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OF THE
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY
STUDENTS’ ASSOCIATION

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"Spike" 1945 appears in happier circumstances than its six predecessors. Not only is this the first peacetime issue after six years of war, it is the issue of the year of Victory. What does Victory mean to the University, particularly our own? Our numbers will not be depleted by war. We may expect advances in education which will result in greater numbers entering the University. The Rehabilitation opens to the returning soldier opportunities not otherwise available. These factors in themselves promise an extension and development of the New Zealand University and the education it offers. The accommodation of our Colleges is at the present stretched to its limit, and the solution is either restriction of numbers of those desiring entry, or an expansion of our facilities, buildings, staff and equipment. In other Colleges the line of least resistance has been taken and a restriction placed on students. In Victoria our authorities have taken as their policy "Restriction is our last extremity," and have evolved a very fair way out of possible difficulty to be met next year. However, the numbers are increasing and makeshift measures will not meet our needs. The New Zealand University is growing up, as evidenced by the fact that internal examination will next year be the rule in both Stages I and II, but still we have the absurd situation of classes of two hundred-and-fifty or more. The University requires more buildings to accommodate its numbers and, above all, more staff to educate them. Unless the accommodation and staff situation is remedied it is obvious that all students will not be free to enter the University. This puts University education out of step with New Zealand education at other levels, where education is becoming more universal. The school leaving age is raised, the post-primary curriculum extended to meet the needs of all, and at the top, in the higher seat of learning—a bottleneck, which tends to negate these other improvements. No—for consistency, University education must be in step with the rest—this means under a good tutorial system, a staffing schedule allowing one lecturer for about fifteen or twenty students, together with adequate equipment and spacious buildings to house them.
In this year's issue of "Rostrum" there is an Editorial which provides an admirable text for the subject about which I want to write.

If I understand this Editorial rightly—and it is possible that I do not, as it is a very clever Editorial—the author is complaining bitterly about certain individuals who "would restrict the functions of a University to training efficient civil servants and technicians." The Editorial is inspired by an article appearing in a University paper which apparently attacked the intellectuals for sitting back and theorising while Rome burned.

Now I have no doubt that the article which aroused the Editor's anger was a stupid piece of work, but I am equally certain that the opinions of the Editor are more dangerous than those which he is attacking. Let me quote the kernel of his argument:

"In their eagerness for action—which probably springs from a strong moral conviction—they forget that actions have to be evaluated. And as life is very complex, people have always believed in a certain division of labour, where some are concerned mainly with thought, while others are concerned mainly with action. To deride those who undertake one part of the work necessary for life is the occupation of fools."

And, by implication, people who reject the validity of this "division of labour" are accused of philistinism which would transform the University into the Public Service Staff Training Centre and a series of chain stores selling technical knowledge. This, to use language which the Editor will understand, is an example of the Fallacy of the Consequent.

Our learned dichotomist, then, pictures a world where thought and action are the functions of distinct and separated groups—where the thinkers will provide theoretical tools for the use of the doers. "Culture is a full time occupation," says the Editor.

Both Jesus and Marx would have laughed like hell if they'd read this. And both were philosophers of some repute.

All right—let us admit the element of truth in this division of labour theory. Let us admit that with society as it is organised today a certain amount of dichotomy is unavoidable. No one can doubt that there are certain traditions and certain sets of values which must be defended and transmitted. But that does not mean to say that we must be content with this state of affairs. On the contrary, we must work towards a society where all men are thinkers and all men are doers, for the boundary between thinking and doing is artificial, and the one tends to be barren without the other.

And we must remember two other things. First, if the theoreticians of today are to construct tools for the doers, those tools must be related to the problems which the doers are being called upon to solve. If the immediate problem is the cleaning away of a slip, a steam shovel is required, not a delicately carved and beautifully balanced hammer. It is pleasant to dwell in the Lotus-Land of pure theory—but after all a life spent in such a land is about equivalent in value to that of a Casanova. Secondly, and most important, traditions and sets of values are not created by theoreticians any more than the diamond
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is created by the technician who cuts and polishes it, or the queen who wears it, or the banker who keeps it in one of his vaults.

It is rather extraordinary, when you come to think of it, how many thinkers have also been doers. For The Enemy, about whom we read so much in "Rostrum," does not exist only outside the cloisters, but he has managed to slip inside them too. And his tactics are naturally different inside. Outside, his battle-cry is "Reality"; inside, his trumpet-call is "Metaphysics." It is, as I said, extraordinary that so many among the great should have ignored The Enemy's trumpet.

Which leads me to the subject of this essay, which is not metaphysics or "Rostrum," but Sean O'Casey's latest play, "Red Roses For Me." O'Casey's only University was the streets of Dublin; his life was blessed with no comfortable inheritance; pain and suffering, and not roses, were strewn over his path. His story isn't the usual pitiful "local boy makes good" sermon; he'll get a "funeral half a mile long" all right, but there will be few motor cars in the procession, and the people will follow him to his grave in their thousands, as they followed his fellow-countryman Swift. For he has spent his life in the maintenance and defence of those values and traditions which he found by experience to be good and true, and in helping to reshape those which he found were twisted and deformed. He has created much that is beautiful; and his ethic and his philosophy are the richer and the more enduring because he has never been isolated from the class which bore him and has never succumbed to the temptation to disown it.

Please do not think that I am by implication sneering at a University education; O'Casey probably would have been a better writer if he had attended Dublin University—provided The Enemy hadn't got at him. With O'Casey his father's books, and the Abbey Theatre, and Shakespeare, and his friends, were a good substitute. But I am certainly maintaining that if O'Casey had not been educated in the streets, if he had not worked and suffered with the people in the Dublin Lockout in 1913, if he had not taken part in the poor little uprising in Easter Week 1916—his work would not have been so valuable or so rich. This doesn't prove anything, except that O'Casey's peculiar type of genius was able to flower beautifully in the soil in which it found itself. In itself, the fact of O'Casey does not prove the Editor of "Rostrum" to be wrong, any more than the fact of Shelley does. It is merely a beetle gnawing at the foundations of his thesis. And the future will provide many more such beetles.

In his latest play, O'Casey returns to Ireland, for the first time for many years. His tenement dramas in the 'twenties, in which he drew on his personal experience of the troubled days in Ireland for material, filled the Abbey Theatre with a new type of audience. The aesthetes and the Gaelic Leaguers and the visionaries were still there, but along with them came the people who had taken a passive part in the unhappy events of the past few years. His audience consisted largely of those who had been unwittingly dragged into the maelstrom, usually against their will; and his early plays emphasised these people, and not the heroes. In "The Plough and the Stars," Padraic Pearse is merely a Voice at the Window, and the main characters are tenement-house dwellers—men who are drunkards and dreamers, and women who are brave. Sometimes revolutionaries enter and exit, but they are only shadows on the wall. Imagine "Hamlet" without the royal family—as a play depicting the reaction of the Court and the people to the splendid events—and you will get an idea of the early O'Casey plays.

To achieve success—and a certain amount of notoriety—in Ireland was easy to a genius who had lived through the events about which he wrote. When he transferred his attention from the microcosm to the macrocosm, O'Casey was not at first so successful.
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Although he left Ireland, and wrote about issues which were international, he still had one leg firmly planted on the bridge over the Liffey. He was now writing about people and things which he had not personally known and experienced, and his first ventures into the new field were not particularly happy. "The Silver Tassie" is rather poor stuff; "Within the Gates" is full of beautiful ideas, but they seem cramped and restricted, and don't often come to the surface, like a bowl of exotic goldfish. In "Purple Dust" he is on surer ground, because the locale is again Ireland, and the spirit of revolt against the old and arid is symbolised by Irish workmen, glowing with the traditions of their country. "The Star Turns Red" probably represents O'Casey's triumph in his new environment.

In "Red Roses For Me," O'Casey takes us back to Ireland and to the Irish people. But it is not the old bitter Ireland of "Juno and the Paycock." Now the people are dreaming strange dreams; flower-sellers drowsing in dejection on the bridge are roused to visions of fair cities and dance together in riots of brilliant colours; there is a strike going on for an extra shilling wages, and when the hero is killed in a charge by the soldiers, the Inspector says: "It wasn't a very noble thing to die for a single shilling," and Sheila replies in a murmur: "Maybe he saw the shilling in th' shape of a new world."

It is amazing how much of O'Casey's own youth is woven into "Red Roses For Me." If you read his autobiographical works—especially "Pictures in the Hallway," you will find whole scenes and incidents which have been translated directly into the play. Indeed, one of the defects of the play is that so much of it is inexplicable without a knowledge of O'Casey's life and the intimate history of conflicts in Ireland; one suspects that there are private jokes peeping out of the pages here and there. Ayamonn Breydon, the lover of Shakespeare, the young rebel, is obviously O'Casey himself; Mrs. Breydon is O'Casey's mother" whom he loved so much. (Surely the finest dedication of all is that in "The Plough and the Stars"—"To the gay laugh of my mother at the gate of the grave." ) The Rector of St. Burnopus is that Rector of that Church who was O'Casey's friend when he was a boy; the strange and violent religious conflicts actually took place.

"Red Roses For Me" is not the mere return of a wanderer to his native country. O'Casey has returned neither physically nor spiritually to Ireland, and he never will. The Ireland of the play is an idealised country—a blend of the universal and the particular in which the universal properly predominates. The realistic and the symbolic are also beautifully intermingled, so that it is often hard to find the exact point at which his characters cease to speak prose and start to talk in poetry. "Red Roses For Me" is in truth the synthesis of the realism of O'Casey's early tenement dramas and the symbolism of much of his later work; it was only to be expected that Ireland would be the framework for such a synthesis.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that in this play, as in everything which O'Casey has ever written, there is a hatred of tyranny and intolerance, and a warm love of the strivings of the common people. It does not obtrude; it is subordinate to the theme and the people, but it is there all the time. Mrs. Breydon says of her son:

"His mind, like his poor father's, hates what he sees as a sham; an' shams are powerful things, mustheerin' at their broad backs guns that shoot, big jails that hide their foes, and high gallows to choke th' young cryin' against them when th' stones are silent." .

But it is no use merely hating shams: it is no use treasuring in your heart values which you know are true unless you also fight openly against the shams which shroud those values. Let there be no mistake about it, the only shams that are really important, the only shams that are worth fighting, are those which have to protect them guns that shoot, big jails and high gallows. To fight them, you must be armed as The Enemy is armed.
IT'S all one hell of a muddle. I could talk for a week and you wouldn't understand it any better. You couldn't. I can't make you understand what I don't understand myself. Yesterday it was nothing—a simple matter to talk about easily. We were always talking about it. Now—I can't think. It goes on and on in my head and I sit here and wish to hell I could make up my mind.

Look—when I walk out of this tent I walk out to meet a girl. I came across her on the beach yesterday. Ted and I were about the first down there and she came along with a girl friend. We were cleaning out the boat and we saw them coming and I said to Ted, 'take a look at those legs, and when they came closer we grinned and they grinned back and Ted said how do you like it, girls?'

Then we got talking and sat around on the sand and smoked and yarried. Boats and swimming and people, nothing in particular. That's how I met her. She walked along the beach.

—If I tell it this way, you won't mind—you have the time? I remember it all easily. It isn't what happened that's muddled.

Well, there we were, and after a while Ted said how about a try out, and this little dark one sprang up and hopped in straight away. She called out look out Sydney here comes Judy. And I said you can't go to Sydney without doing some work first. She grinned back and I said you are pushing with the rest of us. So she got out and sidled around to the end where I was. O.K. Caveman, she said. I'll help. And that was the first surprise I got because she did help. She looked like a little black kitten and she acted a bit like one, too, but she was strong. She really pushed behind that boat. When we got it down to the water the other one said, you might tip us out. Don't you think we're pretty trusting? You'll be alright, we said. Ted took a line then and said if we tip you out we will tow you in by the hair, we don't leave mermaids about for sharks to swallow up. I could tell that Ted liked the fair one. She didn't talk very much, but she looked a good sport I was all for this Judy one myself.

They were fun, those girls. We spent all the rest of the day with them. When we got back to the beach after the row it was about dinner time, so they said what about coming to eat a lettuce with us. We've got a good supply in and we could give you a pipi if you're very hungry.

Well, we went to their camp for dinner. We went over to our own tent to have a shower and change first, and by the time we got to theirs it was all ready. Lettuce and tomatoes and whatnot. It was a good lunch. We all did the dishes together and then someone suggested going over to the pine trees to cool off. It was cool in there, too. We took a rug and lay about talking and glad to be out of the heat. It was dim... the way pine trees are when they are very thick, and that clean smell. It felt a long way from the city and work. We were pretty pleased with things.
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It was about this time that I got another surprise. Judy could talk. She had a darned good brain and she was using it, too, and she knew plenty. She told me she worked in a library, but didn't like it much. She went to Tech. at nights, doing commercial art and she thought that after the war she might be able to get a decent job at that. I told her what I was doing and then I said, but I don't expect I'll be at it much longer.

She let that pass. Maybe she didn't hear it. Perhaps she was thinking her own thoughts anyway and didn't notice. In a way I was glad, but it sort of hung over me all the same.

There was a dance on in the evening, a few miles up the coast, so we all piled into Ted's old car and went. You know what these beach dances are like, even now with the war. Jammed with people, plenty of drinking going on, the usual crowd of Maoris about. The orchestra at this one was Maori and they were hot, too. Good time and they made it noisy. The chap on the drums was great. It was the drums that got us going. We had been dancing for an hour or so, sometimes I danced with Peg, but mostly with Judy. We just seemed to get along together. It happens like that now and again, doesn't it?

Well, we were sitting upstairs in a sort of supper room listening to the drums down below and Judy picked up a spoon and started tapping a rhythm on the side of her glass. What am I playing, she said. "God save the King," I said. No, go on, guess properly, she said. So then I began to listen and I could hear it. She was tapping "Swanee River." Now you, she said. So I picked up a spoon and did "When Your Train Has Gone." She couldn't pick that up, though, so I did "The Umbrella Man." She got that, of course. Then it was her turn and she tapped something that I didn't catch at once. You'll be marching to this soon, she said, meaning it as a clue. So I thought here I go. I said not me, beautiful.

She looked a bit surprised then and said, like a question—not fit?

I said I'm alright. I would get by on that I said.

Look, I can remember every word—I remember everything in that moment. It's all here when I think—the noise all round us and people bumping past and the music coming up. An old flag tacked on the stage wall behind her head, the way the light fell on a front curl. Her hands were quite still on the table. You don't like marching, I suppose, she said. I didn't say anything. She was thinking and then out of it she said, maybe you're going into the Air Force or the Navy? You'd look good as a sailor, she said. No, I said. I'm not.

Perhaps it was the way I said it. She looked at me. We were different from that second on. She put down the spoon and sat very still and looked at me. She didn't look surprised. Nor angry, either. She looked sweet, but she sat so still.

Well, there we were.

One of those, eh, she said. One of those I said.

Presently she pushed back the chair and said, let's go down on the beach. It smells in here.

We went on the beach. The sand was cold and there was a wind coming through the lupins, rattling the pods. I had the rug from the car and we found a little hollowed out place. Straight away she snuggled down beside me and we looked up at the sky and talked, and it was then I knew for sure she had a brain. She talked and talked. Every time I brought up an argument—and I know them all—she had one to match it, but on the other side. Every one I raised she countered—I hate violence: we are defending against worse violence. I won't kill: there are ambulance units. I want revolution through peace: peace has already gone, so speed up the revolution we all want.—We went through it and all the thinking I've done in these last three years was crowding into words. I had words
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in my mouth all the time. She held to her side too. Once she slipped and trotted out that old one—if you saw your mother and sisters—you know the line. Parsons use it. So do lots of others.

Oh, Judy, I said. Why that? There isn’t any reply to that. It’s plain stupid.

Then she was angry at last and she dug her fingers into my shoulder, and tried to shake me. She was too little. She was lying too close to me, anyway. I think she was crying, but her fingers were hard on my shoulders and she was saying you stand out,—over and over again. She said everyone is in it, you keep out. You. By yourself. You stay out and you won’t help. All your friends go and you watch them and you stay here. Safe. You want to be safe, that’s what it is. She went on and on and then I couldn’t think any more. The words were used up and I couldn’t remember one more argument. But it wasn’t because of what she said. That wasn’t mattering much by then and, anyway, she was getting hysterical. I wouldn’t be put off by a hysterical girl.

I don’t know just when, but, after a while I got the idea that the anger wasn’t at me at all. It was for herself and she was lost. She stopped talking and I held her warm and tight until she was quiet again, and the idea got stronger. After a while she lay there very still, but not sleeping, thinking, and I liked holding her. So little, and this anger and feeling lost. So I said, Judy, I’m taking you home now. Tomorrow I want to see you again. Can I, Judy? And she didn’t say anything, but when we got up to go back to the car she stood off and looked at me and then she stepped up close and ran her hand over me, over my face and down my body. She was so gentle, so little.

You are too strong, too fine to be shot to bits, she said. And too good to rot in prison.

We walked over to the car and neither of us spoke any more. It was already after dawn when we got back to the camp. It was today.

Today. Here I am, sitting on these blankets and trying to sort the whole stupid issue out, all over again.

“A scourge has come across the world and you are neutral.”

“You give them your dole of charity, your kind thought, your best wishes, your smug sympathy.”

“But you are above the struggle.”

The sun slipped through the cloud and shone again on the street, lifting the long shadow from the wall.

I saw written on the wall a slogan.
I saw it and shouted.
I shouted at the friend of my enemy.
At the “humanitarian.”
At the “neutral.”
The man in his ivory tower above the struggle.
The gutless caricature of a human being who wore a cardboard text in place of a heart.

The kind Bumble with his concert-hall charity.
I shouted at him.
The slogan read: DEATH TO FASCISM.
At that moment I could almost hear music to those words.
I shouted at the friend of my enemy.
“There are no neutrals in hell.”
Still he was silent. Only his thin, bloodless lips moved.

Page Ten
“What tribute can we render unto you
Who gave the riches of your scholar—lore,
The wisdom more to be desired than gold,
Poured out in liberal measure from your store
Of knowledge, and to eyes of youth unrolled
The map of life anew.
What sheaf of all your sowing shall we bring
As offering before your honoured chair?
Though thin our votive wreath from hands else bare
Know this our hearts are full, remembering.”

The retirement of Professor Kirk at the end of last year removes from Victoria University College one who, during a term of forty-two years rendered great and lasting service in the very important formative period. He brought with him, when he joined the staff in 1903, besides his sound knowledge, an enthusiasm which has never flagged. He brought, in addition a personality which, because of its kindness, its humour and its wisdom, was beloved far beyond the walls of the biology class rooms.

* * * * * *

It is very difficult to describe the flavour and quality of men, and to be certain one gives the true impression. It would be easy, I think, for his old friends and students to think first of the sense of fun, the wit and humour, the stories picked up in odd places from the “Roadless North” to Stewart Island. It was quite fatal to tempt him with a “that-reminds-me” series. The man would stop at nothing. Yet this would be a mistake. I think the quality first to be noted was directness, sincerity, the true instinct and the power of going straight to the heart of things. On one occasion in the early days of the College the students were called together to take a rebuke for some untoward happening. There was a good deal of talk and possibly some feeling that the case had been stated too strongly. Then came Professor Kirk. He said, as he always did in a crisis, the thing which was in his heart. It came by some wholesome instinct, heart and head in unison. The head was a good one—the heart of gold. The last word had been said. Nor have I a more lasting impression of him than that of grave and punctilious courtesy, a courtesy which enriched the young and delighted the old.

I think it was de Morgan in “Joseph Vance” who remarked that some men are old when they totter out of the cradle and some are young when they totter into the grave. The old Professor, well in the eighties, has a heart as young as a boy’s. He is still full of fun though perhaps the impending loss of sight and the fear of being a trouble to others may have brought seriousness more to the surface. That serious side, which was never absent, does not belong to the shallow and frivolous. Such cannot stay the distance. To Harry Borrer Kirk life has always had meaning, and the study of biology was only the study of life from its beginnings.
It was thought by some in 1903 that some years of service among the Native Schools might be a disqualification for the Professorate. The truth behind that criticism was a danger to be faced, but the Council was either very wise or very lucky. If this School Inspector had lost some touch with the academic side he had established very full communion with our common humanity. I have never felt concerning him that he was an erudite "scholar" as indeed he was. It is the kindness, the simplicity (so akin to greatness), the gentleness of spirit and understanding, the mellow humanity which spring to mind instantly at the thought of "Prof." Kirk. I cannot think of him as an old man.

For forty-three years he has toiled for Victoria University College and for her sons and daughters, always as a student, a teacher, and a friend. To build up his Department was his not unworthy ambition, and its building and its equipment are his lasting monument. Like all great teachers he is a great man. He left his mark on five decades, he established a tradition. He helped against many difficulties to make Victoria University College a home of true scholarship, a sanctuary of kindness and comradeship, a temple of wisdom.

With the War in 1914 came the chance of proving that Science, and Biology in particular, belonged to the business of practical life. By dealing with the fly menace he greatly diminished the incidence of disease in the Military Camps. Many stories are told of his adventures—how, why and to what effect he refused a Captain's Commission and even a military decoration—stories all in character. The students of today will no doubt deplore that a Professor of the University should have taken advantage of the freedom of the camps to wander aimlessly but guilefully across the horse lines in full view of the famous "Blazer" for the express purpose of testing the legendary eloquence of that great linguistic artist. It was, however, not "Blazer's" day. "It was rather disappointing," reported our Professor, "I have occasionally heard better efforts in the very far North."

Sometimes, forty years ago, late on Saturday or Sunday night, we would see his light burning and sprinkle his window with handfuls of the little pebbles which have not yet entirely disappeared from the College precincts. He would let us in, tell us stories of old times and we would take Counsel concerning extravaganzas and the General meetings. It was at such times that we tested his quality, his quiet humour, his mellow and unassuming wisdom. I am hoping at the Jubilee of 1949 to walk up the hill with John Rankine Brown, with Sir Thomas Easterfield, Tommy Hunter and old Von, but it will go hard if Harry Borrer Kirk is not there among the faithful.
WHEN John Rankine Brown steps off his rostrum for the last time, Victoria College will do more than part with a distinguished and greatly loved Professor of Classics; it will part with an era. For he is the last of the Foundation Professors who, forty-six years ago, left Great Britain to carry the light of their learning to the College just then established in Wellington.

The late Sir Robert Stout, when Chancellor of the New Zealand University, used to be fond of saying that if one had a learned Professor at one end of a log and an eager student at the other end, one would have a University. There were more than a log and one student to welcome Professor Brown, but the dim and murky passages, and the poorly lighted classrooms of the Girls’ High School in Pipitea Street, occupied during the day by the flapperdom of the time, afforded but poor amenities and scant source of inspiration to one fresh from the atmosphere and surroundings of an English or Scottish University. These drawbacks, however, did not in any way discourage our Foundation Professors, and it is with this background that Professor Brown’s older students will always delight to remember him.

There were many compensations. In those days, when the number of students was small, a much closer relationship was possible between Professor and student than today, with its large, and often unwieldy, classes. The result was that we learnt to know the true value of the man as well as that of the Professor. In both categories Professor Brown obtained the highest marks, much higher than he was, with true Scottish caution, wont to bestow on his aspiring students for their Latin prose or their term examinations. In all he did, he set a very high standard for himself; he expected it from his students.

Nor was it true to say, as an early Capping Song did say, that “His sole delight’s Ciceronian prose.” He took a great interest and a very live part in everything that went on in the College. Few dances, few socials (which included euchre parties), and few debates, took place without his being present, and entering into the fun. It is on record that, as a “barracker,” he accompanied the Victoria Team to Christchurch for the first Easter University Tournament. The words of the College Song are his.

Among the academic distinctions attained by him during his tenure of the Chair of Classics, he numbered the doctorate conferred on him by his old University of St. Andrews in 1927, and the Vice-Chancellorship of the University of New Zealand. His energy and versatility were already in evidence in his earliest days here, when, in addition to his Chair of Classics, he undertook the lectureship in French.

As representative of the feelings cherished towards Professor Brown by his old students, perhaps I may be permitted to quote from a letter from Dr. Diamond Jenness, one of his “star” students, now head of the Anthropological Section, Victoria Museum, Ottawa, with
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a sideline in Eskimos. Written on the occasion of the presentation of the portraits of the Foundation Professors, in 1934, this letter concludes an appreciation of Professor Brown thus:—

"Thirty years have gone by since then, and I can still see him in his class-room, lifting us over some grammatical stumbling block or illustrating Greek and Roman history by parallels from modern times. His scholarship was as deep as his manner was unassuming, and his kindness and patience were inexhaustible. Every student who needed advice or help unconsciously took the road to his study. Sometimes we may not have appreciated his scholarship, or we may have taken too much for granted his kindliness and the unsparing inroads he allowed us to make on his leisure; but what we never failed to perceive was a deep wisdom that made him our infallible guide. Though some of us have travelled far since those years, our happiest memories linger round the days when we sat at his feet."

Literally thousands of students have attended his classes, very many have become his close personal friends, all will remember him with high regard, and above all, with real affection. They will extend to him their sincerest good wishes for his retirement, into which he will take, they hope, also happy memories of his association with Victoria College and with them.
TO is the common complaint of the student that his courses are not practical enough; the dilemma of the graduate to find himself fitted for nothing in particular. But there is another snag in University Education which is just as difficult to avoid and just as serious. The student of political science, economics, philosophy or history, soon finds that though through his knowledge he comes to understand his world and its events more completely, yet this knowledge is at the same time its own weakness when it makes him incapable of entering into the very activity for which he is relatively well qualified—incapable, that is to say, of glimmering in the darkness of daily discussion.

A similar enforced separation of those who have knowledge about people from the people themselves, is often evident at lectures given by a speaker who is so well informed that the rift between him and his audience cannot be bridged in the time available. Every student who has taken part in "smoke discussions," which typically ramble from sex to sixpences and back, will have despaired of ever passing on his knowledge or of influencing his fellow men by its use. In these discussions mere knowledge, no matter how sage it may be, is not enough. Indeed, anyone unashamedly displaying more than the normal ration allowance runs the risk of being ostracised, like the witches of old, for trading on the black market. Sometimes, in his innocence, it is the student's own fault. To counter an argument by informing a dock worker or a shepherd that he is committing the fallacy of undistributed middle is as futile as it is ludicrous. A student of psychology might try to persuade a worker that his distrust of Jews is an example of in-group out-group emotions. A student of sociology that the distrust is not justified in the light of economic and social surveys. This is poor stuff against the worker's own experience of some particular slippery customer, with a better job, superior air, or an accredited uncanny skill at swindling, and who happens to be a Jew. Unless our student can match the force of this instance, the worker's estimate of the student and his argument will never be in doubt.

Now I know this is no new problem. Yes, Plato was aware of it—and so have been many other philosophers—while organised religions have often sponsored two grades of belief, one for the priest caste, one for the layman. And some such arrangement seems to be inevitable. If we wish to interact, then when in Rome we must "do" whoever or whatever we can. We may differ, however, from the old rigid means-test, dualisms in that we need not "splendidly isolate" ourselves in what is after all our own backyard surrounded by a wall of Academic Scholarship, plastered with no trespass signs, and guarded by the mongrel dogs of Traditional Form and Technical Jargon. On the contrary, we will do our uttermost to tame the dogs (or at least draw their teeth), and knock the bricks from the wall, so that, by jumping high and often, the outsider may glimpse enough of our pleasant verdure to understand a little of what is possible and even less of how it may be achieved.

Nor will we travel abroad incognito along underground routes except in so far as we pass unrecognised by those whose vision needs sharpening. For though we will accept
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as expedients all the devices of the propagandists we will be very careful to avoid his vices. The true argument will be our standard and at all times we will be prepared to offer the full extent—and no more—of our knowledge to whoever is able and wishes to accept or reject it; but, on the other hand, we will be free to quote angel against thief, personal instance against personal instance, to commit all the other errors of logic and any falsehood. At present only those who abuse such a practice employ it. The time has come for people of integrity to beat them at their own game.

To this end it might be worthwhile starting a course in Sophistry. Sophistry I could be included in all degree courses. Sophistry III would be the prerequisite for the politician and other "liars in public places," while to graduate Master of Sophistry, First Class, would require a practical thesis wherein the candidate would have to convince the Professor of Philosophy that he deserved the Honour. Finding a lecturer will present some difficulty, for though second-rate sophists are like the fish in the sea and as easily caught, to discover the perfect sophist, the perfect criminal, requires nothing less than a confession. Since, however, perfection is the last quality to be looked for in a lecturer, we could no doubt get along without it. A syllabus which concentrated on semantics and logical fallacies would give the student experience in actually digging potholes in the paths of reasoning. This should be not only of inestimable practical value outside the University, but might well enable the student to avoid the fallacies in his own thinking more readily than any mere plotting of them would do.

But whatever is done, the problem of transposing the content of University Knowledge from the forms with which the student is familiar, and which are economically and aesthetically desirable, into forms with which the worker is familiar, has in the past been neglected. It is a problem which will probably continue to be inadequately dealt with, and yet one which would have to be solved for the layman to struggle to within coo-ee of investigators' discoveries and findings. The necessity seems obvious and if to achieve our aim we must employ means which we dislike, surely that is better than throwing up our arms in disgust and horror at the uncouthness of the ignorant.
Verger to Visitor

"Yes, that's the poet whom you learned at school,
And that is X, the famous statistician.
You often see them, sitting in a corner,
And Kings and Queens and Princes of the Blood.
Yes, you can have a look around.
Tread softly! This is holy ground!"

Births, Deaths and Marriages

Herald and huntsmen and beasts of the field
Embroider the font and the cloth of the altar.
Lost in the annexe
The tombs of Crusaders
Dream of last battles
Alone in the gloom.
Why, why should the light, like a terrible sword,
Flash by the font and the cloth on the altar,
And pierce the Crusader
Walled in the gloom
Dreaming of battles
Fierce on his tomb?

In Memoriam Notices

Like Keats or Shelley, Tennyson or Yeats,
Or Tasso,
Hymn Mrs. Miggs, who polishes these plates
With Brasso!
Every day, she starts her work at eight
And thirty;
She brings her Brasso, be the weather bright
Or dirty.
She's far too old; she's feeble in her mind,
And creaky.
Look closely at the golden plates—you'll find
They're streaky.
Don't sneer or scold, please don't be wild at her,
Or scorning:
For Christ came up the aisle and smiled at her,
One morning.
Bring myrrh and wine, her hair with meadow flowers
Adorning!
For Christ came up the aisle and smiled at her,
One morning.
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Lost and Found
Solid are the old pews
As the virtues of the kneelers:
See the rounded hollows
Ground by a billion knees!
Not beam or rafter or archway pays
Homage to seekers and finders, only these.
O sing of those who came and went, of those
Who came desiring, those who went away
Shining in their unutterable faith!

Personal
Curtained with whispers, this impartial cell
Nurtures the seeds of secrets, raising sighs
To words like orchids. Nothing restless here
Unhidden or unheard, and all remembered.
Hear the great sound!
The roll and surging peal
As the swollen roof re-echoes like a drum
Nerve-naked hungerings of heart and limb!

Visitor to Verger
"Don't you remember?
Suddenly someone played the organ,
And the Church flowered, and the petals fell around us,
And we were filled with the music, and the scent of the flowers.
Here, here was the world! O here the essence and meaning
Of all things wonderful and wanted, strange and strong!
It was a long time ago, and in the Springtime,
And you have probably forgotten."
PHOTOGRAPHIC JUDGMENT

I have pleasure in submitting the following summary of the photographs entered for competition at Victoria University on the evening of August 9th, 1945.

The standard of the work shows considerable improvement and moreover is very versatile so far as subject selection is concerned.

The technique is also of a very much improved standard and in fact the winning print, No. 15 Winter Glade, would be difficult to surpass.


Conceptional and compositional interest very well emphasised, technique of a high standard and very well presented.

Tone values were excellent, a splendid snow picture.

I think, however, a larger print would add to its merit. 92 Points.


The thought behind this picture was good, but the execution of the idea not so good. It suffers from the use of too much light and the incorrect positioning of same.

The print is on too hard a grade of paper, and I feel the technique could be improved, the highlight on the neck on the picture margin is unfortunate. An excellent idea, but failing in its interpretation. 80 Points.

Third. Prints No. 1 and 7, equal.

Print No. 1, "Reagent," I. W. Davey.

Over-enlarged but nevertheless an excellent study of an old man, but there is no connection between the interest and the title.

The over-large hand on the margin of the picture is bad and too light in tone, otherwise a dramatic picture with the possibilities of print No. 5, unseized. 77 Points.

Print No. 7, "Restless Wings," A. W. Torrie.

A very nice marine study; the title and picture interest coinciding; the picture would be improved by excluding a little from the right hand and including the same amount on the left, improving the balance.

The tone values give very good tone recession, showing care in the original exposure and the enlarging.

A fault in the picture, however, is a slight general fussiness, evidently due to camera shake when taking, or the use of too low a shutter speed when taking in the wind. 77 Points.

Yours sincerely,

PRESTON B. BILLING, Judge,
August 10th, 1945.
WITH the death of Pixie Higgin early this year, at the age of 26, those who had known her during her student days and afterwards felt a deep sense of loss.

Pixie had a brilliant academic record, but examinations passed and honours gained have always meant less to students than to the outside world. So she was known to them, and will be remembered, far more because of her vivid personality, which combined very high ideals with tolerance and gaiety.

Pixie was one of the large body of part-time students who have always played such a prominent part in V.U.C. activities, and though she worked—and worked hard—first in the Labour Department and later in External Affairs, all the time she was studying for her B.Com. degree, she took a full part in the sport and social life of the college.

Coming to V.U.C. in 1937, after being dux of Wellington Girls' College, Pixie joined the basketball club, with which she was associated during the next four years. She played in the A team from 1938, and in 1941 was club captain, and later coach. During this time she gained two New Zealand and several V.U.C. blues, and was an outstanding member of the team. She also played tennis, and helped actively with extravaganzas. In 1940 she became women's vice-president, and in 1941, after Ron Corkill had left to join the forces, the second woman president in the history of the college. In the same year she won the Lady Stout Bursary and gained her degree.

Those who knew Pixie well feel that she was not only highly gifted, but also that it was impossible to meet her without recognising a very fine and rare spirit. In an age when integrity is not often met with, Pixie possessed this quality to a very high degree. A basic part of her philosophy was that those who had the advantage of a university education owed a debt to the community, and she believed particularly that women should be prepared to accept responsibility equally with men. Pixie's own life was the best proof of her arguments in this respect.

WAR HAS TAKEN indiscriminately from our student world the obscure and the giants among their fellows. Their sacrifice was equal and their friends will miss the ones no less than the others; but among them are some whose prominence makes their loss shock even those who did not know them personally.

T/Sgt. Ronald John Corkill was killed in action in Italy on September 23rd, 1944.

He came to this college in 1936 and at once took a vigorous share in the sports life of the college, in Shooting, Football, and Rowing. He was at one time or another on the Committees of all these Clubs and represented them in their first teams, working his way into the First XV by 1939. In 1938 and 1939 he was President of Weir House, and in successive years served as Committee Member, Men's Vice-President, and President of the Executive. In 1940 he was President, Senior Tournament Delegate, and one of VUC's Rhodes Scholarship nominees. He was capped B.A. in 1939 and M.A. in 1941. In January of 1941 he entered camp and later served in the Pacific for sixteen months until being transferred to the Middle East last year. He was killed on his first day in action there. Some will remember Ron Corkill as a speedy forward, others as genial Tournament Delegate, others for a delightful Extravaganza performance as the White Rabbit. He lived a full and useful life and died believing in what he fought for.
WALKED with the friend of my enemy through the streets of our own city.
And it was humming with life.
Trolley-buses hummed swiftly along jangling the wires above them.
At the junctions as they halted or re-started they sent flashes of fire from the cables.
From inside stepped girls in summer dresses, light as coloured cloud. And the men had brown faces and white shirts, and there were children who laughed.
We saw shopping baskets and umbrellas, and the cheeky grin of the conductress.
The friend of my enemy spoke to me as we twisted our way through the crowd and his words seemed separated from me, as if they came from another planet.
Pale blue eyes he had, and when he looked at me they seemed white, almost colourless.
"I cannot hate as you seem able to hate," he said.
I answered him.
"Fascism," I asked, "you don't hate Fascism?"
"The idea of Fascism is repulsive to me because I believe in individual liberty," he said.
He spoke as if of something remote and far-away, academically, like a man speaking of Iceland.
"But I don't hate it," he added. "How can one hate an idea?"
"But men have armed themselves with this idea which you say is repulsive to you. What about these men? What about the Fascists?" I asked.
Great spots of rain began to fall and the sky overhead became dark and grey. People began to hurry. The street cleared a little.
"Now you are trying to involve me in a political discussion," he said. "I take no sides in politics. I am a neutral."
Glancing at him I saw that he was serious.
I also saw on his face the look of a smug and shallow man, and in the greying light it seemed strange and inhuman.
I saw that in his mind was the thought that he was superior to the quarrels of men. That he was Good and Righteous.
I began to hate him.
Still I simply said: "You know what the Fascists have done to Europe. To the world. There is no home untouched by their hand. You know of the earthquake of death and misery with which they have shaken Europe. You know that their plan is to conquer the globe and to rule it as the Master Race?"
The rain was developing into a steady downpour now, and I pulled up my coat collar.
"Yet you face the prospect of slavery; you witness the slavery of others," I said, "and you take no side? Not even your own side?"
He smiled—a superior smile.
He looked up at the sky and answered smoothly, as if the answer had been in his mouth for a long time, ready-made.
"I am doing all I can to alleviate the suffering," he said.
"How?" I asked.
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"By sending bread and food and blankets and medicine to the people who suffer," he said. "I support all such efforts. Without discrimination my friends and I do what we can to soften the blows of the war." He spoke condescendingly, and added: "I am a humanitarian."

"The shortest way to end suffering is to annihilate its cause," I answered. "Annihilate Fascism."

"Politics," he said, and sighed, like a man who is tired of explaining to a child.

"If you like," I said, and gripped his arm. "He who is not with us is against us. Today there are no neutrals. It is either them or us. Fascism or freedom. We must kill in order to save life; bomb that the children may be fed the quicker; strike with our soldiers that the nations may not be exterminated."

The rain had stopped now, and only from the roofs drops of water fell on to the pavement making no impression on the grey stone.

And looking at them, and looking at the friend of my enemy, I thought that they were like my words. The effort was wasted.

* * * * * *

I walked with the friend of my enemy through the streets of Athens.
On all sides was the desolation of purgatory.
In real life, in those streets, what to all men before had only existed in imagination, opened before us like a spool of film.
And it was more horrible than imagination.
The city of antiquity stank like a long-dead body in a room with no windows.
Shadows of children plucked at our coats and asked for bread. Their legs were spindles, and the bones thrust their way through the parched and yellow skin.
Under their eyes were black hollows, and on their arms and legs were open sores, running with yellow pus.
They cried aloud to us for bread.
We hurried on, avertting our faces, and pulling our coats about us, for we were ashamed that we could give them nothing.
From every doorway the haggard faces of men and women watched us, and on those faces was a little wonder.
We knew in our hearts that they were wondering to see people who were fed, wandering in the streets without uniform.
And behind their glances we could feel hatred.
We heard behind us the rattle of an old lorry, moving slowly along near the pavement.
The sound of it scattered the Athenians like ghosts.
The lorry passed us and stopped in the shadow of a wall.
From the front of the lorry two men stepped out, and came round to the back where we were standing.
They were dressed in black uniforms, and on their arms was the sign of the swastika.
They released the tail-board of the lorry. It fell with a rattle of chains.
Then the friend of my enemy gripped my arm. I saw that his eyes were fixed on the inside of the lorry, and he was holding his breath.
My gaze followed his.
And I saw that the floor of the lorry was stacked with the bodies of what had once been men, women and children.
They had been tossed haphazardly in, one on top of another.
My nostrils rebelled at the stench of death.

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Then I saw the two men bend down and lift from the gutter the corpse of a child. They lifted it with a curse, like men who are bored with a monotonous operation. It was light as a wisp of smoke, and they flung it carelessly into the lorry, among the other bodies.

The body of the child fell well to the front, with its head down. Its legs, like thin knarled twigs, stuck fantastically upwards; a strip of tongue hung down from between the bones of the mouth.

It fell with a faint sound, and settled.

The two men banged up the tailboard. One of them glanced at us and muttered. Then they climbed into the lorry and it rumbled slowly away.

From their houses the Athenians came, and their eyes followed the lorry. The children came up to us again, and repeated their cry for bread.

And one girl, bearing in her face the grey signs of old age, came to us. She moved the bones of her jaw ghoulishly and spoke to us. She invited us to her room.

For bread only, she said. The price of a cup of coffee.

An old man passed us muttering, and we saw that there was no flesh on his cheek bones.

Through dry lips I spoke to the friend of my enemy. "This is what Fascism has done," I said, and the words came out cracked and hoarse and my voice sounded like that of a witch.

He made no answer. Staring at the children he retched.

The blood came to my head and I shook him angrily. "You are neutral," I shouted. "You take no sides?"

Still he stared at the children, a thin trickle of clotted spittle poured from one corner of his mouth.

"You are above these things," I shouted. "You would send these people bread; so much bread as their conquerors will allow. But you will not lift a hand against the satans who have done all this?"

Now he became sick in earnest, and it poured down the front of his jacket, steaming. "They would do it to you. They would do it to the whole world. Yet you take no sides."

Still he was silent, looking at me fearfully, he wiped the side of his mouth with his hand.

"Men have died for your right to live," I shouted. "Children have been brought to the rack, and women have been branded. Nations have been sold into slavery. Boys have poured out their red blood, and whole peoples have been robbed of the right to love, to laugh, to be happy."

In three weeks my case comes up. I’ve got my statements ready. The thing was cl., and dried. It isn’t as if I hadn’t thought about prison before. I have, plenty. We used to talk about it at meetings, it was a sort of challenge, but usually it was a thing we joked about. We didn’t mind at all. I think some of them rather liked the idea. New experience.

And now it is already today. I am seeing Judy today. Hell, if I could only think straight just for a minute. It was so clear before, and yet—why did she say when I was kissing her, it’s so firm and brown now. She touched my face and said, it’s so firm and brown now, in that sad tired voice.

So firm and brown—now.

They won’t accept my appeal. I know they won’t. From their side why should they, after all?

It’s the army or prison. Hell,—I can’t think...
NOTES ON THE IDIOSYNCRACIES OF MONSTERS

By R. L. M.

The intellectual class, desiring always to be at one with the People, has appropriated unto itself swing music and the shaggy dog story, but it has not yet been astute enough to see in the Horror Film an equally effective exorcist of inhibitions. This pains me exceedingly, as I have been campaigning actively for some years now to secure the acceptance of Horror Films by intellectuals as One of the Subjects which may be Discussed in the Same Breath as Kafka. Naturally, I am disappointed to find myself still the Fuehrer of a Kult without a petit-bourgeoisie to bring about my apotheosis. I cannot understand my isolation: I am undoubtedly the product of a trend, I have crossed the threshold that divides the potential from the real—and Piekhavov, of course, is never wrong.

This wringing of hands is inspired by a double-feature programme which I saw yesterday, accompanied by my friend Ray (the only other adult devotee of my Kult) and about a thousand children of all ages and odours who were not of a disposition to treat the entertainment seriously. I say it was a double-feature programme; actually I think it was a triple-feature. The first twenty minutes were occupied by an African fantasy which was described as the first two episodes of a serial, but when the thing finished the heroine was in such an impossible situation—lashed to a tree, surrounded by indecorous savages, three crocodiles nibbling delicately at her toes, and the only person who could save her at least half a mile away having a little affair with a leopard—that I cannot conceive it as anything other than a grim joke, complete in itself, demonstrating the futility of existence and the absolute presence of spirit in the Universe. Ray doesn’t agree with me. He says that what probably happens in the next episode is that the foremost crocodile recognises in the heroine the Little Girl who put its claw in splints in the Zoo many years before; that it thereupon rebukes the other crocodiles, who attack the savages; that the grateful crocodile then severs the girl’s bonds with its teeth, carries the girl on its back to the place where the would-be rescuer is struggling with the leopard, kills the leopard, and finally carries both of them on its back towards the hills, the sunrise, and Home to the accompaniment of an invisible choir. But Ray’s explanation, though ingenious, is too simple; he has not yet learned to pierce the false facade of this our world.

The other two features were called “The Revenge of the Zombies” and “The House of Frankenstein,” and I am writing about them because they have clarified a number of points on which I was not previously very clear. As every Stage One student knows, the history of every science starts with a process of description and classification, and it is only gradually that general laws and inter-relations are discovered by investigators. As a result of the two films I have named, I feel that we can now state that the study of Horror Film Monsters has at last become a real science. Formerly, we were only able to tabulate and enumerate the characteristics of each Monster; now we are able to analyse the data and produce a working synthesis. You will understand what I mean if you think of a particular thing—say a lion—and remember the means by which you gained your present knowledge of its idiosyncrasies. Probably you saw a picture of a lion first in a spelling book, and thus found out what it looked like. You then went to the Zoo and heard what
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it sounded like. You studied geography, and found where the lion lived. You studied biology, and found out the manner in which the lion reproduced its kind. In exactly the same way, we gained our original conception of Dracula and Frankenstein's Monster from the first film masterpieces in which these Beings were depicted. But the original film left many things unexplained, and it is only by studying the later films one by one that we can fill in the gaps in our knowledge and adduce general laws of conduct for these fascinating Monsters.

I may admit here that my researches so far are only definitive in the cases of four Monsters, and even here there are a few puzzling inconsistencies and lacunae which later investigators will no doubt clarify. I shall be quite satisfied if the result of my work spurs on other students to follow in my humble footsteps. The data is not yet sufficient to lead to conclusions in the cases of Mummies, Ape-Men, Cat-People, Ghosts, and Members of the Holy Family. In the following four cases, however, satisfactory results have been achieved: 1. Wolf-Men; 2. Vampires; 3. Frankenstein's Monsters; 4. Zombies.

1. Wolf-Men: A Wolf-Man is an individual who bears a striking resemblance to Oscar Wilde, and who sprouts a beard, long hair, claws and pointed teeth, every time there is a full moon. His habitat is somewhere in Central Europe. Whenever he goes on the loose he kills at least one person in ghastly fashion. The most interesting feature of this Monster is that his soul can be laid at rest and the beast within him killed only if he is slain by a silver bullet made and fired by a woman who loves him and who understands. This coincidence of events rarely occurs. The Wolf-Man may be preserved in ice for many years without perishing. He is allergic to full moons and to any Monster which bears the trade mark of Frankenstein. Between full moons, the Monster is of a kind and patient disposition, and sexually normal, although a little inhibited.

2. Vampires: Like the Wolf-Man, the Vampire's habitat is somewhere in Central Europe. The Vampire is invariably called Dracula, and both father and son possess the same idiosyncracies (with slight variations due no doubt to mutations). Sometimes, by way of exception, the Vampire goes under the name of Alucard. The Vampire sleeps during the day, usually in a coffin in a swamp. It appears in the evening with a title and attired in a black cloak, and during the hours between sunset and sunrise it may appear either as a noble lord or as a big black bat, whichever it desires. Its sexual behaviour is rather pathological: it entices women from their husbands and sweethearts, not for the usual purposes, but in order that the woman may also become a Vampire, vamping with him every night and retiring platonically in the same coffin during the day. (Sometimes, the Vampire prefers twin coffins).

The Vampire eats and drinks, but prefers sucking the blood from human beings, whom it hypnotises into immobility and then attacks in the shape of a bat, sinking its two front teeth into the neck of its victim. Normally, it cannot be wounded by guns or other lethal weapons, but two particularly effective antidotes have been proved to be (a) a mysterious plant with a religious significance whose habitat is Central Europe, and (b) a Cross, the larger the better.

The Vampire can only be killed if one of two methods are employed. (a) driving a stake through its heart while it lies asleep in its coffin, or (b) delaying the Vampire so that it cannot return to its coffin before sunrise. As the Vampire takes care to hide its coffin in an accessible spot such as the bottom of a swamp, and is particularly agile, it is difficult to slay. If the sun's rays catch it, it immediately turns into a skeleton. Note carefully one qualification in respect of method (a) above. The Vampire remains dead only while the
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stake remains in its heart, and if the stake is removed from the skeleton fifty years later, the Vampire immediately rises once more from the dead. (Vide "The House of Frankenstein").

3. Frankenstein’s Monsters: These are intelligent automata produced by either (a) the original Frankenstein, (b) the son of Frankenstein, or (c) a mad doctor who discovers the records of (a) and/or (b) in the ruins of the castles of (a) and/or (b). So far, Frankenstein has not had a grandson, although this happy event is probably not far away. The production of these Monsters is rather difficult, and entails complicated electrical displays. The brain to be used in the process of manufacture inevitably gets dropped or otherwise disposed of by a careless assistant (usually a hunchback), and the brain of a madman or a murderer is substituted. The result is generally chaotic, although the latent tendencies of the Monster may take some time to disclose themselves. The Monster’s sexual proclivities are normal. (Vide “The Bride of Frankenstein”). It has affinities with the dead, preferably in tombs inhabited by bats. It is allergic to fire and its creator. Its habitat, of course, is somewhere in Central Europe.

4. Zombies: The Zombie’s habitat is not somewhere in Central Europe. It generally frequents American graveyards, but sometimes is of no settled abode. It is normally quite dead, although unwilling to lie down. There have, however, been cases where the hero or heroine in a film has been Zombiefied and has nevertheless recovered. (Vide “I Married a Zombie”). The Zombie performs useful little tasks, usually with daggers, under the guiding direction of the mad doctor who turns the dead person into a Zombie. A Zombie cannot be properly killed unless the cerebral tissues of the brain are destroyed, although there is considerable confusion regarding this point. Zombies have disappeared into the sea and into quicksands and swamps, and have presumably been killed, without their brain tissues having been noticeably affected. Zombies walk in single file, very slowly, and do the goose-step.

A number of recent Zombie films have cleared up some of the remaining doubtful points concerning the idiosyncrasies of the Zombie. In the first place, controversy has for many years raged as to whether or not there are class distinctions in the Zombie world. “The Revenge of the Zombies” proves this beyond all shadow of doubt. In this film there is a negro pannikin boss Zombie, who is trusted to wait at table and to call the lower-class Zombies to work when their master requires them. There are also apparently noticeable differences in the I.Q. of Zombies—occasionally one becomes independent, and in “The Revenge of the Zombies” one of them turned out to be patriotic. Zombies are summoned from their graves by a call which is a cross between that of the Son of Tarzan and an owl. (Aude Shaw’s “Zooming with a Zombie” and the well-known song “Abercrombie Had a Zombie”). Zombies are sexually neuter.

General Characteristics of the Monsters:

1. State: All Monsters are partially or wholly dead, except the Wolf-Man.
2. Habitat: All Monsters necessarily reside in Central Europe except the Zombies.
3. Human Affections: All Monsters occasionally act in a manner which leads the audience to be rather sorry for them, except the Vampire.
4. Resurrective Capacity: All Monsters are capable of being resurrected, no matter how adequately they may appear to have been disposed of. They may be (a) preserved in ice, (b) not really killed at all, or (c) buried alive or in a state of suspended animation.
SPIKE

beneath ruins. The exception is Frankenstein's Monster, which is always capable of being refashioned provided the recipe is discovered.

Appendix.

A word or two may be added to this study concerning the salutary effect of Monster films on younger children.

1. The films give the children a healthy faith in the omnipotence of science, and thus encourage the growth of rational thinking.

2. Virtue is invariably triumphant, and the Monster is always disposed of (if only temporarily) at the end of the film.

3. Monster films provide the youngsters with a full set of the complexes and inhibitions which are a necessary possession if modern life is to be lived to the full.

4. Sex plays a comparatively minor part, being normally somewhere about the amoeba stage, and accordingly the films do not encourage a dangerously precocious sexual development in the child.

5. If the children weren't at the Monster films, they'd probably be smoking or engaging in other delinquent activities.

OBSSESSION

I fear you, forests, as I fear a church:
Your moon is like the organ’s: our cursed hearts,
Chambers of mourning where death rattles sigh,
Echo your De Profundis’ solemn notes.
I hate you, ocean: all your storms and swells
My heart can mirror: and the hollow laugh
Of vanquished man, its tears and mockery,
Ring in the boundless laughter of the sea.
How I could love you, night, without those stars
Whose light speaks in a language too well-known!
It is the dark I seek, the bare, the void.
But shadows are themselves a tapestry
Where beings in thousands, rising in my sight,
Live on, though vanished long from other eyes.

—CATHERINE CROSSE.
Translated from Charles Baudelaire.

Page Twenty-seven
WHAT are volcanoes? Live ones, I mean. Are they angry Gods chiding children for their sins, or are they reflections of the devilish flames of hell itself? Or instead, are they the surface manifestation of an earth's accumulated store of radio-active heat? They're certainly healthy things, whatever they are, and Mt. Ruapehu is no exception.

Sadly enough, we New Zealanders inhabit a very unstable part of the earth's surface, and share this misfortune with (among others) a lot of unfortunates living on the shores of the Pacific Ocean—on the so-called "Girdle of Fire." There are other rather shaky parts of the earth's crust, and occasionally the world mourns the loss of a community buried beneath the exudations from a volcano. But man accepts such incidents imperturbed. Villages flourish on the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius, which mountain once destroyed a city; villages are scattered throughout the very active region which recently produced the Mexican Paracutin; and Hawaiians are unmoved by the threat of lava flows from Kilauea or Mauna Loa.

It is a peculiar trait of man, this—the stoical indifference to danger. Or is it rather a manifestation of the gambling spirit—possibly an eruption, but more likely not—combined with a certain laziness, namely a disinclination to disturb the happy home because of a mere potential danger? How true is the maxim "Familiarity breeds contempt.

It must be remembered, of course, that there are volcanoes and volcanoes. Some explode violently. Some exude treacly flows of lava, but don't explode. From others may flow a more viscous rubbly lava, and such flows may alternate with explosive eruptions. Strangely enough, a particular kind of activity usually persists—a volcano is either one type or another, and remains so.

Thus, the risk involved in being on or near a volcano is relative. For years, scientists have played about on the summit of Mauna Loa and Kilauea, the active Hawaiian volcanoes, observing the activity at close quarters. They know the danger from an explosive eruption is almost non-existent, and that, if the activity is at a particular stage, the possibility of there being an overflow of lava is slight.

But most other types of volcano are potentially explosive, though the explosions do not necessarily blow away the mountain's summit. Many, such as Ruapehu, are in the habit of exuding lava in the form of domes, or tholoids, while outbursts of varying intensity from vents in the tholoid spread debris over the surrounding countryside. Eventually, activity ceases, and the tholoid is left standing; or perhaps, explosions have blown all or part of it away. And again perhaps, the tholoid as a viscous rubbly lava flow may crawl a little way down the mountain-side.

What will be Ruapehu's fate? The inhabitants of the neighbourhood wait in trepidation.
Spike

How to Be a Magician

By E. S. Andrews, Producer to the N.Z. National Film Unit

The history of the Pacific is full of stories of white men who saved themselves from the oven by announcing that on such and such a day the sun would be blacked out. Those who couldn’t predict eclipses were presumably eaten, but the lucky ones and a few liars acquired a reputation for magic amongst the onlookers. Making movies, whether they are “shorts” in New Zealand or “features” in Hollywood, is pretty much the same. The few who know what to do get the credit, though not always financially, and the rest drift back into the outside world as doctors, shopkeepers, wharfies, commercial artists, clerks and the like. The essence of making movies, as of predicting eclipses, is to know what to say and when to say it.

Given time and a little money anyone of average intelligence can make a motion picture of a kind, and thousands do. Sixteen millimetre cameras made specially for amateur use are often much more flexible and adaptable instruments than those used by professionals. The best of modern film stocks, light meters and other accessories are available to the amateur. In peacetime even film sound recording is within reach of the enthusiast who would sooner have that than a small car. But no amateur has to face the flaring criticism of audiences numbered in millions; if Mum and Dad and Aunt Mollie are recognisable the amateur operator rates as a near genius at least, because family amusement is usually all that he aims at, and recognisability is most of what the family asks for.

The professional, on the other hand, has not only to secure the simple fundamentals of recognisability; he must keep on keeping his audiences interested, whether he does it by clever cutting, or beautiful photography, or educational value or a combination of these and other qualities. The professional in short, must know in advance what he is to achieve and how. So far as information and documentary films are concerned, knowing what to say is more important than the technicalities of delivery. Technical efficiency and the many fine craftsmanships of motion picture production open the way for increased subtlety of expression, but all the techniques follow along behind understanding, breadth of view and clarity of objective.

In an ideal setting a Film Unit producing documentaries would operate independently and under its own steam. In practice all units derive funds, motive and direction from the communities in which they operate. In New Zealand the final pattern is not yet worked out, but its shape can already be seen. There are things about our own way of life that we should better understand: for lack of knowledge the town dweller misunderstands the farmer’s problems; the farmer occasionally gets at cross purposes with the wharf labourer. Each man, immersed in the problems and skills of his own job, tends to be unsympathetic to the problems of others, especially in matters of pocket linings and even sometimes of mere subsistence. Nothing short of the usually impossible personal contacts can add so much to mutual understanding as vivid, honest films. And nothing, not even a modern newspaper, is quite so expensive or so complex in organisation.

That is why in New Zealand, where the need for mutual understanding and mutual help is quite as great as in larger countries, only the community as a whole can afford to
SPIKE

embark on film production. So far as films can do it, the New Zealand National Film Unit, owned and operated by the New Zealand Government, attempts to increase our understanding of mutual problems. In the brief four years since the Unit was started, only the surface has been scratched, and possibilities have been opened up. A great future of service to the community lies ahead.

The National Film Unit has been built on a slender technical foundation laid by the Tourist and Publicity Department, when that Department took over the Filmcraft Studios in Miramar in 1935. The Tourist Department had one simple, clear-cut objective for its film organisation; it was to get tourists to New Zealand. The films showed well how good this country was to look at. The purpose they served was to draw dollars and pounds sterling into the national kitty, leaving to other agencies the increasingly urgent task of getting us all to understand each other better. When world-wide tensions snapped afresh into open warfare in Europe, all of the country’s resources were thrown into the new job of repelling unwanted tourists of another kind, and the film branch almost ceased to exist.

From the beginning Government leaders, notably Mr. Fraser and Mr. Nash, realised how potent a factor films could be as morale-builders, giving facts quickly and vividly to vast audiences, highlighting chest-swelling developments in industry and agriculture, creating pride in achievement in the battlefields and on the home front. By the middle of 1941 the Government was convinced that there was the will and the ability to make the necessary films here at home in New Zealand—the only place where New Zealand films could be made—and the National Film Unit came into existence. Six of the original staff remained, two on the production end, and four in the laboratory. Amongst the old hands, twice that number of newcomers from radio, newspapers, education, the Public Service, were fitted in, and the new-born National Film Unit went to work to produce New Zealand’s first weekly film news review in full sound. The new Unit had a clear directive from War Cabinet to make a weekly reel which, by presenting the facts about war-time development, would increase the New Zealander’s confidence in himself and what his country could do.

In the first two years, and especially the first six months, some of the reels were rather rough-hewn, and looked it. But the evident sincerity and a tendency towards understatement, instead of the usual newsreel bombast had its effect on audiences. They came to like and to trust what “Weekly Review” showed. It was, in its way, a triumph of clear purpose over technical difficulties, like the predicting of eclipses from knowledge rather than by guesswork.

This brief history leads in word and fact to a great difficulty ahead of film workers who deal in the pictured shape of current events. Foresight and the clear voice are essential if the respect of audiences is to be won and kept. But whose voice? It is not quite so easy as picking dates in the almanac, and some think the question can not be answered. The voice is that of the audience which, though usually dumb and often ignorant, is nearly always intelligent. If the film producer or his sponsor step too far out in front, John Citizen will haul them back; if they get into reverse they will also be brought up to current ideas with a jolt. The film worker who takes a pride in his job must be forever reaching out at the limits of what he can say in the most explosive medium of communication yet invented, and yet staying all the time just inside those limits. Because the commercial entertainment cinema is rightly concerned primarily with entertainment, it must deal in topics of universal interest and universal acceptance. Ranged up against this kind of fare, on the same screen, a short film which dealt trenchantly with some matter of social import as a good pamphlet might, would cause a riot.
SPIKE

There are, of course, more immediate controls than the final audience. Since no documentary film unit can be completely independent, sponsors, whether they are private firms or a Government Department, will issue some directives. Members of the National Film Unit have often been commiserated with for the agonies they must supposedly suffer through being pushed and pulled by Departmental and Governmental demands. But Departmental officers and Government officials are like movie audiences—often ignorant of film-making problems, but much more intelligent than they sometimes get credit for. Experience in the National Film Unit has matched that of the Crown Film Unit, the Shell Unit, the units working for the Gas Light and Coke Co. in Great Britain, and the British units which have worked for the Ceylon Government: it is that no film workers have ever had more professional freedom anywhere. This is partly due to the commonsense of sponsors, partly to the complexities of film construction whereby none but the highly skilled can even guess at the effect of the finished result. (How could anybody foresee that an unnoticed brass band "oom-pah, oom-pah" in the background music would lend a satirical note to a speech by a Very Important Person?)

The third and most important reason for lack of interference from on top is the fact that positive subjects requiring elucidation so far outnumber the available hours of screen time that the film worker has not time to get himself into trouble by being over-much critical of the other fellow's doings. This in some ivory-tower quarters is regarded as the height of cynical rationalisation, in most film units as sheer practical commonsense. There are other better fields for the practice of direct criticism; films, some of us feel, are best used for positive suggestion. The word propaganda has fallen into ill favour of late, and "education" or "publicity" have taken its place. The change reflects the current attitude of production staffs all round the world, who feel that if they can show the good things that have been done, they have served their main purpose in providing starting points for still better things elsewhere. In this view, a film showing how a good mine is run is more effective towards getting changes in bad mines than a horror picture without such direct suggestions. A film depicting bad methods of potato planting does that and little else; another showing good methods, if it is done persuasively, might improve matters. It is this functional viewpoint which makes the good documentary groups what they are.

Dealing with matters which are superficially prosaic, as what the workmen do and how they do it, the kind of houses they live in, and how they get to and from them, the documentary workers are constantly driven towards new methods and new ways of saying what they have to say in film. Since the late great days of David Wark Griffiths no group has contributed so much to the freshness of film technique as has the documentary school in Great Britain stemming from Grierson and the old Empire Marketing Board. It was the knowledge that they had something to say which drove them into fresh pastures. Where the techniques of the day were inadequate they invented new ones, not self-consciously, but of necessity. And it is a fine tribute to Grierson himself that, wherever other groups of note have become established, they have not merely copied. In Canada in a very large field, and here at home in New Zealand where the scope is smaller, the attitude of mind is similar to that of the British group, but the methods are quite dissimilar, fitted closely to the urgencies of the times and to the mood and traditions of the countries concerned. Deep rooted in all the documentary units is the knowledge that before they say it they must know what to say. That is the real magic of "short" film production.
THE REFUGEES AND US

By J. Meltzer

As the end of the war approached, and problems of rehabilitation became more urgent, attention was focussed by some sections of the community on the existence in our midst of a group to whom we may refer as "Refugees." If it is necessary to define terms, we will use the word "Refugee" in the strict etymological sense of "persons escaped to a foreign country from religious or political persecution." From 1933 onwards, many Germans (so called), Austrians, and nationals of other countries that had come under Nazi domination, had fled, and were received by the democratic countries as refugees. The grant of asylum to political refugees is a practice that has a tradition, and New Zealand fell into line. To what extent we will examine later.

It is not within the scope of this enquiry to survey the long history of refugees. The problem has existed throughout the ages, and in varying circumstances. There must be a distinction made, however between refugee movements involving a return of vast numbers of nationals to their own country (as happened in the 1914 war), and a flight from intransigent persecution, to another sovereign state. In the latter case "the refugee finds himself deprived of legal protection, mutual support, the access to employment, and the measure of freedom of movement which happier mortals take as a matter of course." Unless some steps were taken to protect them, such refugees would remain in a vacuum. We will endeavour to establish that it becomes a matter of public policy to stabilise the status of such a group. We suggest that the easiest approach is the assumption of full obligations in return for full privileges. The refugees in New Zealand have always been willing to assume the full obligations of citizenship. Refugee doctors volunteered for military service. At the request of the Government, they have practised in outlying and inaccessible districts. They have been subject to manpower restrictions and directions, and offered their services freely to Home Guard and E.P.S. organisations. What have we done in return to grant them concomitant privileges?

Objections that have been raised are:—

(1) They are mostly "enemy aliens." There has been a war. We could not take risks.

(2) Their presence in our midst presented an economic problem and a threat to the rehabilitation of our returning soldiers.

Both of these objections can be answered.

ENEMY ALIENS

Broadly speaking, any person who is or has been a national of a State with which we are at war, becomes an enemy alien in a strict legal sense. We will not unduly lengthen our argument by enumerating the many other groups classified as potential enemy aliens by emergency regulations. These include, under certain circumstances, even persons who are British born and have never been outside of New Zealand. We submit, however, that the refugees to whom we refer are entitled to be classified under an entirely different category. Even if we were inclined to classify them nationally, we would find that they were no longer Germans. The application of the Nuremberg Laws rendered most of them
SPIKE

stateless. Opposition to the National Socialist creed meant deprivation of German nationality. We suggest there can be no justification for regarding these refugees as enemy aliens. This war has not been fought between nationalities. It has been a war between opposing ways of life. If you wish—a war between Nazis and anti-Nazis. All genuine refugees were anti-Nazis. As such, they were entitled to our help. They were entitled to march side by side with us against the enemy. They took the first impact of Nazi oppression. Whilst they were suffering, we regarded their fate as so much "cable news." What a travesty of justice to regard them as enemy aliens.

How could we be sure that all refugees were genuine? A perfectly fair question. A tribunal, presided over by a Supreme Court Judge, assisted by a painstaking and able staff of police officials enquired into their bona fides. In case of doubt, the State had the benefit—and rightly so. Unfortunately, others who were given their freedom, were still branded as enemy aliens, and submitted to restrictions of movement. Those restrictions have continued, in our view, unreasonably. In Australia, after due enquiries, all whose conduct had been considered satisfactory, were granted naturalization. We urge that such a policy should be immediately adopted in New Zealand. The benefits to be derived would not be one-sided. The refugees have surely been kept in cold storage long enough.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECT

On the economic side, we must be careful to avoid what Sir Norman Angell has called "a murderous fallacy"—that every refugee admitted displaces one of our own people. Almost every competent economist has exploded such a theory. In the early days of the war, the Home Secretary stated in the House of Commons that 11,000 refugees had settled in England and "as a result about 15,000 British workers have been employed who would not otherwise have been employed." Manpower has been added at a time it was sorely needed. Even before the war it was estimated that £12,000,000 had been invested by refugees in Great Britain alone, in industrial and commercial undertakings.

This may give rise to a question that has often been posed. "Where did this money come from?" Here again, there is a misunderstanding of the term "refugee." Those who ask the question are thinking of refugees in terms of people in rags and tatters, trundling miserable bundles of their last remaining personal possessions in go-carts along country roads. The refugees who have been fortunate enough to escape to friendly countries have included many types—some wealthy in kind ("The possession of wealth was the magic wand before which our heavily barred door always swung open"); some wealthy in intellect; some wealthy in industrial and professional skills. This world has received the benefit of such wealth.

Great Britain has a fine record in her treatment of refugees. From the reign of Henry VIII they have found sympathy and understanding. The Flemings and the Walloons, and later the Huguenots, found an open door. James I continued the policy in spite of opposition. "England's gain was France's loss, for we took over great numbers of her most skilled and thrifty citizens. . . . The introduction of the linen industry, of silk weaving, cotton manufacture, the making of lace, of buttons, of glass, the manufacture of earthenware, progress in mining and mechanical knowledge, are all part of the debt that we owe to the industry of these immigrants." (Sir Norman Angell.) A Royal Commission in 1903 found that "the development of the three main industries—tailoring, cabinetmaking and shoemaking—in which aliens engage, has undoubtedly been beneficial in many ways. . . . On the whole we arrive at the conclusion, after weighing evidence on both sides, that it has not been proved that there is any serious direct displacement of skilled English labour.

Page Thirty-three
POSITION IN NEW ZEALAND

What of the present position in New Zealand? Official figures are not available, but the writer has been closely associated with the problem since its inception. (Note.—The following estimates are based purely on personal knowledge and are not official.) New Zealand has admitted between 1,000 and 1,100 refugees. Roughly one half were German, about 250 Austrian, of the balance the only groups of any appreciable size would be Czechs, Poles and Hungarians. These refugees are distributed approximately as follows:—Auckland 300, Wellington 450, Christchurch 100, Dunedin 50. No other centre would have a group exceeding 50. It is difficult to be accurate, but it can be gathered that about 50 have served in the Armed Forces. Occupations range from trade and manufacturing to agriculture, and include a sprinkling in most of the professions. Their earnings have been moderate, and I doubt whether a single New Zealander has been displaced. Certainly no returned soldier can be prejudiced, for the law provides that he must be reinstated in his pre-war job. Approximately 200 would be working on their own account, and 400 in employment. Many who volunteered for military service were not accepted.

LAND PURCHASES

Recently there was publicity given, as a result of a question asked in the House of Representatives, to acquisitions of land by aliens. (Note that the figures published referred to "aliens," of which the refugees, in any case, comprise a very small part). When analysed, and compared with total purchases for the same period, the figures disclose what little effect such transactions could have on the economy of New Zealand. It should also be remembered that since the introduction of the Land Purchase Emergency Regulations in March, 1942, all purchases by aliens have been subject to the consent of the Minister of Justice, and, we understand, have been subjected also to the scrutiny of the Security Department, the Lands Department and the Rehabilitation authorities. The following is a comparative table of alien purchases from 1st April, 1942, to 30th November, 1944 (when the question was asked) and total purchases for New Zealand.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Farm Properties</th>
<th>Number of purchases</th>
<th>Acres</th>
<th>Value £</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alien</td>
<td></td>
<td>65</td>
<td>3,657</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total for New Zealand</td>
<td></td>
<td>16,578</td>
<td>3,045,453</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>House and Business Properties</th>
<th>Number of purchases</th>
<th>Acres</th>
<th>Value £</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alien</td>
<td></td>
<td>339</td>
<td>362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total for New Zealand</td>
<td></td>
<td>67,739</td>
<td>25,169</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In spite of the obvious inference to be drawn from these comparisons, we find the official organ of the Returned Servicemen's Association (July) referring to them as disclosing "a reprehensible state of affairs." Other expressions used were "cross ineptitude of the Government and its disregard for the representations of the ex-servicemen's association." Such extravagant criticism, in our view, is unjustified. We must not underestimate the debt we owe to our returned servicemen, and the great tasks of rehabilitation that lie ahead. The Government in New Zealand has not been lacking in a sense of responsibility and has a record of achievement in its rehabilitation policy that will bear comparison with any other country in the world. But to assert that the refugees are a potential danger is unsupported by the facts. Fortunately there is evidence that a number of branches do not support the recent expulsion proposals, and indeed the Christchurch Branch has publicly disassociated itself from such resolution. By contrast it is satisfactory to note the attitude of returned men.
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The D.I.C. on the quay.
LANDS for BAGS

Yesterday — Today — Tomorrow
SPIKE

of the present war. The 2nd N.Z.E.F. Association, an organisation that is reported as officially recognised by the Government equally with the R.S.A., has referred to the expulsion resolution as a "bitter and intolerant attack" on a "tiny minority group."

FUTURE ATTITUDE

Most New Zealanders welcome the forthright statement of the Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. P. Fraser, on his return from San Francisco. He said: "If in this country, or in any other country a spirit of animosity and hatred against any race raised its head, that would be a triumph of Nazism or Fascism, though they have been stamped out in Germany. I say that, because it is easy to stir the feelings which ended in cruelties and concentration camps in Germany. I speak that as a word of warning." We can congratulate the Prime Minister for his humanitarian outlook. He has well expressed the spirit of the United Nations Charter. . . . "The peoples of the United Nations pledge themselves . . . to re-affirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small . . . and to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom . . . and for these ends to practise tolerance in peace with one another as good neighbours. . . ."

The Prime Minister has shown that if Hitler is dead, we will not stand by in New Zealand and watch his soul go marching on. Gaudeamus Igitur.

FANTASIE IMPROMPTUE

The moon behind the willow-tree
Reminds me of a Chinese tale
Imprisoned in blue porcelain.
Across her face I seem to see
Small figures hurrying to gain
The bridge's head and safety, pale
With terror, while in livid wrath
A third shape hurries in their path.
A wisp of cloud goes drifting by,
The small clear silhouettes grow dim
The branches of the willow-tree
Brush featherlike the moon's sharp rim
The little figures move, and then
The cloud melts, and they're still again.

—CATHERINE CROSS.
WHAT has happened to poetry at Victoria? Where is the adolescent moaning and the posturing against the system? This is the first time I have had difficulty in finding a bad poem. Whether it is the war or returned men, or record enrolment, or a New Zealand renaissance on the way I know not. But there are real poets among us. W. Easterbrooke Smith, Erik de Mauny and Pat Wilson will stand up to printing in any journal in the country. W. H. Oliver and Catherine Crosse are not quite up to them in technical competence, though when the latter accepts the guidance of Baudelaire she writes with feeling and skill. The choice of a prize winner is not easy. I like de Mauny’s evocative precision; I like Easterbrook Smith’s astringent metaphysical lines; but I think since I must choose, I’ll have the award go to the more imaginative presentation of Pat Wilson.

But if you keep like this we’ll have to make a volume of you all. You’re too good for typescript.

To be forever remembering
The past obloquies of afflicted silence
To regret eternally
The passionate parade of speechless minutes
To fall recurrently
Into a poverty of words
In this frustration is death.
You are the desired attainment
The goal of the aspiring mind;
Rock-water to the eye
Of the desert traveller delectable,
Green corn to the sight
Of the famine-stricken unbelievable,
Spring flower to the mind
Of the winter-ridden unimaginable.
Hand in hand
On hillslopes dreaming
Mind enflamed
In false hope drowning
Sadness gripping
Coiled thought groping

Volition draining
Silence chilling
The warm enunciation of deep thought killing.
I have traced the subtle synthesis
Reached for consumption, raised you
To a drum-beat of passion, sought
The eternal formula, found
Empty phrases of futility, died
In the shattering segregation.
Would my words
Could crush your mind like hammers
Caress you
Like falling fingers of dying leaf
Clothe you
With the torrid glintings of a noonday sun
Propel you
Into my mind like a mist-clad mountain.
Thus am I wandering
Drifting like soft rain in shadows
Seeking forever the river of words
The dawning of my pentecostal day.

—W. H. OLIVER.
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34 WILLIS STREET

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MONARCH DISTRIBUTORS
WHAT is the position about the new Students' Building? Not enough people are asking this question and until the student body wakes from its apathy towards the building the answer will always be that the foundations have not yet been laid. We cannot leave the planning, financing and construction of our goal to a few enthusiasts, eager though they are, or to the College Council. If the students fail to interest themselves in their own building, no fairy godmother will wave her wand and accredit them with a shining new palace scintillating in the watery Wellington sunshine.

1. Design.

Happily all are agreed that a new building is not only desirable but necessary for the proper functioning of Victoria College as a University. It was not till this year, however, that any concrete move was made towards a decision on what needs our building should be designed to fulfill. It is of the very highest importance that no attempt be made to erect a four-story shell which may be subdivided according to taste after the building has taken external shape, and according to the whims of the student body or Executive at that particular time.

Instead, we must take the broader view and forecast now, so far as is possible, the needs of the Association in the future, and what emphasis should be placed on each of them. We should have in front of us the general scheme decided upon by the General Meeting this year and keep it in mind for revision or addition up to the time the plans are commissioned. We must avoid at all costs the idea of putting up a building and hoping that the needs of the moment will shape the interior. This does not mean that the purpose of every room in the building is to be allocated now. We should lay down now that we will require, say, three committee rooms for general purposes with an area of two hundred square feet in each, not that "a little extra space in this part of the building might be useful." We have not the money to build ivory castles containing nothing but air.

More important still is the fundamental principle of modern design that it should be functional. The parts of our building which contain a theatre, a restaurant or a dance hall should look like a theatre, restaurant, or dance hall, and not like a converted warehouse. Also, the interiors should be designed for the needs they are to fulfill. It is useless to build two halls and decide later which is to be a dance floor and which is to be sub-divided into lounges and restaurant.


One of the biggest advances so far made has been the adoption by the General Meeting of draft requirements. The proposals, after discussion by the Executive, were cyclostyled and circulated as widely as possible before the special meeting. After being slightly amended, they were adopted by the meeting, and for the first time there was some definition of the aim for which we are working.
SPIKE

The principal needs agreed upon are:—

(a) A concourse through which most students will pass each day on their way to different parts of the college, and to contain notice boards, postal facilities, telephones, sales counter, access to cloakrooms, etc.

(b) A theatre to seat 500 in comfortable tip-up seats; sloping floor, projection booth, adequate stage facilities. Available for hire to outside bodies for plays, recitals, conferences, etc.

(c) Restaurant and quick lunch bar to seat 150—200.

(d) Men’s, Women’s and common Common Rooms. Sun Terrace!

(e) Administrative group.

(f) Large dance hall, 4,000—4,300 sq. ft., with sound shell and sprung floor. Available for those sports which would not harm the floor, e.g., Miniature Rifle range.

(g) Medical Scheme; Committee and Meeting Rooms, Locker Room and Showers.

This would mean that we would go on using our present building as a gymnasium until the end of its useful life. We could then erect a light shell for use as a gymnasium—preferably on Kelburn Park, if an agreement can be reached with the City Council. It is not possible to combine theatre, dance floor, and gymnasium. Each requires a different type of construction. Because the present “Gymnasium” replaced the tin shed erected by the Football Club, there has been a tendency to think of the new building as a gymnasium. We would be most unwise to spend £10,000 on a gymnasium in our permanent building when £2,000 would carry out the job easily on another site. The saving in noise alone would be worth the separation.


Before going ahead we must consult other local groups who may possibly be involved. It is of no use for the City Council, the Wellington Repertory Theatre and the Association all to build the same sort of theatre. It may be that we should each concentrate on different types of auditorium. A preliminary approach to the Repertory has already been made. A slight variation in our design might mean that we could be of great assistance to other local cultural groups, to whom we have a responsibility. We aim to build what will be one of Wellington’s most important buildings, both from the point of view of architecture and of its place in the community.

4. Site.

(a) We are advised that the proposed site between the Tennis Courts and Salamanca Road is probably the best that could be chosen from an architectural viewpoint. It would always be in the centre of internal traffic, and would fit in well with the general scheme for development of the College buildings. A structural engineer has been engaged by the College to report on the site.

(b) Should the College move to another site in Wellington, then, of course, our position will be determined as part of the general scheme.

5. Progress.

Over the last year or two there has been a determined attack on the whole question of the building which can be traced directly to the work of Mr. G. F. Dixon. He is so eager to see the building up that he has himself arranged for surveys of the site, both on foot and from the air; he has interested old students and citizens throughout the district in the Building, and he has even arranged, at his own expense, for the preparation of draft plans of a possible building for the site he has championed. The greater part of Mr. Dixon’s spare
SPIKE

time has for a long while been devoted solely to this building and if we had had ten old students like Mr. Dixon the foundations might have been in by now, had materials been available.

Because of the controls on building, any proposal of this sort must be apportioned a place in the Five Year Plan of the Commissioner of Works, but it is understood that permission to build could be given by the time we are ready to commence.

At present our first task is to raise the necessary money.

6. Finance.

In the plans drawn up by the N.Z. University Conference, the new building was given high priority; the students should find part of the cost. In view of the needs of the students, and because it is proposed that the building should be a Memorial to those students who fell in the Second World War, it is hoped that the Government would subsidise the cost in the same ratio as gymnasiums in secondary schools are assisted, i.e., £1 for £1, or £2 for £1. The Building Fund stands now at something over £8,000, but this is only a fraction of the amount required.

It should be remembered that while the figure of £2 15s. 0d. per square foot has been adopted by the Executive, building costs may continue to rise. The specifications adopted by the General Meeting provide for a building which will meet our needs, but if any provision is to be made for expansion more than the 18,000 odd square feet already provided for will certainly be required. There may also be large charges for furnishings and for treatment of the site.

Once the building is erected it is there for two and a half centuries, which means that we must plan with every care or we will earn the maledictions of tens of thousands of students. The College Roll has increased 50 per cent since 1942, and is 30 per cent greater than the peace time (1939) high.

The plans presented by Mr. Dixon allowed for considerable excavation (a necessity on this site if any great increase in floor space is decided on) to provide a building of 30,000 sq. feet. One estimate of the total cost of his building is approximately £100,000: His plans were prepared before the General Meeting adopted draft specifications. Consequently, if we made our target another £20,000, we should have to be sure of not over-shooting it.

Two other large building schemes are now calling for public support, the Cathedral and the Boys’ Institute, and since they are worthy objects which will divert some of the money which might otherwise be made available to us we will have to find in other ways.

Time is of the essence if we are to have the building celebrating the Jubilee. For the next year or two we must be prepared to subordinate all other requirements to that of the Building. When it comes to a matter of offending public opinion, the student must consider whether he should put his soul in pawn for the sake of the building. There will be no thanks handed out to present students. The people who have to shoulder the bulk of the work will not be at College to reap the results of their labours, but the students of today may well see the foundations laid and many of next year’s freshers should be in the building before they are capped.

We must decide whether we are to have the plans prepared now and call for donations on the basis of those plans so that we are bound to them, or whether we are to go ahead and raise the money and take advantage of the vastly new materials and new building methods developed during the war. For instance, we know now that fluorescent lighting would be chosen, but would we use laminated plastics?
SPIKE

Whatever we decide we must drive NOW for the necessary finance.

One returned student, a life member of the Association, sent an apology and a National Savings Bond for each Annual Meeting of the Association he had missed. The students themselves must find considerably more of the money, whether by donations from some of those students who are in good jobs, or by an increase in the Students’ Association fee. It is a time for unselfishness.

7. Immediate Steps.

The last Executive recommended that the Building Committee should be given more power, instead of functioning, as at present, through the Executive.

You must place the building foremost in your thoughts.

i. You should send in to the Executive in writing any improvements you feel ought to be incorporated, or any references you come across to similar buildings overseas.

ii. You must think out how you personally can raise some of the money needed, and how the clubs and people you are associated with can help.

iii. Next year’s Extravaganza will be the signal for an all out public appeal for funds.

The new Building must be up for the Jubilee. The time for work is NOW.

POEM

Here is the door, and I must turn and go in.
I left her some while back—no farewell,
Only a quiet word, and till the next time—
And came on home, reviewing our evening.
Turn and go in, while she too perhaps
Turns over softly in bed. Straightway sleeping;
After she had gone, and I so seemingly uninterrupted.
Though may there have been one acknowledging review,
After the breakage, the new road for me to the door
The return to each similar tomorrow,
The same, but new in a constant breakage,
A dull sense of our broken road home?

—PAT WILSON.
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In 1872 Winwood Reade ended his epic work, "The Martyrdom of Man," with these words: "But a season of mental anguish is at hand, and through this we must pass in order that our posterity may rise. The soul must be sacrificed; the hope in immortality must die. A sweet and charming illusion must be taken from the human race, as youth and beauty vanish never to return."

The belief in Christian dogmas, including that of the survival of personality after death, is everywhere in decline. With the improvement in popular education and the gradual spread of logical habits of thought (particularly the scientific habit of making the minimum number of hypotheses), this decline will continue.

On the other hand, we are entering the disintegrating stage of capitalism, with a growth of egotism in these forms:

(a) Careerism.—There is among all classes less co-operation and sense of social duty. "Sauve qui peut."

(b) The Spoilt Child.—There is a decline in the size of the average family and in the prevalence of street gangs—both results of the "elevation" of sections of the working class to lower middle class social position and outlook.

(c) Introversion.—This is confined to the thoughtful mind. It is caused by the divergence between life as anticipated and as actually experienced, notably in late adolescence.

These forms of egotism cause considerable unhappiness to people who are aware that their individual personality will be finally and utterly extinct in a few years. This realisation of mortality, by those whose early education promised eternal life, raises acute psychological crises. It leads either to the complete repression of thoughts of death, with consequent vague but inescapable ennui and despair colouring the life of millions, or to intellectual elopement with various brands of mysticism. What hope of solution is there? Atheism will not disappear, but there may well be a decline in egotism as the mental habits of a co-operative political system develop. In the meantime, we must try to evolve a rational hope of immortality, so as to lessen the neurotic fear of death, which causes widespread unhappiness and abnormal compulsions between the individual and destiny.

There are three ways in which a man lives after his death:

First, a very small minority hope that their name will live because of their creative works, and that these works will continue to give pleasure after their creators are dead. But languages change, paint fades on the canvas, and musical tastes alter with the passage of centuries, until eventually the epics of this generation are no longer intelligible to any but the trained antiquarian.

The second way in which a man lives is through his children. The world will be different because of his offspring, and in quite a real sense the ecstatic moments of conception shape the future. But this influence is by its very nature haphazard and uncontrolled.
SPIKE

as yet anyway. The very moment of conception cannot be chosen, let alone the genetic mutations which will determine the nature of the next descendant. In time, too, the influence of the individual line becomes diluted by geometric progression and is perhaps cut off by a barren generation.

There is, however, one way (and only one) in which the individual can gain immortality, one way in which he can defeat Time. The individual does not live (there is no balm for that hurt), but his influence on the human species, the highest known form of life, does. Any instant of history is only describable in terms of past trends which created it. Today’s events are, on the one hand, the embodiment of social changes, technical innovations and human labour of the past; on the other hand they are the transformers of that material into its future shape. Our lives would be altogether different if certain battles (military, political and technical) had been decided differently. Similarly the whole future depends on our actions now.

This decade’s wars and the next decade’s revolutions will determine whether man can solve the problem of political organization, and eventually reach standards of individual happiness and human power at present incomprehensible to us. The present is largely being decided by men who appear to have power but are actually inescapably controlled by the social forces they themselves represent. The influence of a few men who could calculate the consequences of their actions, who made politics a science, and who operated as a team without thought for their personal comfort or safety (seeing these personal factors in their true significance) would be immense. The most important job for us to do is to conquer those fields of knowledge (notably economics and psychology) essential for understanding the world.

On the basis of this knowledge, and only on this basis, we can select the correct political and economic forces to support.

Political action which is scientifically directed will result in the sooner and easier, and therefore more substantial creation of a just and happy society, such as the greatest thinkers of each age have visualised. This planned intervention in social development can increase the happiness of thousands of millions of human beings, and enable man’s efforts to be spent extending his influence over nature, efforts that may otherwise well be sidetracked into wars, desolation and eventually the extinction of mankind. Compared to these tremendous alternatives the present pain and pleasure sensations of the individual are of no significance (just as mathematically the proportion of any finite quantity to infinity is zero). Our contributions, however small, to the future make us responsible for, and therefore part of, actually embodied in, the safe, happy childhood and balanced purposive adult life of future generations, whether this contribution is recognised or not. We can, therefore become in a very real, unmythical sense, immortal.
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EASTER TOURNAMENT

DURING the war years we have passed by an important anniversary—the fortieth anniversary of the original Easter Tournament which took place, largely as a result of suggestions from V.U.C., at Christchurch in 1902. The Tournament is thus only three years younger than the V.U.C. Students’ Association, and antedates by thirty years the N.Z. University Students’ Association. It may be noted that although there have been changes in the sports included, it has always been at Easter, and has always been organised by the same committee of eight, two delegates from each College.

Unfortunately the two world wars meant that there has twice been a gap of three years in the sequence. Because of the complexity involved in the organisation of a meeting of this size, and since over the years many of the brightest features of a Tournament are the smaller events incidental to the main sporting fixtures, which have become traditional, it was of the highest importance that Tournament should be resurrected without letting another year go past, so that there would be enough students left who could remember the old Tournaments and who could help keep Tournament going along the lines on which it has developed. It was also important that our returned men should be able to come back to what many of them remember as the outstanding feature of University life.

There was therefore only one decision open to V.U.C. when A.U.C. suggested two and a half weeks before Easter, that in view of the travel difficulties it would be better to have a hurriedly organised Tournament at V.U.C. than miss out altogether on a Tournament at Auckland (through lack of transport). While we are sorry we failed to make the trip to Auckland, it has undoubtedly given student life an impetus for the year, and it was certainly a pleasure to be hosts at the first Tournament for years. Of course there were defects resulting from the fact that some things simply cannot be done unless you know about them well in advance (e.g., billets at hotels, booking the Basin Reserve, obtaining the Town Hall on Easter Saturday). These defects were counterbalanced by the fortunate circumstance that there was a higher percentage of older students in and about V.U.C. who could remember earlier Tournaments than at any other College. Without their aid we could not have done the job, and it is not presumption on our part to say that their assistance will undoubtedly have a beneficial effect on Tournament as a whole. As an indication of the work involved, the records and correspondence by the delegates for the 1945 Tournament completely filled a butter-box.

Tournament Committee this year made a number of important policy decisions:—

First. The old system of the automatic award of the possible number of Blues has been abandoned, and a winner of an event no longer receives a Blue if he is not up to the desired standard.

Second. At the request of the Basketball Council, it was agreed that Women’s Basketball should remain in Easter Tournament, and not be transferred to Winter Tournament.

Third. Adequate rules for the conduct of the Horh Trophy contest were added to the Tournament Constitution. Experienced observers have noted in the past that
SPIKE

the spirit which surrounds this gathering has sometimes tended to confuse the minds of both the spectators and the officials, and there is no doubt that a sound Constitution will be of great assistance to all concerned.

Fourth. Towards the end of last year, when preliminary arrangements were under discussion, the question of organising a Winter Tournament arose. V.U.C. had taken an active part in seeing that a small scale Winter Tournament—the combination of Men's and Women's Hockey with Harriers—took place in 1944. Tournament Committee agreed that the whole matter should be discussed in detail at Easter, on the basis of preliminary proposals circulated amongst the Tournament delegates during the early part of 1945. At Easter dates, numbers, sports and organisation were all tentatively agreed upon, but, unknown to the delegates, N.Z.U.S.A. had also given the matter thought. This resulted in a certain amount of confusion later in the year, which was finally overcome, but Winter Tournament has had a most successful beginning and will probably eclipse, in size at any rate, Easter Tournament within a few years. It is to be hoped that two Tournaments a year will not prove too much for those concerned.

Fifth. Miniature Rifle Shooting has been introduced and will be in Winter Tournament in future, when the full scale Haslam Shield .303 contests are held again at Easter.

Sixth. We can look forward to seeing women taking a limited part in Athletics.

The performance of the V.U.C. team was not, at first sight, of the best. However, the delegates felt that on the whole we entered good teams who performed well, but that the visitors brought better teams and deserved their wins. Still, with the certainty of a Tournament at Christchurch next Easter, we must make sure that we rid ourselves of the wooden spoons and, if possible, repeat our 1938 success. This means solid training right from the time November examinations are over. Easter comes two weeks before the end of the first term, so there will be ample time to test out would-be competitors who are out of Wellington during the summer.

Remember, eligibility for Easter Tournament 1946, is based on your attending two-thirds of a course of three lectures a week during 1945, and that the competition to be a member of next year's team is going to be fierce.

Reviewing Easter Tournament as a whole, the delegates feel that Victoria can well be pleased with its efforts in turning on a Tournament at short notice, after a lapse of three years, and that quite enough has been said about our performance on the field.

In any case, the shields and trophies are not the true reasons for holding Tournament. The expenditure of all that time, money and energy could not be justified merely to decide who has the best athletes, swimmers, boxers or tennis players. We meet really for the free exchange of ideas and personalities, and to iron out the barriers of provincialism. We meet to unite the constituent Colleges into something that can be truly a New Zealand University, and because of the good fellowship which surrounds University sporting events. The New Zealand Universities Tournament remains, after forty years, the most important non-academic institution connected with University life.

R. M. DANIELL,
I. C. McDOWALL,
Tournament Delegates.

Page Fifty-two
THE inaugural New Zealand University Winter Tournament, held in August, was, by nature of an experiment, a gratifying success. Otago University, who were the hosts, bore up admirably to the unenviable and, at one stage, apparently fruitless task of billeting and entertaining their 200 odd guests, and a most enjoyable time with the best of hospitality was had by all; in particular by the V.U.C. visitors.

A formal welcome was accorded to the visitors on their night of arrival, Thursday, and the Friday evening was taken up by the Joint Scroll debates in which the V.U.C. representatives, it seems, were rather unfortunate in not being placed. On the Saturday evening, a crowded dance a la pick-up was held in Allen Hall and was well attended by the V.U.C. crowd, and was obviously enjoyed by those who had arrived via the Bowling Green. The Church service on the Sunday evening was held in Knox Church, this being followed by a screening of educational films in the Medical School. Those prepared for the heaviest of going attended the traditional "Rigger String" dance (?) on the Monday night, while the more discreet sought more discreet forms of amusement. And on top of all this there were hockey suppers, hockey dinners and table-tennis dinners. The main attraction on the last afternoon, Tuesday, besides the N.Z.U. v. Otago Province hockey matches, was the Horn which O.U. won decisively. O.U.'s time was exceptional, and in spite of V.U.C.'s being defeated, no discredit should be cast on our representatives' ability to toss them back in the true "Horn" fashion. In the evening the Ball was held to bring the Tournament to a close. The Ball, like most Tournament Balls, was comparatively quiet, the dancers shuffling about, very tired, but very, very happy. Tired as they all were, the people were sorry when the Ball ended at the unbelievably early hour of 1 a.m.

Mention must also be made of the fact that the 60 V.U.C. representatives were also engaged in playing out their various sports during the day, and in some cases, as in Table Tennis, Basketball and Fencing, during the early part of the evenings. Congratulations, well-deserved in all cases, are due to the Table Tennis team, which won the N.Z.T.T.A. shield; to the Harriers who, running second in the N.Z.U. Championships and being the first of the North Island teams, won the Shackleton Cup; and to our Soccer team, who won their championship. In the Men's and Women's Hockey, both teams started off well. The women held the ultimate winners, O.U., to a draw, while the men won their first two games by overwhelming margins. But for some reason peculiar to V.U.C. hockey teams, these teams fell away in their subsequent engagements, and both finished fourth out of six in their respective championships. In the three remaining sports, Men's Basketball, Golf and Fencing, the V.U.C. teams acquitted themselves admirably in view of the fact that their clubs had been formed only very recently. While the players were badly handicapped by their comparative inexperience at these sports, they were eliminated only after closely-contested and spirited matches. Since these sports are now to be permanently part of Winter Tournament, it is hoped that the memberships of the respective Clubs will increase and that the standard of play will accordingly be raised. It would be a bad mistake to let these clubs fall idle now that this year's tournament is over. The V.U.C. Tournament team of 1946 will be looking to these Clubs to see that this does not happen.

On the whole, V.U.C. fared better than usual, and were able to edge A.U.C. out of third place. The trophy-winning teams already mentioned were largely responsible for this
SPIKE

relative success, although the odd points gained by the other teams were by no means negligible. The following is the final table of points awarded for the Tournament Shield:—

Otago University ..... ..... 28 1—12
Canterbury University College ..... 17 3—4
Victoria University College ..... 16 7—12
Auckland University College ..... 16 1—12
Massey Agricultural College ..... 2 1—2
Canterbury Agricultural College ..... —

V.U.C., at least, did not have the distinction of winning the wooden spoon for the first Winter Tournament which, it would appear from past experience, is something unusual. Unusual about this Tournament, too, was the fact that V.U.C. representatives were able to refrain a little more from plaguing the public ear-drum with incessant “Huakinas!” This performing of the Haka in greater moderation is a hopeful sign for something very desirable in N.Z.U. Tournaments—greater maturity of behaviour among the members of College representatives.

Winter Tournament, 1945, was a success. There was one major fault, but, in view of the University session being already overloaded with non-academic activities, it is a fault which it will be hard ever to avoid. It is the lack of adequate time in which to meet everyone; in which to see every team in action in every contest. From the point of view of forming friendships, of creating an atmosphere of good-fellowship, this is desirable. But, if we cannot have ideal conditions, there is nothing to stop us from making the best of what we have, and making Winter Tournament a “good thing” from every point of view, permanently.

N.Z.U. BLUES

The following V.U.C. players have been recommended by the Tournament Committee for Blues. All these deserve the honour and have our heartiest congratulations:—

Miss J. Strange (Table Tennis).
Messrs. J. C. Hawke (Harriers).
N. W. Towns (Hockey).
R. K. Dickson (Soccer).
F. C. Richardson (Soccer).
J. Y. Walls (Soccer).

POEM

To search in the deep caverns of the mind
That each act may be justified.
To take each motive and act, and strain
Through a filter cloth of reason
Until all joy is gone, in the analysis
Of even the most precious experience.
Let us be free from this paralysis
Stilling function by self dissection.
Let us live now with all our force
Having our reason and decision
Clear as the swift course
Of life’s action, desire and vision.

W. E.-S.
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Page Fifty-five
FURNITURE AND THE STUDENT

A rare and refreshing event. A Student sauntering through Scoullars; looking with interest; asking intelligent questions about furniture. Strange isn't it that educationalists don't encourage the student to find out things about furniture. After all, the student of to-day is the home-maker of to-morrow. Too much showy furniture gets sold; too much bad designing gets by because young folk don't get themselves an appreciation of furniture before they start buying it.

A stroll through Scoullars is good training. It's not just idle chance that makes people say, "It must be good if Scoullars made it." That sort of praise springs from half a century of sound designing and good craftsmanship which are the handmaidens of quality. We're always glad to see you.

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HAVE only to close my eyes and I am back in the old shop, with Papa Greffier cleaning his tumblers with a dirty cloth behind the counter, while Bertugris, the Belgian, an obscene grin on his toothless face, is coming in the back door, saying: "Bon soir, messieurs. Ça va, non?"

Yes, it seems but yesterday that I was in that small French village in New Caledonia. Five o'clock. I finish my work, lay the papers neatly away, and hasten out of our headquarters straight along the road to Greffier's, to drink perhaps one glass of Pernod (absinthe, we call it), perhaps two, three, four or more. Nearly always the same people are there. Greffier himself, lean, old, and hungry—famished for that food stamped in green on paper, with an inset head. Dollars are currency in New Caledonia. You can see the light in his eyes switch on when this food is laid upon the counter. You can see his fingers itch towards it, yet he is fearful of appearing too sudden. Always, after a round of drinks, he says: "Whose round is it?" If two persons gamble he says: "I'll hold the stakes and a dollar for light a room."

Then there's his son, Pierrot. Small, rat-like, with a rat's cunning. I like him and have done him some small services: in return, he gives me wine and absinthe at standard French prices. Next to him is Dure, a shopkeeper next door—a man ugly as a gargoyle, with a laugh that splits his face from ear to ear—and a violent temper. There is also Bulu Tarogne, driver of the Public Works truck, and often there are odd farmers. Last, there is Bertugris.

You have met Bertugris before in books. They describe him as a mean and filthy Jew, stooping to any infamy, ruthless in his prosecution of a deal, always haggling, trafficking, unearthing money. Yet always with some saving human grace: he gambles, or is making money for an infant son or a crippled mother. Our Bertugris is a Belgian—and he has made three fortunes, one for his parents, one for his children and one for himself. Behold him now:

"Come on, now! Who's going to try a throw?" We sip our Pernod. No one wants to play with Bertugris. He might lose and refuse to pay up.

"Nobody wants to play, Bertugris," says Greffier, his glass to his lips. "They know you too well."

"Give me the dice," retorts the Belgian, "I'll wake 'em up—les salopris!" Papa Greffier handing down the dice in their little leather cup with a show of reluctance, but I know that it is a mere pose, because he is going to claim a dollar every time there is a stake.

Bertugris takes the cup and rolls the dice on the table. "Voila, messieurs—look, you're bound to win. Come'n Louis," he says to Dure, "play for five dollars." But the dour shopkeeper refuses, so the Belgian turns to Bulu, the truckdriver, who has made "de gros sous" from selling liquor on the black market.

"You, then, Bulu—you'll play with Bertugris," and he makes the fatuous grimace of the habitual drunkard.
"Alright," says Bulu, "but you pay up, vache, or I'll wring your neck."

Bertugris dives his hand into his pocket and extracts a handful of papers, invoices, string and dollar bills. He separates the bills and lays five on the counter. Bulu takes a five-dollar bill from a neat roll, and all is handed to Papa Greffier, who puts one in the drawer with the comment: "un pour moi."

We all crowd round the two players and Papa pours a little Pernod into glasses and fills them up with water from an earthenware jar. "The winner pays for the round," he says.

"How many quates?" demands Bulu.

"Three," replies the Belgian.

"Okay. Yours, then." Each man selects a dice from the five on the counter and Bertugris takes the cup and commences to throw. He throws a three, a six, a one, a five and another six, before he throws his first "quatre." We are busy counting, un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, and then Papa Greffier puts one dice on the counter, ace up.

Next time it takes Bertugris seven throws to land a four, and we have counted up to twelve.

"Quelle vache!" ex postulates Bertugris. "This dice is bewitched."

"Don't blame the dice," growled Dure, "Get on with it!"

"He's always trying to start some sort of trouble," remarks Bulu complacently. "He won't want to pay now, if he loses. I take everybody to witness that he asked me to play, I didn't ask him."

"What does it matter who asks who?" demands the Belgian sullenly. "Next time a quatre." But the quatre does not come for another eight throws and we have counted up to vingt. Bertugris throws the cup down and exclaims:

Vingt—voila—see if you can beat that, tete de la!

"No trouble," says Bulu. His first is a quatre, his fourth is a quatre and his seventh is a quatre. Papa hands over the nine dollars and Bulu puts them back in his neat roll. Bulu then pays for a round, while Bertugris fishes in his pockets. From somewhere he produces two hundred-franc notes, a five-dollar bill, and a single dollar. All this goes plonk on the counter.

"Dix dollars, this time. Come'n Bulu."

"No, I'm not taking any more of your stinking money."

"Can't you let us drink in peace, Bertugris," growls old Greffier, but he is not broken-hearted by any means. Bulu peels off two five-dollar bills and lays them in Pap's itchy palms. They take dice and I realize that Bulu has taken the same dice as last time.

"How many?" says Bulu. Bertugris is too drunk to make a sudden decision.

"Two," he says finally. This time Bulu throws first and hits two fours in four throws. The Belgian curses.

"T'es mort avant de commencer," says old Greffier, and we all laugh for the Pernod is heady stuff.

"I can win all the same," grunts the Belgian. He throws one four first and then takes seven throws for another while we count him out:

"T'es mort—t'es mort!

We drink another glass, while he hunts feverishly through his pockets. All he can find is about twenty francs in French money. He lays this on the counter and Dure takes it up, peers at it, and says: "What've you been using this for—toilet paper?"
“Donnerwetter!” shouts Bertugris, who occasionally breaks into vile German. “Lend me twenty dollars, M’sieur Greffier.”

“No. You’ll only lose it—an’ how do I know you’ll ever bring it back?” Old Greffier shakes his head, looking down on the Belgian as an old man looks pityingly at the follies and callowness of the young.

“Swear I’ll give it back tomorrow,” whines Bertugris. “You know me, M’sieur Greffier.”

“Too well,” responds the other. “Oh well, if you want to lose it . . . .”

He goes to his drawer and fetches two ten-dollar bills. Bulu puts down the same amount and they play again, for four quaters. Bulu wins again, and when the Belgian borrows another twenty dollars he wins yet again. I begin to think that there is some magical quality about the dice which Bulu takes every time he plays—perhaps not so magical, either. But I do not get the chance to experiment because even Bertugris has been staggered by his losses—some fifty-five dollars—and is unwilling to gamble any further. Anyhow, it is getting late and the table behind us has been set and Madame Greffier has come in to cast a friendly eye over the gathering. She sits behind us with her golden-dyed hair, smiling benignly on the antics of Bertugris, and turning a deaf ear to the bawdy talk which flows in currents across the counter.

Now Papa Greffier looks up at the old clock on the top shelf—a sure sign that he has had enough Pernod and is thinking of “la soupe.” Pierrot takes the leather cup. “We’ll play for who pays for the last round,” says he and tosses out the five dice. The system by which we decide who shall have the honour of paying is a complicated one. It is necessary to throw “un ace” representing a “cocher” or coachman, a “quatre” for a carriage, and then other numbers for passengers. The player who takes longest to throw his driver, carriage and passengers, invests in drinks for the company. Pierrot throws a one and then a four, in three throws and passes the cup to Dure. Dure takes five. I am lucky and throw them both in my first cast. Thus to the others, Bertugris and Dure are last with five throws, and each throws again, Dure first. He gets his equipment in six throws. Then it is the Belgian’s turn. He throws and throws again and cannot strike the ace. It eludes him like the source of a bad smell. Un, deux, trois, quatre, we count. Cinq—no ace.

“T’m mort,” cries Pierrot. “You pay!” The Belgian keeps on for three more throws and then crashes the cup on the counter.

“I’m not goin’ to pay,” he slobbers. “It’s not my round.”

Ciel! For a moment there is a breathless, incredulous quietness, then the storm bursts loose.

“You rotten toad,” says Pierrot quietly.

“Bertugris again,”—Papa Greffier shakes his head, signifying something like commiseration.

“Stinking heap of filth,” shouts Dure. “Make him pay or I’ll strangle the dog with these hands.”

Bertugris, the Belgian, turns his back and waves his hands carelessly, obviously drunk. He keeps repeating: “It wasn’t my round. It wasn’t my round—somebody else can pay.”

This aggressive nonchalance on the part of the sinner infuriates the drinkers even more.

“You’ll never be seen in my shop again,” cries old Greffier—“Never!”


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SPIKE

Now there is real pandemonium. Dure, who has become more and more incensed, leaps round the counter to get at his opponent. "I'll kill him—I'll kill him!" and to see him you would think he was attacking a child murderer.

"Come'n try," sings the Belgian, and simultaneously he skips behind Bulu, and holding this personage like a shield, exhorts the other to "try and touch me." Now we realize that the travesty has gone too far. Dure will kill the puny Belgian if he gets a hand on him. Pierrot and I bar his way and try to quiet him down, even as Bertugris taunts him from his vantage point. The whole happening is irresistibly comic—but Madame and I are the only persons who realize it. "Ah," she says, shaking her head, "Monsieur le Belge he's always acting the fool."

After a struggle we quieten them both. Monsieur le Belge lapses into offended mutterings and Dure hoicks a symbol of his disgust onto the floor and goes out. I am about to make my unsteady way after him—indeed I am half-way through the grimy kitchen where the Javanese servant girl is crashing pots, when I hear a yell: "Come back!" I poke my head into the shop again.

"What on earth's this? Can it be true?" Bertugris is standing at the counter with a five-dollar bill he has conjured from some pocket or other, saying: "A last drink for everybody—on me." He wears that smile which transfigures his face perhaps once a day, a smile which is winsome in a Christ, but hopelessly out of place in a Bertugris, and Papa Greffier, his spectacles at an acute angle on his forehead is saying:

"Ah—le sale Belge—will he never learn?" And these words are still ringing in my befuddled head as I go out beneath the stars.

POEM

Feel the flesh from the skull
And peer into the sockets of the eyes
Seeking an answer.
Knock at the bony casing of the heart
And gravely await the spirits reply.
Sit in the second class carriage,
Feel the body's surge
And ask your blood its message.
Listen again to the wheels of the train
Ask what their refrain is saying,
Go ask the puppets who tangled their cords
And who is the puppeteer.
Seek but you won't find
In the mind any answer,
From the heart
There is no word,
Your blood is a liar
And the wheels are insane.
The puppets are silent,
And the puppeteer gone.

W. E. S.

Page Sixty
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BETWEEN
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It is the aim of science, and of the scientist, to reduce all observables to a rational scheme. That is, not to attempt to deduce the nature of the unobservable parts of existence, after the metaphysical manner, but to correlate sense data, and make verifiable predictions of probable future experience in the light of present appearance. Let the philosopher prove with complete logic that the scientific scheme lacks "reality." To the pragmatistical scientist, these speculations are irrelevant unless they lead to observable and measurable results.

Physics, which is concerned with those phenomena which are attributed to matter in its simplest and most primitive forms, is traditionally the home of the materialist. Yet in its most modern developments it has fostered strongly idealist philosophies from some competent physicists. The cause is of interest, and has an important bearing on the general question.

Closely interwoven with all physical science is the study of mathematics, contributing its peculiar elegance and its especial difficulty. The two are inseparable, because physics is concerned primarily with those sense data which Eddington called "pointer readings." When we measure something, we have some real information about it. The logic of numbers is clearer than that of abstract ideas. It happens to be more profitable to predict the behaviour of a system by constructing and solving its differential equations than by pondering qualitatively on the whole complex of causes and effects.

In calculating our physical theory, we set up a hypothetical mathematical model, of which the physical system is an approximation. This is, in general the most difficult step. Mathematics, up to now is ahead of physics, and once we have decided on the most suitable model the analysis is not always so difficult.

But there lies the danger. In setting up our hypothetical mathematical model, we are liable to forget that its elements have existence external to mathematics. So obsessed do we become with the niceness of our calculations that we fail to check them back against the external world. Theories of a mathematical nature are essential to physics, but they are useless unless at some stage or another they are linked with the results of experiments.

Pure mathematics may be to blame. On the whole, mathematicians, as they work, have the impression that they are discovering, not inventing. There is a feeling that the answer to the problem "really" exists, if we only knew how to find it. This is partly because logically, the axioms and postulates contain implicitly the whole structure of theorems. But many philosophers and mathematicians consider that it is a fallacy and that men invent the mathematics they require. In the long run, this is probably so, the main trends being conditioned by circumstances. Yet no man who has "discovered" a mathematical "truth" will admit that he just made it up. The validity of mathematics as a logical study is undeniable, but no one can decide whether it is created by God or man.

The difficulty is that we may find a mathematical theory which fits the facts of experience, without being able to interpret physically the elements involved. It is impossible to conceive of an electron or a wave packet, or a four-dimensional space time. They are
SPIKE

mere logical constructs, extrapolated from the experience which we think we understand, to facilitate calculation. It is interesting to note that trend in modern physics, exemplified by the thermodynamics, wavemecanics and relativity theory, which lays emphasis on linking theory with practice by giving mathematical expression to our inability to make certain measurements, such as the simultaneous position and velocity of a particle, or of the "absolute" velocity of a system.

To the practising physicist, these considerations are seldom apparent. He is not worried about the nature of the inconceivable things which turn up in the equations. He does not doubt their existence, for by appropriate manipulation he gets the results he expects. Their properties are defined solely by the equations in which they occur. On the whole, most physicists in their scientific work are materialists and mechanists. There is no point in doubting the existence of matter if you are studying its properties. It is reasonable to assume that there is "something" there. Not that this implies the spherical red particles of the Victorians. The position has been very clearly stated by Lenin.

"When the physicists say 'matter disappears' they mean by this that until the present, the natural sciences had reduced their measurements of the physical realm to three ultimate concepts, matter, electricity, and ether; and that now only the last two remain, for they have succeeded in reducing matter to electricity ... For the sole 'property' of matter with the recognition of which materialism is vitally concerned is the property of being 'objective reality,' of existing outside of our cognition."

This is the generally accepted view of physicists today, at least in their scientific writings.

---

Sadly, sadly, I walked alone down the grey beach, forcing forgetting on a set remembering mind, seeing nothing but the unlit sand beneath my feet. I stumbled against a sandhill and unthoughtfully lay down on it. Memory rose with mocking eyes, so I started singing, to merge my special, sharp sadness into the dull ache of melancholy of the song. But the songs became unutterably sad, and I lay silent for a while.

And I began thinking half-aloud, trying to strip off the mannerisms and conditioned feelings that are the superficial me, and find what I really am, what I really desire and need—the I deep inside me, the I that feels and perceives the real things—the three-fold shape of a dark hill, the sudden heart in a smile. Talking to myself like this I really knew myself and knew my desires, and it seemed possible that, now knowing them, I could find some real fulfilment instead of the eternal disillusionment and dissatisfied emptiness. But I looked up and saw that Miriam had been standing beside me all the time, and her face was horrified with not-understanding. And she saw me looking at her, and turned and ran afraid along the beach. And I lay strangely still and dead.

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and all that sort of rot,
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WHERE LOVE MAY PASS

Down pity it first ran by the firelight,
By a yellow twinge of pain:
And, that pain should come from pity,
Rolled into tenderness
Of a warm red that firelight grows
And flickers down filter to net in appleskin.
Struck into tender suggestion of movement,
Teetered on edge of pain's ruin,
Recoiled into wavering, place gained;
There follows the love-lurch through a wide forest,
Open beneath the boughs, scattered with moonray and padded needles,
Slipping down to black-dancing water
Where is dipping and drinking,
To gaze on the end of things.
Love wells out of black water
When tenderness presses down fear;
Tears out heart-wrung rock
To mount and cool in age-long similar streams;
Breath of half-conscious ecstasy
Raising to plateau of void-fear.
And love wells up heart-ease of youth half-gone.

—PAT WILSON.

POEM

An old man in a young world;
Old, eaten grey-beard crusted with by-products of life-plans.
Will no-one listen to him?
Thirsting, stricken groping among the groups,
Mumbling as a rejected life is revived;
Not even the earth. . . .
Those terrifying altar-shapes of trees
At night; The hooded, capped hills, so complete;
Serene disdain. Will no-one,
Not even she, the earth. . . .?
Thirsting, wandering death.
How they talk! Will they never stop?
Cannot an old man be granted his mirage?
Must his plan-folds for ever
Half-dissolve, then congeal,
A sprinkling, fermentation?
Grant old whimpering grey-beard his solemn ritual!
Grant him his final death-draught.

—PAT WILSON.

Page Sixty-seven
GRADUATES, 1945

Masters of Arts with Honours
Boyd, Ellie Macdonald, Third Class in English (from Auckland University College).
Boyd, Mary Beatrice, Second Class in History.
Bycroft, Doreen May, Second Class in English and Latin.
Cramb, Sarah Twycross, Second Class in Philosophy.
Grant, Janet Mary, Second Class in English.
Jolly, Gwyneth Campbell, Second Class in Philosophy.
Neligan, Ruth Diana, Second Class in English.
Parsons, Mira Sarah, Third Class in Mathematics.
Porter, Freda Mary, Third Class in Philosophy.
*Todd, Francis Murray, First Class in English.
Turner, Rae, Third Class in History.

*Shircliffe Fellow.

Masters of Arts
Craig, Ngaire Jean Patricia, in English and Latin.
Hogg, Marion, in English.
Taylor, Nancy Margaret, in History.
Tossman, David, in French.

in absentia
Towgood, Winitred Nina, in French.

Bachelors of Arts
Andersen, Margaret Hilda.
Beard, Donald Derek.
Borchardt, Dietrich Hans.
Bruce, Alan Quartermain.
Bryenton, Valerie Gwendolen.
Burt, Thomas Hylton.
Calvert, Geoffrey Neil.
Cody, Patricia Susan.
Congalton, Athol Alexander.
Congalton, Elizabeth Stewart (1942 examination).
Doole, George Cliff (from University of Otago).
Dry, Avis Mary.
Holmes, June Greville.
Larsen, Roy Felix.
Long, May Joyce.
Magee, Shirley.
Matsara, William Pere.
Michael, Ramon John.
Morris, Beverley Jean.
Morrison, William James.
McKenzie, Joan Christie (from University of Otago).
McKenzie, Peter Rutherford.
McNabb, Robert Leslie.
Orr, Margaret.
Parsons, Leslie Eric.
Petch, Ashleigh Kelvin.
Taylor, Beryl Jean.
Ting, Ivor.
*Twaddle, Robert Bruce.
Vance, Gladys Mary.
White, Nora Margaret.
Whiteman, Alan Leonard.
Winchester, James Webber.
Witten-Hannah, James.

*John Tineline Scholar in English.

in absentia
Benge, Edward Michael.
Head, Marie Jacquette.
Meek, Ronald Lindley.
McLean, Elspeth Mary.
Olson, Douglas Norman Yeats.
Reed, John Ernest.
Scannell, Karin.

Masters of Science with Honours
Beavis, Graham, Second Class in Chemistry.
†Drummond, James Ewen, First Class in Mathematics.
Harrington, Hilary James, Second Class in Geology (from Auckland University College).
Ross, Janet Macdonald, Third Class in Zoology.
†Warcup, John Henry, First Class in Botany.
Williamson, Edwin Andrew, Second Class in Mathematics (1941 examination).
*Cook Memorial Prize.
†Post-Graduate Scholarship in Arts.
†Post-Graduate Scholarship in Science.

Master of Science
Scott, Raymond Annesley, in Chemistry.

Bachelors of Science
Anderson, Alfred Robert.
Barr, Herbert James.
*Bogle, Gilbert Stanley.
Borthwick, Robert Andrew.
Button, Colin Herbert.
Caverhill, Alan Ryton.
Evison, Frank Foster.
Fastier, Lyle Brandon.
Filmer, Doris Winitred.
Geddes, John Alastair.
Gibbons, Barbara Barton.
Jackson, John Richard.
Lambourne, Leslie James.
Land, Mary Edith.
Mudgway, Douglas James.
Munster, Raymond John.
Northe, Roy Douglas.
Rove, Leslie Grimmel.
Walls, Jack Young.
Waters, Hugh David Charles.
Williams, John Cyprian Phippes.

*Senior Scholar in Physics.

in absentia
Baumgart, Ian Lawrence.
Hill, Augustine Kenneth.
Leatham, Edward Harry.
Ross, Desmond Joseph.
White, Norman Rex.

Master of Laws with Honours
Gibson, Keith Gordon, Third Class in Constitutional Law, etc., Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.
Master of Laws
Horn, Jack Raymond Poppleton, in Constitutional Law, etc., Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.

Bachelor of Laws
Matthew, Keith Taylor (from Auckland University College).

Master of Commerce with Honours
Slocombe, Stanley, Third Class in Economics and Economic History.

Bachelors of Commerce
Anderson, Paul Chambers.
Barr, John.
Giland, Robert James.
Gratier, Matthew Burton.
Jones, Grace Marjorie.
Kauter, June Isabel (nee Furrie).
Lang, Henry George.
McCullough, William Errington.
Mark, Cyril Robert.
Melville, Andrew Osmond (from University of Otago).
Micalle, Henry Percy.
Palmer, Hugh Kidston.
Taylor, Philip Arthur.
Wicks, Moira Dorothy.
in absentia
Arcus, John Arnot.
Irwin, Raymond Douglas Lyle.

Bachelor of Agricultural Science
Sewell, Thomas Gurney (from Canterbury Agricultural College).

Bachelor of Home Science
Jones, Olwen Ellice (from University of Otago).
Perston, Annastacia Yvonne (from University of Otago).

Bachelors of Medicine and Bachelors of Surgery
Banks, Cecil Douglas (from University of Otago).
Bell, Lenn Gifford (from University of Otago).
Jones, Joyce May Emery (from University of Otago).
Murray, Neil Gray (from University of Otago).
Peat, Eric Harold (from University of Otago).
Reid, June Esther (from University of Otago).
Smith, Flora (from University of Otago).

DEGREES BEING CONFERRED AT OTHER COLLEGE CEREMONIES
Master of Arts with Honours
Cox, Carlisle Estelle, Third Class in Latin.

Bachelor of Arts
Hudson, David Garfield.

Bachelor of Science
Coleman, Clifford Francis.

Bachelor of Commerce
Quigg, John Berchams.

DEGREES ALREADY CONFERRED
Master of Arts
Copp, John Dixon, in Philosophy.

Bachelors of Arts
Baigent, Harold Verdon.
Colbert, Colin John.
Gray, Edith Florence.
Grocott, John Dryden.
Isott, John.
Maciver, William George.
Mitchell, John Robert.
Molting, Lionel Henry Edgar.
Organs, Frank.
Reindler, William.
Ross, Angus Alexander.
Smythe, Colin Henry.
Stirling, Gordon Robert.
Tosswell, Robert George.
White, Alan Heathcote.
Wilde, Stanley.
Woolford, Joseph Henry.

Bachelor of Science
Howard, Dene Grenville.
Williamson, Keith Ian.
Zotov, Victor Dmitrievich.

Bachelor of Laws
Jensen, Alexander Edwin.
Saxton, Frederick Arthur Everitt.

Bachelor of Commerce
Johnston, Clifton Clyde Norford.
Levestam, Hubert Ashley.
Lindsay, Gordon Fred.
Wallace, Julia Nannie.

DIPLOMAS ISSUED SINCE GRADUATION CEREMONY 1944
Diplomas in Education
Williams, Cecil John.
Macaskill, Hector.
Begg, Alan Thomas.
Downes, Harold Edward Parkhurst.
Lambourne, Sydney James.
Holmes, Thomas Gilbert.

Shipping Officers' Certificate
Reeves, Richard Restless.

SCHOLARSHIPS
Sir George Grey Scholarship—L. J. Lambourne.
Senior University Scholarships—
R. B. Twaddle (Tinling), G. S. Bogle (Physics).
Shirtcliffe Fellowship—F. M. Todd.
Post-Graduate Scholarships—
J. E. Drummond (Arts), J. H. Warcup (Science).
Sir Robert Stout Scholarship—G. S. Bogle.
Alexander Crawford Scholarships—
J. H. P. Rothsbaum (Science), Barbara J. Patrick (Arts).
Emily Lillias Johnston Scholarships—
J. M. Ziman, Margaret H. Holm.
Lissie Rathbone Scholarship—K. L. Gillion.
Jacob Joseph Scholarship—No award.
Lady Stout Bursary—Beverley J. Morris.

PRIZES
Cook Memorial Prize—J. E. Drummond.
Bruce Dall Prize—E. O. Hall.
John F. Good Prize—M. C. MacDonald.
The Macmorrin Prize for Mathematics—J. M. Ziman.
N.Z. Institute of Chemistry Prize—A. G. MacDiarmid.
Dr. W. E. Collins Class Prizes in English Literature—
Margaret H. Andersen, Barbara J. Patrick.
S. W. Shires, J. B. Trapp.
Dr. W. E. Collins Prize Essay—J. B. Trapp.
Butterworth Prize in Roman Law—D. A. Taylor.

Page Sixty-nine
COUNCIL STUDENT RELATIONS
What Is and What Should Be

By F. L. Combs

I HAVE been a member of the Council for ten years. During that time the relations of the Council and the Student Body have, in my opinion, been good. Since the students have had a student representative on the Council that student has always received a fair and considerate hearing, and proposals brought forward by him or sent on direct by the executive of the Students' Association have been discussed and voted on by the Council on their merit. The recent proposal to resite the College in an area where it would be in closer contact with the city itself and have the necessary room to expand all its activities was due, as far as I know, entirely to the initiative of the students. It was well received by the Council and a joint Committee was set up to go thoroughly into it.

But though all this can be said it is not saying a great deal when we reflect upon the times in which we are living. University Colleges should become one of the major institutions giving leadership to modern democracies. (One is often asked cynically "What is Democracy?" The reply made without cynicism is "It is the opposite to Fascism.")

To play its part in a Democracy a college should, within commonsense limits, have a maximum of self-government, and it should be broad based upon that Democracy. From both these standpoints the constitution of Victoria College is quite indefensible.

It has only one student representative and the rest of the representation consists of members not democratically chosen in any fundamental way. Does the Council thus constituted fail in any essential sense?

In my opinion, yes. Though we live in critical times, though a revolution in the outlook and basis of our society is under way, the College does not expand to it. If it did, its informed and impartial outlook as a learned institution would be at least ten-fold as much impressed upon our democratic community as a whole as is the case. From the standpoint of the Democracy it serves and from which to a major extent it draws its financial support, the College is up a back street. Its function of furthering individual careers may be adequately performed, but this function in times like our own is not its main raison d'être nor is it an entirely social one. Given many advantages by the community, the college should in an outstanding way be playing a leading role in the community's thinking.

Internally it should be characterised by a far greater degree of mutuality in its life and government. As regards the area it serves it should, so to speak, be begotten of the democratic spirit and aspirations of that area. If I'm right in this, and it goes without saying that I speak only for myself, the constitution of the College should be radically changed. How? Briefly in two respects: (1) All the forms of special representation should go by the board and be replaced by a council of, say, fifteen members elected on a parliamentary franchise. Graduates might, and probably would to a reasonable extent, be thus elected. This council as it alone was representative of the taxpayers would alone have the right to vote on motions. (2) There should also be consultative representation of the college
teaching staff and of the students. In both cases the representation should be increased from one to four. These representatives should have the right to propose motions and to discuss all matters, but not the right to vote.

I am well aware that these suggestions lay themselves open to criticism and that, if adopted, they would give rise to difficulties. A writer who invokes Democracy as the sole alternative to Fascism does not by any means allow himself to be carried away by an illusion of the saintliness of Democracy. It permits of a margin of human error quite as great as does the academician.

What is uppermost in the writer’s mind, influenced as he is by the too often unfortunate experience of Universities in countries overseas, is the need for a University College to achieve a broad based security by knitting itself to the Democracy of which (in New Zealand, at any rate) it is the paid servant.

That the students should be an actively democratic section within the modern democracy of the College as a whole seems to me to go without saying. At their age their main purpose in attending any Institution is to grow up mentally, morally and physically, and how they are to do this without exercising initiative, gaining confidence from their successes and taking the responsibility for their mistakes—I do not know. In conclusion, as bearing upon the last point, may I quote from Character Education "In a Democracy," by S. R Slavson (page 189):—

"In educational work we must be prepared while leading also to follow the hand of those whom we are educating. In so doing we ourselves develop and grow.

"Freedom cannot be activated unless a feeling of mutualy and unity of purpose exists among the pupils, the staffs, and the board of directors."

Freedom, as placed in this context, I personally take to be synonymous with Democracy.
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COLLEGE CLUBS

President: Jackie Patrick Secretary: Jean Priest. Committee: Dave Cohen, Margaret Holm, Jack Williams, Jim Witten-Hanna, Bill Oliver.

Last year this club was revived and this year, with the support of all students who realise the importance of international relations, has commenced very well. There was a record-breaking attendance at the Annual General Meeting, at which the film, "World of Plenty" was screened. The screening of this excellent film by the club indicated a progressive trend which has been reflected in the talks and discussions since.

Highlights in the club's programme have been a talk by Professor Lipson on "World Security and the Peace Settlement." We were given an extremely interesting and informative address which covered pre-war Poland; debunked the incorrect propaganda concerning Russia (which was the only type available until recently); and also, in the light of recent events, it was interesting to see the results of the Dumbarton and San Francisco talks; international organisation and the most desirable type of peace settlement. Many searching questions were adequately answered during the discussion period which always follows a talk in this club.

Colonel Powles' subject was "Colonial Problems in the South-West Pacific." The increasing population; the economic, educational and health problems were dealt with and possible solutions offered. Monopolist exploitation of the land and natives; the danger of turning these people into museum pieces; the possible benefits of international control were discussed at length. Altogether there appear to be more difficulties to be cleared up than we would have thought prior to hearing this efficient survey.

The International Relations Club always aims at having topical discussions, and Mr. Pat Shaw's opinion of "What we Should Do with Japan," given as it was, shortly before VI-Day, was nothing if not timely. Mr. Shaw has lived in Japan for some time and was able to speak authoritatively on the subject of the people, their customs, Shinto, the relation of the Emperor to the Rulers, and to his foreign policy, and to the ordinary Japanese; their education and general economic status, as well as their scientific and philosophical progress. We were thankful to find that he holds out definite hope for the future provided that the peace problems are dealt with along sensible lines.

If you are at all interested in the fate of the world, your country or yourself, economically or politically, or socially, this is the club above all others whose meetings you should attend. It is here that you will have your questions answered and doubts dispelled by authorities (who have not obtained their knowledge from "Readers Digest" or the like).

Students in this College are becoming more aware of the value of culture clubs, and we would like to see even greater support given to I.R.C. in the coming year.

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DRAMATIC CLUB

The V.U.C. Drama Club, after being on the up and up for the past two years, has followed in the wake of other clubs and gone way down. After the full and successful year of 1944, the committee became really ambitious and planned for a dramatic revival, with two major productions and weekly readings. But the only men available were the men on the committee, and as they began to be called up, the ambitions crumbled and a revue took the place of all the noble schemes.

However, in the hope that peace will lessen the man shortage, the committee has planned for a production for the first week of 1946, and has applied for alternate Friday nights, believing this to be the best night for audiences. The production for next year must be cast before the end of the third term, as rehearsals are to take place during the vacation. If you are interested, hand your name in to the secretary. Here is your opportunity to be in a play without interfering with school. So leave a note in the rack of the Women's Common Room—if you don't approach us, we won't feel distinctly that your name among the thousand odd belongs to genius.

The programme during the year began promisingly with an evening of mixed sketches. This was followed by a one-act evening, which can only be excused with the knowledge that it was a testing ground for producers. Two readings—one successful, the other not—and the forthcoming revue, complete the sad picture.

With the help of those interested we can remedy this next year. How about it?

MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS SOCIETY

Though this Club, as in the other two Scientific Societies, deals with subjects containing relatively little general interest, a large attendance is always the rule, and the average number present will probably be over thirty. After a lapse of two years, the Society was set going again in 1943, and since then has continually sought to present evenings which will be of general interest, rather than insist on development of exacting technical and mathematical theories.

This year, the annual general meeting was held at the end of March, when the following officers were elected:

President: J. E. Drummond, M.Sc.
Vice-presidents: G. S. Bogle, B.Sc.; J. M. Ziman.
Committee: E. A. Cottingham, R. A. Garrick, P. D. Manchester.

Secretary: E. O. Hall.

At a committee meeting held soon after this, a varied programme was arranged, and it is hoped by the end of the year to have presented at least seven lectures and visits. Already, at the time of writing, two lectures, by Dr. J. T. Campbell and Mr. Jones, of the Seismology Department, have been presented, and a visit to the Meteorological Offices proved exceedingly interesting. It is hoped to visit Radio Corporation and that Mr. Suckling will be able to lecture on Atomic Physics.

Last year, a Fresher's evening was instituted, at which three freshers spoke on subjects in which they were particularly interested. A similar evening, and another at which Honours students will speak on the work covered by their theses, will bring to a conclusion a most successful year.

E. O. HALL, Hon. Secretary.
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SOCIAL COMMITTEE NOTES

The Social Committee, since the last issue of "Spike," has done quite a number of interesting things.

The equipment has been improved and added to. Where there was one twelve-inch dynamic speaker, there are now two permagnetic speakers mounted on baffles four feet square installed in an easily detachable manner in the rafters of the gymnasium. The amplifier was rebuilt by D. C. Rose (the previous music controller), improving both its power and fidelity. New records have been bought; but an enormous quantity would be required to prevent students becoming too familiar for pleasure with the records. An excellent microphone (borrowed) is being used. The executive has voted money to buy one; but they are rare.

In the kitchen the work of the committee has been eased by the purchase of new cups, tea-towels and jugs.

The committee up till recently was: Margaret Anderson, Margaret Beattie, Gwen McDowall, Vivienne Rich (convener), Piers Abraham, Bob Barraclough, Gib Bogle (secretary), Guy Evans, John Zipan. Lately Margaret Beattie resigned and several new members have joined. They are: Mary Redmayne, Millard, Elizabeth Wilton and Hilary Wilton, to whom Vivienne Rich will teach catering, and Colin Smith (general purposes and M.C.), and Charlie Withers (assistant radio-physicist to Guy Evans).

Some new ideas have been tried in the social life of the college over the past year. During the vacation a sub-committee of the Executive (Margaret Beattie, Gib Bogle, Dick Daniell) organized a Christmas Ball (December 16th), a picnic to Titahi Bay, and some tea dances. At the Winter Sports Ball, 1945, a new scheme of supper distribution was tried and worked very well. Supper is provided continuously from 9 till 11 p.m., and the dancers go downstairs for it when they feel like it. One of the best innovations of the committee is the lunch-hour dance, held on Tuesday afternoons. However, this dance is not as well attended as could be expected, the average number being about thirty.

The procedure of giving free tea dance double tickets to all students who do some work for the social committee, such as sweeping the halls or wiping-up the dishes, has been adhered to. Although the lack of volunteers is nothing like what it was in the grim days of 1943, when free tickets were introduced, it is felt that those students who are willing to do something for everybody should be encouraged, and that the work should not be always done by a few.

DISTRICT COUNCIL REPORT

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE—S.C.M.

V.U.C.S.M. oscillates continually between two inherent tendencies. On the one hand it knows that it has a message that concerns the whole college, and on the other hand, due to the number of clubs at Victoria, it finds that in reality it is regarded tolerantly as just another club. Perhaps the tension between the two is the only condition of progress.
SPIKE

There has been an increase in numbers and in enthusiasm of activity this year, which is at least a hopeful sign of the impact of the movement on the college. Shortly after the beginning of the first term we lost our chaplain, the Rev. R. Thornley, who had been appointed to a Methodist circuit in Invercargill. As chaplain the Rev. Thornley gave much strength and incentive to the movement and our debt to him is very great. We hope that in the near future V.U.C.S.C.M. will again have a chaplain—one of its true motivating forces.

Preparation for this year’s work was done by Wellington members of executive before the Varsity year began, including the printing of the year’s programmes, and the arranging of presessional executive retreats. The V.U.C.S.C.M. again printed a very useful student’s handbook, and conducted an information bureau over the enrolling days at college. Another major outside activity of the V.U.C.S.C.M. has been the running of a second-hand bookstall. The need for such an institution was apparent from the number of books that passed through the stall, and the efficient way in which it was managed reflected much credit on the ingenuity and patience of the bookstall controller.

The executive was depleted at the beginning of the year, but by April had co-opted members to its full strength. From then on the executive meetings have been held every fortnight and have been well attended. The work has been spread over the different members of executive, who have all given of their best to their particular job.

Two study circles commenced half-way through the first term, the Rev. Bates leading one on the Epistle to the Romans, and Miss Helen Murray one on Bible study. The attendances at both, especially the former, have been good. Just recently, to meet the demand of students who could not attend either of the existing groups, a third one was begun—“Students, the Church, and the Churches,” led by the Rev. Grocott.

A very encouraging sign this year has been the increase in attendance at Devotions. Short devotional periods are held twice daily at 2 p.m. and at 7 p.m. With the exception of devotions led by Miss Joan Benton and Mr. Cochran, the leadership has been entrusted to V.U.C. students. Worship is the core of our work and it is good to feel that the S.C.M.-ers are realising more fully the value of devotions. We are indebted to Mr. Cochran for allowing us the use of his room for devotions, executive meetings, study circles, etc.

The Saturday evening talks and discussions held during the year have again been very successful from the point of view of numbers and enthusiasm in discussion. Subjects and speakers have been: “What to do with the Germans and Japanese.”—Mr. A. Richards.
“Christianity in the Post-war World.”—Rev. Mr. Underhill.

Besides these discussions, two S.C.M. parties to the Religious Drama Society’s productions have been well attended and enjoyed.

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Two open meetings at the college followed by a weekend at Wallis House were held in mid-June. Addresses at 'Varsity were given by Mr. O. E. Burton: "What Faith for the Modern World," and by the Rev. J. M. Bates: "The Problem of the Individual in a Mass Society." Both subjects were excellently handled and we were very fortunate in securing two such able speakers. Those who attended the addresses, however, were mostly S.C.M.-ers. Perhaps if our activities are limited to those of a college club we should have expected no more. The weekend at Wallis House was very profitable and enjoyable. The general subject of the weekend was "The Cultural Components of Worship." Speakers and subjects were:

"Introduction to Worship"—Mr. H. Wadman.
"Language and Worship"—Rev. W. Morrison.
"Music and Worship"—Miss Hirst.
"Drama and Worship"—Mr. J. V. Burton.
"Films and Worship"—Mr. A. Richards.

The Bible tutorial on the Epistle to the Ephesians was led by the Rev. W. C. Comber, and periods of meditation on the Lord's Prayer were led by Sister Allan. Altogether this was a most worthwhile weekend.

Pre-sessional retreat, at which we planned our work for the year proved very valuable to the executive. May Camp was not so well attended as we thought it would be—this may have been due to the distance from Wellington of the site—Otaki. Apart from the distance, the site was ideal and we are indebted to the Wellington City Mission for allowing us to use this site. The theme was "The Implications of being a Christian." Speakers and subjects were:

"Christianity in the Community"—Mrs. A. Saldan.
"Christianity in the University"—Miss Joan Benton.

Introductions to Time of Quiet were taken by Canon Fry, of Levin, and the Bible Tutorials, based on the Psalms, were taken by the Rev. J. N. Grocott.

Three church services have been held during the year. The first one—the Opening Student Service—followed a Welcome Tea for Freshers, and held in St. Andrew's Church. Again the service was attended almost entirely by members of the S.C.M., although there was a fair proportion of freshers. The Pacific Area Day of Prayer Service was held in the Central Baptist Church and was well attended. The service was conducted by the Rev. Duncan Hercus, assisted by students, and the address was given by the Rev. J. M. McKenzie. The World Student Day of Prayer, the major service of the year, was held in the Pro-Cathedral and, was well attended by all branches of the Wellington S.C.M.

The co-operation with Training College S.C.M. has been well maintained throughout the year to the advantage of both branches. Training College students have attended all our activities and we have been free to attend theirs.

The V.U.C.S.C.M. has again given its wholehearted support to I.S.S., although in this very support there is the danger that I.S.S. might be pidgeonholed by an apathetic college executive as
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just another branch of S.C.M. activity. I.S.S. is the
concern of all students, and it would be a very
real danger to its influence at Victoria if it was
looked upon merely as an activity of the S.C.M.
One of the highlights of the year's activity has
been the debate, S.C.M. v. Debating Society, that
"Christianity offers the only solution to present-day
chaos in Society." S.C.M.-ers and others turned
out in full force and the gym was well filled. A
pleasing feature of the debate was that church
differences did not undermine the fundamental
unity of the Christian doctrine as propounded by
S.C.M.-ers, members of the Catholic Student Guild,
and E.U. The adjudicator's decision and the verdict
of the audience were in favour of the motion.
Perhaps the sceptic may argue this was only be-
cause Christians packed the gym, but the very
fact, plus the basic unity of the Christian message
for society as propounded by the speakers, plus
the point that this unity was shown by university
students, are factors of tremendous importance.
Increases in numbers, more widespread activity,
and enthusiasm in that activity, may be no direct
index of the impact of the movement on the life
of the college, but they certainly are necessary
preliminaries. At times the smoke has been vague,
shadowy and diffuse, but the fire is still the voice
of God.

FRANCES FYFE,
Secretary, VU. C.S.M.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY
Due to a very late start for the year, the society
has so far had only one meeting. It is hoped that
meetings will be held next term, when a visit to
an outside institution will also be arranged.
J. BECK, Secretary

SWIMMING CLUB
The Swimming Club resumed activities this year
after a decline of several years and a complete
cessation for one year.
At the annual general meeting (chairman, Bruce
Hands, club-captain 1942), there was such good
attendance (twenty odd) that it was hoped the
club would have a successful season and success
at tournaments. The officers were elected as
follows:-
- Club-captain: B. B. Hands.
- Men's Vice-captain: R. M. Daniell.
- Women's Vice-captain: Margaret Beattie.
- Secretary: G. S. Bogle.
A small committee was elected, of which Alison
Keys was an active member during the season.
The club indeed flourished during the season.
The average attendance at the Wednesday club-
nights was about 16. The club became a byword
for innocent conviviality. It was the practice to
march singing lustily to a milk-bar by the cable-car
before dispersing. What friendships were formed
under these amiable circumstances only a rash
chronicler would dare tabulate.
The club took an active part in the carnival of
the Wellington Centre A.S.A. Margaret Gideon,
Eileen O'Brien and Pat Gardner (all free-style
exponents), represented 'Varsity on several occa-
sions, Pat Gardner distinguishing herself in the
strenuous Peck Shield harbour-race (last woman
off, first woman in). Catherine Eichelbaum was
second only to one in the Wellington Women's
100 yds. breaststroke championship. Of the men
Jack Bennet and Bruce Hands gravitated towards the 220 yds. freestyle races, while the 100 yds. freestyle found Gib Bogle and Doug. Kerr beating each other alternately. Trevor Collier was a trier, too, but indisposition overtook him.

The club picked up less prize-money from handicap races than it should have, because of the inexperience and honesty of the secretary in submitting times.

At tournament the club had the pleasure of hearing our visitors say sympathetically that they couldn’t imagine however we brought ourselves to train in the frigid waters of Thorndon Baths. Pat Cummins won the first tournament event for V.U.C. since 1937, when she beat the record-breaker from Otago over the 50 yds. freestyle. Cath. Eichelbaum came second to Marie Pasalich (New Zealand women’s champion) in the 100 yds. breaststroke. Pat Gardner came second in the 100 yds. backstroke, and Ken Staples second in the men’s 220 yds. breaststroke. The other representatives from V.U.C. were Marion Marwick (50 yds. freestyle), Dick Denton (Massey) (100 yds. backstroke), Gib Bogle (100 yds. backstroke), Doug. Kerr (220 yds. freestyle), Jack Bennet (440 yds. freestyle).

Throughout the season the men’s polo team had about as much success as most ‘Varsity clubs, and a lot of fun, too. The team was grateful to Dick Daniell and Margaret Beattie, and particularly Alison Keys, who turned up to shout hurrah on Thursday nights.

MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB

Shortly after the beginning of World War II, on account of the shortage of .303 ammunition, the Defence Rifle Club, competing for the Haslam Shield in New Zealand University competitions, ceased temporarily to exist.

At the end of 1944, shooting enthusiasts attempted to initiate miniature rifles in the activities of the college. The response was so ready that at the beginning of 1945 the club was affiliated in the Students’ Association.

From the outset, shortage of equipment and ammunition has had a detrimental effect on the development of the club. However, to arouse enthusiasm it was fortunate that temporary use of the Wellington Boys’ College range and sufficient rifles to cover requirements were secured. Thus a series of practices were held, from which a team was selected to represent the college in the 1945 Easter Tournament, though with little competition success.

Later, purchase of two standard B.S.A. target rifles was made which, though not sufficient to cover club needs, have been used successfully by the club in general practices. For these the Buckle Street indoor range of 25 yards was hired and practices are run every Tuesday evening.

Two teams have been entered in the local association competitions, though the competition results of this move are as yet indefinite.

It is hoped that during the N.Z.U. Winter Tournament a team will compete with teams from the other colleges, probably for a small trophy, this being a step in the direction of giving miniature rifle competition a footing in the N.Z.U. Winter Tournament. Such a competition will become a fact at a later date when the Haslam Shield competition is reinstated, this being probably some period after the cessation of hostilities.
TENNIS CLUB

Tennis is one of the sports that have been badly hit by World War II. The cream of its players have been skimmed off by the demands of a total war, leaving a mediocre standard of play. "Esprit de corps" has declined almost to vanishing point through the absence of club championships and ladder matches, and regular W.L.T.A. inter-club competitions and tournaments. But above all its "sine qua non"—tennis balls—has been either impossible to obtain or of enormous price, and inversely poor quality.

But there is a much brighter aspect to this otherwise gloomy picture. The regular club meetings on Saturday afternoons have been well attended. A series of inter-club matches have been played during the season; and, most important of all, the club trained a team which participated in the revived N.Z.U. Tournament.

The normal Saturday afternoon play was well supported by members. In addition, the usual two Yankee Tournaments were run. A Freshers' Tournament was held at the beginning of the season, and in September the Opening of Season Tournament, which was unfortunately interrupted by the rain at the end of the first round. However, with singular versatility club members had the remaining rounds of this tournament on the dance floor.

An A team and a B team, each comprising four men and four women, participated in a series of informal inter-club matches held on alternate Saturdays. A survey of results yields the following figures:—A Team played 5, won 2, lost 3. B Team played 3, won 2, lost 1. Details as follows:—

1. v. Talavera: A Team won by 11 matches to 5.
2. v. Island Bay: A Team lost by 5 matches to 11.
   B Team lost by 5 matches to 11.
3. v. Newtown: A Team lost by 5 matches to 11.
   B Team won by 9 matches to 7.
4. v. Seatoun: A Team lost by 4 matches to 12.
   B Team won by 10 matches to 6.

The results indicate that when confronted by the stronger clubs, such as Newtown or Island Bay, our comparative weakness is apparent.

Thirdly there was the greatest event of all, Tournament. In spite of the fact that Victoria's representatives were playing on their own peculiar—and to the players of other colleges—rather abhorrent concrete courts, they were handicapped by a decided lack of practice in combination play and in general match play. To be sure, there were B. M. O'Connor and W. K. Smiler, both experienced players and destined to go through to the finals as runner-up and men's singles champion (and N.Z.U. Blue) respectively. Nancy Turner and Joyce Strange, the women's singles players, had also played much inter-club tennis. The former, indeed, reached the semi-finals, only to be narrowly defeated in a hard-fought duel with Miss J. Wallace (A.U.C.), subsequently singles champion (3–6, 8–6, 5–7).

P. R. McKenzie and D. S. Goodwin, the men's doubles pair, suffered from a decided lack of combination, and O'Connor and Smiler were eliminated in the semi-finals in the first round, principally for this reason. So also was the fate of the women's doubles team, Nancy Turner and Rae Turner.

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Joyce Strange and Avis Reid. The mixed doubles pairs, A. McLeod and Jean Miller, and J. Stacey and Margaret Beattie, both were defeated early on by superior combinations from Canterbury, who later captured the Tennis Cup. In general, one has the feeling that with two or three weeks of intensive practice in combination play, there would have been a very marked difference in the results.

Finally, it is unnecessary to add words of propaganda to attract students to the game of tennis. Possessing the qualities of a highly skilled art, it will always attract those who are fascinated by the subtle stroke rhythms and who make their acquisition a lifetime pursuit. In addition, its intensely competitive nature will always appeal to a constant and even increasing number of votaries.

BOXING

Although the resurrection of Tournament did not find Victoria occupying the customary prominent place in the boxing, it did reveal that there are many keen boxers, including freshers, who will provide a solid foundation for the 1946 Tournament team. The two months spent in training, although producing a comparatively satisfactory standard of fitness, were not sufficient to mould the competitors into a really finished formidable team. Mr. Billy Hedberg, of Koolman’s Gymnasium, was generous enough to take the team under his wing, and all were very grateful for the trouble he took and the interest he showed in each man.

Boxing has suffered in comparison with other sports at the college in that regular competition has not been encouraged, but the intention this year is to urge all to take part in open tournaments, so that instead of Tournament being the “all or nothing” of the “Varsity” boxer, it may become in addition the climax to a period of extended training and regular competition.

The committee will decide whether the meagre facilities available at our own gymnasium can be sufficiently embellished with the assistance of the grant, or whether we will avail ourselves of the opportunity of once again training at Hedberg’s and having the benefit of solid and varied sparring practice. Various factors have contributed to an alarming diminution in the club’s equipment, and it will be the duty of the future committee to impress upon the financial committee the importance of the boxing sport and the rather staggering cost of essential equipment.

The outstanding performer during the year was H. Young, who fought two very interesting bouts to win Victoria’s only title, that of featherweight. B. Sutton-Smith was unfortunate in that he met probably the finest amateur bantamweight in New Zealand in the final bout, but here again he acquitted himself excellently. The keenest member of the team, E. Watts, was very disappointed to find that the referee had been over-impressed by the first rally or two of his opponent in his lightweight preliminary, but Watts will come again, and is trying his hand in the Wellington Amateur Championships.

It is hoped that this year will be an outstanding one for the college, so post-examination period will probably find many aspirants in dead earnest for selection in the team to go south or north, not west, next Easter.
SPIKE

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

Nineteen forty-five is proving a very interesting and eventful year for our club. With a membership of close on 50, the club fielded four teams, these being Senior A, Senior B, Junior and Intermediate.

Early in the season the Senior B team paid a visit to Massey College, where they had a very energetic though enjoyable weekend, losing the game, after an exciting tussle, 1–0.

Recently two teams travelled up from Canterbury College. These played our Senior B and Junior teams, and this time both home teams were successful in securing the victory.

The Senior A team is bound for Otago to take part in the Winter Tournament starting on the 17th August. We hope to uphold the reputation the Senior B and Juniors have established for the club.

In competition games, too, our club is doing comparatively well. It is still a little too early to predict results, but the Senior A has a definite chance of finishing third in the grade—everything permitting. The Senior B’s are in a very good position in their grade also, being second at present. We hope they can retain that place.

The Juniors, with Gloria Fraser as captain, have proved a very “Kean” team. Most of its members were practically beginners at the opening of the season, but are working together like “old hands” now. It is a great pity that their match results have not been more revealing.

Being entered late in the season, about three weeks after commencement of games, the Intermediate team was handicapped from the outset. As is usual with all “last” teams, it is often one or two short, but has, up to date, never failed to turn out for play. This may be due to the exceptional health enjoyed by most members of our club—this year to date—or to the enthusiasm of their Captain, Heather Read, in gathering in new and unsuspecting recruits.

Most of our success is due, we feel, to the advice and coaching given by Mr. Ralph Kean, the club’s coach. We wish to record our thanks to him for his encouragement and help, not only on Thursdays at practices, but on Saturdays, too.

HARRIERS

As the season draws to a close, it can be said with not a little certainty that the club has experienced the most successful year of its existence. Not only is this true in respect to the number of members, which has increased by about 50 per cent., but also to the success in inter-club races. The constant enthusiasm shown by the members in ordinary runs as well as in club and inter-club races, has placed the club as one of the foremost in Wellington.

The season opened with a short run from Weir House at the invitation of the Warden and Matron, when many new members were welcomed to the ranks. The first club race, the Novice, which was run at Worser Bay, was won by T. Collier, J. Holden coming second, and M. Poole third.

The club’s Sherwood Cup race at Linden was keenly contested. D. McKenzie gaining the trophy on the handicap. The first man in, J. C. Hawke, ran well in spite of the adverse weather conditions, and was closely followed by T. Collier.

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Out of the ten clubs competing in the five mile Dorne Cup Race, Scottish was the only serious rival to V.U.C. But for the unavoidable absence of two of our best men, we might have succeeded in carrying off the prize. As it was however, Scottish came nearer to being beaten than it has for some years past. Our first man in, T. Collie, came eighth out of the 147 competing, and was closely followed by I. McDowell, ninth, and R. Danniell, tenth.

The results of the one mile Shaw Batow inter-club relay race at Miramar proved disappointing, for, even though V.U.C. was represented by two senior and one junior team, the club's final placing was only third.

The club's Senior Championship race over a 6½-mile course at Silverstream was won by J. C. Hawke, K. Lang and B. O'Connor coming second and third respectively. The Junior Championship was won by J. Halden.

At the time of writing the Endeavour Cup Race has yet to be run. Last year this trophy was gained by B. E. Swedlund, while J. C. Hawke was presented with the Cairns Cup.

The team entered for the Tournament at Dunedin this year, in which there are several new runners, consists of J. C. Hawke, K. Lang, T. Collie, B. O'Connor, R. Danniell and J. Halden. It is hoped that this team will give Otago, the present holders of the Dixon Trophy, a good run for their money.

It is with regret that we have to announce that P. de la Mare, who has been so great a help to the club in the past, has now permanently left the district.

We also wish to express our thanks to Messrs. C. Sherwood, G. F. Dixon, J. O. Shoreland and S. K. Newall for the generous hospitality and staunch support which they have shown to the club. Mr. Sherwood's regular appearance at the weekly training runs to coach and ease the aches and pains of enthusiastic runners has been especially appreciated by all.

V.U.C. AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB

Club meetings for the 1944-45 season commenced on Monday evening, 13th November, at Kelburn Park, and continued through the season, with average attendances of fifteen. The Monday evening meetings were divided between a few club events for the Old Members' Cup and training for championships latter in the season.

On Saturday afternoons the club was always represented in handicap meetings at Wakefield Park with the other Wellington clubs. There the fact that we have no jumping facilities, but good hurdles and track, was shown by the relative successes of our hurdlers and runners, and failure of our jumpers.

In the provincial championships in February the club gained several titles and later was awarded four thirds in the national championships.

The commencement of lectures in March caused a large increase in club membership, while the inter-faculty sports on 17th March attracted eighty athletes and over two hundred spectators to Kelburn Park. The meeting lasted the whole day, and while containing several women's events, was vastly improved in other respects on the previous year's effort. The inter-faculty competition was won by Science.

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In Easter twenty V.U.C. and Massey athletes selected on the results of the inter-faculty sports combined to collect the New Zealand University Athletic Wooden Spoon on Athletic Park.

A feature of this season’s activities was a lack of capable juniors, not one of the club being selected to compete in the Junior Championships at Napier. However, five V.U.C. Athletic Blues were awarded to senior club members, four of whom gained N.Z.U. Blues later.

IAN McDOWALL, Club Captain.
EWEN DRUMMOND, Hon. Sec.

V.U.C. FOOTBALL CLUB

This season, as far as results are concerned, has proved a somewhat disappointing one for the club, though the precise reason for this is somewhat difficult to determine.

Injuries, especially to key players, have been a big factor, however, contributing towards this non-success, and it may help to calculate just how far this is responsible when it is known that no fewer than seven players from the Senior XV alone have had to give up football entirely, and ten have been kept out of the game for a week or more.

Matches have so far been played with Auckland and Massey, and later games will be played against Auckland (return) and Canterbury, while a Colts XV will play Te Aute College.

Auckland Game: This game was won by Auckland by 19–11 after an excellent exhibition by both teams. Victoria early gained the lead with two penalty goals by Brian, and it was not until Goodwin retired that the Auckland backs, except for Grace, showed up as potential scoring men, even though they had an ample supply of the ball. Victoria, however, won a greater share of the line-outs, and often the backs showed up in well-judged attacks. The forwards, though without Murphy, at least held their own throughout. Bennett scored a try, which Brian converted, for Victoria.

Massey Game: A mixed team of eight seniors and seven lower grade players made a one-day trip to Palmerston North to play Massey, and was severely dealt with by the latter, 19–5.

The forwards played well enough, though without much sting, and were more than a match for Massey in most departments, but the backs could scarcely hold the line opposing set. Loveridge made several good runs, from the last of which Wilde scored a try, which Brian converted. Massey thoroughly deserved their win, as they played fine all-round football, and revealed good combination among the backs.

CLUB SEASON

Seniors: A large injury list, “gentleness” in the forwards, and faulty handling in the backs have probably been the main reasons for the relatively low position of the fifteen in the Hardham Cup competition, though the description of “the hard-luck side” can with justice be applied to the senior team. From a potential cup-winning side it has dwindled to just an ordinary club fifteen.

Murphy and Shannon, though the former has now been forced to give up football, have been the mainstays of the team in the forwards, while Dunn, an exceptionally hard worker, and Bennett, who has been improving with every game and has developed into a fine line-out forward, have been playing well.

Goodwin has been the mainstay of the backs, and the team sorely felt his absence through in-
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jury for some five games. Loveridge has shown
great dash, and Hyett is a most promising three-
quarter, but the backs’ faulty handling has been a
disappointing feature.

Juniors: The chopping-block for the rest of the
club, the juniors have not had a very successful
season, but a reorganisation of the backs has
brought on two good wins and a very close loss.
The forwards have worked together quite well,
though their loose rucking has left much to be
desired. Mullins, Wilson, Orr and Shires, especi-
ately the latter, are most impressive, and all are
well up to senior standard. Of the backs Berry is
really outstanding, and Drummond shows promise
of becoming a high-class constructive winger, while
Ackroyd’s boot has proved a most valuable
acquisition. The side was captained by G. S. Orr.

Third Grade “A”: The performance of this side
has never really come up to expectations, and one
can see two main reasons for this. One is the
lack of really good, speedy five-eighths, and the
other the gentlemanly play of many of the
forwards. However, there are a number of features of
the team’s displays which augur well. Not the least
of these are the play of the two backs, O’Regan and
Battersby, of whom the former is perhaps a trifle
harder a player, and the general play of Casey,
an excellent tackler. Godman is developing into
a first-class wing-threequarter, showing great pace
and determination, while Wilde at centre is sound
and very often brilliant. Mackay, at half, is the
most improved player in the team, and feeds his
backs well. A long injuries list has also played
havoc with this team. The team was captained by
R. G. Wilde.

Third “B”: Though “Tanu’s team” has not fol-
lowed the precedent of former social teams by
winning its competition, the members enjoy their
game every Saturday, and afterwards enjoy the
game at the Post Office. Though fielding an
imposing array of ex-reps. and Blues, the team has
not built up a very imposing record, though in
no case has the winning margin been more than
ten points, and very often only two or three. Great
credit must go to Tanu Jowett, captain, coach,
manager and organiser, for keeping his side to-
gether in difficult times.

Third Grade “C”: The performance of this team
has been one of the really bright spots in the
club’s record, even though the side does not
occupy a very high position in the competition.
Often the losing margins have been very slight,
and defeats of a couple of the top teams have
enhanced the side’s record. The backs are a good
set, several, Watson, Bogle and Rea, being up
even to junior standard, while Gilchrist is playing
consistently well at half-back. Cambie, in the
forwards, is an excellent tackler, and is perhaps
the fittest man in the club, while Parsons, Mason
and Ornberg show good form. The captain of the team
is K. W. Watson.

Rep. Honours:

N.Z.U.: J. P. Murphy, R. T. Shannon,
North Island ‘Varsities: J. P. Murphy, R. T.
Services vs. Civilians: J. P. Murphy.
A Wellington XV: B. L. Lewis.

The club’s thanks are due to the coaches,
Messrs. J. H. Parker, H. E. Moore, L. C. Berg, O. J.
Creed and H. C. Bailey for their unremitting
endeavours.
MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

Patron: G. F. Dixon, Esq.
President: Colonel R. St. John Beere.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Mr. Justice Smith, Messrs.
S. Castle, A. F. Coustas, C. H. Hain, S. Eichelbaum,
V. R. Jacobson, J. L. McDuff, F. Newcombe, A. B.
Dixon, D. Berestord, S. Braithwaite.
Club Captain: Ivor Ting.
Hon. Secretary: N. W. Towns.
Committee: A. C. Ives, K. Kiddle, W. Osten,
B. Nash.

With a membership of some seventy members the Men's Hockey Club has prospered this season. The standard of play has shown a marked improvement on past war seasons and the club is one of the strongest and most united in the College. Six teams have been entered in the Wellington competition. A pleasing feature is the fielding for the first time of a "Social Team" in the second grade competition. This team, which might adequately be called an old-boys team, has sustained the interest of old members of the club and is proving an unqualified success and is incidentally winning its grade.

Inter-University Games: On the King's Birthday, Monday, June 4th, a team representing Victoria College and comprising of senior and junior players played Massey College at Palmerston North. The game resulted in a win for Massey by 5 goals to 4. The game was very keenly contested and the spirit in which the game was played expressive of the fellowship between the two colleges was commented on by Professor Ferrin at a dinner given in honour of our visit.

On Wednesday, August 15th, the Victoria Representative Team will travel to Dunedin to take part in the N.Z.U. Hockey Tournament, which has been this year incorporated in a general N.Z.U. Winter Tournament.

Inter-Club Games:

Senior A: The Senior A team has given a particularly good account of itself this season. It has scored 13 points so far out of a possible 20 and lies in second place next to the Karori Club. Team captain Win. Smiler has been the outstanding player for this season, and has represented the province on two occasions. He has led a particularly strong set of forwards, Moody, Phillips, Towns, Ting and Laurensen. Half his Nash, Broun, and MacLean have not always given enough support to their forwards, but are improving. Broun was selected to play for Wellington in the first representative game against Wairarapa and at times has shown some of the form which earned him a place in the New Zealand Team in 1938. Full-backs Osten, Kiddle and Johnstone have given a good account of themselves. Kiddle in particular has played well this season and he also gained a place in the Wellington team to play Wairarapa. Goalkeeper Brian Bary has played a particularly fine game throughout the season. The team should give a good account of itself at Winter Tournament.

Senior B: The Senior B team has had a bad spin this season, mainly because it is used as a step-
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ping stone for the Senior A team and has consequently suffered many changes in personnel. It has produced some very good hockey players, although it has not done too well in its grade. Of the forwards, Denford, Allen, Jones and Liddell look promising, and backs Goad, Metson and Church bear watching. Goalie Sonny Taylor has improved week by week. The team showed what it really could do by drawing with the leading team in the grade, Tech. Old Boys, but fell down against weaker teams.

Second Grade A: This team has some very promising juniors who will be well fitted to take their place in senior grades next year. Lennon, Cryen, Silver, and Benjamin are all very likely forwards who should go a long way. Anyon, Sutherland and Eccles are promising backs, and Remmers in goal has shown up very well.

Second Grade B: The "Social Team," headed by veterans Arch. Ives, George Stacey, J. O’Callaghan and Arthur McIlraith, have given a great account of themselves this year and are top of their grade. George Stacey has been outstanding at centre-forward and must have a great goal-scoring average.

Third Grade A: Tony Munden has a good eleven here and the fact that the team is lying third in the grade does it credit. Throughout the season these boys have gradually improved their play and have worked out a good combination. Carran as centre-forward leads a string of very fast hard-hitting forwards, Brown, Connolly, Joplin and Oliver, who give a good account of themselves when they reach the circle. Tony Munden at centre-half has also played well and kept the team together. Stannard and Sutton could give their forwards more support. Jack Burton has been the outstanding player for this team this season. Dearnley has improved greatly and so also has goalie Webster.

Third Grade B: This team had many setbacks at the beginning of the year through being short, but are now giving a very good account of themselves. Turner, Hanlon, Carran, Stewart and Pearce promise to go a long way. Todd, Pearce and Hartley have also given good support. Milburn and Garrick work well together in the forwards. Halves Sutton and Harvey have shown a big improvement since the beginning of the season.

ROWING CLUB

Officers:
Club Captain: W. V. Osten, 44.114
Secretary-Treasurer: G. A. H. Ward, 49.940.

The club was revived for the first time since the war with a mere handful of active members. However, full use was made of the plant made available by the Star Boating Club, and every opportunity was taken of lair weather (and sometimes foul) to enjoy a full season. The experience has been good; prospects of tournament raised keenness and, although too weak to row under our own colours, a nucleus of enthusiasts have eager eyes for next season and a larger membership. This club wants every sympathy and support it can receive if it is to carry V.U.C.'s name gradually to the fore in status events. The executive gave generous financial assistance this year to help members pay their heavy outside subscriptions, and it is hoped this policy will be continued.
V.U.C. men rowed in all local andstatus regattas of the season and with their fellow oarsmen from Star gallantly fought for honours. The eight crew was depleted by the loss of two or three experienced oarsmen early in the year. The final crew—the live a.m. boys—though light in weight and somewhat lacking in experience, nevertheless trained hard and worked rigorously on their skiff.

The club was glad to welcome back from overseas Gordon Stuckey and Sam Kidd. We look forward to seeing all old salts down on the skids in November.

The season was hard and unrewarding, but a pleasant feature was the number of novices who came forward. With co-operation and consistent effort, the present core of oarsmen will soon place the club in full swing. Our thanks are due to Mr. R. W. Allum who, with much patience (and despair) coached the eight into the essentials of harmonious rowing.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY.

President, Professor R. O. McGechan, B.A., LL.B.; Chairman, Stan Campbell; Vice, Dave Cohen; Secretary, Marie Marshall; Treasurer, Kevin O'Brien; Committee: Jackie Patrick, Jean Priest, Nigel Taylor, John Ziman.

Thanks of the Society are due to Hilary Wilton and Mike Murray for organising Publicity and Supper respectively.

With Easter Tournament being held in Wellington, and Extrav. early in the year and on tour, the Society got off to a late start. Despite these initial difficulties, the record of attendances and interest in the debates has been good. The highest attendance was 232 members, and the lowest was 38. This latter was in the third term, when students generally were suffering attacks of "examitis."

The opening subject for this year was "That this house approves of General Scobie's intervention in Greece." After many heated words, greatly enjoyed by a large audience, the motion was declared lost.

Highlights and decisions during the year were:

"That the Z.N. Law relating to Capital Punishment should be repealed."—Lost.

"That all other lands other than sovereign states should be under international control."—Lost.

"That the State Control of coal mines would ensure an adequate supply of coal."—Carried.

"That Christianity is the only solution to present-day chaos in society."—Carried.

"That this house approves the R.S.A. motions re enemy aliens."—Lost.

As may be seen by the above subjects, the Society endeavours to discuss matters of the moment, and the divergent and interesting opinions of members made for lively heckling, and an amusing and instructing evening was the reward of all those who attended.

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The Union Prize 1945 was won in convincing manner by Mr. Roy Jack, and the New Speakers Prize was awarded to Miss B. J. Patrick.

The Plunket Medal Oratory Contest, held annually by the Society, attracted a large audience to the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall. The judges for this year's contest were Sir Patrick Duff, High Commissioner for Great Britain; Bishop Barbe Holland, and Mr. Howard Wadman. Seven entries were received and the judges' award went to Mr. Klaus Neuberg, whose subject was Erasmus of Rotterdam. While awaiting the judges' decision, musical numbers were given by the College Musical Society. After the award had been announced, Mr. Howard Wadman gave a most interesting criticism of the speakers' efforts.

Messrs. O'Brien and Jack represented V.U.C. at the Joynt Scroll contest, and while they did not succeed in regaining the trophy they did credit to the Society by their good effort.

No team was entered for the Wellington Union of Public Speaking contests owing to the lateness of our own programme in commencing, but we entered three teams in the Wellington Competitions Society Impromptu Debate Section, taking first and third places in the contest.

Along with other cultural clubs in the College, we find our membership is increasing and larger audiences the vogue. We hope in the coming year to reinstate the inter-faculty debates and inter-club functions which were a feature of pre-war programmes. We were able to stage debates with teams from Training College and the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and look forward to bigger and better efforts of this nature.

The Committee is very pleased to welcome back returned men and women, and express the hope that their return will bring to the club new life and fresh ideas.
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