reid	11
lbw, b Morton	25
Not out	36
b Cousins	21
b Cousins	8
Not out	12
b Cousins	0
Run out	17
b Cousins	14
	17

Eight wickets for 169

BOWLING—

Reid	4	for	130	2	for	45
Cousins	2	"	69	4	"	60
Beard	0	"	27				
Morton	3	"	27	1	"	47
Wiren	0	"	22				
Hain	0	"	16				
Ward	0	"	5				

VICTORIA COLLEGE.

First Innings.

Reid, b Bannister	6
Foster, b Bannister	44
Broad, b Bannister	48
Morton, b Bannister	0
Beard, c —, b Goodwin	16
Ward, b Goodwin	23
Cousins (Capt.), c Cross, b Bannister	2
Hain, lbw, b Bannister	0
Wiren, b Bannister	1
Gamble, not out	8
Hall, b Goodwin	0
Extras	24

Total 174

BOWLING—

Bannister	7	for	66
Dunning	0	"	25
Milne	0	"	24
Goodwin	3	"	32
Jones			
Garrard			

Second Innings.

lbw, b Bannister	5
b Bannister	8
lbw, b Goodwin	82
b Jones	80
c —, b Dunning	75
Not out	18
b Goodwin	7
b Goodwin	0
c Eton, b Dunning	5
b Goodwin	9
Run out	0
.. .. .	19

Total 308

CANTERBURY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE v. V.U.C.

(Played at Hagley Park on 22nd and 23rd March.)

CANTERBURY.

Killick, c Hain, b Morton	51
Corbett, lbw, b Hall	38
Bavestock, c Morton, b Hall	5
Guernsey, c Cousins, b Hall	21
Schroder, b Hall	14
Buckhurst, b Hall	21
Godfrey, b Cousins	8
Page, b Morton	8
Askew, b Morton	2
Dobbs, b Morton	22
Connal, not out	2
Extras	24

Total 215

BOWLING—

Morton	4	for	73
Cousins	1	"	53
Wiren	0	"	26
Hall	5	"	41

VICTORIA.

Broad, b Guernsey	0
Cousins, lbw, b Dobbs	24
Morton, c Guernsey	23
Stainton, not out	45
O'Donovan, b Guernsey	2
Hain, b Guernsey	30
Barker, b Schroder	0
Hall, c —, b Guernsey	1
Stewart, c Dobbs	20
Wiren, c —, b Guernsey	18
Comrie, c Corbett, b Dobbs	30
Extras	41

Total 234

BOWLING—

Buckhurst	0	for	12
Guernsey	6	"	61
Dobbs	3	"	34
Bavestock	0	"	19
Schroder	1	"	20
Killick	0	"	38

CLUB MATCHES.

Played, 9; won, 5; lost, 4.

Lack of practice and bad fielding, especially in regard to the dropping of catches, was responsible for the loss of many of our games.

Versus Y.M.C.A.—3 point win, by an innings and 86 runs. V.U.C. made 287 (Charles 46, Stewart 76, Hall 59, Hall 30, Wiren 11). Y.M.C.A. made 116 and 85 (Murphy 7 for 82, Stewart 2 for 42, Wiren 1 for 7, and 2 for 15, Hall 2 for 22, Pope 2 for 14). Charles broke the bowlers' hearts after two or three hours.

Versus Johnsonville.—Lost by 123 runs. Johnsonville made 129 and 57 (Stewart 2 for 25, Gamble 1 for 18, Hall 1 for 25, Wiren 3 for 16, Murphy 3 for 26, Reid 6 for 27, Hain 2 for 21, Cousins 1 for 45). V.U.C. were two men short. A little jaunt into the country was much appreciated by the members of the team. Afternoon tea was provided, also much appreciated. The village demons knew the pitch too well and made havoc amongst us. Some of our men were quite "puffed" by having to run up hill when changing over. The play was enlightened by numerous stampedes of sheep in our midst.

Versus Central Mission.—3 point win. Mission 107 and 72 (Foster 2 for 33, Reid 4 for 37 and 2 for 24, Cousins 1 for 12 and 4 for 21, Charles 3 for 17, Wiren 3 for 18). V.U.C. made 129 and 5 for 52 (Charles 48 retired, Foster 27, Pope 12, Reid 10 not out, Cousins 25).

Versus Eastbourne.—3 point win. Eastbourne 141 and 155 (Reid 5 for 63, Cousins 4 for 32 and 1 for 29, Hall 1 for 26, Wright 6 for 28). V.U.C. 251 and 6 for 46 (Foster 78, Broad 16 and 14, Hain 37, Hall 22, Cousins 45, Sapsford 18). For Eastbourne E. Roberts made 32 and 94.

Versus Railways.—3 point loss. V.U.C. 89 and 64 (Bellhouse 22 and 21, Hain 16 and 9, Cousins 19, Mackay 18 and 13 not out). Railways made 197, (Cousins 2 for 52, Hain 4 for 91, Mackay 4 for 47). V.U.C. played one man short.

Versus Poneke.—2 point loss. V.U.C. made 111 and 132 (for 7 wickets), (Foster 26 and 83, Reid 20 and 16, Hall 18, Whitehead 22, Mackay 16). Poneke made 166 and 1 for 2 (Cousins took 2 for 34, Mackay 2 for 36, Reid 3 for 58, Whitehead 2 for 14). Game abandoned owing to rain.

Versus Wellington College.—3 point loss. V.U.C. made 167 and 132 (Broad 11 and 36, Cousins 17 and 66, Hain 21, Young 32 not out, Hall 17). College made 104 and 200 for 6 wickets (Cousins took 3 for 31 and 4 for 40, Reid 6 for 41, Mackay 1 for 17 and 1 for 26, Broad 1 for 22).

Versus Scots' College.—3 point win. V.U.C. made 157 and 88 (Broad 16 and 23, Reid 13 and 16, Hain 16 and 21 not out, Hall 13, Mackay 30, Cousins 39 not out). Scots' 87 and 54 (Cousins 4 for 26 and 5 for 30, Young 5 for 20 and 5 for 22, Reid 1 for 16). Afternoon tea provided. It was unanimously decided to write to the Cricket Association asking permission to play a series of matches every Saturday with Scots' College.

Versus Petone.—3 point win. V.U.C. made 45 and 60 (Stewart 12, Young 14, Cousins 14, Hall 18). Petone 51 and 40 (Cousins 3 for 23 and 3 for 8, Young 7 for 22 and 5 for 24). Varsity played with nine men.

The following are the best averages for the season in club matches :—

BATTING.

	Innings.	Not Out.	Runs.	Average.
Foster	8	0	229	28.8
Broad	6	0	116	19.3
Cousins	14	1	234	18.0
Hall	12	0	172	14.3
Hain	15	1	175	11.6

BOWLING.

	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
Wiren	9	57	6.3
Young	10	67	6.7
Cousins	31	343	11.1
Reid	27	356	13.2

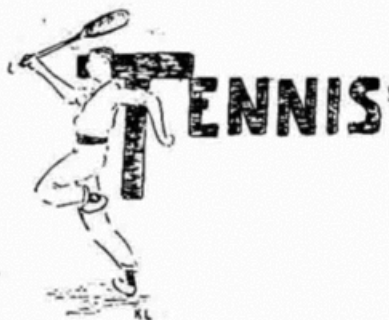
Women's Club.

The opening function of the Club this year was a debate on the motion, "That smoking for women is objectionable." The speakers are to be congratulated on the humour and clever wit with which they treated the subject. About sixty people were present. It is hoped to continue these debates during the session.

A kahanga was held at the beginning of the first term and as usual was voted by all present a great success.

The Women's Club has undertaken the arrangements for the furnishing of the Common Room in the new wing. With admirable foresight the Committee secured the services of Mrs. Rankine Brown who is designing the scheme and choosing all the furniture. The Council has granted £100; with this we are doing our best, but will have to go rugless and practically chairless for the present.

It was with deep regret that we received the resignation of our President, Miss M. A. Harle, who is now living in Christchurch.



The tennis season opened with a Yankee Tournament, which proved a great success and such events should certainly be given greater prominence during the season.

Due to the endeavours of an energetic committee, the Club's championship events were held in November and December, instead of being completed somewhere about March. The winners of the events were: Champion Singles, men's, H. Williams; ladies', E. Waldie; Champion Combined Doubles, Miss M. Gibbs and Mr. Myers.

In the New Year the Club was unfortunate to lose the services of Mr. Edmondson who was one of the hardest workers the Club has had for several years, and it was mainly due to his endeavours that the early part of the season was such a success.

In the latter part of the season the Club affairs lagged considerably with the result that the usual number of matches against outside Clubs did not eventuate. It is to be hoped that the future will see some workable plan whereby such matches the importance of which is apparently yet to be realised by members, will become an accomplished fixture.

As usual, the question of selection for the Inter-varsity Tournament tennis team has once more come to the front. It is apparent that the system at present prevailing is quite hopeless and that a great improvement is required. The best suggestion is that there should be appointed a selection committee consisting of the Club Captain together with two elected members. The decisions of such committee to be absolutely final.

The chief danger now threatening the Club, as revealed by the past season, is the practice of certain of the members, who occupy the top rungs of the ladder, to devote practically the whole of their time to playing tennis at the other clubs in the city. The ostensible reason is the lack of good players at the College Courts, and therefore the impossibility of improvement. The members in question apparently do not realise that if they all played at College and were keen enough to arrange matches with other Clubs that their play would improve quite as much and probably to a much greater extent than is noticeable as a result of their peregrinations.

NOTES ON THE PLAYERS.

Miss Waldie's steadiness and cross court drive are her chief assets enabling her to remain at the top of the ladder.

Miss Sievwright has several brilliant shots, but lacks the steadiness of some of her opponents.

Miss Fenton's play has not improved during the season other than her net play, which is now fair.

Miss Martin and Miss Myers have shown most improvement and should in the near future prove good players.

Mr. Gibb's style is chiefly famous for the marvellous amount of energy displayed but, unfortunately, he finds it well nigh impossible to last a five set match.

Mr. Stinton's knowledge of the game stands him in good stead and enables him to defeat his more skilful opponents.

Mr. Byrne is a psychological player, and on many occasions finds himself defeated by his temperament more than by his opponent.

Misses Broad and Williams are chiefly famous as base line players, and the fact that they give undue importance to steadiness and lobbing.

Mr. Haigh is a somewhat steady player with a fairly good forehand drive as his chief asset.

What is most lacking at the Courts is a coach, and it is to be hoped that the Committee will give earnest consideration to this crying need. At present most of the players seem to have but one idea in view, namely, to win the set they are engaged in, the idea of improving their play and practising definite shots being quite lost sight of.

Chess and Draughts Club.

Although we have not yet commenced our year's work, the Committee extend a hearty invitation to all students, both men and women to take part in the activities of the Club. It is proposed to run a regular club night, Tuesday, during the winter term, so that students may have a night away from "swot" and graft. Supper will be "turned on" monthly if possible. The Club's cupboard is always open so that members can use the sets at any time. A set has been placed in the women's common-room, and there will be one in the men's next term. There is also a small chess library kept in the cupboard, and any member can make use of them on application to the secretary. All those who have not Latin proses, class tests, and weekly exercises to worry out will find a host of problems to solve among the books in the library. The subscription has not been raised this year (Is.), and can be paid to the secretary or any member of the Committee.

To any student who does not already play chess, we recommend it as fascinating and interesting, and well worth learning. Even if he does not intend to study the game closely, it is still worth the learning because it adds another chapter to the store of useful knowledge that should be acquired by the all-round University man. It takes only two to make an interesting hour's recreation, as well as an ideal brain exercise. The Committee, therefore, makes a strong appeal to all students to come and learn the most fascinating of indoor games.

There is a set of draughtsmen in the Club's cupboard also, and all who prefer this game should make a point of visiting the cupboard and making use of the men, boards, and literature.

For those already interested in the two games, we add some brilliant games which will well repay all time and study given to them.

The first has been described as a brilliant skirmish and was played by Berger and Froelich :-

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K4	P-K4	6. P-B3	P-QR3
2. Kt-Q13	Kt-QB3	7. B-R4	P-Q Kt4
3. Kt-B3	P-Q3	8. B-Kt3	Kt-R4
4. B-Kt5	B-Kt5	9. Kt-KP	B x Q
5. Kt-Q5	K Kt-K2	10. Kt-KB6 Ch.	P x Kt
		11. B x P Mate.	

The following is the "Old Fourteenth," so named from its being the fourteenth game in Sturges's work published in 1800. The opening is used in nearly every important match :-

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
11-15	28-24	1-6	17-14	26-30	28-19
23-19	8-11	22-17	10-17	19-15	13-17
8-11	26-23	18-22	21-14	30-26	8-4
22-17	9-14	25-18	6-10	15-8	17-22
4-8	31-26	15-22	30-25	26-22	4-8
17-13	6-9	23-18	10-17	32-28	22-26
15-18	13-6	14-23	25-21	22-15	19-15
24-20	2-9	27-18	22-26	24-19	26-30
11-15	26-22	9-13	21-14	15-24	Drawn.

Free Discussions Club.

The above Club is in the unfortunate predicament of having nothing to report since last issue. Indeed the total result of the last session's activity has hardly been sufficient to justify the existence of the Club as a separate institution in the College.

However, this year seems likely to see a revival of interest in the aims of the Club, and it is hoped that the first meeting of the Club early in the second term will result in a good start for the session's program, and will lead to an extension of interest in the Club.

The first meeting is to be held on the first Wednesday in the term and thereafter it is hoped to hold meetings fortnightly.

At the first meeting Professor T. A. Hunter will speak on "Imperialism and the Self-Determination of Peoples." The Committee have in hand a number of further suggestions which should provide some topics for keen discussions, such as characterised the earlier years of the Club.



COLLEGE NOTES.

This year Boxing has been as much in the boom as it was last year. The fact that there is now a Boxing Shield as one of the Easter Tournament Trophies has assured the future of boxing as a sport in the University life throughout New Zealand. There is always plenty of material available from the secondary schools throughout the Dominion, and if school champions would only maintain their interest in the sport when they come to the University the standard would be higher than it is at present. Last year, however, showed a marked improvement, and it is hoped that a still greater improvement will be evidenced at the 1922 Tournament.

The Christmas vacation seriously interferes with the activities of the Club, because it is then that the prospective members of the tournament team must get down to hard training in order to get into anything like fighting form. Mr. Heenan, Senior, however, again took charge of the training operations for the Easter Tournament, and during the six weeks previous to the tournament was unflinching in his attention to see that there was plenty of outside material for sparring purposes. The Club obtained the permission of the Students' Association and Professorial Board to use the gymnasium for training during the latter part of the long vacation on Tuesday and Thursday nights. On these nights there was always a "scrap" worth watching, and some particularly fine exhibitions were given by non-members of the club who came along to give a helping hand. Interest naturally increased when the College opened, and there was always a goodly attendance of College men to witness the training operations of our "pugs."

The preliminary bouts, held for the purpose of selecting the team to represent Victoria College at the Easter Tournament, were fought on the 14th March. There was a good attendance of spectators, including two "profs." and some old members of the club who are ready to help things along. Mr. J. W. Heenan acted as time-keeper, and Messrs. Hoggard and Brosnan as judges. Bouts were put on in four weights, there being only one entrant in the welterweight class.

The results of the bouts were as under:—

FEATHERWEIGHT:

Meltzer v. O'Connor.—Meltzer slammed into his man from the start and kept him moving. O'Connor showed little inclination to get out of the way, and the result was a very willing go. Meltzer had established a fair lead in the first two rounds and was awarded the decision.

LIGHTWEIGHT:

Lewis v. Haigh.—The fight opened quietly, both contestants evidently endeavouring to find the strength of his opponent. Early in the second round Lewis's right found Haigh's plexus, and from now on there was no doubt of the decision. Lewis rushed Haigh to the ropes and broke through his guard, punishing his opponent's body severely. Lewis was declared winner.

MIDDLEWEIGHT:

Nancarrow v. Scott.—Nancarrow was in excellent fettle, and fighting well. Scott endeavoured to break through his opponent's guard and deliver a knockout. The first round ended in Scott's favour. The second opened with Scott forcing the fighting, but Nancarrow's infighting was good and his defence sound. Scott visibly tired towards the end of the second round. In the third round Scott again tried to floor his man, but without success—Nancarrow was too fit and withstood all onslaughts getting in useful work in the clinches. Both men took a deal of punishment, but Nancarrow's condition in fighting proved too much for Scott. The verdict went to Nancarrow.

Hutchinson v. Nancarrow.—This bout was fought in the evening of the 17th March. Hutchinson quickly got to work and was ahead at the close of the first round. In the second round Nancarrow found Hutchinson's ribs with good right and left jabs, but Hutchinson replied with left and right to the face and, as a result, piled up points freely. The third round was tame, there being a lot of clinching. Hutchinson obtained the decision.

HEAVYWEIGHT:

McRae v. Hansen.—This proved the most interesting of the preliminary bouts. Both fighters were aggressive and made a willing go of it. In the first round McRae connected frequently with his left to Hansen's face. The second round opened quietly, but Hansen soon livened the proceedings by a right hook to McRae's jaw, which took McRae off his feet. McRae used his reach to advantage during the remainder of the round, and kept well out of his opponent's way. Hansen was leading by a narrow margin at the close of this round. The last round saw McRae walk into Hansen in great style. Hansen tried to force the fighting, but ran to McRae's left continually. The verdict was in McRae's favour.

The men selected to represent the College at the Easter Tournament were: Heavyweight, McRae; Middleweight, Hutchinson; welterweight, Coningham; lightweight, Lewis; featherweight, Meltzer; bantamweight, no entrant.

It is desired by the Committee that all those interested in the sport will endeavour to come along on Wednesday nights which is the night the Club has the use of the gymnasium. If only an hour is put in at skipping, or the punch-ball, or a little light sparring is done, it all helps to quicken one, and is a big step towards getting the necessary wind to last the three minutes required for the tournament purposes. No man should hesitate because he cannot use his fists. A beginning has to be made at all things, and after a few nights with the gloves on the novice will lose all his timidity and be able to "mix it" with the best. If there are sufficient members the services of a professional coach will be obtained for the latter part of the season.

Haeremai Club.

The opening social evening was given in the form of a Smoke Concert on April 23. Items were contributed by Messrs. A. Mazengarb, E. Evans, L. I. Day, Geo. Mackay and others, while Mr. T. V. Anson officiated at the piano.

These musical evenings are being arranged practically monthly until the end of the College Year. The Club was largely responsible for the organising of the year's Capping Procession.

During the opening night, a new haka was introduced, a copy of which is printed below, it is hoped all men will learn it.

HAKA.

- (Leader) WAEWAE TAKAHIA
 (Leader) RINGA RINGA PAKIA
 (Leader) RINGARINGA ITORONA KEIWHAAHO MAUTONU.
 (Leader) TAU KA TAU.
 (Remainder) HI!
 (Leader) TAU KA TAU.
 (Remainder) HI!
 (Leader of whole) TAR KA KIRUNGA OTE WIKITORIA WHANGAJA MAI RA.
 (Everybody) NGE NGE NGE, ARA TU, ARA TAA, ARA TAU (pause).
 (Leader) WHANGAJA MAI RA.
 (Everybody) NGE NGE NGE, ARA TU, ARA TAA, ARA TAU (pause).
 (Leader) TURI E TE TEI
 TURI E TE REHI
 AMURI AKE NEI
 KO TE HOARI.
 (Remainder) (5) KISS AU E HI MA.

The old "Kamate" to be added on to the above.

- KAMATE, KAMATE
 KA ORA, KA ORA
 KAMATE, KAMATE
 KA ORA, KA ORA
 TENEI TE TANGATA PUHURUHURU
 NANA ITIKI MAI WHITI TE RA
 UPANE UPANE
 UPANE, KAUPANE WHITI TERA HA HA.

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The two final debates of last session were rather lacking in enthusiasm owing to the small attendances, caused probably by the near approach of the examinations.

On August 14th a motion "That the present tendency in England towards relaxing the divorce laws is to be condemned" was moved by Messrs. F. Haigh and H. McCormick, and opposed by Messrs. A. B. Croker and S. A. Wiren. The motion was declared lost by a majority of one. The judge, Mr. P. J. O'Regan, LL.B., placing the best five speakers in the following order: Mr. S. A. Wiren, Mr. Haigh, Mr. McCormick, Mr. Croker and Mr. Sheat (equal), and Miss Norman.

The next debate, on the 18th September, centred round the motion, "That it is in the best interests of the British Empire that a substantial measure of self-government be granted to India, this to lead eventually to fullest autonomy within the Empire." The movers were Messrs. I. L. G. Sutherland and W. A. Sheat, and the opposers Miss Norman and Mr. P. Martin-Smith. After the motion had been declared carried by 14 votes to 7, the Judge, Mr. V. B. Willis, LL.B., placed the speakers in the following order: Miss Norman, Mr. Martin-Smith, Mr. S. A. Wiren, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Sutherland.

Towards the end of the third term the Society devoted an evening to a series of Impromptu Speeches. Members of the audience were allotted subjects on which they were expected to speak for a space of five minutes. This produced several interesting discussions on subjects ranging from the ethics of love to the theory of Bolshevism.

The first debate of the 1921 season was held on April 16th. The subject for discussion was "That this House has no confidence in the ability of the professors to examine their own students." Messrs. A. B. Croker and H. E. Moore supported, and Messrs. R. A. Tonkin and P. Martin-Smith opposed the motion. Mr. Croker maintained that the examinations at present were conducted by eminent men in touch with the latest developments of thought, and that New Zealand professors could not compete with these men academically. Moreover the system of home examiners did away with any possibility of bias. In replying, Mr. Tonkin stated that the ability of the New Zealand professors, who were mostly graduates of English Universities, could be gauged by the calibre of the men they turned out. Also they were much more conversant with the mental outlook of the New Zealander than were men living at the other side of the world. After a spirited discussion the motion was put to the meeting and defeated by a substantial majority.

Mr. D. S. Smith, LL.M. acted as Judge and placed the best five speakers in the following order: Messrs. Tonkin, D. R. Wood, Haigh, Sheat, and Martin-Smith.

At the second debate, held on May 7th, a motion "That the modern Press in sacrificing facts to propaganda fails to perform the true function of journalism" was moved by Mr. I. L. G. Sutherland seconded by Mr. W. A. Sheat, and opposed by Mr. C. Q. Pope seconded by Mr. P. Martin-Smith. Mr. Sutherland was of opinion that the function of newspaper journalism was to give to the world true daily accounts of happenings all over the world. Truth was all-important. Instead of giving a true record of events, the Press gave an account that pleased its owners and advertisers. Mr. Pope outlined the history of journalism, and stated that modern newspapers had to cater for every side. Its business was to present news in a readable form. A newspaper lived by its circulation and it had, in expressing its opinion to take one side only. After a number of other speakers had expressed their views on the subject, the meeting decided to carry the motion.

The Judge, Professor B. E. Murphy, M.A., LL.B., B. Com., placed the best speakers as follows: Messrs. Sutherland, Meltzer, Sheat, Haigh and Pope.

A noticeable feature in connection with this year's debates has been the greatly increased attendance as compared with last year. This is a good sign which it is to be hoped will continue.

During the long vacation the Society read several plays. Although, properly speaking, outside the scope of a Debating Society, these readings ought to prove very helpful experience to members. We have no Dramatic Club, so it is up to the Debating Society to supply its place.

During the coming year two Visitors' Debates are to be held, at which well known public men will be asked to second the leading speakers. These, it is hoped will help to promote interest in the Society and should raise the standard of speaking.

Christian Union.

In the third term of 1920 the Bible study circles gave place to two tutorial circles, studying respectively "Social Problems of the East" under the leadership of Mr. E. K. Lomas, and the "Book of Jonah" taken by Miss M. England. Professor Murphy addressed the only general meeting of the term on "Social Justice," a quality he showed to be substantially non-existent.

For the vacation, a series of discussions was organised around the theme of "The Christian attitude to the Institutions of Society."

Mr. I. L. G. Sutherland, M.A., opened for discussion the first study, entitled "The Individual and the Social Fabric"; Canon Taylor introduced the second on "The Family" and, later, the fifth on "The State"; Mr. W. H. Gould dealt with "The School" and Mr. E. B. Hay with "The Church." The attendance at these meetings varied from 20 to 35, and every discussion was brisk and full.

Since October on the first Sunday of each month the Union has conducted a morning service on board one of the Home steamers in port. A short address has been given by a member of the Union, and the remainder of the service largely musical, has been the affair of all present. In the afternoon members have done their best to show hospitality to the seamen.

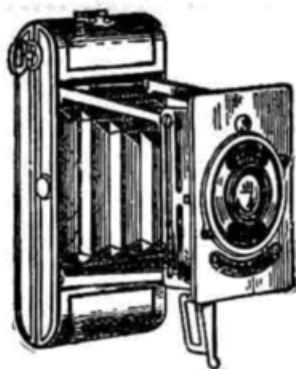
The Annual Conference of New Zealand Unions drew some sixty-five Wellington representatives to Te Kuiti during the New Year week, to take part in affairs of more than ordinary moment. The new Constitution there adopted brings into being "The New Zealand Student Christian Movement," and allows a much greater measure of responsibility and government to actual Student members. The next conference is set down for either Kaiapoi or Rangiora. All who were present at Te Kuiti will endorse the view that those ten days provide an experience which is worth many months of ordinary College life under our confined and bustling conditions; worth, too, all the sacrifice necessary to be able to attend. Linking the spirit of the Conference to the inauguration of the year's work, came a very successful Opening Conference at Seatoun on Saturday, April 2nd. It provided an epitome of Christian Union work in all its branches. The opening address was given by Mr. J. A. Allan; "What the C.U. is." A question difficult of adequate treatment was answered by him with much point and definiteness. Picnic meals were enjoyed on the beach, and the afternoon was taken up by a trek to Breaker Bay, which was the occasion of several entertaining "stunts." Before tea, Misses Godfrey and Moncrieff and Mr. Sheat gave short "Impressions of Te Kuiti Conference," and Mr. I. L. G. Sutherland very ably and concisely introduced the year's Bible studies on "Building on Rock." Mr. M. Tremenan conducted an intercessory service before the two evening meetings, the first of which was a Presidential talk on "The Year's Work" and the final meeting a powerful devotional address by Mr. E. J. Hercus, in which the whole day's thoughts were gathered up and made vital with the call of action.

There have been only two general meetings in the first term. On Friday, March 18th, Professor Boyd-Wilson spoke to some seventy students on "University Ideals." The address was followed by a discussion. Miss McNeill on Friday, April 22nd, gave an interesting account of the Conference of the World Student Christian Federation, at St. Beatenberg, and on "Student Work in China."

The Bible Study Circles have been so well supported this year that the 100 copies of "Building on Rock" which had been ordered proved insufficient. Two additional circles have been formed to study Glover's "Jesus of History," and two others to deal with Angus's "Discipleship," making sixteen in all.

Social study is also contemplated later in the year, but for the time being members are coming to close grips with social realities by conducting educational classes in connection with Canon Taylor's Mission and the Boy's Institute. These classes vary in programme from fourth standard competency to matriculation, and bid fair to become of real help to many boys and girls who would otherwise miss the chance of further education. They are without doubt a most salutary experience to the students taking part.

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The time is early to write a report of the Football Club's activities for this season as, so far, the First XV has played only four games. The standard of play is improving and the team should be a factor to be considered in the Senior Championship, not as a championship team itself, but one that will upset the leading team at any time. The First XV will be disorganised to a slight extent by the absence of six of its members who will be in the Sydney tour for a month. The Club's membership has increased enabling us to put four teams in the field. The following are to be congratulated on gaining places in the New Zealand University Representative team, D. Scott, F. Hanson, H. Burns, S. K. Siddells, A. Jackson, G. G. Aitken.

The Football Club wishes to thank heartily all the Professors, students, past and present, and other supporters who rallied round the Club and contributed to send the Victoria College representatives on the Sydney tour.

Chemical Society.

From the minute-book of the "Wellington Chemical Society": "A well attended meeting of professional chemists, chemical students, and of persons interested in chemistry was held at Victoria College on Wednesday, 23rd of March, 1921, for the purpose of considering the formation of a chemical society. Professor Robertson in the chair. Professor Robertson opened the meeting by giving a short address on the aims and objects of a chemical society, and outlined the history of the original V.U.C. Chemical Society. Mr. Coghill then read his proposals relative to the formation of a chemical society."

A chemical society was formed at this meeting as a section of the Wellington Chemical Society and to include the early V.U.C. Chemical Society. Professor P. W. Robertson was elected chairman. Mr. D. Coghill to be Hon. Secretary. The names of the other members of the Committee are: Messrs. B. C. Aston, A. Munro, N. McClelland, W. Mummery, W. Donovan, and H. Rands. A meeting was held on Monday, May 2nd., at the V.U.C. Chemical Laboratory, Professor Robertson giving an address on "Some Recent Advances in Organic Analysis."

The inauguration of a Chemical Society, and its desire to hear papers read by students, comes at an opportune time. The steadily increasing activity and efficiency of our chemical department during recent years is well known to all who have the (mis)fortune to be incarcerated within its laboratories. Research work has gone ahead in leaps and bounds, stimulated as it is by the existing conditions of enthusiastic supervision and lavish laboratory equipment, the opportunities offered to students wishing to undertake original work could hardly be surpassed. Small wonder then that the Chemical Society should wish to hear something of the work accomplished (as yet unpublished) by our "seekers of chemical learning." In passing, it is pleasing to note that the older methods of teaching chemistry have at last been thrown on the scrap heap. At one time students had their chemistry "thrust down their throats with a glass rod," so to speak—now, nothing is thrust down them at all.

Some of the papers ready for the Society to extract and digest are as follows:—

1. "Spades and Spatulars," with some notes on care of the balance.—Junior Students.
2. "The Three Dozen Isomers of Ethyl Butyrate."—Richardson.
3. "Recent Disadvantages of Physico-Chemical Measurements."—Hosking.
4. "Disposal of Ores Rich in Uranium."—Rogers.
5. "The Precipitate Having Run Through," and what to do next (this paper also describes an apparatus for recovering ppts. from floors and balances).—N. McClelland.
6. "Notes on the Storage of Chemicals," with special reference to Petroleum Jelly.—L. W. Tiller (practical demonstration by P.W.R.)
7. "Gold Recovery from Sea Water."—P.W.R.
8. "Conversion of Air into Lethal Mixture of Gases by Storage of Sea Weed."—Coghill.
9. "Some New Methods of Stopcock Analysis," and Microchemical detection of Canada Balsam.—A. D. Munro (assisted by Adv. Students).
10. "Differential Air Thermometers; their Use and Disuse."—T.K.R.W., N.Y.Z.
11. "Apparatus for Reducing, Calcining, Roasting and Pulverising Jena Beakers and other Laboratory Glassware."—Quasi Rhodigious.
12. "The Human Foot-Pound." (Physical paper.)—Junior Student (assisted by J.R.H.)
13. "Think of a Number." (Mathematical paper.)—Addem.
14. "Richardson's Law."—Junior Division.

Mathematical and Physical Society.

This year has seen the inauguration of a new College Club, viz., the Mathematical and Physical Society, which has been established for the purpose of affording students and any interested outsiders, particularly ex-students, an opportunity of studying and discussing matters relative to these subjects.

At a preliminary meeting, officers were elected as follows: Patrons, Professor Sommerville and Professor Marsden; President, Mr. J. E. Brodie; Vice-President, Miss E. W. Fenton; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. H. E. Campin; Committee, the above and Miss Campbell and Mr. F. Grigg.

The first meeting was held on March 1st, an interesting paper being given by Mr. Brodie on "The History of the Development of Modern Geometry." At this meeting, the resignations of Mr. Brodie and Mr. Campin were accepted with regret, and Mr. Grigg and Mr. Tiller were elected to the vacancies, with Rev. J. J. Cullen as the new member on the Committee. Rev. Cullen was the speaker at the second meeting, taking as his subject "Wireless Telephony," and Professor Marsden at the third, speaking on "Pacific Earthquakes."

To all these our heartiest thanks are due for their excellent and most interesting papers.

As the latter portion of the first term is more or less taken up by the "celebrations," it is hoped to hold the next meeting early in the second term, when we would like to see a much larger attendance, particularly of junior students.

Basket Ball.

Basket Ball has at last come into its own as shown by the increasing attendance at our general meetings and the anxious inquiries of "Freshers" concerning it. Owing to our not being able to arrange a definite time for practice this term, we are entering only one team, for the present, in the Association matches. These matches will start next term and we hope to put up at the finish the most brilliant record yet known in the short life of Basket Ball. During the Easter vacation this year the Tournament was held at Christchurch to which was sent a very efficient team, but its opponent there proved more efficient still. Perhaps it was the sea journey.

We take here the opportunity of saying that our teams have played unofficially in two tournaments and in a season's Association matches. We are therefore anxious to be soon included under the Blazer Scheme.

At the first general meeting of the year there was a re-election of officers. A good choice was shown in the persons selected.

In conclusion we have to thank the officers of last year, led by Miss Smith, for the well organised club we had to start the year 1921 with, and we shall endeavour to be as successful in our term of office.



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Business Manager's Page.

Only those who have had the onerous duty of Business Manager to THE SPIKE thrust upon them can at all appreciate the many trials and tribulations which accompany the office. But the duty—which at the best of times is not in the least a sinecure—has this year been one requiring extraordinary effort. The business side of the Magazine was in a rather precarious condition. Last year was scarcely a financial success—not that that is unique in the business history of THE SPIKE—only that last year it was, for many reasons, somewhat accentuated. Moreover, the War Memorial issue of THE SPIKE did not meet with such a ready sale as such a publication deserved; and in this is still another example of the short memories possessed by those who during the war loudly voiced their otherwise quiescent patriotism. "Autres temps autres mœurs"—and to-day we see the self sacrifices of our past student soldiers callously forgotten in the miserable rush for self advancement.

Another factor which added to the difficulty was, and is, the apathy, common to all Varsity affairs, of the students and for which there is no excuse: none whatever! The impressions one gathers as Business Manager is that the majority of the students—except for perhaps a third, who vary from absolute enthusiasm expressed in willing active assistance to mere passive indifference—regard that poor unfortunate as a money grabbing parasite, whose sole aim is, not the advancement and success of an important College activity (what a misnomer!)—but to separate them from another few dearly cherished shillings for his own personal gain. Instead of regarding their subscription to the Magazine as a pleasant duty expressive of their interest in the doings of THEIR Varsity, they regard it as a profiteer regards income tax. Those with no shame flatly refuse to subscribe—others not quite so selfish grudgingly assent after almost tearful beseeching by a succession of canvassers. Out of 740 students we get with difficulty, and much effort, roughly 400 subscribers. What a rotten spirit to pervade a University! An honour to be Business Manager? Believe me, it is purely a pig-headed determination that the students shall not allow their Magazine to be a failure, a determination fed and encouraged by the few willing assistants, that keeps us at it.

Lastly, we had to cope with the lack of past student subscribers. In this we must admit the fault lay with the Magazine, and not solely with the past students. No provision has ever been made for retaining the interest of the past students once they had left the Varsity. This we believe to be wrong—criminally so. A Past Student column has been started and will, it is hoped, be the beginning and means of arousing and retaining the interest of past students, and retaining the interest of those now present students who will in the future swell the ranks of our past students. Our main difficulty here was the fact that we were—and are—without any roll giving the present addresses of our past students. We are circularising those of whom we know, and through them we hope to get in touch with others. We trust we shall get a good response to our circulars and our efforts.

The thanks of the Business Manager is due and is freely given to those who have so willingly and ably assisted in the business organisation of the Magazine: To Mr. S. Goodall, Sales Manager, present students; Mr. H. E. Moore, Sales Manager, past students; Mr. Gibson, Advertising Manager; Mr. Ruston, Finance Manager; Mr. Hodge, Distribution Manager, and to those who have so ably assisted them in the various departments of activity. Whatever measure of success attends this issue is due to them.



- W. A. Sh—t: Your remarks re having a berth next the "Maori's" bar at Easter are somewhat incoherent. We gather, however, that you made a very merry night of it.
- A. D. M—ro: Yes, we agree with you that Law Students are rather uncivilised, and it certainly was time "manners" were included in the LL.B. syllabus.
- B. E. M—r—y: Re mixed metaphors. Yes, you certainly seem to be giving them a good run this year. That fatal fluency! We have submitted your specimen sentence, "Suck the blood of a whole industry as it goes through the bottle-neck of transport," to Prof. Mac and Horace Ward, who both pronounced it to be rather involved. But then, never mind! Many another professor has not a metaphor to mix!
- V. E—ans: We cannot advise you what course to take should your resignation be accepted. Of course it's very pleasant to be "cheered," but we think it hardly worth the risk in future.
- B. M.—S—th: If you are prepared to provide the "gum," we will see what we can do about "sticking together."
- A. D. M—ro: Yes, we have all heard the story of the small boy who saved Holland from being flooded by blocking up the hole in the dyke with his finger. We always thought there was something Dutch about you!
- C. Q. P—pe and W. E. L—r: Afraid we can't sympathise with you against what you call the "malevolent attacks" of "The Dominion." You must surely know that it is not considered entirely in the best taste to print one's name more than six times on the same programme! Can it be, Wilfy, that (to borrow a phrase of the great OSCAR'S) you have held up the mirror to your own glittering intellect, and been dazzled by the reflection? Or that you, Charles, have all the virtues of extreme youth, save—modesty?
- J. G—ll—n: Yes, dear, we do think it was horrid of P. Martin-Smith to use such awful language to you. We are afraid he is a very uncultivated man. But, never mind! His dance wasn't half as good as yours, and his name wasn't announced, either; and—who knows?—perhaps next year yours will be on the hoardings down town, side by side with Gin's.
- Per G—rr—w. J.: "A preposition is not a word to end a sentence with"—a statement of the law we heartily concur in."
- E. E—ns: (1) No, two love scenes within ten minutes do not amount to a disclaimer of a newspaper announcement. We agree that you must keep in practice. Of course! (2) Your remark: anent the choruses (or is it the chorus?) are too sweetly pretty for anything.