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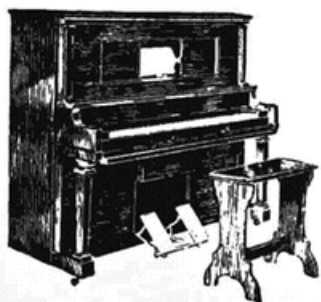
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Victoria University College
Review

OCT., 1928

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The Spike

— or —

Victoria University College Review

(Published Twice in the Session)

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

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EDITORIAL

"I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate," states Addison, "and known a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks."

Such are the fate of writings, and thus we approach this latest prelude to *Spike* with humility. However, we do wish to place on record the athletic achievements of the current year, and extend our hearty congratulations to the successful football and hockey teams who have won honour for themselves and have added lustre to Victoria University College. Victory in itself is nothing—it is but fleeting and transitory—but when it has been gained through the spirit of good fellowship and healthy rivalry, and as the result of the game being

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played for the game's sake, its greatness is enhanced by the passing of years. This is because it sets new standards for those who follow, and herein lies the reason for our congratulations.

We should approach our University career with three ideals—to study hard and to play hard, and, by co-operating with our fellow-students, to leave the University greater than it was when first we entered. Through the years and the bludgeoning of circumstance, there comes to the old student two questions—“What has 'Varsity done for me?” and “What have I done for 'Varsity?” If both can be answered satisfactorily then student days will be happy memories. Academic honours and achievements are not all—neither are “Blues” or idle hours in athletic or social activities, but there is an optimum combining these, which gives the ripest wisdom to be applied to the most important practice.

The influence of a University should not be confined within its own boundaries, but should be too vaguely universal to name or too profound to analyse, and its progress in the sciences and arts should not be greater than its advances towards the ideals of culture and citizenship. From the lecture room comes learning, but not knowledge. To use Bacon's words: “Studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.” Thus do we commend to all students the activities of the University that lie outside the syllabi of their degrees—the sporting and social clubs, and students' affairs in general. No one wants to see the strength of the football club lying in the first fifteen, or the management of student affairs falling into the hands of an energetic few, but this is the great danger where apathy and indifference predominate. Interest, vital and incessant, is essential if Victoria College is to function, not as a glorified night school, but as a seat of education in the broadest and loftiest sense of the word.

Plunket Medal Contest

THE number of speakers at the Plunket Medal Contest this year was, we are sure, a record in the history of the Debating Society. As a result the proceedings were somewhat lengthy, both the last speakers and the audience showing what might be termed "signs of wear" towards the end of the programme: not that the standard of the speeches was lower than that of previous years, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

The first speaker was Mr. R. J. Reardon, who delivered himself of an impassioned and convincing address on Belgium's wrongs under the heel of the Prussian invader. Unfortunately his subject was not German oppression, but Cardinal Mercier, and his straying from the path, which he had mapped out for himself, probably lost him a place among the first four.

Mr. H. R. Bannister dealt with the life and work of Dr. Barnardo. He gave an interesting but somewhat disjointed account of his hero's work amongst the slums, but failed to give just that colour and fluency which distinguishes oratory from debating. Mr. Bannister's manner always gives us the impression that he is supporting the lesser of two evils, and on this occasion he appeared to praise not by conviction but with effort.

Mr. R. F. East had so steeped himself in the atmosphere of Woodrow Wilson that he was able to produce with tolerable accuracy, not merely the views of that unfortunate man, but also, at times, his accent. Mr. East did not appear to be at all at home on the platform, and for that reason failed to hold his audience.

Mr. W. J. Mountjoy appeared on that favourite old steed, which hardly ever fails to start in the Plunket Medal Stakes—Napoleon Buonaparte. That he was able to ride it to victory is a tribute more to his skill as a jockey than to the staying powers of his mount. His speech was among the very few we heard that evening which could be classed as oratory. His matter was excellent and gave full opportunity for the light and shade of which he appears to be capable. If Mr. Mountjoy had only a deep and resonant voice, and one which would not drop at the end of a phrase, he would be one of the best speakers the College has produced for some years.

Mr. H. I. Forde, who spoke on Beethoven, handled his difficult subject surprisingly well. His manner was unnatural and his voice forced, but he appeared to be so inspired by his subject, and spoke with such apparent sincerity, that he moved his audience perhaps more than any other speaker except Mr. Mountjoy. At times, however, we felt that he was in imminent danger of crashing to the ground, so ominously did he sway on his feet.

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Mr. C. H. Arndt was unfortunate in choosing a subject which did not appeal to his audience. Few of us are inclined to lift Edward Gibbon Wakefield onto the plane to which Mr. Arndt would have lifted him, especially when we are told that he abducted an heiress "for no reason whatever." Furtherwore the speech seemed to be lacking in opportunity for eloquence. Mr. Arndt was cramped by his matter.

Mr. W. J. Hall appeared in the title rôle of W. E. Gladstone. His pleasant voice and easy manner made the impersonation an excellent one, but it somehow lacked the touch of the genius of persuasion so characteristic of the "Grand Old Man." Mr. Hall would be well advised to learn his speech; once or twice he obviously lost the thread of his tale.

Miss Forde delighted her hearers with her sketch of the career of the Earl of Shaftesbury. It was an interesting speech and, of its kind, almost perfect. She must have presented a problem to the judges, for her style was so different from that of the other speakers, and it appeared to us that she should have been placed either first or not at all.

Mr. G. R. Powles's subject was Mazzini. His matter was excellent, but his delivery, though very clear and perhaps in keeping with his subject, lacked the necessary fire to raise his effort to the plane of an oration.

From Genghis Khan, in the person of Mr. Crossley, we hoped for great things, for we thought that a plunge into such depths of history must be productive at least of interest. We were not disappointed. Unfortunately Mr. Crossley made the same mistake as the first speaker in failing to confine himself to his subject. What he did say he said well, but it was hardly to the point.

The judges (The Hon. J. A. Young, M.P., Mr. H. F. O'Leary, LL.B., and Mr. W. A. Armour, M.A.), awarded the medal to Mr. Mountjoy, and placed Miss Forde second, Mr. Forde third, and highly commended Mr. Hall.

Special Prize

[This is a contribution from Uncle Habekuk. We put it in because we have expectations from Uncle H. Otherwise——Ed.]

My first is in and but not in dan,
My second is in nap but not in pan,
My third is in end but not in den,
My fourth is in net but not in ten,
My fifth is in mar but not in ram,
My sixth is in mad but not in dam,
My seventh is in grin but not in ring,
My whole's a peculiar kind of thing.

To any student who sends in a solution to the above problem the editor will instantly forward, free, an address indicating where board and residence fitting to the student in question may be had. Here the student will find himself well catered for at astonishingly low rates, with lots of company—hundreds of them!

Visit of American Debating Team

THE visit of the team of three debaters from Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, will long be remembered by all those who were fortunate enough to meet these American cousins of ours. Touring debating teams are no novelty in these days, but when the team consists of three thoroughly good fellows whom one can take to one's heart and one's home, there is a novelty indeed. Although their home State is reputed to be one of the most English of American states, there was considerable speculation as to how three full-blooded "Yanks" should be treated; yet before one had spoken to them for a quarter of an hour it was difficult to imagine that they were not some fellow students from a New Zealand college dropped in to 'have a yarn.' The contrast of reality with expectation was made all the more marked by our experience of the almost brutal stand-offishness of the English teams which have visited us. It is perhaps significant that an account of their visit should seem naturally to commence with personalities, and not with speeches. As speakers, they have an easy and natural manner, a ready command of language, and a pleasing light touch, but did not prove such masters of the debate as did their English predecessors.

There were at least fifteen hundred people present to hear the visitors defend the cause of Prohibition against a team from Victoria. Professor Murphy was in the chair, and, in his usual self effacing way gave the unavoidable absence of the Mayor as his reason for occupying that position, but in actual fact the Professor was not by any means a second choice.

The Bates College Team (Messrs. C. H. Guptill, J. F. Davis and M. L. Ames) had the inestimable advantage of a first hand knowledge of their subject, and showed themselves able and ready to deal with the many unofficial members of the Victoria Team who were sitting at the back of the hall. This was greatly to their credit as they subsequently mentioned that interjection during a speech is simply 'not done' in America. The local men (Messrs. G. R. Powles, C. H. Arndt and W. J. Hall) were not completely overshadowed by their American opponents, and certainly upheld the credit of the College. They dealt with the subject in the good old heavy Victorian style, but on occasions managed to catch some of the blithe Guptillian spirit and make some excellent points of humour.

The Americans stayed in Wellington for several days and were entertained by the University Club, by Professor Murphy, and by formal and informal gatherings of students.

They are now continuing their ambassadorship in South Africa, and will eventually go to England. Good luck to you—Charles, John and Mervyn!

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Science Society

THE activities of the Science Society this term were many and varied. Dr. Kidson, Professor Evans and Mr. Beaglehole, read papers. The subject of Dr. Kidson's lecture was entitled, "The Water in the Atmosphere." This formed the subject of a very interesting lecture. The large amount of water vapour does not manifest itself in the form of rain or mist unless certain physical conditions are satisfied. As the relative humidity rarely exceeds 100 per cent., water vapour in the atmosphere would never condense were it not for the presence of large numbers of hygroscopic particles on which condensation could start. The lecturer described the formation of mist, fog, rain, and all the other meteorological water vapour.

Professor Evans read a very interesting paper entitled "The Life of a Coal Seam." Illustrating his lecture with many excellent lantern slides, Professor Evans showed us that, even with low magnification, it is evident that coal contains ample evidence that it has been formed from wood. By means of special etching processes the microscope is enabled to show the actual cellular structure of the coal, although this is, in many cases, much modified by the compressional and shearing forces to which the coal seam has been subjected.

The second part of the paper showed the relative merits of the various theories of coal formation. Recent evidence gives excellent support for the drift theory, and our ideas of sigillaria stumps standing upright in coal seams were completely exploded.

Mr. Beaglehole gave an interesting lecture on "Propaganda." He explained such subjects as the mass mind in wartime, and modern advertising in the light of recent psychological investigation. This lecture was most illuminating and in places highly amusing.

Early in the second term it was found that if the course of lectures set down were to be continued, the financial state of the Society would have to be revised. Accordingly, the committee decided to hold a social on Friday, the 13th of August. This was an outstanding success. Members of all the clubs and societies of the College turned out in full force. Among those present were, prominent members of the S.A., A.O.F.B., and also some of the leading members of the local branch of the ancient and highly esteemed order of Gate Crashers.

The first part of the entertainment consisted of four more or less humorous items. It is on record that one of the items was too much for a recent prominent member of the S.A., but everyone else seemed to enjoy it. Then the gathering sang a few of the lesser known college songs. Members of the A.O.F.B. drowning the rest in that highly commendable old ditty, "What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor." After this, all were ushered up to the gym., where some guessing competitions were held. The next thing was a peanut hunt. This started off in the right spirit, but before long several members of the A.O.G.C.

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started a hunt for larger and more satisfying prey—namely chocolate biscuits. This branch of the game was continued with success till there was nothing left to hunt.

Most of the party then took to dancing, while those who delight in a more energetic form of amusement, organised games of their own. All present enjoyed themselves to the full and the show was voted a signal success.

During the year it was decided to arrange for visits by parties of students to places of scientific interest in the City. The only visit which was made this year was to the automatic telephone exchange. This proved of great interest to the female members of the Society—male members being perhaps more interested in the old type of exchange.

Women's Club

SEVERAL successful functions have been held during the latter part of our second year. On July 24th, soon after the annual general meeting, a "cultural" evening was held. We were fortunate in having present, Mrs. Hannah, who gave us a most interesting and helpful lecture upon modern poetry. Before commencing to eat and be merry around the supper table, a hearty demonstration of thanks and appreciation was given by the large and happy gathering. We are grateful also for the interest shown by Mrs. Hannah in presenting us with a very happy picture to hang in the common room.

At the request of the Haeremai Club, we combined with them in August to hold a social and dance in the gym. This was a happy and successful function comprising items, college songs, supper (at which the Haeremai cooks introduced hot saveloys), and dancing.

On September 11th, a social evening was held, at which the ping-pong finals were played off, a competition and singing of college songs concluding the function.

It is proposed to hold a Hallowe'en party after the conclusion of exams. We hope to have a large attendance at this function, which will be in the nature of a farewell.

We are still hoping for some support from the women, as several of our evenings have not been, in respect of numbers, as successful as we had anticipated. Nevertheless we are confident that, with increasing membership, and a widening circle of activities, we shall be met with growing enthusiasm from our fellow-students.

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Debating Tours

"UNWEPT, unhonoured and unsung," there passed through our midst recently a team of three Debaters from Sydney University on their way to win their laurels on American platforms. An unfortunate failure of communication between Victoria and Sydney accounted for the aforesaid lack of weeping and song—but the point is—if they, why not we? Recent events have shown that our local speakers, if not up to international standard, are at least entitled to representative honours, and rumour has it that next year will see a Victoria College team speaking for New Zealand, Home and Beauty in the land of movies and chewing gum. We trust the lying jade is for once telling the truth. It would be a fine effort for the College to send a team abroad, but it would mean solid spade work at this end and plenty of support in good rich bullion from V.U.C. Just think this over until *Spike's* next issue, and then—Rally Round and help the Green and Gold.

Tournament

IT is no exaggeration to say that V.U.C. looked forward keenly to Easter this year, and spared no effort in an endeavour to bring about the "best Tournament ever." Our delegates say they had no lack of response to their many calls for assistance in the arrangements, and that the committees worked, one and all, with unflagging energy. It was somewhat disappointing, therefore, that the weather, which had been perfect for some weeks, took a sudden change on the Saturday afternoon, just as the Tournament events were in full swing. It rained solidly through Sunday and Monday, but cleared on Tuesday, as if to give our visitors at least a gleam of encouragement for their next visit here.

The southern teams arrived at Wellington by the ferry boat on Good Friday morning, and were met by a large V.U.C. crowd. In spite of the enthusiastic but misdirected energies of a section of the crowd, the visitors were quickly allocated to their billets. A.U.C.'s team arrived early in the afternoon, and the combined teams were later accorded a welcome in the College library.

Tennis started next morning at the Thorndon courts, and continued until rain set in, late in the afternoon. Meanwhile, the boxing preliminaries had been fought. There were some great contests in the boxing finals at the Town Hall in the evening. The rain on Sunday did not prevent the motor-drive round the bays, which proved to be a fine, outstanding event; nor the Church Service at St. John's Church, which was attended by some 200 students. Garrison Hall was the

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scene of the basketball contests on Monday, while at the Basin Reserve the spectators were treated to some fine athletic events, in spite of the slippery track. The struggle for the Athletic Shield was close and exciting, the issue being in doubt until the last event of the day. The debate, held in the evening in the Concert Chamber, was devoid of the customary disturbances; so much so that the speakers felt out of their element, and were quite unconvincing. A fine morning on Tuesday allowed the tennis championship to be almost completed.

The ball on Tuesday evening, was a brilliant affair. An enterprising and effectively original band of decorators had transformed the Town Hall into a place of almost Oriental splendour. The Mayoress, Mrs. Troup, presented hard-won trophies to individuals who were in the unenviable position of having to walk across what must have seemed miles of slippery ballroom floor. For once, supper arrangements were good.

Train and ferry took our visitors away next day, after a very happy time for all of us.

Athletics

In spite of the weather, the contest for the Athletic Shield proved to be one of the closest and most interesting for many years, and those who braved the elements were well rewarded. Although without the services of some of our best men—notably Sceats, who had broken a bone in his foot and was unable to compete—V.U.C. succeeded again in winning the shield, but only by a narrow margin. In the circumstances we had foreseen that we would be faced with serious opposition from the two Southern Colleges, and such proved to be the case. Before the last event of the day, the Relay Race, the points for the shield stood, V.U.C., 11½; C.U.C., 11½; O.U., 11. But V.U.C. won the Relay—and the shield. It is interesting to note that this is the first time since the Medley Relay was instituted as a championship event that V.U.C. has succeeded in winning both the Relay and the shield. In 1922-3-4-5 we won the Relay, but could fill only second place to O.U. for the shield. In 1926 and 1927 the positions were reversed—we won the shield, but lost the Relay to O.U.

The winning of the shield this year has again given V.U.C. three consecutive wins. It now remains to win next year and thus equal O.U.'s record of four consecutive wins, and then again in 1930, and beat O.U.'s record.

The individual events this year resulted very much as anticipated; there were few, if any, real surprises. In the 100 yards and 220 yards Malcolm Leadbetter, C.U.C. (late V.U.C.), was easily favourite and scored two easy wins.

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J. N. Goodson, V.U.C., ran very well to fill second place in the 100, and third in the 220. Couper of A.U.C. a runner who would do very well with proper training, ran second in the 220. The 440 yards flat and the 880 yards were responsible for two of the closest and most exciting finishes seen at the Tournament for many years. In the 440 only inches separated the first four men. E. B. Smith and E. K. Eastwood, both of V.U.C. were placed first and second respectively. Before the race it was doubtful if Eastwood would be able to complete the course as he had hurt his side a short time previously, but he rose to the occasion, both in this race and also in the relay. In the 880, E. B. Smith was again concerned in a great finish—dead-heating for first place with Bain of Canterbury. Smith is to be congratulated on two very fine efforts. If a word of criticism might be permitted it is this; that he is inclined to get too far behind his field and to leave too much to the final sprint. In these two cases it came off—one day it will not. The soft ground was responsible very largely for the fact that Priestley did not this year win any event. In the mile he was beaten by that fine runner, E. B. Taylor of Canterbury, who ran a great race in excellent time considering the circumstances. But he would have found Priestley (second in the mile) a different proposition on a firm ground. The same reason can be assigned for Priestley's failure in the 880. In the three miles, Taylor again showed what a fine runner he is, by winning easily. Tizard, A.U.C., clung to him well until the last lap but had nothing to show against Taylor's final sprint. As expected, Ramson, V.U.C., had no difficulty in winning both hurdle events, although in the writer's opinion he was still suffering from staleness. The High Jump was robbed of a great deal of interest on account of Seats being unable to compete. There is not a single other jumper in the 'Varsity who can be compared with him. In the Long Jump, Tetley, A.U.C., (1st), and J. D. Mackay, (2nd), jumped well considering the state of the ground. Alley, C.U.C., won the Shot Putting by a narrow margin from Lindsay, O.U., and in the Hammer Throwing, J. G. Leckie, O.U., won and is to be congratulated on creating a record. G. S. Cabot, O.U., won the Walk very easily from his brother, R. H. Cabot.

As stated above everything depended on the Relay Race and the V.U.C. men rose to the occasion magnificently, thanks chiefly to Priestley who ran a great half-mile and gave us a 10 yards lead (plus the moral effect of an excellent start, which was worth at least another 10 yards). The remaining runners, Eastwood (440), Ramson (220), and Goodson (220), increased the lead to 30 yards, and thus settled all doubts as to the residence of the Relay Cup and the Athletic Shield until Easter, 1929.

Mathematical and Physical Society

THIS year has been a record one in respect of the attendance at the meetings of the Society. The good start made in the first term has been followed by sustained interest during the second term, when a high average attendance was maintained.

A change in the committee occurred when Miss M. Downes left Wellington for New Plymouth. The service which Miss Downes has rendered to the Society is a matter of several years' standing, and has had a marked effect in its recent progress. Miss J. Comrie was elected to fill the vacancy.

Mr. F. F. Miles, M.A., gave an address on "Relativity." He pointed out how the ideas of Newton implied a narrow concept of the principle of relativity, and then proceeded to deal with the special theory and the general theory of relativity recently developed by Einstein and others. The relation and the transitions between the different systems were dealt with, and the position well illustrated by showing how Maxwell's equations for the propagation of an electromagnetic wave held for all systems, whereas Newton's formulation of the law of gravity would not bear translation into terms of the relativity theory.

A paper entitled "The Temperature Spectrum," was given by Mr. F. G. Caughley, in which he traced the series of effects on matter when it is subjected to successive regions of the electro-magnetic spectrum.

Mr. N. F. C. Hill delighted his audience with the explanation and demonstration of phenomena associated with "Liquid Air." The members utilised time usually given to discussion in repeating such experiments as the burning of carbon in liquid air, the freezing of carbon di-oxide in burning coal gas, and the splintering of frozen grapes and rubber.

Mr. M. F. Doig gave a paper on "Di-electric Losses and Cable Construction." The lecturer succeeded in making this rather technical subject interesting, and illustrated his matter with various lantern slides.

Mr. F. Jackson brought the Society into touch with engineering problems by giving an address on "Concrete and Bitumen," with special reference to road construction. This lecture provided relief from the academic nature of many of the papers and was illustrated by a splendid series of lantern slides.

"Equilibrium by Gyroscopic Forces," was the subject dealt with by Mr. G. J. S. Read. The action of working models of gyroscopes was examined and the principles involved were applied to the movements of the planets. The application of the theory to mono-rail vehicles was mentioned with reference to slides and models.

On behalf of Mr. G. D. Pollock, who was unavoidably absent, Professor Sommerville delivered a paper on "Railway Transition Curves." The difficulty of getting a train comfortably round a bend was explained, and the manner in

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which difficulties were overcome by mathematics, was clearly explained. Mr. Pollock had prepared interesting graphs and diagrams, and these well illustrated his subject.

The final lecture for the session, 1928, was given by Mr. J. W. Harding on "X-Rays and Crystal Structure." Mr. Harding went well into the subject of how the arrangement of molecules and atoms in a crystal could be studied by using the crystal as a diffraction grating of three dimensions for X-Rays. The technical methods for special conditions were explained, and the whole lecture illustrated by numerous carefully prepared diagrams.

The thanks of the Society are due and gladly extended to Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Florance, who have kindly provided supper at the meetings.

Basketball Club

UNDER the able coaching of Miss Sheppard, the Basketball Club has enjoyed a successful season. Three teams have played throughout and done credit to the College. The A. Team, despite a run of bad luck in the first round, was placed second equal in the Senior A. competition. Two matches have been played against neighbouring colleges where, on both occasions, 'Varsity registered a win. Against Wellington Girls' College the score stood at 22-18, while we were successful against Wellington East College by 19-8. A pleasant afternoon was spent at each match and the play was keen and fast. We are now looking forward to a trip to Hutt Valley where a similar contest awaits us.

This year our social activities have not been outstanding. At different times teams have visited the Borstal Institute at Point Halswell. These visits were very enjoyable for all concerned and we hope they were successful in giving the girls a new interest in the game.

Next year we intend to make an earlier start and to train consistently in order to be more prepared for the Easter Tournament. Victoria has not yet won the basketball event, but we shall, at least, not be lacking in enthusiasm for the next effort. We are always ready to welcome new members who can obtain any information by application to any of the committee.

Musical Society

IN addition to the usual weekly practices the orchestra has played at two Varsity functions since the last issue of *Spike*.

The first of these was at the Dramatic Club's presentation of "Cousin Kate" in the Concert Chamber, on 20th and 21st of July. We introduced the play with the Overture to "Martha," and as entr'actes, gave a rendering of the "Valse des Fleurs," of Tschaiikowsky, and a "Moorish Dance," by Howard Carr. The audience was marched out to the lively strains of "Marche Carvanalesque" (Friml). Despite our reputation for refractory behaviour, Mr. Keys easily kept us in hand. We are very grateful indeed to those visitors who gave us such excellent assistance during this rather trying ordeal.

The next appearance of the orchestra was at the "Plunket Medal" Contest, held in the Concert Chamber on September 8th. This was, unfortunately, soon after the vacation, but thanks to the foresight of some conscientious official, we were granted 24 hours' notice. For the benefit of the public it may be added here, that we do not require to practise. Mr. Keys just presses the button and off we go. Though we were not in our best form at this function, we are quite willing to back our playing against some of the orations. Again we opened with "Martha," and while the judges were conferring, we played the "Pastoral Dance," from "Nell Gwynn" Suite (German), and an "African Dance" by Ring. Miss Reid as usual delighted the audience with her solo and was prevailed upon to give an encore.

Patrons will be glad to learn that we have lately procured some new music from Australia, so that at our next appearance they may hope to hear a complete change of programme.

Tramping Club

IT has been said that one of the finest holidays a man can have is to get out into the great open spaces where he is unbetrammelled with the artificial restraints of modern civilisation. Our Dominion is wonderfully endowed by Nature, and yet how few take advantage of this priceless opportunity almost at our doors.

This time, as in almost every other *Spike*, we must mourn the loss of another of our most enthusiastic trampers through the departure for England of our former secretary, Mr. E. Beaglehole. We desire to offer him our heartiest congratulations on the successful culmination of his splendid scholastic career at V.U.C., and we sincerely hope that he will be equally successful in his studies in London. This is now the third member to leave for England during the last six months, and we are very much afraid that if this migration continues, we shall

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soon have a large and important branch of V.U.C. trampers arranging tramps and cycle tours around the British Isles and the Continent. We wish them, one and all, every success in their new sphere of work, and we hope that their sojourn in the Old Country will be both profitable and enjoyable.

THE TRAMPS.

Fitzroy Bay was memorable for the fact that the party arrived at the Rona Bay wharf just too late to catch the 5 o'clock boat. While attempting to decide whether to walk to Petone or spend three and a half hours in Eastbourne, a lorry appeared on the scene and solved the problem very satisfactorily.

At Smith's Creek we met two well-known and experienced trampers, Messrs. Gibbs and Firk, who were engaged in cutting a track through to the upper Tauherenikau Hut. On the Sunday morning the party was very pleasantly awakened by our friends, who appeared with a steaming billy of hot coffee. We hope to be able to return the compliment next time we meet.

Long Gully and Tekanau were very enjoyable, but as the wind was bitterly cold, all were only too pleased to be on the move again after lunch. The waterfall at Long Gully provided a little entertainment for those who were fortunate in scrambling down first.

McKerrow was crossed in great style in spite of the fact that grave doubts were experienced as to our ability to reach the top. The weather on Sunday was perfect, but the dense bush on top prevented our getting a good view of the surrounding country. The return trip was completed in a motor lorry which arrived before we had had an opportunity of removing the tell-tale signs of mud, water and gore. Nevertheless, the party were all remarkably spick and span when we arrived at Petone.

No official tramp across the Tararuas could be organised at the end of the term owing to the impossibility of obtaining a leader. We believe a party of five did set out, however, but was held up at Alpha owing to the inclemency of the weather. On their return we learnt that one member of the party had been christened "More!" Perhaps someone could enlighten us as to the significance of this rather unusual name.

The tramp down the Wakatikei was most successful, and opened up a new field for future tramps. The possibilities for bathing are extremely extensive, and we would recommend it as an ideal summer tramp.



Basketball

OWING to the inclement weather all matches were played in the Garrison Hall. The referees were Miss Gardner and Mr. W. G. Campbell; Misses F. M. Hind, E. Stories, and Mr. B. Kean constituted the "Blues" Committee.

In the preliminary games A.U.C. was drawn against V.U.C., and C.U.C. against O.U. In the first match the strength of the Auckland team was apparent from the beginning. The half-time score stood at 11-4 in favour of A.U.C., and in the second half Auckland piled up the points till they stood finally at 26-9. Great speed and an excellent combination marked the performance of the winning team and placed them far ahead of any other in the competition. However, V.U.C. played a game that kept A.U.C. moving despite the margin in the scores. V.U.C. centres and backs played well. In the defence Miss Hardy was outstanding. V.U.C. forwards did not strike accurate shooting form in this game.

In the second game, C.U.C. against O.U., the latter team proved superior. The half-time score stood at 10-1 in O.U.'s favour. The final score was 21-5. A feature of the O.U. team was its strong defence; also the O.U. centres were too quick for Canterbury.

The finals were played between O.U. and A.U.C., and C.U.C. and V.U.C. Against Auckland, O.U. put up a slightly better showing than did V.U.C. in the first round. This was more evident in the score than in the actual game. At half-time the score stood at 12-6 in A.U.C.'s favour. However, the second half saw Auckland run away to the tune of 25-12, thus retaining the shield. It is difficult to discriminate among such uniformly strong members of a team, and the "Blues" selection committee must have found it so, but in an extremely fine side, Miss J. Mueller (captain), playing in the centre, and Miss M. Adams, goal-thrower, stood out. Miss J. McIntosh, also in the goal, played a splendid game.

The game between C.U.C. and V.U.C. was uninteresting. V.U.C. centres were too strong for Canterbury and succeeded in getting the ball down to their forwards who, in this match, showed much greater accuracy in shooting. The half-time score was 24-8 in favour of V.U.C., and the final score was 40-9. Our team thus added a point to V.U.C.'s total for the Tournament Shield.

N.Z. Blues were awarded to Misses J. Mueller and M. Adams (A.U.C.), and Miss J. A. Tobman (O.U.) Our heartiest congratulations to them!

The 1928 Basketball Contest showed a much greater evenness in the strength of the four teams than has hitherto existed. Undoubtedly A.U.C. still takes pride of place, but the other colleges are surely rising to the standard set by the winners.

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Tennis

VICTORIA'S team this year was stronger on the men's side, but our ladies were disappointing. Auckland, as usual, fielded a very strong team and won the Tennis Cup without much difficulty. Altogether A.U.C. annexed four of the five championships. In three of them, the ladies' singles and doubles, and the combined doubles, the finalists were all Aucklanders.

The star of the Tournament was undoubtedly A. C. Stedman of Auckland, who is certainly one of the most promising players seen in New Zealand for many years. Playing a game very similar to that of E. D. Andrews, the New Zealand Davis Cup player, he carried too many guns for his opponents, and won the men's singles championship without being really extended in any match, though Chisholm (O.U.), put up a very good fight against him in the second round. In the final he defeated Ferkins (V.U.C.), 6-1, 6-4, in a match in which his beautiful side line drives had Ferkins running all the time. Victoria's representative put up a good fight however, and at times his recoveries were marvellous.

In the men's doubles championship Ferkins and Goldie were successful in bringing home to Victoria the first championship that has come our way since Miss May Tracy won the ladies' singles in 1924. These two played very well together, and won by the consistency of their net play. The final against the Stedman brothers, was a great match, and the issue was in doubt right up to the last stroke.

In the ladies' events, and in the combined doubles, none of our competitors survived the first round. In the ladies' doubles, however, Victoria's second pair, Misses F. Line and K. Zeisler, put up a great fight against Misses Ballantyne and Scott of Otago, and were defeated only after a long struggle in which V.U.C. had several match points. In her match against Miss Scott, Miss Lenz started off very well, and won the first set with ease. She did not keep her form, however, but fell off badly in the second and third sets.

Shooting

V.U.C. fired in the Haslam Shield match on Saturday, March 31st. Unfortunately, owing to the conditions on which we are allowed the use of Trentham rifle range, we were forced to give up the range which has been prepared and "flagged" for us, as it was required by the military authorities. We had, therefore, to use a range without flags, and as the wind was troublesome, this proved a severe handicap, especially at the long range. Accordingly, V.U.C.'s total of 743 was not as high as it has been in some previous years.

The Haslam Shield was won by C.U.C. with a total of 793, A.U.C. being second with 791. K. J. Duncan, (A.U.C.), was the highest scorer in the competition with a total score of 114 out of a possible of 135.

Boxing

THE team, as a whole, was much better this year than for many years past, and we had hopes of making a bold bid for the shield. This was not achieved, but the performances in all bouts, but one, showed a distinct advance, enough to restore our somewhat fallen prestige.

Chamberlain (middle), went down to Moorhouse of Auckland. Both started at a terrific pace, science at a discount, pugilism at a premium. This continued for the first two rounds. The third and fourth slackened considerably. Chamberlain used his left weakly but followed with some lovely right crosses, one of which put his opponent down for several seconds. The latter, however, improved and overhauled Chamberlain's early lead to be given the decision after a very close bout.

Richardson (welter), in his preliminary met a "southpaw," whom he failed to cope with until well into the second round. He piled up points by in and out tactics, and was too elusive for his awkward opponent. Good lefts and rights connected frequently, and he ran out a good winner.

In the final he was definitely superior to Jenkin, of Auckland. From the gong he took the fight to his man, plying straight lefts followed by a heavy right cross, to such effect that per medium of a right cross, Jenkin received the coup-de-grace, and Richardson, his N.Z. Blue.

Watson (light), met Manghill of A.U.C. This was a delightful exhibition, both showing fine footwork. The first two rounds seemed Watson's, but his injured thumb sorely troubled him, and his blows failed to stop his man. Even so, he was unfortunate to lose.

Gilberd (feather), was too weak as a result of reducing only a day or two before the tournament. Had he been stronger, his chances of winning the final were rosy, but science could not prevail against superior strength, and he went down gamely.

We are pleased to hear that a certain science student, popularly known as "Bill," is an admirer of, and participant in, the art of Heughan and Hislop. We wish, however, that he could be induced to confine his vocal efforts to the "great open spaces"—or his bath.

Mr. Rollings, at the recent dinner, stated, "I am sorry that the Professorial Board is not quite all there." We understand that the Mental Defectives Act comes into force next January.

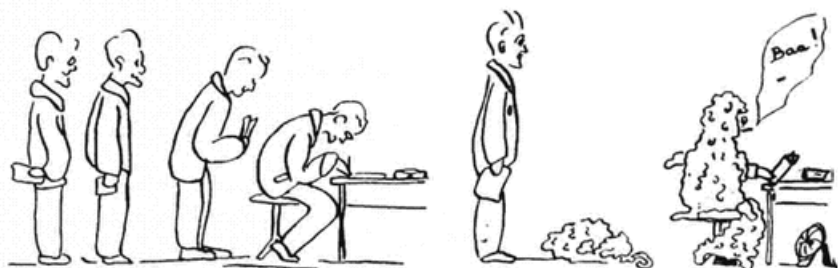
At the same function Pr—f Fl—e stated: "I think there is little to be said for the Professorial Board." We had our suspicions, but dared not hope that they would be so clearly expressed. Is this a case of confession being good for the soul.

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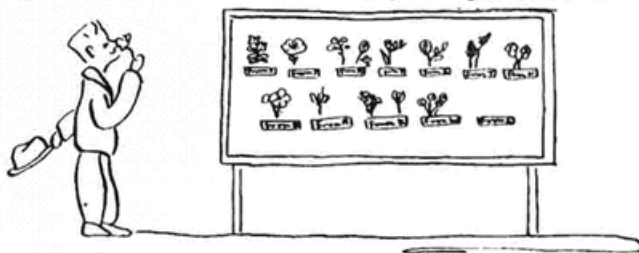
Science Personalities

IN the last few *Spike*s we have heard much about the famous people of the College, but the Science Department with its many celebrities seems somehow to have been forgotten. So that this should not happen again we have this time sent our special reporter to that sacred wing to learn something of the private lives of our great heroes. The following information, which he had gathered after he had become accustomed to the wonderful aroma that seems to pervade that place, may be of some interest to our readers.

The greatest personality to be found there, is of course the President of the Stud. Ass. You have perhaps imagined him attending daily to the wants of the College, surrounded by students with their club notes like this—



But in reality we find he is greatly interested in wool—not that we find him knitting his own socks—but he appears to make a collection of sheepskins. We surmise that he finds them useful to wear when unwelcome guests come into his room, or perhaps on some cold day we may quite expect to find him like this—



Another famous personality inhabiting the Biology floor is a famous footballer who has helped the 'Varsity team to gain its many victories. To our surprise we find on psycho-analysing him that he has a buttonhole complex—in fact at the time of our writing this his wonderful collection of buttonholes has mounted up to the great number of 192, but in this spring weather it is of course increasing rapidly. He may often be seen admiring his beautiful collection, which he is very

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sorry he could not exhibit at the *Conversazione*, but which he may leave for the museum when he no longer honours the college with his presence, and the original wearers have also left.

The holder of a chemistry scholarship was also visited, but sad to relate, we found him very shy and retiring. We expected to find him working hard day and night, but to our surprise we heard it rumoured that he has an eye for a pretty girl and delights in the Yale Blues, but we were not able to gain any definite information on this point. Science students are apt to be reticent at times.



Great boxers seem to delight in science, two of them taking great joy in preparing deadly poisons. One of them distinguishes himself by wearing a most beautiful blue check blouse, which is the envy of all the girls, and also men. We believe they will be the fashion next year, and would like to suggest for those who are Scotch, that tartans might perhaps also be made up that way. We would also advise those who admire it not to look too closely, as the wearer loves to strangle people, sending the bodies up the lift to the geology department.

Even in so learned a department as that of Science, we may find such a prominent human being as a sheik. But here, too, if we look into his private life, a dark past will be revealed, and we find that he is a murderer who in his early youth wilfully squashed a harmless Hydra underneath a coverslip, much to the horror and sorrow of the Biology department, who now look at him askance and are wondering whether to form a private police force to prevent any further cruelty.



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Football

THE season which has just concluded will long be remembered in the annals of the Football Club as the first in which our Senior team succeeded in winning the Wellington Senior Championship.

The team played 16 matches of which they won 13, lost 2, and 1 was drawn; the points scored being 332 for, and 148 against. Prior to the final game against Poneke, they were lying second with 25 championship points while Poneke had 26. This final game is worthy of special mention on account of the organised "barracking" of the "Wikitorians" on the western bank. It must have gladdened the hearts of the past students and earlier members of the club, to see the interest and enthusiasm displayed by the whole College in the success of the team.

This success was in great part due to the untiring efforts of the coach, Mr. P. Martin-Smith, who throughout the season worked unceasingly and inspired the whole team with his infectious enthusiasm. Craig Mackenzie made a capable and efficient skipper, and he was assisted by the wonderful spirit of "cameraderie" which existed in the team.

The results of the matches played were as follows:—

- v. Berhampore. Won 20—11. Tries by Foden (2), Mackay (2), Irwin and Blacker. O'Regan converted one.
- v. Poneke. Lost 21—9. Tries by Hart, Mackay and Leys.
- v. Wellington. Won 15—3. Tries by Cormack (2) and Brown. Cormack kicked two penalty goals.
- v. Eastbourne. Won 27—6. Tries by Grigg (3), Irwin (2), Childs, Mackay, Cormack. Cormack converted two, and O'Regan one.
- v. Marist. Lost 5—0. Distinctly an "off day."
- v. Old Boys. Won 21—11. Tries by Brown (2), Irwin and Grant. Ramson converted three and kicked a penalty goal.
- v. Oriental. Won 41—6. Tries by Brown (3), Mackay (2), Deiderich (3), Leys, Mackenzie and O'Regan. Ramson converted three and Cormack, one. This match was played the day after "Capping," and Oriental up to that time were unbeaten. "Capping," apparently had not affected our players.
- v. Petone. Won 30—25. Tries by Brown (3), Cormack, Mackenzie and Mackay. Ramson converted three and kicked two penalty goals.
- v. Athletic. Drawn 9—9. Try by Ramson, who also kicked two penalty goals. Mackenzie and Brown did not play in this match owing to injuries.
- v. Oriental. Won 22—11. Tries by Williams (2), Irwin, Mackenzie and Brown. Ramson converted two and kicked a penalty goal.
- v. Wellington. Won 26—8. Tries by Brown (2), Grant (2), Ramson and Williams. Ramson converted three, and Cormack, one.

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- v. Berhampore. Won 20—6. Tries by Williams (2), Brown, Ramson and Deiderich. Ramson converted one and kicked a penalty goal.
- v. Petone. Won 27—0. Tries by Mackenzie (3), Mackay (3), and Hislop. Cormack converted one, Mackay converted one, and O'Regan one.
- v. Old Boys. Won 16—13. Tries by Brown, Mackay and Cormack. Ramson converted two and kicked a penalty.
- v. Marist. Won 30—0. Ramson (2), Deiderich (2), Blakeney, Irwin, Brown, Leys. O'Regan converted one, and Ramson two.
- v. Poneke. Won 16—12. This game attracted about 12,000 spectators who were rewarded by an excellent game. The first score came early, when Leys made an opening and sent Childs over unopposed, and Ramson converted (5-0). Ramson made an opening and sent Mackay away in a fine run down the line which ended in his scoring near the corner. Ramson converted with a magnificent kick making the score 10-0. Elliot next potted a goal for Poneke, and the first spell ended 10-4. Mackenzie made a great run and Ramson following up fast, scored near the corner. Elliott, the Poneke wing, then caught our defence moving in the wrong direction and scored a brilliant try near the posts. Shearer converted (13-9). Mackay then made several good runs but was pushed out when on the point of scoring. Poneke then attacked, and from a forward rush, H. Tilyard scored and Turner made a good attempt to convert, which just failed. (13-12). Pickrang, the hefty Poneke forward broke away but Noble-Adams took him low with a wonderful tackle and the position was saved. The 'Varsity forwards were now playing a magnificent game, and transferred play to Poneke's line where Deiderich scored. Ramson's kick hit an upright and bounced back. Time sounded soon after and Mackenzie was carried from the field by the wave which swept from the "bank," and the enthusiasm of the general public demonstrated that the win was a popular one. Later, in the dressing shed, Mr. Griffiths and the Poneke team congratulated the team on their win, and Mr. Martin-Smith responded.

The following played for the senior fifteen during the season:—Noble-Adams, Mackay, Brown, Ramson, Irwin, Mackenzie, Leys, Childs, Hislop, O'Regan, Deiderich, Blacker, Cormack, Grant, Blakeney, Hart, Williams, Malfroy, Rodger, Airey.

The Club also won the National Mutual Challenge Cup, and met Poneke for the second time in that match. Nine of the team which beat Poneke on the first occasion were absent for this match, but the substituted Senior B., players rose to the occasion the match ending in our favour by 22-9. Foden, Bailey and Malfroy each scored two tries, two of which were converted by Cormack. Apart from Leys the back line was an entirely new one, the team being as follows:—Griffen, Bailey, McKenzie, Foden, Malfroy, Arndt, Leys, Airey, Childs, Richardson, Cormack, Blakeney, Deiderich, Grant, Hart.

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We feel that these notes would not be complete without our placing on record our appreciation of the sportsmanlike attitude of the Poŋeke players in these final games, and both games were very evenly contested and played in the best possible spirit.

The team travelled to Christchurch on August 1st and played the annual match against Canterbury College which was lost 16-13. We were without the services of Mackay, Mackenzie and Blakeney, but it was admitted by all sides that we were unlucky not to win. Irwin and Ramson scored tries, one of which was converted by Ramson who also kicked a penalty.

A team from the Club succeeded in winning the Seven-a-side Cup at the Hutt Gala last Easter, and this success very happily coincided with the Tournament and therefore lost nothing in its celebration. This team was:—Brown, Williams, Irwin, Grigg, Rodger, Grant and Blacker.

The Senior B. team had quite a successful season finishing fourth in that grade, and with a little more luck might have occupied a higher position. They were, however, well satisfied to be able to help so materially in the National Mutual Cup fixture.

The Junior, Third and Fourth teams met with a fair measure of success in their respective grades, and although not gaining the higher rungs of the ladder, derived from their games the enjoyment which, after all, is the reason why we all play.

There has been especially noticeable throughout the whole club a universal goodfellowship which, in addition to auguring a successful future, shows that 'Varsity still lives up to the reputation that the Wellington public has given it, namely, that of playing the game for the game's sake.

A team selected from the lower grades travelled to Waipawa and played a match against Te Aute College which was lost 21-16 after a very exciting and evenly contested game. This team was as follows:—Read, Hogg, Bailey, Fear, J. Griffen, Turner, Logan, G. Richardson, Moore, Sykes, Mahoney, Lockett, Hope, O. Richardson, Banks, Nelson.

We must again place on record our appreciation of the hospitality extended to our team by the people of Waipawa who make these trips so sought after by our members. This hospitality, we understand, was suitably accepted and acknowledged by the manager of this year's team, Mr. Martin-Smith.

In conclusion we wish to convey to the Senior Officers, Vice-Presidents, and supporters of the Club our sincerest thanks for the interest they have taken in our doings during this memorable year.

In view of the team's success in the Senior Competition, it is not surprising that a number of our players gained representative honours. Mackenzie and Mackay played for the All Black team against West Coast, and also against New South Wales in the third test. Brown, Mackay, Ramson, Mackenzie, Leys, O'Regan, and Blacker gained places in the Wellington representative team. D. Griffen secured a place in the Senior B. reps., and C. M. Turner was half back of the Junior rep. team in their two games.

The Conversazione

"And then and there was hurrying to and fro."

DURING the final days of last term, strange and awful scenes began to occur in various portions of Victoria College. The peaceful somnolence of that stately pile was rudely shattered; wierd sounds echoed through her cloistered halls, and there was hurrying to and fro and various murmurings of distress in many quarters. Startled students appeared on all sides, inquiring in fearful tones the reason for this disturbance.

On the last day, however, (Friday, 10th August), all was made clear. Victoria College put on her best array and flung wide her doors, to admit the PUBLIC into her Temple of Mysteries.

Many and varied were the strange sights that were seen that night. The Public stood agape, as the secrets of Nature were revealed to the astonished gaze. Mysteries of plant and animal life, and even of the earth itself, were laid bare by the priests and priestesses in charge. Air, apparently such a prosaic and everyday phenomenon, was magically transformed into a liquid which could freeze meat; flames were heard to sing; and, to cap it all, the intruders discovered that they had blind spots in their eyes. What wonder that some of them even went to the extent of having their intelligence tested?

The Goddess of Mystery reigned supreme that night and smiled—not, perhaps, without a hint of amusement—upon all who came to worship at her shrine.

A number of interesting experiments were prepared in each Department, their mode of operation being explained to the public by the students in charge.

There were many demonstrations of the structure and physiology of plants and of animals, while sections of plant structures and movements of small living plants were also shown. With regard to animal life, there was an exhibit of living forms showing the life-history of the lamprey, demonstrations of the circulation of the blood, dissection of different specimens, and exhibits of many beautiful, microscopic animals.

There was a demonstration of the manufacture of aniline from coal tar, and of dye stuffs from aniline. The phosphorus room, the demonstrations of spontaneous combustion and of flame, and the experiments on mercury and the thermite process, attracted many visitors.

In the Geological Department, there were exhibits of rocks, mineral specimens, etc., fossil remains of New Zealand life of earlier geologic periods, photographs and geological maps. There were also experiments illustrating the erosial action of streams on the surface of the land.

The Mathematical Department exhibited various sets of geometrical models; the Platonic and Archimedean solids; examples of solids which have the property of fitting together without gaps, including Kelvin's famous model; the star-polyhedra of Poinset, etc.

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In the Psychology Department, there were experiments dealing with the testing of intelligence, motor capacity and colour vision; binocular and monocular vision; reaction, fatigue, learning and attention; as well as demonstrations of colour-mixing and visual illusions.

The experiments carried on in the Physics Department proved to be some of the great attractions of the evening, particularly the demonstration of liquid air. There was also an interesting display of gyroscopes and a working model of the Brennan mono-rail, and various experiments illustrating the properties of electric-magnetic radiations and the constitution of matter.

A large number of visitors attended the conversazione and apparently found it very entertaining, since they were extremely loath to depart. By about 10.30, however, all the Departments had firmly "closed down," and the demonstrators were provided with an excellent and most acceptable supper in the tearoom.

While the Physics Department tried to demonstrate the surprising advances made recently in that peculiar science, the Biology Department filled one with admiration for the wonders of nature. The Psychology Department made one doubt the extent of one's own sanity, and the Mathematics and Geology Departments both added their share to the mental unrest caused by trying to take in a bit of all the sciences at once. Finally, the Chemistry Department provided much of the spectacular, most of the humorous, and all of the grotesque on that eventful evening.

Chemistry students appeared to be making merely smoke and smells. Intermittent explosions strengthened the idea and, judging by the crowd that filled the rooms, this was a popular attraction.

The miniature gas-works was of interest. Coal supplied at one end of the bench, issued, at the other, as coal tar and coal gas. Sympathetic inks were also demonstrated. Writing in Cobalt Chloride (a colourless solution) was observed, after a time, to become visible as a light blue and then to silently disappear.

Experiments of domestic interest collected a large group of potential housewives. Soap was not to be used on aluminium pots—it dissolved them. Ink and fruit stains might be removed—if one knew how. Crystallisation experiments were of interest, but a bad second to those under the imposing heading of spontaneous combustion. The formation of combustible hydriades of silican by the action of hydrochloric acid on magnesium silicide was the star turn. Matches were made and magic practised on filter paper containing mercurine iodide. This substance is red, or yellow, according to the temperature. After it had been heated the paper was allowed to cool, and, at 127 deg., it suddenly changed colour.

Common poisons were detected and thermite reactions demonstrated—a knowledge of these is useful in cracking safes—and the manufacture of sulphuric acid from crude products was illustrated.

Catalysts appeared very human; they entice other things to work for them. Gases were ably prepared, but failed to confine themselves to the allotted spaces.

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A safety device, used in coal mines whereby any dangerous gases, by diffusion through the apparatus, rang a bell and sounded an alarm, was displayed. Time reactions and universal indicators were very spectacular.

No one would suppose New Zealand bees were so clever, until he had viewed the imposing range of complicated substances which had been extracted from their wax.

Mechanical analysis of soils and assaying for gold and silver were other interesting demonstrations.

In the Biology Laboratories, microscopes, and the possession of imagination, were the essential features. Bacteria, usually regarded as especially vicious species of germs, were being actually bred and nourished. The playful lamprey disported himself before the eyes of an admiring throng and responded well to the stihulus of a little rod, so thoughtfully provided by his keeper. A mighty crayfish lay stretched upon a board, his legs fastened down with a species of now almost extinct hat-pin. Various parts of his anatomy were exposed to public view and, strange though it seems, he did not appear at all appetising. The story runs, however, that certain favoured friends of the demonstrator retired towards the close of the evening, to a fish supper. It is rumoured that one of the great untaught asked of a sweet young student, "ordinary crayfish don't have all those stomachs and things, do they?" "Oh no," she replied, "but this one is quite extraordinary—a female specimen—and has one more rib than you."

The hydra appeared to be rather difficult to describe, and is remarkable, chiefly, for what he has not. He has no legs, no tail, no horns, and no stomach. However, he has a mouth, which possibly affords him some consolation.

In the Zoological Section, one saw chick embryos through windows fitted into eggs, a series of preserved stomachs, which had been inflated, dried and varnished, along with dissected cuttlefish, pawa and sea urchin. A series of models, to exhibit the evolution of the horse, in regard to hand and foot, teeth and skull, were also on view. Short lecturesses on this subject, were given by a student who, possibly, had done original work. Anyway, the Professor of Biology, as a result of listening-in to some of his discourses, is said to have become acquainted with several new, and hitherto unknown, phases of the horse's evolution.

The *Conversazione* was, without doubt, a success if, for no other reason, then merely because it caused certain science students to pack into a few hours more serious reading than they had done for weeks previously.

THE SPIKE

Hockey Club

IN the 1928 season the Hockey Club has at last come into its own. The Senior A. team has won their championship for the first time since 1913. The Senior B. team is also at the head of its competition—for the first time since this grade was instituted. But not only is credit due to our two senior teams; the Junior A. team has finished third, and the Junior B. sixth in the Junior competition. The Third, consisting mainly of new players, did very well towards the end of the season.

The actual strength of the Club may be gauged by the fact that for the first time since its inception we have won the Club Championship. Not only are the individual teams to be congratulated for the fine performances they have put up and for the standard of their play, but the Club, as a whole, must also be congratulated for the enthusiasm and fine sporting spirit that has prevailed throughout the season.

On the social side, the supporters of the Club, and other students, were invited to the annual dance which was held at the end of June. Needless to say, the dance was a success and many attended—to the great profit of the Club. Later in the year we hope to hold our annual hockey dinner.

Although the Senior A. team has had no matches away from Wellington, the Senior B. team has filled its place. This team travelled to Wanganui.

Sunshine After Rain

*Since by your presence you have eased my pain,
And brought a glimpse of beauty to my room;
Since you have still'd sad whisp'rings of the tomb,
And bade bright sunbeams follow close the rain;
Since in your sweetness I have lived again
And found fresh fragrance in the evening gloom:
I have no need to see the roses bloom,
To feel the warmth that summer brings in train.
For I have sens'd the splendour of your soul,
The thousand graces that lie hidden there;
The touch of gentle hands has made me whole,
The music of your voice has lull'd the air.
O, what could soothe my sorrow and console
If once again this hallowed room were bare?*

—B.

Boxing Club

*Why about the Pugilists this pother?
 These first shake hands before they box;
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the fondness of a brother.*

AND who, may we ask, does not feel the more kindly disposed towards the opponent with whom one has just had a good hard bout? In no Varsity boxing that has been witnessed has the element of willingness to mix it been lacking; science, however, is often chiefly conspicuous by its absence, and this is a circumstance which leads to the taking of more "plaguy knocks" than is either needful or pleasant. And what is the moral? Simply that would-be boxers attend all the practices and acquire much skill and science in the noble art.

True, the attendance at club practices this year has been somewhat of an improvement on that of previous years, but there is room for a still greater improvement.

We might here remind intending contestants that there is no time like the vacation in which to prepare oneself against the "wear and tear" of the ring. An extra month's training counts a very great deal in a game where physical fitness is absolutely essential, and, of course, there is no training for boxing like boxing itself.

The Club has had a fairly active season, and the practices have shown that there is promising material in the College. The attendance, as usual, was poor towards the close of the term, but good work has been done under the able tuition provided. Mr. Roy Brien has proved himself a keen coach. That the Club was able to hold a very successful "exhibition night" during which we held the opposite corner to Community Club in a series of "no decision" bouts—the first occasion of this kind since pre-war days—shows, perhaps, an increasing interest in the "noble art."

The annual tournament will be held next year at the end of March to select the team for the Easter Tourney, and it is to be hoped that much enthusiasm will be shown by this team, to gain a place in which should be the ambition of every boxer in the College.

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Debating Society

THE debate with the team from Bates College, U.S.A., is reported elsewhere in this issue. The 310th meeting of the Society was held on the 7th July, when the following motion was discussed: "That the practice of law is demoralising to the practitioner." The attack was led by Messrs. Forde and Mountjoy, while Messrs. Arndt and Wylie ably defended their profession. Reinforcements from the audience were found to consist of Miss Forde and Messrs. O'Halloran, Cahill, Hall, Powles, Crossley and Bannister, while the chairman also descended from his august (?) seat to take part in the battle. The judge (Mr. J. Meltzer) placed the speakers as follows:—Mountjoy, Rollings, Arndt, Miss Forde, and Hall. The meeting as a whole came to the conclusion that legal practitioners are undergoing a steady process of demoralisation.

The next debate, on the 14th July, found Messrs. Bannister and Crossley opposed by Misses Forde and Drummond on the motion: "That the employment of women in positions hitherto occupied by men is against the best interests of the State." Miss Cooley and Messrs. Powles, Arndt, Forde, Hall and Rollings also addressed the meeting. Mr. A. M. Cousins placed the speakers as follows:—Rollings, Miss Cooley and Hall, Arndt, Miss Forde and Bannister. The audience as a whole rejected the motion with a wholeheartedness which was not surprising in the circumstances, but the more enlightened (or more male) members of the society were unable to decide the matter either way.

On the 18th August, Modern Dress was assailed by Messrs. Hall and Arndt, and defended by Messrs. Bannister and Powles. Mr. Mountjoy was the only other member of the Society to express his views. Mr. A. W. Free placed the speakers as follows: Hall, Powles, Mountjoy, Bannister, and Arndt.

The Society met on 25th August, for the 313th time. Messrs. Bannister and Hall moved, and Mr. Forde and Miss Cooley opposed: "That a system of trial marriages is desirable." Messrs. Arndt and Cahill also spoke. Much amusement was caused by interjections from some members of the audience who had evidently made much more than a "trial" of marriage. The judge, (Mr. O'Kane), placed the speakers in the following order: Miss Cooley, Hall, Arndt, Forde and Bannister. Upon putting the motion to the meeting, the chairman (Mr. G. R. Powles) discovered that the supporters of a system of trial marriage were but two. Another great reform was therefore 'nipped in the bud.'

The Impromptu Speech Competition was held on the 22nd of September. The dread imminence of examinations no doubt accounted for the small attendance. Mr. W. E. Leicester, who also set the subjects, most ably acted as judge, and placed the speakers in the following order:—

1. Hall.—"That modern life and living makes the practice of telling the truth impossible."—Mr. Hall heartily agreed.

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2. Arndt.—“That the All Blacks and Tom Heeny have done more for New Zealand than the Reform Government.”—Mr. Arndt also heartily agreed.
3. Rollings.—“That capital punishment and flogging should both be abolished.”—So they should, said Mr. Rollings.
4. Mountjoy.—“That the average woman would rather be married than have a degree.”—Mr. Mountjoy is evidently a misogynist of the deepest dye.
5. Powles.—“That drink is a worse evil than gambling.”—Mr. Powles half-heartedly denied.
6. Bannister.—“That all wealth should be equally distributed.”—Yes—said Mr. Bannister—and then, No!

Hockey Club

SENIOR—A.

THE excellent start in the club championships made by our team was maintained, and we have annexed the Senior Championship. This is the first time 'Varsity has accomplished this since before the war. In the inter-'Varsity tournament we were not so successful, being runners-up to Otago University. We lost by 3-2, after a splendid game. Massey, Frazer and Simpson, gained places in a New Zealand University team which played Wellington and won 2-1.

McLeod, Massey, Paul, Sykes, Simpson and Frazer, were chosen to represent Wellington at various times.

Results of Club Matches:—Out of 12 matches played, we won 8, drew 3, and lost 1.

v. Y.M.C.A. Won 3-1.

v. Petone. Won 7-3.

v. Wesley. Drawn 2-2.

v. Karori. Won 2-1.

v. Hutt. Drawn 3-3. This was a fast game which we should have won, but we were lucky to make a draw in the end. Scorers: Simpson, Lewis, and Frazer.

v. Wellington. Drawn 2-2. We were in their twenty-five more than three-quarters of the time. Their defence was good and our forwards' shooting atrocious. Paul and McLeod scored.

v. Y.M.C.A. Won 4-1. A better game. McArthur and Paul combined very well. Lewis and McLeod were also bright spots. Scorers were Paul (2), McLeod and Simpson.

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v. Petone. Won 4-1. Even game in first half, but Petone were outclassed towards end of second half. The forwards combined well. Scorers were Frazer (2), Simpson, and Lewis.

v. Wesley. Won 6-1. Very fast game; even in first spell. The three inside forwards combined excellently and were well fed by the halves, McLeod especially being prominent. Scorers: Sykes (2), Simpson (2), Lewis and Frazer.

v. Karori. Won 3-1. The whole team played very well with Francis, McArthur and James outstanding. Scorers: Simpson (2) and Sykes.

v. Hutt. Lost 5-4. A fast, interesting game—forward and individual; halves played well. James at full-back and French in goal did very well. Scorers: Sykes, Paul, and Frazer (2).

v. Wellington. Won 2-1. A good game in first half. McArthur and McLeod played well in the halves, and Frazer, McDuff and Paul in the forwards. Scorers: McDuff and Frazer.

SENIOR—B.

In spite of the fact that the past season was only the second in which a team had been entered in this grade, the Senior "B" team was successful in winning the Championship.

There were eight teams in the grade, and of the fourteen games played the first nine were won, the tenth lost by one goal, the eleventh drawn, and the last three won. Forty-eight goals were scored by the team, while only 13 were scored against it. This is the lowest number of goals scored against any team in the Senior "A" or "B" Grades, and speaks well for the defensive work of the team.

The regular players were as follows: Forwards.—Priestley, Bailey, Waleran, MacDuff (vice-capt.), Macdonald and Read. Halves.—Bollard, Hain (Captain), and Plank. Full-backs.—Vietmeyer and Lucas. Goal-keeper.—Stafford.

The following are the results of the Club matches:—

v. Petone. Won 8-1, and 3-0.

v. Training College. Won by default, and 3-1.

v. Hutt. Won 2-0, and lost 1-2.

v. Wesley. Won 5-2, and drawn 1-1.

v. Karori. Won 3-2, and 3-1.

v. Y.M.C.A. Won 5-1, and 10-0.

v. Huia. Won 2-1, and 2-1.

The team also, on 4th June, played a match against a team comprised of members of the teams of the visiting University players who were not in the N.Z. University team, and were defeated by a formidable combination by only one goal. Further, on 18th August, the team travelled to Wanganui to play a match with the Wanganui representative hockey team, the result being a win for the home team by 3 goals to 2. A return match was played in Wellington on 14th September, and this was won by the Senior "B" team by 2 goals to 1.

THE SPIKE

JUNIOR—A.

This team forfeited whatever chance it may have had of winning a further championship for the club, when two matches in succession were lost at the commencement of the second round; but on the whole, the final result—third place in the grade—cannot be regarded as other than satisfactory. Bishop, Harris and Mills deservedly gained representative honours, and travelled to Nelson with the Junior Representatives.

All members of the team played well, though perhaps Bishop, a tireless worker in the forwards, and Robinson and Button in the backs, may be singled

The following played for the team during the season:—Wilson, Bishop, Harris, Nash (capt.), Franklin, Jackson, Jeffries, Robinson, Mills, Doig, Button (vice-capt.), Hogg, Foster, Petherick, Hughes.

Results of matches were as follows:—

- v.* Karori. Lost 1-4, and lost 0-4.
- v.* Huia. Drawn 2-2, and lost 3-4.
- v.* Wellington. Won 4-0, and won 3-1.
- v.* Petone. Won 3-1, and won 5-0.
- v.* Hutt. Won 7-2, and lost 2-3.
- v.* Wesley. Won 2-1.
- v.* Y.M.C.A. Won 13-1, and won by default.
- v.* Junior B. Won 7-3.
- v.* Senior B. Lost 3-6.

THIRD GRADE.

The matches during the second half of the season, although not as successful as some might have wished, were all very enjoyable, and throughout the season the team combined well, making the games very fast and interesting.

The results of the matches played during the latter part of the season are as follows:—

- v.* Y.M.C.A. Won 5-4.
- v.* Wellington. Lost 7-0.
- v.* Hutt. Lost 5-0.
- v.* Karori. Drawn 1-1.
- v.* Wesley. Lost 6-1.
- v.* Y.M.C.A. Won 3-2.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

As far as the position in the competition, or wins are concerned, the season has been unsuccessful. We do not feel, however, that the season has been wasted, for we have gained in experience, and the enthusiasts who turned out every Saturday have felt it worth while to play even a losing game.

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Student Christian Union

ALL students are seekers, and the search is made interesting because of the fellowship that we find on the way. As one looks back over the past half-year, glimpses of camps dart through the mind—of windy rambles, icy-cold bathes, of heart to heart talks round the camp-fire, and of the joy of community of thought that study circles give—truly joyous times.

We have held three week-end camps during the last few months—a combined one at Hutt Park in July, with Doris Gavin, our secretary from India; another was a women's camp at Plimmerton with Lil. Sewell, our travelling secretary; the third was a men's camp at Haywards.

Circles at College have studied racial conditions from Oldham's "Christianity and the Race Problem," and discussed some of the problems arising therefrom. In other circles, "The Kingdom of God," and Hodgkin's "Way of Jesus," were taken. The circles have been well attended and greatly enjoyed. We are provided with matter for more general reading by the S.C.M. library, which has its home in the S.C.M. room.

The "Universal Day of Prayer for Students" was held at St. Andrew's Church, the service being preceded by a tea at which Mr. Greenberg spoke.

One of the liveliest evenings of the year was a soirée held at V.U.C. during the vacation, where games and items were varied with supper and folk-dancing. From the difficulty experienced in disbanding the guests at the end of the evening, we gather that their enjoyment was genuine.

All look forward eagerly to the Summer conference to be held this year at Cambridge. This is the jolliest time of all, and we hope for a large delegation from V.U.C. We take this opportunity of extending to all students a hearty invitation to Cambridge.

*"It is useless to put your heads together,
If you cannot put your hearts together."*—(Ruskin).

MARRIAGES.

Rona Benbow to Len. Arann.
Mavis Doull to Theo. Nelson.
Gwen Hawthorne to Percy Mitcalfe.
Margaret MacLaren to F. Williment.
Lou Wingfield to Roy Smith.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Connie Anderson to Arthur Greig.
Mary McLean to Rhys Griffiths.
Alice Brown to E. Williams.
Jessie Maxwell to F. Welsh.
Iris Patchett to Basil Rodgers.
Isabel Scarf to E. Aim.

Murphian Meanderings

[During the recent College vacation several professors kept themselves in top lecturing form by giving *matinée* readings over the air. These were much appreciated by students and the public alike, and the following excerpt is published by kind permission of the Radio Broadcasting Co., Ltd., and of the Director of the 2Y.A. studio. Professor B. E. Murphy, M.A., LL.B., etc., etc., etc., chose the well known dramatic oration of Mark Antony over the body of his late friend, J. Caesar, and the Professor's interpretation of this classic masterpiece revealed unrealised beauties in the lines of these characters, and demonstrated convincingly the ubiquitous appeal of Shakespeare.]

COMRADES, and fellow-citizens of this fair land! Kindly favour me with your attention for a few moments. My presence here this afternoon is not indicative of any intention to scatter glowing tributes—verbal bouquets, as it were—with unbridled largesse over the bier of our late comrade, Caesar. But I have come to administer the last rites and shed a few commiserating tears before the final ceremony takes place in the crematorium across the road. When I was a boy, I heard a noted politician remark that the recollection of men's shady transactions always outlived, in the public mind, the sense of gratification promoted by their philanthropy. That observation may have been the product of a jaundiced outlook upon things in general, but it is nevertheless true, and the post mortem reputation of our esteemed and departed friend will, I am afraid, have to suffer in common with that of myriad generations of his predecessors.

My learned colleague, Professor Belsh—I beg your pardon, Marcus Brutus—has somewhat unjustifiably drawn the inference that Caesar was ambitious. But why should he be ambitious at this stage? Wasn't that precisely why they gave him such a nasty jolt? By the way, I should explain that I am considerably obliged to Brutus and his cronies—quite good fellows; I've got nothing against them—for this valued opportunity of saying a few words, by way of special dispensation, before Caesar's body is consigned to the flames, and evaporates, dust to dust and ashes to ashes, so to speak, into thin air.

Anything Brutus may allege to the contrary notwithstanding, Caesar was a particular friend of mine, and a good clobber he was, in every respect. His frequent military expeditions resulted invariably in the importation, within these ancient walls, of hordes of dusky heathen captives, and, after every trip, he handed over a generous dividend to a gratified public. Was this ambition, or anything like it? Clearly not.

Let me tell you a little story that hits off the situation exactly—and this is a perfectly true one! On the occasion of the recent Lupercal rejoicings, I made several attempts—three, as a matter of fact—to induce Caesar to wear the diadem of royalty upon his aristocratic brow. Did he? There was absolutely nothing doing; it left him cold. To suggest that the attitude of our late friend in that matter exhibits a scintilla, an iota, one jot or tittle, of ambition, is futile and ridiculous and absurd.

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Now I want to make it clear that this is a matter in which you must think for yourselves, and that I am not saying anything against Belsh—I mean Brutus. He has to make his living; *il faut vivre*, if you will excuse the pronunciation, but you know what I mean; and anyway, I often meet him at the club over a friendly cup of tea. This is not a personal contest between Brutus and myself. If it were, I can tell you right away who would come out on top. I can well remember the time when the late Caesar stood upon a pedestal, as it were, of affection and esteem, and justifiably so. Many of those present have, doubtless, recorded their opinions in his favour at the ballot-box in the good old days. But the ebbing tide of public gratitude has long been evident, even to one in my position, and former things have passed. What a crowd of congenital idiots these horny-handed plebians are! What is all this airy badinage about justice? What do they know about it? Bah! Pardon this somewhat unseemly exhibition of my emotions—one's heart has a tendency to dictate to one's intellect under such circumstances. In fact, my heart is not at the moment available; it reposes with the remains of our late friend not far from here.

It will be remembered or, if it will not, it can now be pointed out, that only so recently as at the last elections, the late Caesars' personal undertaking was accepted everywhere as literally as safe as the Bank of England. Modern investigations have shown that view to be effete. By Jove, if I cared to lay myself open to the charge of fostering Bolshevistic and seditious sentiments—not that there's anything intrinsically wrong with Bolshevism—I could point out to Brutus and Cassius just where they get off. But I never allow personal opinions to obtrude in the least upon occasions of such funereal solemnity as this, and I must regretfully deprive you of the pleasure of listening to a tirade of lyrical invective from me. So much for that.

I hold in my hand the authentic last will and testament of our late mutual friend. But do you think I am going to hand it round for general perusal? Not on your life. To do so would inevitably occasion a beastly and contemptible scramble for relics, and turn this sacred spot into a perspiring bargain counter, as it were, of greedy citizens clamouring for even a hair of old Caesar's head, as if he were not bald enough already.

[Members of a chorus supplied by the Broadcasting Company for the occasion are heard to interject:]

"The will, show us the will!"

Prof. B.E.M.—Would you like to see the will? Hands up all those who would like to see the will.

[Confused cries are heard by listeners'-in.]

Prof. B.E.M.—I have not got, by any means, a clear mandate, so I do not propose going into details about the will. —P.R.

Books Received

"Down the Ages," is a vivid and enthralling course of lectures in History, for use in primary schools. There appears to have been collaboration in the production of this epoch-marking work. Accents and inflections have been marked by F.P.W.; punctuation and spelling by some one else.

"Modern Hygiene," from the pen of our learned friend W. P. R.—gs is full of zest. The author enlarges enthusiastically upon the joys of Glaxo, Brilliantine and Mother Seigel's Syrup. The manuscript, the publishers have informed us, literally reeks of Palmolive.

"How to Feed a Multitude," from the combined pens of L—n M—h—ll, A—ce M—ow, M—y D—es and D—hy R—ts is rather theoretical and too far fetched. This volume shows little genuine sympathy with the struggling masses who toil for their trifle. Further, we fail to see why it should have been composed behind locked doors.

"Pedagogical Preparedness," by G. B. R—d—n. Here we have advanced the claims of fistic activity "in the ring" as light training for the development of classroom presence.

"Dancing Etiquette," by F. I—ne S—th is somewhat Victorian in style. It repeatedly condemns modern fashions and especially the scantiness of modern dress. The writhing motions of the modern dance are severely censured.

"Megaphone Magic," by W. G—w—n, deals with modern methods of mass manipulation at football festivities. It would appear, from this volume that, for one who aspires to the leadership of men—and women, a strong voice and a good set o fteeth are indispensable.

"The Grand Climax," by F. N—ll A—ms tells, in racy language, of how Poneke were defeated—and after! The atmosphere of this exquisite volume is far from dry. Its pages abound with scenes of shouting, singing and hilarious uproar. All the characters appear to have imbibed the time spirit of the situation.

"Wanderings in Waipawa," by P. M—yn S—th, is an ideal holiday volume. Its pages are illuminated by accounts of train travels, football and fun. We are unable to follow the narrative, however, after the call for cheers, when the scene, for no accountable reason, appears miraculously to change to Wanganui.

"Finish of the Fish," by C—pt. Ph—ps, is a pathetic record. There are revealed the sad facts that Ophelia, the trout, was drained away; that Tullius and Percy, the shrimps, died within a week. Tristram, who was always a weakly fish, appears to have passed away in the middle of October from the result of a ruptured egg sack, whilst, to crown this cataclysmic record, Sherry, through lack of oxygen, immediately afterwards, succumbed.

"Revels at the Ritz," by St—n Ch—s, is full of thrills. There is the procession, the head-on clash as the rival columns engage, the repulse, the rallying of ranks, hakas and exhortations, the final triumphal entry, feasting and song—and, magnificent climax, the capture of the cup!

"Following the Football," by Mi—ed Br—gs. Here we have an account, in characteristic style, of the joys of watching strong men plunge in titanic combat. From her sympathetic and understanding description, we feel that the authoress is "one of the boys."

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Correspondence

The Editor, "*Spike*."

Dear Sir,—It has been said by someone that "the path of duty is the way to glory," but in most cases the glory is merely of a private nature. In search of a little extra brilliance for my personal halo, I recently had occasion to attend the Plunket Medal Contest.—Not that the duty was at all one of an onerous nature, in fact, I spent a far more pleasant evening than I anticipated. I noticed, however, that one or two far more notable beings than myself had evidently found the duty one to be shirked. Amongst the audience were many persons well known in the public life of the city, but I failed to notice one single representative of the College staff. Surely this was a most singular lapse. The chairman commented, unnecessarily and in rather bad taste, on the absence of the Governor General, but I am sure that the absence most keenly felt by the members of the Debating Society, in fact by every student present, was that of the Professors. I am informed that the Society had reserved a block of the best seats especially for such of the Professors and their friends as might wish to come, but this block unfortunately remained empty. I am sure that this slight to the students, for such it was, was unintentional, but I feel that it should not be allowed to pass unnoticed.—I am, etc.,

AMICUS VICTORIAE.

[*We have referred this letter to the chairman of the Professorial Board who states: "It is indeed gratifying to learn that members of the staff are held in high esteem by students of Victoria College. Ignorance of this, or the fact that the contest was taking place on that particular date, no doubt accounts for the absence of members of the staff."*—ED.]

The Editor, "*Spike*."

Sir,—We hear a great deal of talk about a College House, or Hostel, for V.U.C. students. Many rumours as to its situation and its commencement are afloat. To the students living out in "digs" the idea of a 'Varsity House is very attractive indeed, but it seems to be very remote and very vague. Would it not be possible for *Spike*, the students' mouthpiece, to make enquiries and to give us some information, on a subject that is of interest to all —I am, etc.,

"FRESHER."

The Editor, "*Spike*."

Sir,—With regard to the note signed "Fresher," asking for information as to the question of a College hostel for men students, the facts are briefly as follows:—

Under the Will of the late Mr. William Weir a large sum of money was bequeathed to the College for the purpose of a hostel for male students.

The Council has already acquired a site. It has leased from the Hospital

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Board a very fine property known as the Martin Kennedy Estate on the other side of Kelburn Park. The property is about two acres in extent and will afford ample room for several hostels.

The Council will not enter into possession of any of the money under the Will until August, 1929. It will not, therefore, be possible to commence building operations until after that date. Meanwhile the Council has not been idle, as the architects have been appointed and designs for the first of the hostel buildings are well on the way.

It is impossible to predict the date by which the hostel will be ready for occupation by students, but it seems unlikely that it will be ready before the session 1931.—I am, etc.,
G. G. S. ROBISON, *Registrar.*

Dear Spike,—

In consideration of the fact that the power to gain a high reputation for learning, without an inconvenient amount of swat, is increasingly sought after, the "*Spike*" has gone to much trouble to get an interview with a man notably successful in this direction. And although our representative found it hard to gain access to this magnate, through a waiting crowd of clients, the great man, once reached, proved both courteous and communicative.

Asked how he would advise an ordinary student to set out on his quest for fame without pains, he replied that a wise concealment of all failures and a careful provision for the greatest possible number to hear of every success were absolutely necessary to start off such a career as his. At the same time, it might also be advisable, in the early stages, even to put a little real work into such exercises as could be most widely known, on the ground that one or two brilliant successes at the beginning are the surest way to win public favour and to make all later "crashes" seem due to ill-luck.

Proceeding, he said that, although a really clever hypnotist might attain great eminence without any taint of swat, the ordinary student would find a due appearance of study very useful. For this end he might choose to haunt the College Library, where a letter or a favourite novel might resemble, even to your nearest neighbour, a psychology paper or a Latin grammar. In passing, he remarked that a studious air and brown paper book-covers might here prove of the greatest service.

A like impression might be spread, he continued, if the student could get embroiled with his land-lady over the burning of midnight oil. Or, if he were boarding with others, turning on the light with a loud click at four o'clock every morning would be still more effective, while a scarf worn round the eyes, unseen by the gullible fellow in the next room, would prevent any loss of sleep.

The great man now declared that one of the most hopeful signs to the seeker after unearned admiration was that his friends should refer to him their difficulties in any subject, whether he has ever taken it or not; for a little ingenuity would make plausible answers easy. Indeed, common sense and interesting vagueness, together with such scattered facts as the idler gleaned from newspapers and historical novels, could make the toughest question just a stepping stone to wider praise.

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Referring, finally, to examinations, where the unromantic judges were content only with exact knowledge of set text-books, he admitted that these were the one great drawback to his cult. Indeed, he went so far as to own that, for a few weeks before his finals, even he himself had been driven to renounce his noble principles and sink to the level of a common swat. On the other hand, however, he concluded with a boast that from that day, although he has risen to the top of his profession, he has never again had to lower himself to such vulgar parrot-work. Which being so, he could not close without calling all ambitious young men and women in our colleges to witness so fine an example of the heights to be attained by those willing to sacrifice all the besetting impulses of a degrading industry, and to give themselves up, mind and soul, to the lofty ideal of toil-free self-advancement.—I am, etc.,

BLUFF.

Tragedy

[We are the proud possessors of the manuscript of the gruesome tragedy unfolded hereunder. The author has given to it the title "Goblin Love," but our medical advisers are unanimous in diagnosing the deplorable state revealed in the last two verses as one of *Delerium Tremens*.—ED.]

*A Goblin danced in gloaming light
In goblin blue, in goblin blue—
"O give me for my wedding night
Of wild thyme, lavender and rue!"*

*From misty pool the water sprite,
With frozen love did come to woo
His goblin bride who danced that night
In goblin blue, in goblin blue.*

*He brought her gifts of hyacinth,
Of dim jewels stolen from the moon,
Of opal and of amaranth,
Of dew-wet lilac, sapphire shoon.*

*O goblin kisses, bitter sweet,
O purple smoke-wreathed stinging hair,
Stumbling, fluttering goblin feet,
Shivering blue-flamed goblin fear!*

*Changing fires of her pagan eyes
Withering from his lover's breath,
Quivering, shrilling goblin cries
Shuddering, grey-flamed goblin death!*

—P.B.

Onward or Plato's N.Z. Republic

(Continued from June Issue.)

But, asked Polemarchus, what exactly is their office?

Simply this, said I. They go about persuading people to sell their land and if the land agent persuades them to sell and brings along a buyer, he takes from two to five out of every hundred pounds of the purchase money.

Thus, said Polemarchus, after twenty sales, the property belongs neither to the buyer nor the seller, but to the land agent. Am I right?

Assuming the rate to be five, you are right, said I, but I hope you see not merely the gain of the land agent, but the destruction of the idea of Property itself. I found that there were in New Zealand (in the 1918th year of their time) 21,000,000 acres of rural land held by what is called freehold, i.e., in nearly absolute possession—and I found that in the next 8 years over 20,000,000 of those acres changed hands, and nearly all of them are now occupied by people who really no longer own them at all.

Why, said Polemarchus, these land agents are most scurvy knaves and enemies of the Republic, are they not, Socrates?

No, said I, they are not worse than other men—they are only less stupid and exist only because the farmers were covetous of great gain.

What do you suppose will happen, Socrates, said Polemarchus, when men have thus lost the idea of Property?

I think that probably the Government will in the end take possession of all the land and allow farmers to cultivate it without possessing it.

But is it a good thing thus to magnify the duties of the Government?

I do not say so. Indeed I fear the result will be bad; but in New Zealand the Government has already done so much for the people it is hard to see where it can stop. The people depend much on the Government and it is the usual practice whenever private people or commercial companies make mistakes, to be helped out of their trouble by the Government. In the same way, when the people find their domestic duties unpleasant they ask the Government to undertake them, and it is unusual for the Government to refuse.

But surely, Socrates, you exaggerate—as I fear your custom is. Show us more clearly how such things are done. Can you give us examples?

Why, yes, said I. Many years ago certain citizens formed a company to collect and lend money. They had hardly any money to begin with, but with much presumption they called themselves "The Bank of N.Z." The people of New Zealand liked to have a bank with their name upon its doors and they gave it support, and as the founder of it was a member of the Government, the Government supported it too, and it prospered greatly. But its directors were ambitious men and they used the money of the Bank to traffick in Maori lands, until at last they and the Bank went aground.

But, Socrates, you are not going to tell us that the Government gave help to such men as these?

I certainly am going to tell you so, said I. The Bank was short by several million pounds and the Government lent them the money to meet their obligations.

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Well, I'm damned! said Polemarchus.

Nay, said I, have hope. Your case is not so bad as the Bank's and it was saved. The Government has a flourishing Tourist Department and no doubt would see you safe across the Ferry. But hear what followed. The Government said that henceforward it must elect four out of the six Directors of the Bank, and it still does. Thus the Government not only provided the money but it accepted responsibility for the future conduct of the Bank's affairs.

But what is the position of the Bank now?

The position is this, said I. The Bank, thus supported by a Government guarantee, pays about £18 a year to its original shareholders for every £100 invested, and £1 shares are worth over 60 shillings in the market-place. Nor is that all, for the Bank, thus supported by the Government, is a member of an Association of Banks formed to frustrate any attempt to lower the price of money.

And do you tell us that this has happened at the same time as the impoverishment of the farmers of New Zealand?

Why, yes. It was the Banks who lent these land-speculators the money to traffick in land. In the farmers' worst year, the slump year it was called, the profits of the Bank doubled.

I think, Socrates, said Polemarchus, that we understand what you meant when you said that the people of this country never grow up.

It is clearly so, said I. How should they ever grow up when their mother, the State, never lets them out of her sight. You know how it is with a doting mother and an only child: so it is in this country with the Government and the People. They are like children, caring only for games—football, cricket and tennis—even the old men play with big marbles on the grass and jump and shout like children, and all their leisure—which is a large part of every day—they spend at football matches or at horse-races, or watching clowns or courtesans or criminals at the Moving Pictures; and when they are not watching one or other of these things they are reading about them. Truly, they never grow up, for like children, too, when they get into trouble they run to their mother for help. The only difference is that, in this case, the mother has never grown up either and does not know, like a wise mother, what is good for her children.

But tell us, said Glaucon, what sort of things does the Government do?

Well, it minds their savings, makes their wills, insures their property, lends them money, carries them from town to town, educates their children, looks after their teeth, inoculates them against disease, decides what books they shall read, what pictures they shall see; it gives the parents a subsidy in order to make them produce more children; it teaches them trades and finds them jobs and fixes their wages, while every fifth man is in its service. It will not allow farmers to sell their own produce; it prohibits local bodies from borrowing without its consent; it compels University Councils to dismiss Professors it doesn't like; it allows its Minister of Health, if he has reason to believe (*any* reason) that a man is suffering from certain diseases, to compel him to be examined by public officials. If it thinks any man (or the man's wife) to be unsuitable for bringing up children, it takes them away; it will not even allow parents to decide what is to be put on the tombstones of their sons who have fallen in the war. In certain parts of its dominion it deports citizens without trial.

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But, Socrates, this is the worst sort of tyranny. Is not this a free people, do they not govern themselves? Are there not some who oppose such things?

Why, yes, they are called free. But what is the use of electing your governors when there is no discussion and when you are ignorant and afraid. The Party of the rich men owns all the newspapers and has appointed all the members of legislative council. But I do not think the people want to be free. They have grown so accustomed to having things decided for them that they fear to trust themselves.

But are they not divided into classes, and do not the classes contend one with another?

Why, yes, there is much talk about classes, but in their real delusions the people all agree. They none of them have clear thoughts about that Justice which I have often told you of—which possesses the souls of wise men and brings peace to the soul and to the State. Many whom I met, merchants and bankers and men of affairs, agreed in saying—often with much warmth—that the common people were lazy and when they did work they were unskilful. They said there was too much "going slow."

What do they mean by that? said Glaucon. Are they then like the Americans who prefer to go swiftly simply for the sake of swiftness? I have often noticed that among our own craftsmen the slow workers are the best. Tell us, Socrates, about this word.

I will tell you gladly, I said. You will be ready to believe that I asked many questions about it—striking in as the whole matter did with the movement of my own habitual thoughts. It seemed to me, as I walked about their streets that everybody was very busy, far too busy, even the rich men, to be able to stay awhile to talk over the problems of the soul and of the State. Indeed, the only places where I found men with leisure for thought were at the wharves, whom indeed I long mistook for butchers for in their conversation everything was bloody. But of the rich men I asked: Why should men not go slow so long as they go in the right direction? But they said this was only word-splitting in which practical men could have no interest. They were out to make money, not to play with words. Well, said I, that is something—that is where you are going and you want to go there as fast as you can. Yes, they answered, that was it. They wanted to make money. And, said I, how do you make money? And they answered that they bought things as cheap as they could and sold them as dear as they could, and thus made a profit. And you believe, said I, that it is right and proper for a man to do such a thing and good for the Republic? Why, yes, they said, of course. Then, I replied, why do you blame your workmen when they get as much wages as they can and give as little labour as they can in return and thus make a profit? Is it not the same selling dear and buying cheap?

By Hercules, but that was a shrewd one, Socrates, said Polemarchus.

You do well, my son, said I, to swear by Hercules—lying here idle all the day as you do—but as for these New Zealanders I could wish them to swear rather by Apollo and to pray for the use of their brains.

Bravo, Socrates, said Polemarchus, that's the stuff to give the troops. Did you tell them that?

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I hope, I replied, that I remembered the respect that is due from a guest to his hosts, yet I could not forbear from saying that their thinking was apparently at fault. They were thinking too much of the speed and not enough of the direction of labour—both workmen and masters—and it would be good (as well for their souls as for the well-being of the State) if they were to cease thinking of speed and to realise what the present road was leading them to. As I have frequently told you—

Oh, come off it, Socrates, cried Thrasymachus (who had not long entered our circle), you can't get away with that sort of stuff any longer. I have been reading some of those American papers you brought back with you and I am glad to see that the Americans and the New Zealanders take my well-known view of the matter. It was all very well for you to talk about Justice and the soul to the lads of the village here in Athens—who didn't know any better—but when 100,000,000 he-men in the new world stand up at once and say bosh! I guess you'd better shut down. Justice is the rule of the stronger and the prize hard cash. All this talk about justice is just sentimental froth—blow it off, Socrates, and drink down the real stuff—the hard facts!

Well, said I, let us have facts by all means. What are the facts in this case?

The facts are, said Thrasymachus, that this New Zealand is a jolly fine place and the New Zealanders are as stout a set of men as ever you saw in Greece. By Jupiter, they can fight, and haven't they got the lowest deathrate, the bonniest babies, the best footballers, the purest patriots and the biggest wealth per head in the world? These are facts, Socrates, as you would know if you had paid more attention to their excellent Year-book and less to the old women who talk flapdoodle to innocent strangers like yourself. Facts, that is what we want.

Indeed, I replied, I have given you facts, but since you appear to be one of those very modern people for whom the only real facts are figures, I will give you a figure to ponder. I did indeed look into the year-book you speak of and I learned this—that, notwithstanding the fact that the New Zealanders are what you say they are—nevertheless, for every child now born in New Zealand one person is either divorced or registered as illegitimate, or declared bankrupt, or sent to an orphanage or a jail or an asylum, or confined to the Legislative Council! It looks like a Land of Promise, does it not?

Thrasymachus was understood to say that New Zealand had cunning scientists who could cut away all this human wastage and set free the body politic for further progress.

On the whole then, said Polemarchus, you do not regard them as a great nation, Socrates?

By no means, said I. A nation is great not when it is numerous or rich or well fed, but when it produces great men, and of these, New Zealand is more destitute even than America. I asked them who were their great men and they showed me an honest old sheep-farmer turned politician and an energetic old Professor of Literature with a turn for anthropology and real estate, a few rich men distinguished by the low cunning that makes for commercial success, and then the vast sea of mediocrites. Though, once upon a time, they said, there had been a great man, in the days when there were giants in the land and he was

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their king—King Richard they called him. But when I asked them about him they said he was a strong man who could carry heavy weights and throw men out of hotels (having kept one) and who had never read any books but blue books, and who got everybody to vote for him to be king by promising them a pension when they were old, out of the public funds. But, said I, have you no great men *now*? Have you no great teachers, do your scientists ever discover anything or your statesmen ever *say* anything that requires thought, or *do* anything that requires courage? Have you any poets, novelists, philosophers?

No, they replied, they couldn't say that they had, though they did have uncommonly good footballers and the cricket was improving fast. And, of course, there was Dr. Truby King, who had learned how to raise babies by looking after lunatics and had taught them that great truth: "Never mind the mind, mind the babies!" No doubt that was not the whole truth, but so far as it went it was sound and they were young and knew they had something to learn—but they still had a long way to go.

It may be, indeed, said Thrasymachus, that they have a great future.

Perhaps, said I. Indeed, I know that their motto is "Onward," but that only means that they wish to continue in the same direction, but what if it is the wrong one? They picture themselves as a young and strong man mounting steadily a straight road in the noonday light of the sun—but in truth, so far as the things of the mind are concerned, they seem to be more like an old man groping in the dark. Though there did appear to be about their ideas a sort of steady, blind momentum. Not long after our boat left their shores I had a strange dream, and in that dream it seemed to me that their islands were moving slowly through the sea—and as I watched, I saw that they were moving towards America. Knowing America as I did, that was a terrible dream, and the question I wanted to ask the people was: "Onward—but WHITHER "

To The First xv.

*They crowned with victory a season's play;
With skill and strength upheld the honoured name,
Snatched still another laurel-leaf from fame,
That will not wither with a passing day.
They share with us the honour they have won—
Our name is theirs, our ancient pride of place—
To those who faltered not, nor slipped the race
We pay this tribute; and the praise begun,
To future generations it is due
To keep their memory green, their name revered,
To tell the tale as they have heard it told;
How they stood fast, nor let Poneke through,
But holding firmly, made their valour feared,
And raised, victorious, the green and gold.*

—K.Z.

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Invitation to Debate

*To those who hesitate
To join in fierce debate,
I humbly dedicate
These verses.*

*If the bat and the ball don't tempt you
And you haven't a thought in your head,
I maintain that doesn't exempt you
From treading where others have lead;
Don't be at all discouraged,
Buy a hat of a larger size,
Come to the Gym. on Saturday nights
And learn to criticise.*

*If you never have shone on an Honour's list
(A failing we most have got)
And never been seen on the tennis court
Or tackled a mashie shot,
If your previous choice of pastimes
Has been worse than your taste in ties,
Just come up on Saturday nights
And learn to criticise.*

*You do not need to study
Or think things out for yourself
—You will find out most of the words to say
Up on the library shelf:
If you are able to stand on your feet
And wobble your hands and lips
You can always come on Saturday nights
To give the world some tips.*

*You need be able to say no word
That bears on the thing in hand,
You needn't construct, but you must destroy
If you join our little band;
And I'm certain whatever you say or do
Will certainly be quite right
—If only you'll fill those empty seats
We see each Saturday night.*

—H.R.B.

An Arts Conversazione

I returned home at 11 p.m. on the last night of last term "buoyed up," as the French prose expressed it, "with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction." After attending a 7—8 lecture (on the last night of a term!) and being thoroughly bored with it, and everything else, I applied myself to the grim task of escorting three interested visitors through dense crowds round the various laboratories to witness the entertainment provided by the Science Conversazione. To keep a fatherly eye on them, as they peered through microscopes at frogs' feet, worked jig-saw puzzles, or got frozen with liquid air, was a comparatively easy matter; but to rescue them from Strontium and Barium flames, from fiddling with yellow phosphorus, or making an exhibition of themselves with the intelligence tests, taxed my powers to the utmost. However, the evening passed off without accident, and, if some of my explanations of physical, psychological, geological or chemical phenomena were extempore (and no doubt to a practised ear rather unconvincing) my visitors were none the wiser.

As a rabid Arts student myself, I could not help reflecting in true Socratic, or Lucretian, fashion on the keenness of our science brethren "*rerum cognoscere causas*," and on the engaging interest of the practical and concrete demonstrations as displayed by them. A great pity we could not give some practical exhibition of the utility, cultural value, or absorbing interest of the Arts subjects—History, for example! The Law faculty might get up a mock court, and lie there to their heart's content; but a "*conversazione di dilettanti*" in Greek, or even French, would probably not attract very large houses. However, I decided to derive as much benefit as possible from my night's experiences, by thinking over which I had managed to pick up from the well-informed (or perhaps specious-speaking) demonstrators. I recalled that Beta particles were negatively charged; Gamma particles have no charge and penetrate lead. My last thoughts were that the nucleus of Uranium has 92 electrons, that of Radium 88 . . . or was it 89 . . . ?

It must have been about 5th March, except for the gloomy darkness of the Science wing, the College buildings were a blaze of light. Over the main entrance, resplendent in green and gold lights, was an electric sign "Arts Conversazione." At length, with difficulty, I gained admittance to the old familiar hall where I was supplied with a programme or "book of words," containing a list of the exhibits and adorned with such homely mottoes as, "*Aut discere aut discede*," "*Hoc opus, hic labor est*," "*Carpe diem*," "*Cosa ben fatta è fatta due volte*," "*La vertu est la seule noblesse*," "*O this learning, what a thing it is!*" These wise sayings, though no doubt not at all understood, seemed to give the requisite atmosphere to the proceedings. A number of gaunt, somewhat intellectual, looking gentleman eagerly scanned the faces of the visitors. These, I learned, were zealots and devotees of their ART, ready to pounce on any hapless fresher who ventured to enter the halls of learning, without a guide, philosopher and friend. As time was short, I made a judicious selection from the "book of words," and began my round of inspection.

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I began with the English Department. The first scene that met my gaze was a brilliant and elaborate pageant of writers of every genre—more or less adequately represented by students—historians, philosophers, critics, dramatists and novelists, from the Venerable Bede down to Ethel M. Dell. As I passed by, I heard Dean Swift bitterly reproaching Milton for corrupting the morals of youth by writing the "Paradise Regained." Bernard Shaw was giving Will Shakespeare lucid proof of his right to be called an Irishman—he had been born in Yorkshire. Lamb's "Gentle Reader" was as common as ever; and apart from the rest, using only words of not more than four letters, Wordsworth was engaged on a poetic description of the woods in May. The purely linguistic section was unique. Gaunt, grey-headed grammarians—forerunners of Nesfield—were busy "levelling" Old English endings, others in cutting them off. A modern was reversing the general tendency in contemplating the effect of restoring a lost "e" to the word "boote-legged." Other grave, business-like grammarians were discussing the possibility of floating loans among the Modern languages for the enrichment of English. Just at this moment, to complete the excitement, Nesfield himself entered hurriedly, in his shirt sleeves and a great state of excitement, having just succeeded, after strenuous efforts, in borrowing "Camouflage" from the Department of Modern Languages next door.

In the Department of Modern Languages came another glittering array of *litterateurs*—from Molière to the editor of *Le Rive*. La Fontaine was absent-mindedly telling, not one of his fables, but one of his "Contes" to Madame de Sévigny—who, it must be confessed, seemed to be enjoying it immensely! De Musset and George Sand, as might have been expected, were quarrelling violently. In a dark corner, *la figure tordue*, sat Emile Zola, busily thinking dark thoughts for a new chapter for his "L'Assommoir." A few people who looked like morbidly-interested scientists, were busily examining through microscopes protonic A's, counterfinal U's, and accented O's developing feverishly into all sorts of things. The language here was terrible: I would not have you misunderstand me—I mean it was all French! On literary subjects students in this department are strictly forbidden—on pain of not getting terms—to use any other. For this reason, and possibly on account of the "Jules Lazare Inquisition," which went on continuously, Freshers seemed to give this department a wide berth. The Italian division of it was apparently represented by *dolce far niente*.

I found the Classics Department at supper in a gaily bedecked "triclinium." Plautus, as *summus in medio*, and Horace—both drinking choicest Chian and Falernian—were the life and soul of the party. Cicero—as usual—was trying to tell Julius Caesar how he had "saved the country." Julius's reply sounded suspiciously like "Tu quoque." Tacitus and Juvenal, in terse epigrammatic style, were discussing women—apparently unfavourably. Virgil and Lucretius were criticising the latest style hexameters. The representatives of "Graecia mendax" were waiting for the second sitting, entertained meanwhile by Socrates, who was busily explaining the nature of "Justice," Euripides, the freethinker, and Aristophanes, the caricaturist, were laughing to themselves. Aeschylus and Sophocles meanwhile discussed "the good old times." Homer was not represented, either, I presumed, on account of his blindness, or because he never existed.

As supper was over, I decided to make my visit to the History Depart-

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ment the last. It was most uncomfortably full—mostly of women. Attractive placards adorned the walls: "Freshers, take History! Terms easy! Apply to the Professor." He certainly seemed to be having a busy time with the ladies! There we found all the men and women of British History represented—from Cassivellanners to the Leader of the Opposition, and from Boadicea through Henry VIII's six wives to Mrs. Pankhurst. We saw Queen Elizabeth rejecting the suit of the Earl of Essex; (date 1688—speaking from memory; or was it 1588?) the Princes in the Tower, Sir Francis playing bowls, and other sights innumerable. Shrill showman-like voices shouted: "This way to Mary Queen of Scots!" "The man of the people—Oliver Cromwell!" "See the signing of Magna Charta!" But suddenly a stentorian voice rang out: "This way to the execution of King Charles!" Immediately—striking proof of the morbidness of the mob—there was a blind rush to the black-draped scaffold. Borne along in the seething, swaying, heaving mass of humanity, I beheld the victim and the uplifted axe! For a moment there is a tense chilling silence (in the midst of which Lady Jane Grey dropped the proverbial pin) then . . . the axe descended with a dull heavy thud I awoke—on the floor beside the bed—with a violent pain in my head which had just struck the bedroom chair.

—A.C.K.

Brother Sun

*How shall I worship thee
O Brother Sun?
I would fill my soul with thee,
And thus become
A part of thee, and feel
Myself in thee.
I would dance,
I would laugh,
I would sing
For thee.
I would gather the harvest
Of my life and give
The fruits to thee.
I would gather the sorrow
Of my years, and give
My tears to thee.
I would gather the joys
Of my youth, and give
My love to thee.
O Brother Sun
How shall I worship thee?*

—S.G.M.

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Cousin Kate

FROM the one-star companies of the philanthropic Williamsons we have come to expect very little, and we are seldom disappointed, but from the Victoria University College Dramatic Club, we expect the best there is in the wonderful field of drama. Even the highest ideals of the English and Irish repertory movements should not be beyond it, and it is a great pity indeed that for this year's production the Club meddled with a trifle. One would have thought that the committee would have left H. H. Davies's "Cousin Kate" to Muriel Starr or Nelly Bramley, and in fact either of these people might with good grounds accuse it of poaching on their preserves. The stage to-day is attracting many of the most brilliant writers of the present generation, and why such names as John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, Lady Gregory, J. M. Barrie, Lord Dunsany, Laurence Houseman, John Masefield, W. B. Yeats, St. John Irvine, Sean O'Casey, Lennox Robinson, or even Granville Barker, Stanley Haughton, and A. W. Pinero, were passed over for a work that for a university dramatic society, should be a waste of time, even in an idle hour, is beyond comprehension. "Cousin Kate" was billed as a comedy, but in the words of Doctor Johnson, "there was not wit enough to keep it sweet." The plot and the characters who carried it along exceeded the limits of even stage possibility, and the only scene that could be given any merit was that at Heath Desmond's country house when the owner took the intruder, Kate Curtis, by surprise, but even this was artificial. The scene contained one or two delightful shafts, but from then on the story limped along to an unconvincing ending. Miss Mary Cooley as Cousin Kate, made the most of her lines. Her fine voice and personality made her presence on the stage always interesting, but her "business" was not well thought out. Miss Dorothy Martyn-Roberts made a fair Mrs. Spencer. As Amy Spencer, her impossible daughter, Miss Freda Line acted unsympathetically, but it is difficult to conceive anyone becoming enthusiastic over this peculiar figment of the author's imagination. D. Edwards was the bright spark of the cast, and infused into Bobby Spencer all the exuberance of youth. A. E. Campbell played the Rev. James Bartlett in a style more befitting the "humorous" recitations of the vaudeville stage. D. Priestley's acrobatic feats spoke well for his athletic prowess, but he had an unfortunate habit of keeping his lines to himself. Mrs. John Hannah had little scope, but a lack of knowledge of stage technique was oft times in evidence. The make-up seemed to have been laid on with a trowel.

—H.I.F.

We understand that K—en Z—er, who so royally entertained the touring cricketers in Wanganui last year, has been urged, by the local police, to exercise her influence upon the skipper in the direction of altering this year's itinerary.

Dramatic Club

OWING to the fact that we embarked upon the hazardous enterprise of giving a public performance of a play during the second term, we have only one reading to report, that of Frederick Lonsdale's witty comedy, "Aren't We All."

The outstanding event, since our last report, was the production of H. H. Davis's three-act comedy, "Cousin Kate," in the Town Hall Concert Chamber, on Friday and Saturday, July 20th and 21st. The cast was as follows:—

KATE CURTIS	Miss Mary Cooley.
AMY SPENCER	Miss Freda Line.
JANE	Miss Peggy McDonald.
MRS. SPENCER	Miss Dorothy Martyn-Roberts.
HEATH DESMOND	Mr. A. D. Priestley.
REV. JAMES BARTLETT	Mr. A. E. Campbell.
BOBBY SPENCER	Mr. D. Edwards.

We are once again indebted to Mrs. John Hannah for her very capable production of the play, and to the College orchestra, which, under the efficient baton of Mr. A. C. Keys, contributed appropriate musical numbers. We desire, also, to express our appreciation of the efforts of the students outside the club who rendered us valuable assistance. The general public patronised the performance in sufficient numbers to prevent a financial failure, and we are pleased to be able to report a small credit balance. Nevertheless, we should have been glad to see more students present.

Lime Trees

*Happy the lime tree with its lovely load
That lingers though the sun is late and cool,
And June is here to deck the lawns with frost.
So was an Easter lime tree long ago
That thrust its joy through hearts already filled
With wonder of the swelling ocean tides,
And cliffs that sheered above the fretted sands;
With sunlight on the grass of autumn gold,
And crying winds about the Pinnacles;
An ancient road lit by the gleaming limes,
A shining lake against the hills' high blue.
Now every morning as I pass the lime
I hear the surf and see those old warm hills,
The dazzle of the morning on the lake,
Joy in the air and laughter in your eyes.*

—M.L.

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Honour Where Honour is Due

TO celebrate the success of the First XV., and of the two Senior Hockey Elevens in winning their respective championships, and to honour the members of those teams, a dinner was held in the Gymnasium on Saturday evening, 29th September. A large number of professors and students was present, and the dinner, and the dance which followed it, were among the most successful functions ever held in connection with the College. Mr. E. F. Northcroft, who presided, proposed the toast of "The King." Mr. C. H. Arndt proposed that of "Victoria College." He spoke of a long procession of students who had passed from the honoured walls, students who were "in the main distinguished." Professor Von Zedlitz, who was enthusiastically received, spoke of the toast of the "Football Club." He lifted the veil of the past and presented the club in its infancy. He referred, also, to another "healthy infant." He spoke of the "nefarious and machiavellian machinations" which characterised the dealings of certain club officials, and traced the career of an "abandoned boy in shorts" who, later, grew into no less a person than Thomas Hunter. The speaker, leaving his subject for a moment, referred, in Ciceronian terms, to Hockey as the sport "in which all our distinguished sexes are able to take part." Mr. R. H. C. Mackenzie, leader of the First Fifteen, who was wildly received, suitably responded.

Mr. W. P. Rollings proposed the "Professorial Board," and whilst waxing eulogic, regretted that he was unable to mention the past. Professor Boyd-Wilson proposed the "Executive" of the Students' Association, sketched steps to be taken towards the inauguration of a "Sinking Fund," (at this point, and through a slight misunderstanding, the speaker was inaudible owing to the applause of the First Fifteen), and the erection of a building to replace the gymnasium, a building which would be the heart and home of Victoria College for years to come. Mr. H. Ive Forde, secretary, capably replied.

Professor Adamson proposed the "Hockey Club," and, to the alarm of those present, stated that from its earliest days, the club had been "under the influence of Beer." Mr. Howard Paul replied. Mr. W. J. Hall proposed the "Ladies." During the evening all present sang the "Song of Victoria College," "The Sports Chorus," and "Drink to Me Only." Miss Liddell delighted the company with two songs, and Miss Reid's violin solos were highly appreciated.

The American debater, Guptill, told us that N.Z. coffee was a revelation. We feel that his utterance indicates too much sediment. He said further that the American team was going to Australia to teach the Australians the English language. After listening to the Sydney debaters, we wonder which people are capable of most bad language.

A Varsity "Sportsman" who Plays for an Outside Team

IT has been well put by Sam Clements, Florida, Missouri, that there are just two occasions in the life of a man when he should refrain from speculating, *viz.*, when he can't afford it, and when he can. Adopting a similar pleasantry, some student "sportsmen" urge that those who are eligible to wear the green and gold should refuse to play for Varsity teams in only two sets of circumstances, *viz.*, when they haven't any time to play, and when they have.

Recently, a Psychological clinic, consisting of a Professor of Philosophy and several Honours students, was set up to investigate certain cases of these "sportsmen." It was felt that an examination would result in some extraordinary disclosures, and that from the collected data would be drawn hypotheses which would be acclaimed by pioneer psychologists the world over. as striking and epoch-marking contributions to knowledge. At first, however, upon being approached, these "sportsmen," to whom Varsity means so little that they play consistently for outside teams, showed, very naturally, a great deal of diffidence in presenting themselves before the clinic. It was urged on their behalf that, as the cases to be examined were obviously abnormal, it would be hardly fair to submit them to the harrowing methods of the psychological clinic.

A professional phrenologist deposed that he had made a careful study of the cases and had found that, in common, they showed a pronounced bump of self-esteem. An exaggerated growth of the egotistic tendencies was obvious from a kink in the convolutions of the motor area of the cerebral cortex. He was positive that the bases of *esprit-de-corps*, customarily to be found in the Fissure of Sylvius in the left hemisphere of the cerebrum, were entirely absent.

An astrologist of world-wide repute and unblemished reputation, stated that she had cast a horoscope of the Nativity of each case. She said that a disturbing feature in each chart was to be found in the appearance of Mars in the tenth house. This, unfortunately, indicated strongly anti-social tendencies, failure to benefit by higher education and liability to keen suffering at the hands of the community unless carefully protected by patient and understanding sympathisers, and highly qualified technical experts. She stated, further, that each of the nativities showed Saturn in Venus, which indicated early promise followed by blighted hopes, loss of friends and material ruin. She regretted that each horoscope was most unfortunate and she urged strongly that the cases should be forthwith consigned to an institution.

The Professor and his assistants then proceeded to a Psycho-analytical exploration. It became more and more obvious to all, as the investigation proceeded, that the cases were mentally enfeebled. When asked by the analyst why he preferred to play for Institute, one "sportsman" replied that he liked the sound of the name and hoped to remain with that club till he died. Another, when questioned as to why he played with Old Boys, replied that his uncle used

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to be very friendly with a man who played for that club; and besides, in Winter time, its players wore a white jersey which showed up the mud best. One man who showed a little more intelligence than his fellows in the course of cross-examination, stated that he had more friends in the team he played with than he had at Varsity. He explained apologetically that he made friends very slowly. The Librarian, Mr. Brooks, and the Professor of Greek, were the only persons at Victoria College with whom he had established intimate friendship. He explained that he played more happily with those whom he had known as a child, than he did with strangers.

The Report of the Clinic has just come to hand. *Inter alia*, it is stated: "these men must soon become a permanent charge on the State" . . . "their presence at Victoria College is a menace, both to the institution and to the College" . . . "in view of the facts that Varsity teams have a reputation to uphold, and that the lack of sportsmanship, on the part of one member, may sully that reputation in the eyes of the public, any application that these 'sportsmen' may in future make for inclusion in a Varsity team should be unhesitatingly refused."

—ANONYMOUS.

A Song of Summer

*List! 'tis the song of Summer,
Hark to its wondrous strain,
There are scents and singing breezes
And bright hours in her train;
There's a-whispering in the flowers,
Theres' a rustling in the trees,
For Delight, the laughing Herald,
Hastens hither on the breeze,*

*She is coming o'er the meadows,
She is scattering as she goes,
Golden Kowhai, flaming Rata,
Clematis and Crimson Rose.
All the birds have tuned their voices,
They will welcome her with song,
And the brooks are singing gaily
That the time will not be long.*

*The golden stars are laughing,
They are dancing in the sky,
And the air is filled with music,
As the Springtime passes by.
We must go with songs and garlands,
Ere the dawning of the day,
To welcome radiant summer,
Lest she turn and fly away.*

—J.M.

Television

IT has been said by men who should know all about it, even if they don't, that this world has nothing new; that all "inventions" have been already invented—have served a generation or two and then lapsed back into what we call the "unknown," which is merely a fund from which we can obtain new inventions—patent them—and then wax fat on the inevitable proceeds consequent upon exploiting the market. Evidence in support of this theory seems to be vague in the extreme, and we have only the word of the worthy expert who formulates the theory. Nevertheless, avenues of interesting thought are opened up, and broad vistas of the past open before us.

It is interesting to think that our remote ancestors had such conveniences as motor cars, and log tables, or such doubtful ones as radio sets, but did they have the advantages or otherwise that television would bestow? This television business is all very well if the "vision" part applies only to scenes which are carefully selected, but if television "microphones" could be made to show a large area, gone would be our priceless heritage of liberty and freedom. Many of the most interesting of the activities of man would be subject to checks which would seriously hamper his style.

The referee, whose position is even now almost untenable, would have thousands of armchair critics to satisfy, each of whom will have seen some horseplay, missed by the referee, or some perfectly good try which the referee has disallowed. The difficulty might be overcome in part, by the referee's sitting at home and viewing the match dispassionately per medium of the television broadcasting station, operating a whistle by wireless, when occasion arises. This would obviate the unpleasant little episodes of our present cumbersome system when the players or barrackers have the temerity to wildly disagree with the referee's ruling. Then look at the saving in grandstands and concrete terraces, consequent upon the crowd's "watching-in" from the fireside or summer-house as the weather may decide. Of course—and this would appeal to Dunedinites—there is the small matter of gate receipts, but true sport is not blinded by the cash returns and television should not interfere with the game on this account. I suppose the players could hardly perform their side of the business through the ether. Tackling a chap living in Oriental Bay from a back yard in Karori would be beyond a joke. By the time A got there, B might be over at Somes' Island.

But it is in connection with picture shows and similar places of doubtful entertainment, that the greatest difficulty would arise. One member of a family of six, might enter with a "microtelevisor" and transmit the picture to his stay-at-home relatives, with consequent disastrous results to the theatre owner's revenue. To overcome this, each purchaser of a 1/- ticket would have to be searched and ingenuity would be taxed to the utmost to invent an "unfindable" microtelevisor.

In the realm of crime—its detection and prevention—however, television would play a great part. A whole countryside would be watched by hundreds of

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"watchers-in," and when the poor criminal at last crept out of the humble cottage, where the courageous daughter of the house had been hiding him, he would be detected by his foes and quickly run to earth.

The question of screening or insulation seems to be the most important item on the programme. It must appeal forcibly to most people that some scenes simply could not be broadcast. For example, that last good-bye stunt at the front gate, would be almost entirely eliminated, until some benefactor of humanity could invent some preparation that would act as an insulator or screen opaque to the searching eye of the microtelevisor. Soon the D.I.C. and other glad-rag merchants would be advertising—"Overcoats—guaranteed insulation," or "Wear Wawn's Wonder Worsted; Won't Wash, Won't Wear, but Insulates."

Perhaps, on the whole, the best thing would be to prohibit television by making it a capital offence to see anything that is past our own noses. We would all certainly feel much safer, and anyhow, how could a man enjoy himself if he knew that his wife had his wavelength, and was "watching-in" at home?

—P.H.S.

With the Years

*Indeed, I doubt not, dearest,
That as the years go by—
When all our world is darkened,
And flecked with grey our sky—
That life will then have left us
With a mind for greater things
Than the stressful storms of youthful love,
And the beat of youthful wings.*

*We will learn to laugh, I fancy,
At the things we weep at now—
A calm will rest upon us,
Smoothing both cheek and brow:
The scented gloom of evening
And the warmth which summer brings,
Will reach to our hearts, and fill them
With a love for peaceful things.*

*We will learn to love the grasses
That tremble hour on hour,
And the sun that shines through branches
After a summer shower:*

*We will learn the joy of meadows,
Of leafy lanes, and streams—
As we wander slow together
Down the long last lane of dreams.*

—B.

A Meditation on Colonial Goose

IT has often appeared to me strange—nay, even extraordinary—in my peregrinations upon the terrestrial ball, as, like his Satanic majesty, I go up and down seeking not whom, but what, I may devour—It has seemed, I say, peculiar that no inspired bard, with poetic fire flaming in his eyes and true gastronomic enthusiasm in his stomach, has as yet arisen to hymn the excellencies of that worthy successor to Elia's pork—the succulent cate we call Colonial Goose. Surely it is worthy of a place in the galaxy of famous dishes of the ages, with the boar of which Martial speaks with a smack of the lips audible through nineteen centuries, with the oysters brought to Rome from far off Britain's misty isle, with the lampreys for which a lord once thought it worth while to die, with the peaches which killed a king through their too luscious sweetness—with all the dishes sung with joy by the epicures of all the years.

Colonial Goose is a modern dish, 'tis true: a most excellent reason for preferring to live in the present century, in spite of its faults, instead of in any other of the ages which have fled without this supreme boon.

Think of the days when there was no possibility of coming to the mid-day meal, ravenous from the toil of Saturday, or wearied with the parsons' drawl on the Sabbath, no possibility, I say, of finding an indefinable delicious odour pervading your modest domicile. How many are the constituents of that delicate perfume! Rich and luscious ingredients blended by the oven's cunning heat with more skill than any culinary artist might commingle them. Comes the tang of thyme—evoking images of sunny gardens and hastening bees, a whiff of sage or parsley fresh and crisp from the thrifty *jardin potager*—anon the oven door is opened wide and a whole wafer of perfume fills your enraptured nostrils, and arouses all the eager gastric juices. You can wait no longer. You hasten as if on wings to the apartment sacred to the gracious dish, and there impatiently you wait, whetting your carving knife and your appetite at once. At last, when you are almost exhausted with the ecstasy of desire, comes the luscious viands, steaming and smoking on its broad *ashet* (Happy word! How can the feeble *platter* hope to rival thee in expressiveness?)—the dish, I say, perfuming all the air around, and garlanded with a shining cincture of golden potatoes sizzling from the oven; with tiny particules of delicate brown stuffing protruding from each interstice in its gleaming sides—that pearl, that gem, that greatest achievement of the British Colonies—*Colonial Goose*.

Then comes the moment, when with anxious solicitude, you plunge your glittering steel into its flank and slice, but gently, so as to conserve its delicate juices, and slice again and yet again, for all the members of your household share in some degree, your affection and enthusiasm—until at long last comes the joyful moment when you pile your own plate high with slender slices and irregular masses of steaming stuffing (surely a word too prosaic to use of an article that embodies all the ingredients of true poetry), and those golden globules for which all true gourmands owe a debt of gratitude to that bold sea dog Raleigh—and,

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pouring over the whole the steaming, fragrant, slow flowing gravy, fall to (as the vernacular hath it) with pure joy. Perhaps this is the acme of delight, when the first crisp and juicy morsels are actually within your mouth, satisfying the palate which has been so long tantalised by perfume alone, but alas! the supreme moment is soon over, and though many more joyous come as the meal proceeds, and as you eat and slice and eat again, yet true it is, as saith the poet, that never can you recapture "the first fine careless rapture."

Perhaps the moment when you most nearly recover it is when, the meal at last finished and the melancholy ruin of what was once so fair a dish borne away to the culinary regions, you are reposing undisturbed in your own individual arm-chair by the cheerful fire-side. You are at rest, I say, and as, your pipe between your teeth, you sink gradually into the blissful unconsciousness of the post-prandial nap, you live over in memory those joyous moments, until you cry with one of our wisest poets to one who is surely our kindest, gentlest, tenderest, most human essayist—cry with a thrill of pure and selfless sorrow for what he has missed by being born too soon. "Elia! thou shouldst be living at this hour"; and, so crying, sink "to sleep, perchance to dream" of that joyous success of the culinary art, of that kindest calmer of shattered nerves, of that most succulent and delightful of dishes, which has given and will give so much pure and kindly joy to men,—that crowning achievement, I say, which will keep alive the memory of Britain's Colonies in men's hearts long after her mighty Empire with its sceptre and crown "shall tumble down and in the dust be equal made, with the poor humble scythe and spade."—Colonial Goose. —FRENGRITLA.

*I understand the song of thy stars
O World,
I understand the silence of thy trees,
My heart is thy flower
O World, and blooms
For thee.
I understand the moan of thy winds
O World,
I understand the murmur of thy waves
My heart is thy whisper
O World, and sighs
For thee.
Hark to my voice, O World!
In the stars, in the trees
In the winds, in the waves
Do I call
To thee.
Hark to my voice, O World!*

—S.G.M.

"Blue Magic"

I feel no apology is due for introducing *Spike* readers to Marna Service, whose collection of poems, "Blue Magic," has appeared within the last month. Miss Service's poetry has the greater interest for us, inasmuch as she is a New Zealand poet, who, thank heaven, avoids local colour. She is an undergraduate of Otago University College. Her modest, blue-covered booklet of poems is illustrated with engaging silhouettes by Miss Alison Grant, whose art but indicates the charm of the poems themselves. The title poem, "Blue Magic," would be remarkable in any anthology of modern verse for its atmosphere and its almost mystic imaginativeness—characteristics found throughout the volume. One feels a certain startling inevitability about "Silence":—

*"There is a holy stillness on the hill:
The fields lie quiet, sweet with morning dew.
Great God is passing, holding deep his breath
At some old wonder which he sees anew.*

*There is no singing as I heard before,
No tree-talk, neither any stream's soft roll . . .
He feels afresh the beauty of His world,
Through every beat of wonder in my soul."*

Real imagination, sincere and unaffected, blossoms here; and inspiration is rare enough in these days for us to welcome it with due humility, even were it not allied to a felicity of expression and skill in composition such as Miss Service displays. What word-picture more apt or more arresting than that of David, the "moody purple King?" or, of the sand-hills in "Desert" that—

*"leaned down upon me, thick with heat,
And crushed me at their burning feet."*

Or the "Chimney Cat" of which—
"I still can hear the sooty tread."

The poems are not mere purple daubs of colour, for the entirety of their images is broken by picking out single lines, eminently quotable though they be. Every line in "The Cloud" is pictorial, but the real beauty of the poem lies in the conception it embodies, which is lost in quotation. One can, however, hardly resist quoting from "Midnight"—

*"And through the half-closed shutters of the blind,
The fingers of the moonlight poke and find
The silver hairpins and the looking-glass.
I lie awake. Outside, the apple tree,
Bent and disfigured by the eastern wind,
Cranes round to see its own deformity."*

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But you will find figures just as enchanting in "The Three Tall Trees," or "Sapphires," or "Wizard Beads," which has a tang of the fantasy of "Goblin Market." Some of her poems, undoubtedly, are merely pretty fancies, childish makebelieve; but her pen has also evoked "The Gipsy Ghost," innate with power and vitality.

"Blue Magic" makes a strong appeal to those who enjoy modern poetry; it should also charm away the prejudices of those who profess indifference to poetic flights. For the aspiring poets, of whom our Varsity Colleges possess, perhaps, a greater number than does any other single body, the collection is an encouraging model of technique and inspiration—and, may one add, of artistic restraint.
—K.C.B.

Re Thistles

A botanical effort with a distinct Caledonian flavour has been submitted by "Cerberus." Several members of the editorial staff have endeavoured to fathom the meanderings of this modern Burns, and in despair have passed the manuscript on to a shining light of the science faculty. His explanation is the personification of simplicity and we give both verse and comment:—

I think of all weeds

*Purple thistles are the keenest,
Rending tattered garments on the prickliest of prickles,
See how the gallant nettle hangs his crested head in shame,
For the prickly purple patches of doughty Scottish fame;
And the bed of dandelions, faintest gold and softest down
Drop their tawny heads in anguish at the stabbing sanguine gown
Of the farmer's bold usurpers.*

But in the moonlit meads,

*While the dock leaves look their greenest,
And the dew-hung gossamer kisses with the tickliest of tickles,
The thistles brandish bayonets and jab the dock leaves lush;
Nor flee their pungent daggers with the sorrel in the slush;
They slander with the wanton wind, and scatter on his breeze
Downy bristles on the cowboys, pollen to provoke their sneeze,
From the farmer's bold usurpers.* —CERBERUS.

[You are undoubtedly ill and it is clear that this attack of Archichlamydeasym-petalae of your Composite Campanulatae centre is serious. This partial atrophe and complete astrosclereidic condition of your cerebellum can only be cured by amputation. Perhaps if you drank ten grains of the methyl ester of benzoyltropinecarboxylic acid every three hours and rubbed tetramethyldiaminotriphenyl-carbinol on your face every morning you might get some relief.]

The Dear Old Professor

(With Apologies to the Author of "Forensic Fables.")

THERE was once a Dear Old Professor who was Rather a Character. He had one Striking Peculiarity, however, in that he had never been Known to make a Joke. But in Spite of that, he was a Dear Old Chap, and Much Loved By All. For he was a Rare Bird amongst Professors, having been at One Time Quite Young.

As a Matter of Fact, the Dear Old Professor had often tried to make a Joke. But somehow Things had always got Muddled Up. Nevertheless, he was Sure that he had the Ability to make Quite a Good Joke. He had often said so to his Fellow-Professors, but they had merely Bantered him.

"I shall show them," said the Dear Old Professor.

Now it so happened that a Certain Unruly Student had imbibed Rather Freely. He had drunk no less than Four Small Bottles of Hock. Usually a Mild Liquor, Hock had a Peculiar Potency when taken in Large Quantities. At least, so the Dear Old Professor was Told.

By a Lucky Chance, the Dear Old Professor was elected Chairman of the Select Committee set up by the Professorial Board of his College to inquire into the Charges laid against the Unruly Student.

For it had been suggested that the Unruly Student should be sent down for a Period as Punishment for being Intoxicated, and for saying Senseless Things.

For this was a Broad-Minded Institution.

Now the Dear Old Professor saw the Chance of a Lifetime. He would be able to make his First Joke.

After the Unruly Student had been Duly Examined by the Select Committee, it fell to the Lot of the Dear Old Professor to announce the Decision of the Committee to a Full Meeting of the Board.

"Gentlemen," he began, "this is a Serious Matter. A Grave Charge has been Laid against a Student. As a Result of observed unruly behaviour on his Part it is alleged that he was Intoxicated at a Capping Ceremony.

"It is Alleged in Support of the Charge that prior to the Ceremony he consumed Four Small Bottles of Hock, a Species of Wine much Favoured by Light Drinkers.

"I have consulted an Encyclopaedic Dictionary, issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and I find that Hock is there Defined as 'a Kind of Light Wine, either Still or Sparkling, formerly called "Hockamore".'

"The Word, Gentlemen, is a corruption of 'Hockheim,' a Place in Nassau, where the Wine is Made. You will recall that Butler, in his 'Hudibras' (Part III, Chapter iii.) says:

'And made 'em Stoutly Overcome
With Bacrack, Hockamore, and Mum.'

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"You will observe, Gentlemen, that it was Necessary for the Wine on that Occasion to be Mixed with two Other Liquors—a Practice, I believe, called Mixing One's Drinks.

"Now I have Found that Hock by itself is Quite Harmless. For I Myself drank no less than Four Small Bottles of this Wine the Other Evening, and my Students assure me that my Lecture that Evening was quite as Intelligible as Usual. Indeed, it was even More Interesting.

"Thus am I able to Say, Gentlemen, that the Student whose Conduct we are Considering, having only drunk Hock, even though to the Extent of Four Small Bottles, could not have been Intoxicated in Fact. As the only Charge against him is One of Intoxication, the Select Committee, acting on My Advice, has decided that the Charge should be Dismissed.

"If I may say so, Gentlemen, I would remark that a Logical Fallacy has been Committed by those framing the Charge. They have, in Effect—now Listen carefully, Gentlemen—committed the Fallacy of Saying: 'Post Hoc Ergo Propter Hoc.'"

Thus did the Dear Old Professor make his First Joke.

Many of his Colleagues fainted Outright when they grasped its Import, but they Duly Recovered.

The Dear Old Professor has since tried to Devise Another and Last Joke from which they will not Recover.

So far he has been Unsuccessful.

But he is Still Trying.

C.G.R.J.





MR. Justice Smith, who was recently appointed to the Supreme Court Bench, is an old and enthusiastic Wikatorian. He was president of the Students' Association and Editor of the *Spike*, as well as being chairman of many of the College clubs. We wish to congratulate one of the most distinguished of Victoria's sons.

An interesting and distinguished visitor to these shores, last August, was Professor R. S. Conway, of Manchester University, who passed through Wellington on his way to Australia. The Professor delivered two lectures to the classics students on the 22nd and 23rd August, when he spoke on Latin sight translation, and the Latin epic, respectively. There were good attendances at what proved to be most interesting and instructive addresses.

Mr. J. F. Platts-Mills, Rhodes Scholar for 1928, was tendered a farewell just prior to his departure for Oxford. Professor Adamson, on behalf of the students, presented Mr. Platts-Mills with an engraved pencil and pen, and, in a happy speech, wished him God speed and a successful career at Oxford.

Mr. E. Beaglehole, Post-Graduate Scholar for 1928, was farewelled by the students just prior to his departure for London University. Mr. H. I. Forde presided, and, on behalf of the Students' Association, extended to Mr. Beaglehole wishes for a happy and successful time in England.

Mr. E. F. Northcroft, President of the Students' Association, after a long illness and a slow convalescence, is happily able, once again, to undertake his onerous duties.

Mr. D. J. Donald, Editor of *Spike*, after a serious illness, is, we are glad to report, convalescent. He has been unable, however, to return to college this term.

Mr. R. F. Fortune, a former Post-Graduate Scholar, who has spent some years at Cambridge, and more recently, has been undertaking research work in Papua, recently visited Alma Mater. If reports to hand are authentic, Mr. Fortune recently escaped losing his head in Papua. Fortunately, he eluded the head-hunters, and so was able to deliver at the College, a most interesting lecture on Papuan customs.

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Mullem in Parvo—or Vice Versa

We beg to acknowledge an advanced copy of "Tilden Vanquished, or the Triumph of Brute Strength and Ignorance," by our most conspicuous star in the tennis firmament T—ple. Chapters of this enthralling contribution to tennis literature will be given from the courts by the author during the season.

We rejoice to hear that E. T. N—th—ft has resumed his seat before the microscope. His unflagging activities on behalf of the students, even to the entertaining of the basketball team to a sumptuous repast of the succulent bivalve, will be remembered for many moons to come.

The executive announce that M—k M—r will represent them at the next annual oyster opening competition to be held at Bluff. A subscription list to provide our ambidextrous expert with a pitch-fork, a carving knife and a steam roller, has been opened. It is our sincere wish that, when the great day arrives, he will show true gymnasium form.

Our readers will regret to hear that the South Island proved too much for one of our All Blacks. Whitebait at Greymouth, oysters at Bluff, and the hero-worship of the fair autograph hunters in Christchurch, were responsible for his indisposition on his return to Wellington. For advice on South Island tours, apply to R. H. C. M—K—zie.

We are glad to be able to report that our friend, We—sh, has recovered from his temporary absent-mindedness. At a recent dance, renunciation of his orchestral obligations caused some astonishment. Since then, however, his quiet and healthful pursuits among the cabbages and chrysanthemums of a friend have worked wonders.

We have just heard that A. D. Pr—ly is, this season, taking up the javelin. We tremble for Lay; but suggest that D—n should refrain from taking his exercise in the gymnasium with sugar lumps during supper.

Obituary.

It is with the deepest regret that we chronicle the passing of Rev. H. B. Ward, who was for many years Librarian at the College. Mr. Ward was ever sincere and efficient in the discharge of his duties, and the part he played in the life of the College was no small one. His death is keenly felt by all who have been brought into contact with him.

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