The Spike

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PROLOGUE

Editorial

“A University is a corporation or society which devotes itself to a search after knowledge for the sake of its intrinsic value.”

BRUCE TRUSCOTT—Red Brick University

During the coming session of Parliament, legislation will be enacted which will change the name of Victoria University College to “The Victoria University of Wellington.” The change of title, even though it will not directly bring any new powers or functions, is a significant one. It implies a growing-up, a recognition that, poorly equipped with buildings and amenities though she is, the College possesses the qualities and ideals which entitle her to take her place among the Universities of the world.

But to many people, including a large number of the students at “Vic.,” there will be no significance whatsoever in the new title, simply because they lack understanding of what is implied by the word “university.” We have all heard the appellation “glorified night school” used to describe Victoria, and this phrase accurately describes what the College has meant to thousands of part-timers (though not all), who have panted up the hill at five o’clock in the evening and rushed down it again an hour or so later. To many full-timers as well, Victoria has been merely a school—a little different perhaps from the schools they have left, because attendance at the class room has been more or less optional and life has pleasantly drifted by in the warm, smoky atmosphere of the Caf and the Common Rooms, but still basically a school where exams must be sat at the end of the year.

There is a danger that the new University will turn into a superior secondary school if such an attitude becomes dominant. It is not easy for the small group of people who impart the university character to Victoria to maintain their ideals in an intellectual climate which is not so much hostile to them as apathetic. Yet it is essential that these people keep their faith and strive even more vigorously to inspire their fellows with the love of research and the desire for that liberal education, which, in the words of Newman, forms a habit of mind lasting through life, “of which the attributes are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation and wisdom.” It is to these people and these ideals that this issue of The Spike is dedicated.

J.D.D.
The Reform of the University of New Zealand

At its 1956 meeting the Senate of the University of New Zealand resolved to promote legislation with the object of changing the titles of the constituent Colleges from "University College" to "University" in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch. Otago, since its foundation, has been The University of Otago. This year's Parliamentary session should see the passage of the legislation, with the resulting disappearance of Victoria University College and the emergence of The Victoria University of Wellington. But at the same time Senate resolved that the change of title should not of itself involve any changes in the powers and functions of the existing university institutions.

What then is the purpose of the change of name? In the first place it is the recognition of the fact that the Constituent Colleges have attained full University status. In the second, it represents a further step in the devolution, by the University of New Zealand, of its powers upon the Colleges themselves. It marks the fact that the reform of the University of New Zealand is, in academic matters, to all intents accomplished.

The University of New Zealand was originally established as an examining University, with a charter which empowered it to grant degrees as an inducement to those who wanted to study in the Colony. The University of Otago, already established, became affiliated to this institution, and the University Colleges, as they were founded, became affiliated in their turn. In the early days the system was adequate for its purpose, but as the Colleges grew so did their dissatisfaction with a system of control, in academic matters, imposed on them from above. This dissatisfaction led to a Royal Commission in 1925, and consequent legislation in 1926 which was intended to create a single unified University of New Zealand, of which the Colleges were an integral part, Constituent Colleges, and not merely affiliated institutions. The Colleges were at the same time granted considerable powers. Professorial Boards could, through the Academic Board, make recommendations on any matter affecting the University, and in particular could specify courses of study and the subject matter and content of examinations. The Academic Board could, in the first instance, only recommend to the Senate, but the latter body had the right to delegate certain of its powers relating to academic matters.

Over the years there has been a sedate and gradual delegation of these powers, and, since 1954, the process has been carried still further. By regulations approved in 1955 Senate has delegated to College Councils its powers to prescribe courses of study; and to the recently established Curriculum Committee its powers to approve such courses. The Curriculum Committee itself is composed mainly of representatives of the Colleges.

In fact, then, the Colleges are free to draw up their own courses, conduct their own examinations, carry on their own teaching and promote their own research. These are the functions of a University, and with Senate's act of abdication
in 1955 the Colleges have become autonomous institutions. Hence the change of title.

But the four separate universities will still have their existence within the framework of the University of New Zealand. Although the administrative machinery has undergone steady modification through the years, and although the role of the University of New Zealand has changed from a controlling to a co-ordinating one, it has been for a long time clear that students, graduates and staff have owed no allegiance to the central body. The Colleges have never become members of the corporate body that was envisaged by the 1926 legislation, but have continued to emphasise their independent existence.

With this in mind Senate is investigating further the twin questions of the continued devolution of powers to the Colleges and the nature of central or co-ordinating bodies that will carry on some of the important functions that are at present the concern of the University of New Zealand. Present thinking is in the direction of a federation of universities, each a separate, autonomous, degree-granting institution. Experience both in New Zealand and overseas has shown that there are certain activities which can be performed more effectively by a central body on behalf of the Colleges than by the Colleges themselves, and that there is need for some form of co-ordination of the activities of the Colleges in order to maintain standards and to avoid unnecessary duplication of effort. Some such central body will be needed, for instance, to discover the financial needs of the entire University system and to advise the Government of these needs. This is the task of the present University Grants Committee, and is clearly one which is better carried out by a single body. Similarly the University has a responsibility to maintain a supply of people trained in a number of professional fields. The siting and development of special schools is a matter that affects the country as a whole, and can best be determined within a broad framework of academic policy, which in its turn can only be decided by the combined universities.

These and other considerations will influence the future development from the University of New Zealand to the Central Council of a Federation of Universities. Such a development must come gradually, and the final form must be the outcome of experience gained by both the Colleges and the University. While analogies can be drawn with systems of university administration and control in other parts of the world, the system that will finally emerge will be New Zealand’s own, based on the particular needs of our universities and of the country itself.

In the twenties the reform of the University of New Zealand was a burning issue and the source of much bitter conflict between the Colleges and the central body. Thirty years later there is co-operation and a logical and steady progress towards complete local autonomy. In the foreseeable future the University of New Zealand will have been reformed out of existence, but it is from this body that there will emerge the new organisation, more suited to the needs of the Universities and of the country.

S. G. CULLIFORD
Accommodation and Population

The recent Government announcement as to the Student Union Building and the visible progress of the Science Building make the present time opportune for a survey of what has so far been accomplished in the expansion and development of the College site and buildings, and what is proposed for the future.

The Site

The nucleus of the College site is what has been described as “six vertical acres.” These six acres (actually 6 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches) were acquired in 1902 after protracted and complicated negotiations with the City Council, the Wellington College Governors, the hospital trustees and the Government, and they constitute the northern portion of the present main site. It is on these original six acres that the College’s permanent teaching and administrative buildings have so far been placed.

Shortly after World War II the whole question of the College site was examined very fully by the College Council. It was apparent that the original six acres would be much too restricted for the future needs of the College. Negotiations were entered into with the Government and the City Council and as a result thirteen acres to the immediate south of the six acres were in 1949 vested in the College. A considerable part of these thirteen acres possessed the quality of verticality in even greater degree than the original six acres. Fortunately between 1902 and 1949 there had been a marked improvement in earthmoving devices and that improvement has continued.

Since 1949 several small areas have been acquired. In 1951 the land and house at 20 Kelburn Parade was purchased with the aid of a Government grant. In 1955 two small areas of land, which adjoined the Catholic cemetery and which had been occupied by the College for nearly fifty years without formal title, were by Act of Parliament vested in the College. 48 Kelburn Parade was, in 1956, acquired by the Government for the College. In the same year arrangements were made with the City Council whereby the area of city land on which the Geology and Geography huts are situated will be made available to the College for tennis courts when the huts are removed.

Existing Completed Buildings

The present buildings (excluding the Science Building and the Te Aro Gymnasium, which are still under construction) comprise the main Arts, Science and Library Building, the Biology Building, the Administration Building, the Little Theatre Building, two steel huts on Kelburn Parade, a small wooden hut on Kelburn Parade, six steel huts (the Geography and Geology huts) on city land near Kelburn Park, the old Gymnasium, houses at 20 and 48 Kelburn Parade, and the caretaker’s cottage.

The main Arts, Science and Library Building was started a little before 1906 and built in stages, the final stage being completed in 1923. In 1924 it was housed about thirty-three members of full-time staff. In 1955 the corresponding number
was seventy-six. The building contains 75,231 sq. ft. of space (outside measurements).

The Biology Building consists of three floors. The ground and first floors were built in 1938-39. They contain laboratories, classrooms, museums, staff rooms and the incidental offices of the Departments of Zoology and Botany and also part of the Royal Society’s Library. The third floor was built in 1953-54. It contains staff rooms for Arts staff and one member of the Zoology Department, classrooms, a stack-room for the Royal Society’s Library, and incidental offices. The total space in this building is 29,760 sq. ft. Only a small part of the space on the third floor of this building is a net addition to the College accommodation. The greater part of this floor was merely a replacement of the space of five temporary huts which were demolished to make way for the Science Building, together with a relocating of certain activities which could no longer be carried on in the two remaining huts, because of the unavoidable noise and disturbance caused by building operations on the Science Building.

The Administration Building was built in 1937-39. It contains two floors, each of about 2289 sq. ft., and a mansard-roofed floor of about 1200 sq. ft., which was originally used as a caretaker’s flat. This floor was taken over for administrative staff in 1951. The staff housed in the two lower floors (4578 sq. ft.) in 1939 was nine. The staff housed in the whole building (5778 sq. ft.) in 1955 was twenty-two.

The Little Theatre is a one-floor temporary building of wood. It was built shortly after the war to assist the College and the Training College to meet the post-war enrolment of returned servicemen. It continues to be shared between the College and the Training College. It originally contained a small hall, four class rooms, five staff rooms and incidental offices. One of the class rooms has since been divided into five staff rooms and three staff rooms have been cut off another class room. The building contains 8700 sq. ft.

The two steel huts on Kelburn Parade, and the six on city land near Kelburn Park which house the Geography and Geology Departments, are buildings of the most unsatisfactory and temporary sort. They were surplus U.S. Army equipment and were erected very shortly after the war. They have virtually reached the end of their useful life. Each is about 1,000 sq. ft. in area.

The old Gymnasium is a wooden building opened in 1909.

The other buildings are the small wooden (ex-army) hut on Kelburn Parade whose 812 sq. ft. contains three staff rooms and a store; the house at 20 Kelburn Parade (2500 sq. ft.), which contains a caretaker’s flat on the ground floor and five staff studies on the top floor; the house at 48 Kelburn Parade (less than 2000 sq. ft.), where there are five staff studies on the top floor, the ground floor being used by the Training College; and the caretaker’s cottage (1200 sq. ft.), situated to the east of the Biology Building.

**Buildings and Other Works Under Construction**

The buildings and works at present under construction comprise the Science Building and the Te Aro ground, showers, changing rooms and Rugby Gymnasium.

The Science Building comprises a basement, with windows on the west and north sides, and six floors. The total area is 89,000 sq. ft. The ground, first and
second floors are for chemistry, one floor is for geology and one for geography. The greater part of the top floor will be available for general purposes. Included in this building is a large lecture theatre, to hold nearly 300 people, which is being built as a wing on the east side of the main structure of the building.

The Te Aro development consists of the enlargement of the playing field (which involved moving 33,500 cubic yards of earth), sowing the field in grass, and the erection of a block containing changing rooms for men and women, showers, lavatories and a social room; a Rugby gymnasium; suitable fencing on the south and east sides of the ground; and the cutting and re-opening of a track to facilitate access from the northern part of the College site. Substantial progress has been made with these works which it is hoped will be completed in the course of this year.

The Government has made a grant of £3,500 towards the cost of the Te Aro development; the Rugby Football Club has raised more than £7,000; the College Council and the Students' Association have assisted; and a loan towards the cost of the gymnasium has been raised by the football club from the Wellington Rugby Union.

**Accommodation Position on Completion of Science Building**

Certain portions of the Science Building are expected to be handed over to the College in time to be used at the beginning of the 1958 session; the balance will be handed over some time in that year. The 1959 session, therefore, will be the first for the whole of which the entire building will be fully in use.

The effect of the building in helping the College to meet present overcrowding will be very much smaller than one might at first sight have thought. Much of the accommodation can be used for those departments only for which it is specifically designed. Thus a chemistry laboratory, when not in use for chemistry classes, is of no use for the general arts classes. This applies to nearly all of the basement, the three chemistry floors, and much of the geology and geography accommodation. These parts of the building contain reasonable provision for the expansion of student numbers in these departments; but this will not help the general college outside of these departments.

Furthermore, some part of the space in the Science Building is merely in replacement of space which is now at the end of its useful life and which will not be available for other purposes after the Science Building is completed.

The estimation of the precise net gain produced by the Science Building for the general purposes of the college, exclusive of the departments of Chemistry, Geology and Geography, involves some elements which cannot easily be quantified, but I am satisfied that it is not understating the position to put this gain at somewhat less than one-third of the gross space of the building, i.e., somewhat less than 30,000 sq. ft. Perhaps 28,000 sq. ft. may be taken as a reasonably approximate figure.

At present the College departments, other than those being specially provided for in the Science Building, occupy approximately 110,800 sq. ft., which is used most intensively. Some measure of this intensity of use is afforded by a comparison
between figures which were taken out in 1955 in relation to the accommodation for all departments as it was in 1939 and 1955. These figures were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1939 sq. ft.</th>
<th>1955 sq. ft.</th>
<th>% Increase</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Accommodation</td>
<td>99,649</td>
<td>125,134</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Students</td>
<td>1,132</td>
<td>2,228</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full-time staff (excluding outdoor staff)</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>164</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The accommodation in this present year is something under 1,000 sq. ft. (top floor of 48 Kelburn Parade) greater than in 1955. The student role will almost certainly stabilise at 2,450 and the number of staff has appreciably increased since 1955.

Some Factors Affecting Accommodation Needs to 1965

Expected future enrolments for the years from 1958 to 1965, taken from a table prepared in 1955 by the Education Department, are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Enrolment</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1958</td>
<td>2600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1959</td>
<td>2775</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1960</td>
<td>2850</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1961</td>
<td>3000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1962</td>
<td>3175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1963</td>
<td>3350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1964</td>
<td>3675</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1965</td>
<td>4025</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On the assumption that the present theoretical staff-student ratio continues to be accepted, these figures mean that by the 1965 session (which is now less than eight years away) the full-time academic staff on the Arts and General side of the College (i.e., including the two special schools) will have increased from 88 in 1955 to 210 (i.e., an increase of 138 per cent.). Clearly also administrative, technical, library, clerical and maintenance services will need to be very much expanded.

The foregoing table and figures highlight the need for further arts and library accommodation. An increase in library accommodation is especially urgent. There are 180 seats in the library. Whatever may be the proper proportion of seats to student enrolment it is clear that 180 seats to nearly 2500 students is fantastical too low. Moreover, it takes several years to design and build a major building. In the meantime the position becomes increasingly serious as each year goes by. In no more than two and a half years (i.e., at the beginning of the 1960 session) there will be nearly 3,000 students to share our 180 library seats. The lack of library accommodation could well be a factor in compelling the College to limit enrolments on the Arts side.

Projected Buildings

There are two projected buildings, the Student Union Building for which Government approval has now been obtained, and an Arts and Library Building in respect of which an approach was first made to the Government towards the end of
1955. The proposal for this building was supported "wholeheartedly" by the University Grants Committee, which requested that the Government should provide finance for sketch plans. No decision on this request has yet been announced by the Government.

The Student Union Building is to be built on the old gymnasium site and part of the tennis courts. It will be of about 43,000 sq. ft. and will contain the facilities usual in such a building, namely, a cafeteria, common rooms, little theatre, games room, gymnasium, committee rooms, and Students' Association offices. It is hoped that work on this building will start before the end of this year.

The proposed Arts and Library Building is to contain principally the College Library and staff and class rooms for non-science departments. It is envisaged that it should be a building of a size comparable with the Science Building. It is to be situated near the present Little Theatre.

**Longer Range Developments**

It seems likely that further building developments after the Arts and Library Building is completed will take place in the vicinity of the area now occupied by the Kelburn Bowling Club. The club has a lease for this area for a term expiring in 1969. It is proposed at some time in the future to reduce the level at this part of the grounds to approximately that of Kelburn Parade just south of the bus shelter. With modern earthmoving machinery this should not be a difficult operation, and space would thereby be produced for further buildings.

J. Williams
AIMS OF A UNIVERSITY

The Classics and Redbrick

"The true value of a tradition, I believe, is its power to enrich the present, not its power to drag us back to the past, or to keep in being survivals which have lost their meaning."

BALDRY, The Classics and the Modern World

The study of the classics is nowadays a target for pretty heavy and continuous fire. But at the same time our own educational authorities have stated that it is a subject of supreme value for those who sincerely desire to take it. The main practical problem seems to be to find a place for it in a crowded curriculum. I hope that this review of some of the more serious arguments in favour of the study of the Classics may show that those who should be, or are, considering these problems need not be deterred or dismayed by considerations of social cachet, or irrelevance, or stagnation, or the inertia of tradition, or even by the allegation that ancient Greek and Latin are dead languages—although, as a Sitwell once wrote, it is possible to teach the "dead" languages as if they are extinct. The two main needs, as I see it, are to ensure that those who sincerely desire to study the Classics in the original tongue should not be prevented from doing so if they have the aptitude for this study, and that an appreciation of the value of the civilisation of Greece and Rome should be as full as possible for the greatest possible number.

The number of those who study systematically the literature of ancient Greece and Rome in the original tongues still grows less, but more and more of the ancient authors find a ready sale in readable translations into modern English. There may be more than a single compensation in this. The Penguin translation of the Odyssey is a "best-seller"; outside the schools and universities there are probably more readers than ever there have been in modern times who want to know something of the Greeks and Romans, but who have not the time for the rather extended and usually arduous study normally needed for a rewarding mastery of the ancient tongues. In the modern university the main demand now is for specialised training of a more or less vocational kind. The content of disciplines has expanded. The importance of the Sciences, both pure and social, has grown. There is no longer leisure or opportunity for a fairly profound study of the ancient literatures mainly for their own sake; such study has no immediately obvious vocational or practical value. Nor is this state of affairs entirely unprecedented. In a form not altogether foreign to the Redbrick University the phenomenon was being discussed by Roman professional men in the first century of our own era. Work in the courts of law then as in later times in Latin countries was a traditional step towards a
distinguished career in the service of the state. There were two schools of thought among the pleaders. There were those who thought that the pleading of a case should have a value and use beyond the immediate circumstances. It should have a permanent and lively interest by illustrating general principles. To promote this it was argued that a sound and broad liberal education was essential. It would include the study of the ancient Greek Classics, philosophy, history, psychology and science, and a clear grasp of the perennially useful “commonplaces” round which a case or argument could be constructed. The other school argued that the most important thing was after all to win cases. They put the stress on a purely vocational training. Let the young men learn the techniques of expression and pleading in the schools of rhetoric, and apply them to the facts of the case. Life is short. There is really no need for any more equipment than this. Still the preliminary education at school and in early manhood had been mainly in literature. The trouble really was that the force of tradition in educational systems is usually strong, and for that reason, among others, which we can see now, but which we can hardly expect the Romans of the time to have seen so clearly, education in literature and rhetoric remained unchanged in times which cried out for technologists, statisticians and economists. But in the atomic age, the Petrarchan ideal of the pre-eminent place and influence of the man of letters has become a little hard to understand. And yet the atomic age is bringing with it increased possibility of leisure for all, and of an increasingly active share in public life, but this time a leisure made possible not by the drudgery of less fortunate fellowmen, but by inanimate machines. In a complex civilisation in which more and more men and women are “executives” in specialised jobs there is experiment in cultural correctives—doses of Beethoven or Eastern philosophy, for instance—to foster better work by making the mind on the job more humane. There are “General Education” courses at universities, and there is some acceptance of the claim that the fuller the appreciation of the achievements of the civilisation of ancient Greece and Rome, the deeper and more satisfying is the appreciation of the achievements of Western European civilisation. It must surely be a matter for some regret that at the present time, when the number of those who study the Classics as their main intellectual discipline is growing so small, the advances in knowledge in the special fields of the subject has been quite spectacular. The understanding of the ancient civilisation is probably deeper and truer now than it has ever been. But what real value for our times does it have? Has it any relevance to the “motivations of our age”?

If we begin with utilitarian arguments, it is worth noting that within the last few years there have been five translations into English of the Republic of Plato, and that this work provides subject-matter for study and discussion in not a few university departments. Together with the increased reading of translations of other ancient authors this interest may be the sign of a return to some extent of what once was the normal attitude towards the Classics. There existed a fruitful synthesis of contemporary thought and the experience of an old and mature civilisation which had lasted for centuries. We are now informed that the loss of ancient literature in the West after the collapse of the imperial power of Rome was not so extensive as has often been supposed: it seems more likely that each generation drew from the surviving stock of ancient literature the information and guidance that it needed for its own particular problems. But at the Renaissance, when there was a search for more and more texts, and a new interest in Greek studies, there was an attempt to revive as completely as possible the ancient attitude to life. The
ancient authors thus became more than a standard of reference and a source of information; they were now made the basis for a new education. One aspect of this new attitude was the tendency towards a rather rigid form of classicism which came very new to completing the circle and reviving the attitude which gave rise to the first use of the expression *classici auctores*. It was first used by a retired Roman judge, Aulus Gellius, in the second century A.D., to describe a group of authors whom he regarded as models of good grammar. In the end this attitude stressed not so much the value of the literature, but the merits claimed “for the study” of “classics” as a mental discipline. The “classics” were often taken to be the unalterable standards of excellence, and this assumption applied to a considerable quantity of ancient literature. That so many of them have survived the reaction to such a restrictive attitude says much for their value as true classics with a universal and permanent appeal.

The shrinkage in the numbers of those who study Latin and Greek in the schools has brought some popularity to “Classical Background” courses in the study of English literature. But if this laudable and necessary kind of course is to do its job properly enough knowledge on the student’s side to pick his way through ancient and medieval Latin authors must be a decided advantage. If, as must happen to a large extent in such background courses, it is the vernacular that is of vital importance, there is a distinct loss in losing sight of the fact that Latin literature may be a subject worthy of study in its own right; the real cultural life of the early Middle Ages is ignored, and the effects of the new attitude to the classics that came with the Renaissance may be studied out of focus. Furthermore, though this point may not be altogether relevant, it is doubtful if the ancient literatures would have survived to influence the new if the only synthesis that could be effected was in literary form. And it may be rash to say that the Classics no longer have their traditional value of providing illumination, and that there remains for them only the value of perspective, which is in itself of great importance and obviously needs no discussion. But surely it is not altogether unreasonable to suggest that the study of this ancient, mature, but not too complex civilisation of Greece and Rome, which, in a sense worked itself out, might be of advantage to sociologists and anthropologists as a standard of reference equally with the cultures of far more primitive peoples.

But if the synthesis has any value, if the perspective is real, if as literature the writings of Greece and Rome are to have the chance to continue to exercise their appeal, each generation will need its own translations, and will re-interpret what it reads under the influence of its own climate of thought. The originals will have to be studied by some at least, and that means that time must be spent in learning two “dead” languages. But for this task some would claim practical advantages which go beyond the immediate aim of mastery. It has been said that in certain linguistic situations a knowledge of Latin is an advantage. But even stronger claims have been made if the mastery of Latin and Greek is achieved by acquiring, as part of the learning process, some skill in the translation of modern languages into the ancient. I am pretty sure that this skill leads to a fuller appreciation of the powers and subtleties of expression of the ancient writers, but a further claim of some importance has been succinctly re-stated recently in a book entitled *Some Oxford Compositions*. In quoting Professor Gilbert Murray, who wrote, “Looking back, I sometimes wonder whether the most educative . . . subject I was ever taught may not have been the writing of Greek Prose. It taught me to get beyond the word to
the thought behind it.” One of the writers comments, “This is certainly a great virtue, shared on fairly equal terms by Latin prose, but less fully by compositions in the modern languages, because of their very modernity. . . . The argument is one which psychologists and others, who have assaulted the doctrine of ‘Formal Training’ at various points have not been able to impugn.”

If we turn to considerations that are not so obviously utilitarian, we have one point of considerable interest that was first made in recent years by Professor Baldry in his lecture “The Classics and the Modern World.” He stresses the value of synthesis in the modern world. In a scientific age which is occupied with analysis there is a need for perspective, an awareness of the inter-relationship of the sciences and other forms of thought and culture. He suggests that there may be a considerable value in the study of an ancient civilisation before specialisation was an accepted rule of life, and where the understanding of the literature needs a clear perception of the whole as well as of the parts. But beyond this, and beyond the common bond of culture that belongs to the civilisation from which the Western European nations have grown, there is a broader generalisation which will need to be considered seriously in an atomic age which is also an age of leisure, when the sciences and the humanities will both have their place. And this generalisation is simply “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” This, it is claimed, is the essential message of antiquity. In an extreme humanist form it appears in the credo, “The real duty of man is not to extend his power or multiply his wealth beyond his needs, but to enrich and enjoy his only imperishable possession: his soul.” But probably the Greek tragedians who (from a definite point of view) stress man’s weakness as well as his greatness, might not have left it at just that. Plato certainly would not, nor perhaps Virgil. In any case, these writings called “classics” have stood the test of centuries. The bulk of them are not jetsam of the accidents of time but works deliberately selected and preserved because of their universal appeal, their high standard of broad humanity and their form disciplined by tradition and capable of expressing thoughts on deeper issues in a manner adequate to the needs of a mature civilisation. Perhaps then there is something in the claim that as one of the main inspirations of the values of Western European civilisation is just these Classics, they ought not to be merely a subject among other subjects, nor yet merely the concern of specialists only. Surely it should not be an insuperably difficult administrative task to see that in all these aspects the Classics should have the chance to live and be heard.

H. A. Murray
Man's Tenure of the Earth

The Nature of Geography and its Contribution in a Changing World

We are living today in a period of tremendous changes, a period without parallel in the history of mankind. Among these changes the changes in the technological field are the most immediately apparent, bringing about, almost before our eyes, new patterns of inter-relations between man and his environment. In the United States, where these changes are most advanced, the technological progress of the last decade foreshadows a "man-made world" based upon absolute mastery of the physical and biological environments:—"Clouds and wind, plant and beast, the boundless heavens themselves are to be subjugated. . . . There is now in formation a world such as there has never been before".1 . . . No less important are those related and deeper seated changes in the whole fabric of world society: the vast expansion in mankind's numbers, which may double the number of folk on earth within the lifetime of many living today, the political and economic emergence of the non-European world, the passing of the unchallenged supremacy the West has enjoyed for the last three centuries. Faced with such changes the West must make an "agonising re-appraisal" of its own position, must re-examine its traditional values and attitudes, and seek a new awareness of its place in the family of man.

It is scarcely to be expected that this global revolution should leave untouched those intellectual disciplines by which we seek to interpret the world; profound changes have occurred, are still occurring, in both the physical and social sciences. It was inevitable that geography, concerned more than any other discipline with an interpretation of the relationships between man and the earth, should feel these changes. It was perhaps inevitable that the methods and techniques formulated to interpret a gradually evolving European scene should prove inadequate for the interpretation of a new, swiftly changing world scene, characterised by a new dynamism in the relationship of man to the earth, by the emergence of old cultures and of new ideologies and by the growing interdependence of peoples. A geography conceived as a "study of areal differentiation" or as a "study of the discovery, identification and explanation of earth patterns" is no longer satisfying. Such a study cannot give adequate weight to the accelerating and expanding transformation of the environment by man,2 it can do little "to reveal humanity to itself, to aid it to an awareness of itself." Only by infusing into our teaching an ecological awareness, a new awareness of "the interdependence of all things in a common habitat" can we achieve these things.

And so, though it is a deviant or heretical attitude, I would stress the need for a greater emphasis on the ecological aspects of our subject. I would define geography as the study of human ecology, "the science of human groups in their environmental setting." I would urge that the study of the physical features of the globe as an end in itself has no place in geography, that work in such fields as
climatology or geomorphology is relevant to us as geographers only if the features we are studying significantly affect the conditions offered to man, if they, to use the words of Le Lannou, “contribute to establish a hierarchy of aptitudes.” I would discard the oversimplified concept of the environment as a mere framework for man’s activities, and would regard it as a series of complexes which react upon one another and in turn influence and are influenced by man’s activities. Some, such as the complex of atmospheric elements making up the climate of an area, we can as yet influence only within narrow limits; others, such as the various complexes of the biological environment, are more plastic and can be modified or transformed in accordance with man’s needs and desires. Recent centuries have thus seen the progressive reduction of the areas dominated by some of the pathogenic complexes such as plague or malaria, the creation of new “biological auxiliaries” such as rapid-maturing wheats, and the progressive replacement of wild flora and fauna by new man-created associations of plants and animals such as the grass/dairy cow association on which New Zealand’s economy is partly based or the corn/cattle/hog association of the U.S.A. And so, I would stress, the relation of man to environment is not the old over-simplified one—the relation of an actor to his stage—but one far more complex. For man, by his activities, creates the environment in which he lives, and the shape in which he creates it depends on the character of the society of which he is a member, upon the culture and technology of that society. I would discard, then, the old duality which has so long plagued geography—the duality of man and environment—and would instead stress the interdependence of man and environment or, as Carl Sauer has expressed it, “the interdependence of living things in a common habitat.” Finally, just as the ecologist concerns himself not only with the relationship between a plant species and its environment but also with the competition and interdependence between various groups of plants so, too, if the geographer is to achieve an understanding of the pattern of human groups in their spatial setting, he must concern himself with the interrelations and conflicts of the various types of society; here he will find a key to the understanding of much of the world’s geographic pattern. This is well illustrated by Malaya. Here the intrusive cash economy of the European expresses itself in the establishment of vast rubber plantations, in the expansion of transport facilities and urban areas, in the growing social differentiation of the population and in its increased ethnic complexity resulting from the massive inflow of Chinese and Indian labour. But these influences have penetrated unevenly: the transformation has been greatest in the west coast strip, while in the north the traditional rice economy of the Malay has little changed and in the interior more primitive groups carry on their old way of life little influenced by either the rice economy of the Malay or the cash-getting economy introduced by the Europeans. Here, as in so many parts of the world, the geographical pattern is best understood in terms of a convergence of cultures, each of which utilises a particular group of resources and creates its own distinctive cultural landscape.

I would have you think, then, of geography as a study ecological in its approach, concerned with the interrelations between those physical, biological, and human complexes which give our world its infinite diversity. It is a study dynamic in content since the interrelations between the human group and the physical and biological complexes take place through the medium of man’s culture and technology and these are constantly changing; we have a process of “continual reappraisal” by man of the varied elements of the environment. It is a study whose
closest relationships are with the social rather than with the physical sciences, since its analysis of the pattern of human groups in their environmental setting must be in terms of the culture, the techniques, even the prejudices of the group concerned.

What are the contributions of such a geography to the life of the community in which the geographer lives? They are both material and spiritual.

On the material side, I would suggest that New Zealand, like the majority of Western countries, is moving increasingly in the direction of a controlled and planned environment. We have increasingly the techniques to reshape the elements in our environment and to remould them a little nearer our heart’s desire. We can increasingly provide the opportunity for a rich and fulfilling life for all. We can, however, achieve those things only if we have a clear-sighted view of our objectives, an awareness of the potentialities of our country and an understanding of the problems left as a legacy by past decades. Such an awareness, such an understanding, is one of the major contributions modern geography can make. More than that. Even though we still cling to the frontier attitude that our land and our resources are limitless, the increasing pressure of population is forcing us to a reappraisal of our attitude: we are slowly beginning to realise that resources, whether of market garden land, or minerals, or irrigation water or human skills are not limitless and that we can make the best use of them only by wise and intelligent planning. We can no longer afford the old trial and error processes of resource utilisation for these, as in the “Dust Bowl” of the semi-arid United States, were often destructive of both resources and human well being: instead, we can consciously strive to achieve by planning the most stable and satisfying equilibrium between society and the various complexes of the physical and biological environment. Such planning calls for a high degree of ecological awareness, for an ability to see phenomena as a whole in their spatial relationships. Here the trained geographer has a major contribution to make; that this is no pipedream is shown by the role played by geographers in the boldly conceived Tennessee Valley project which created a new relationship between man and environment in the poverty-stricken and erosion-ravaged farmlands of Tennessee, or in the work of geographers employed in the planning and development of post-war Britain. Here in New Zealand, where over wide areas man is still hesitantly adjusting to the potentialities of a little-known environment, the geographer has, I am convinced, a major role to play. That his contribution to date has been small can be attributed in part to the belief that our resources—whether of land or timber—were virtually limitless; partly to the common tendency, in part fostered by geographers themselves, to regard geography as a purely academic subject with no direct applications to the field of human affairs.

The spiritual contribution of geography cannot be completely divorced from its material contributions since the geographer’s synthetic view, his concern with the inter-relatedness of things, gives him a distinctive world attitude and one essential for those guiding human affairs. Baulig, the French geographer, has defined the essence of geography as a state of mind; from this, it is only a step to describe it as an education. Just as a knowledge of painting or music adds immeasurably to the pleasure and satisfaction we derive from great music or great art, so does a geographical education add to the satisfaction we derive from any landscape. Such a knowledge enables us better to appreciate the inter-relatedness of terrain, land use and settlement in long-humanised areas such as Western Europe; it enables us
to see a logic in the apparent disorder of the scattered patterns of cultivation in the rain forest of Africa, with each patch following selectively the pockets of good soil and the whole representing a skillful utilization of a marginal environment; it explains the ordered sequence of agricultural landscapes, types of settlement and terrain between the laced surf of the Algerian coast and the shadowed golden sands of the Sahara. Geography can and should provide the basis for better international understanding, giving a balanced picture of the past and present life of human groups the world over, indicating their traditions and values, their problems and the solutions they have found or sought to these problems. It helps to build up the concept of civilisation as "a vast network of reciprocal debts between nations." It can emphasise that, while the world is dangerously divided by political passions, mankind’s solidarity in the fields of technology and culture is becoming daily more evident. It can help destroy old myths such as those of race superiority which stand in the way of mankind’s attack on the basic problems of world poverty and can challenge, on scientific as well as humanitarian grounds, the tacit belief that the poverty and malnutrition of two-thirds of humanity is inevitable. And, because the whole world is his garden and all men his intellectual neighbours the geographer is, above all men, able to provide a clear-sighted view of the problems of this second half of the twentieth century. These, the problems which will face us and our children, are the problems posed by the political and social emergence of the non-European peoples. They are the problems posed by the co-existence of various cultures, the problems of social, political and economic development which are being tackled by that two-thirds of humanity which is coloured, heirs to a different culture, a different set of values from our own West European culture. They are the problems of finding food and living space for an additional twelve hundred million of our fellow men, within the next generation and in a world which suffers from chronic malnutrition midst potential plenty, problems which are essentially ecological in character.

Along with the other social sciences and the earth sciences, geography can indicate the lines of a solution to those problems; above all, it can powerfully contribute to creating a climate of opinion in which the whole of mankind can cooperate in tackling the crucial issues which lie ahead. The faith in which the geographer makes this contribution is implicit in Sauer’s concept of “Man—ecologic dominant”; it was nobly expressed twenty-five centuries ago by Sophocles:

“Wonders are many on earth, and the greatest of these
Is man, who rides the ocean and takes his way
Through the deeps, through wind-swept valleys of perilous seas
That surge and sway.

He is master of ageless Earth, to his own will bending
The immortal mother of gods by the sweat of his brow,
As year succeeds to year, with toil unending
Of mule and plough.

There is nothing beyond his power, his subtlety
Meeteth all chance, all danger conquereth.
For every ill he hath found its remedy,
Save only death.”

Keith Buchanan
Some V.U.C. Composers

How a musician is made, what impels him towards the musician’s world of order, clarity and consonance, what makes his metronome tick, if known, is not known to me. The poet, the writer; according to Cyril Connolly, to Dylan Thomas, draws on a stock of material gathered in childhood, the painter makes his mark on the wall; one can conceivably, in painting, given the material, get somewhere without much formal education. But why the composer starts is a mystery—perhaps a lucky arrangement of nerve endings in his physical ear, more likely not. He is usually compelled towards an instrument at an early age, simply because instruments, until the radio era, happen to be around the house. He may even learn to read his notes before he reads his letters. We know only that musicians begin, that they require a long course of training, that there is not one composer in the past who has not undergone such a course. Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Berlioz, Debussy, Stravinsky, Bartok, Vaughan-Williams—all spent years on their training, whether at choir school, university or conservatorium. Schubert at 30, Brahms at 40, thought they had better do some more counterpoint. Vaughan-Williams at 40, a Mus.D. from Cambridge, went off to Paris to study with the young Ravel.

At Victoria we get our students at 17, already too old, and spoiled frequently by some previous bad harmony teaching. Tovey thought we should absorb our counterpoint aged ten.

Myself, I took to the piano aged five, picked up a smattering of rudiments from reading music itself, acquired a copy of Percy Scholes’ Beginners’ Guide to Harmony aged sixteen, and worked away. The instruction was dogmatic—do this, do not do that. A chord on the mediant of the scale was described as “one chord you must never use,” and if, as one soon discovered, Dvorak used it very beautifully, then that fact just goes to show. And so when at University one was put to Kitson’s books on Elementary Harmony and Counterpoint for Beginners and to Buck’s Harmony, one learned to do a kind of double-think. There was a world of exercises and examples, a kind of snakes-and-ladder’s game, “on no account go from IIb to IVa”—phrases that ring in my ear still with a minatory air, like frontier passwords from Auden’s “orators,” or a message from one of Cocteau’s transmitters; the example given as good workings had no resemblance to music one had ever seen or heard—“music that was never on land or sea.” Meantime I was exploring
in 1922 the voluptuous delights of Debussy and Ravel; wicked Stravinsky and Bartok were still ahead. This course in double-think, with the help of R. O. Morris's *Contrapuntal Technique in the Sixteenth Century*, which I read on the quiet as though it were Joyce's *Ulysses*, eventually gained me a Mus.B. degree. As to the academic's argument, that such a training teaches one grammar, one would like to call on Pozzo for his comment.

Morris's revolutionary book cleared the way in the teaching of counterpoint, which has become a manageable, if tough, subject. You can show the student what is going on in the twelfth century—start together, take intervals in your stride, keep to the word of God, and end on a consonance. In the fourteenth, as in the twentieth century, gear your music to a pattern and sweat it out; in the sixteenth, resolve your dissonances by rule. One begins to understand why Bach, Mozart, Beethoven went to such pains over their counterpoint, why contemporary composers place such a value on its study, for itself, and as a means of studying one's craft. And if one starts to look at Piero della Francesca, at Ben Nicholson, with a fresh eye, that is something gained. But the study of harmony is the real diabolus in musica. On the library shelves—and it is agreeable that the music books at V.U.C. are housed in the bay marked *Science*—there is a whole tome-row of books on harmony, from Prout to Schonberg, Piston and Hindemith. There is a story by James Huneker, whom no one seems to read nowadays, about a young aspiring pianist who went through all the exercises for piano, Czerny, Cramer, Tausig, Henselt, Alkan and so on, in the belief that if he practised the lot he would come out as a fine player at the end. The same idea inspires some harmony teachers; get the students to march through the exercises, book after book, year after year, "insert secondary sevenths at the point marked *", and finally, with a stuffed fantasy-sonata for two pianos win the Philip Neil Prize. We confess at Victoria to not liking this very much.

Our students are put to melody writing, and even to find out what is a melody in this land where no kiwi sings is itself not easy. They are urged to join church choirs. They are shown how to handle common chords, with illustrations drawn from Bartok's peasant songs, to the Anglican hymnal, asked to recognise that if all chords are equal, some chords are more emotionally equal than others; they go on to a study of Bach's chorales, of string quartet writing, and are then pushed off the deep end. It is as though Professor Gordon were to ask, in English III, for poems on a particular rhyming scheme, with opening lines given. No wonder the students find it hard, and are inclined to ask for rules handed out in packages. One solution, one made at Victoria, is to have a composer attached to the staff. As Hindemith has said, "... his (the composer's) instruction is bound to have a certain creative warmth, because he is passing on directly what he himself has experienced."

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Douglas Lilburn studied with J. C. Bradshaw at Canterbury University College, and with R. Vaughan-Williams at the Royal College of Music. Since he has been at Victoria he has written two symphonies; Suite for Orchestra; Divisions for String Orchestra; *A Birthday Offering*; several chamber music works; song cycles for poems by Alistair Campbell and Denis Glover; and incidental music for film, theatre and radio.
DAVID FARQUHAR was the first Mus.B. from Victoria. He studied at Cambridge with Robin Orr and Patrick Hadley, is an M.A. from there, spent a year with Ben Frankel at the Guildhall in London, and joined the staff in 1952. In 1956 he spent a further year in London with Frankel. His recent works include Epitalamion—Overture for Strings; Partita for Piano; two songs for male voices and percussion (C. Day Lewis); Coronation Ode for women’s voices, strings and harp; and other songs. Followers of the New Zealand Players will also remember his incidental music for Ring Round the Moon and A Midsummer Night’s Dream.

BARRY MOSS (1947) spent only one year at Victoria before taking up a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music. I remember with pleasure his work in the counterpoint class, but of his mature work I know only, and that through a recording, his Variations for Orchestra. This is a sombre, slow-moving work, beautifully set out, and was played at the 1956 Stockholm Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music.

ASHLEY HEenan (1946-50) came to Victoria with a technique already well developed. His work is conservative and strongly written. There is some natty counterpoint in his Square Dance for string orchestra. Since graduation he has written A College Overture (for symphony orchestra); Suite for Small Orchestra; Interludes for String Orchestra; Rhapsodic Scherzos for piano; Sonata for Viola and Piano; and incidental music to Jack Winter’s Dream.

ROBERT BURCH (1948-51) wrote an attractive pastoral work for his Mus.B. exercise, influenced by the English diatonic Vaughan-Williams world. He has studied at the Guildhall with Frankel, and has written a fine set of four preludes for piano; songs; and a string quartet, which was played in the Music Room. At present he is playing the horn in the National Orchestra.

CHRISTOPHER SMALL (1949-52) has written a bold setting of Auden’s poem Look Stranger, and when I last had news of him was writing film music.

JOHN TAYLOR (1951-54) did some stylish work for his Mus.B. exercise. He is at present on the staff of the N.Z.B.S.

JOHN STEELE (1950-53) is a musicologist who has studied at Cambridge and has brought out, with Susi Jeans, an edition of the organ voluntaries of the early seventeenth century composer, John Lugge.

PETER CROWE (1953- ) is caught up with the twelve note school. He has written Duo for Flute and Piano, Suite for Piano, Nocturne for Piano, Elegy for String Quartet; and part songs.

DOROTHY FREED (1954) has written a number of songs, and was recently successful in the 1957 A.P.R.A. Competition for New Zealand Composers.

F. J. PAGE
Research in New Zealand History

"HAPPY IS THE COUNTRY that has no history" is a sentiment that has been formulated a number of times by a number of different people—going, one imagines, on the general theory that history is a catalogue of the crimes and follies and miseries of mankind. Even on that theory we can hardly absolve New Zealand from a little bit of history. From another point of view, I have heard one eminent professor—a professor of history at that, and a professor of "imperial" history—blandly assume that neither Australia nor New Zealand had any history. I never quite followed the process of mind that underlay this assumption—perhaps it was because the professor himself was interested in South Africa and the West Indies: but what a wildly fantastic assumption it was! For, of course, you can't get away from history. Put a number of people together in any geographical situation, at any time, and they will at once begin the process of action and reaction which, as a sort of chronological deposit, we call history. It may not all be crime and folly and misery. Some of it may, indeed, be quite inspiring, or amusing, to contemplate. Some of it may be quite difficult, for a later age, to make sense of. Some of it, on the other hand, may be quite easy to understand. Some of it may be like, some of it may be unlike, what has gone on in other societies in other countries. But there it is, the deposit. There it is, for us, the New Zealand deposit. Once you begin to investigate this deposit carefully, you can't avoid research. There's an awful lot of messing about—to put it vulgarly—and some quite pretentious messing about, that takes to itself the title of research; there's a sort of cant of research that gets around in the twentieth century; there's plenty of amateurish, imitation "research"; but there is in New Zealand history scope for serious and solid research, and there has been serious and solid research. What we need to do is to generalise this, as it were, into professional standards, and to nail these professional standards as high as possible.

At this point I should interpolate that when I use the word "amateurish" I don't mean "amateur." There has been plenty of good history written in all sorts of fields by amateurs. There is no reason on earth why the amateur should not work to high standards, should not have a good technique of research, should not write well. We don't want to be bemused by any mystique of research. There is no need for the professional historian to give himself airs: he's doing a job, like anyone else. The point is that as far as he is a good professional, he has standards; as long as the amateur is good, really a lover of his subject, he has standards; while for too much writing about New Zealand history—and what a wilderness of it there is—has been amateurish, has had no standards. The writing of history, for a start, has always been so easy. It has always been so deceptively easy. It has always been so magnificent a stamping ground for the amateurish. Once you begin to have standards, once you begin to know your business, as professional or amateur, you don't stamp so enthusiastically. You begin to know the nature, and the difficulties, and the value, of research.
William Pember Reeves was an amateur historian. He was also a good one. No one would ever think of calling him amateurish. He knew the sources of New Zealand history that were available to him, he knew the meaning of evidence, he has a sense of architecture in the composition of a narrative, and he could write. His general history of New Zealand, *The Long White Cloud*, is a good book. It will remain a good book. It is not a final book, of course; it does not make all other books on New Zealand history superfluous. Why not? Because of the very nature of historical research; and because, as time goes on, there is, generally speaking, more material to subject to the process of research. This is not invariably true: as time goes on, a certain part of the material of history is destroyed—piece-meal, as by rats; wholesale, as by fire. But, on the whole, every generation seems to have more material to work on, more documents to absorb, more papers to struggle with. The more material you have, the more difficult it is to generalise, the more discriminating you become about the generalisations of your predecessors, the more sceptical you become about their conclusions. To be specific: you may have a proper respect for Reeves, but you may finish by pulling Reeves to pieces. You can be pretty confident that if your own work is good enough—good enough, that is, to rate continued attention—you in your turn will be pulled to pieces.

There is more research in New Zealand history going on today than ever before. There are obvious reasons for this. The population becomes bigger; and the number of historians, or of those who fancy themselves as historians, becomes bigger. The proportion of historians per million of population may even have become bigger, too, with the growth of interest in New Zealand history, consequent on—perhaps—the centenary of 1940; and with the growth of university population and hence of history thesis writers. (This is a hunch, not a statistically-proven certitude—I shield myself like a historian in a footnote.) Some of the research that is going on is good, some of it is indifferent. That is of the nature of humanity. I should say that there is more good research going on than ever before. This I should say is due to the existence of a greater measure of good academic training, and to a better sense of the value of historical material. We are beginning not only to sharpen the young historian's teeth, but to give him something to bite on. This brings use to archives, the historian's staple aliment.

Archives are not a mysterious or fancy business. Archives are historical records—papers, documents—systematically collected together, sorted and stored, so that they are safe, humanly speaking, from destruction. Archives therefore form—or should form—the largest part of the material of a country's history. A civilised country will see to its archives, because a civilised country will respect its history. An imperfectly civilised country, like New Zealand, will be tardy about archives, because proper storage—which includes availability to students—means the expenditure of money on buildings, and salaries, and string, and labels; and all that seems a bit silly to practical men who prefer to get into a mess and then spend more money on expensive hole and corner and extremely inefficient make-shifts. But we're better than we used to be; we have an archivist who knows his job; we have people—librarians, for example—all over the country doing their best to preserve; we have a general conscience stirring, rather uneasily and inadequately, but still stirring. Possibly, within a year, we may have an Archives Act. That, however, may be a bad calculation, although the Archives Act has been promised: it is an
election year, and how many votes does an Archives Act rate? The general conscience is not really awake. Still, there are more records, public and private, available to the historian than there ever were before.

Records are one thing: proper academic training to use them is another. It seems to me an important thing. I can speak only of what we have tried to do, over a period of about twenty years now, at V.U.C. I don't think we have by any means reached the ideal yet, partly for lack of time, which makes adequate coverage impossible—partly no doubt because of our own inadequacies. But we do try to give our honours people, particularly our thesis writers or potential thesis writers, an idea of the essentials of "historical method," which are after all much the same whether the subject is the decline and fall of the Roman Empire or the rise of the New Zealand Labour Party. We are not so badly off for historical material of one sort or another, printed or manuscript, in Wellington, as some centres are, and librarians and archive people have been very co-operative. We don't hope to turn out a large body of high-powered technicians; but we do hope that our historians will have some technical knowledge, some grasp of the nature of historical evidence and the way to use it, some instructed common sense—some professional standards, in fact. That, it seems to us, is something that we can legitimately expect an academic training in history to do. To the measure that it can't do that, I should say that it is not much good. To the measure that it has done it, and continues to do it, we may expect good research in history; and, as we live in New Zealand, and most of our historical records are records of New Zealand history, good research in New Zealand history.

What work of that sort has been done, what sort of work should we expect in the future? I don't propose to give an annotated list of published works and theses—and there are some theses that could stand publication, if only the costs were not so completely prohibitive. Cost of publication has to be reckoned against possible consumption; and possible consumption of learned work—say even a very good study of the constitutional position of New Zealand governors under responsible government—must obviously be small indeed in a population of two millions. The thesis writer in general, anyhow, cannot complain, because his bit of research is mainly training for himself. If it adds a bit to the structure of history, that is all to the good; and if it does add this, somehow or other it will get round to those interested, and at last be incorporated into the general body of knowledge. None of us has any right to expect more of fate than that; and if fate gives us that, we ought to be pleased enough. But to get back to the question, what work has been done, what work can we expect? Well, what sort of history, in broad terms, has New Zealand had? It was discovered, and found to have an indigenous population; it was colonised and explored; it had co-operation and warfare and mutual neglect and more co-operation between two races; it was farmed in various ways and utilised for industry; it tried political systems and worked out political peculiarities of its own; it had relations with Great Britain and with other countries; it had changing social relations and all that those imply in politics and processes of daily living; it had some experiments in art and writing and building; it had some religious life; it worked out an educational system; it organised and re-organised itself for administrative purposes; some parts had a local life, some a regional life; it underwent a number of slumps and two major international wars. There's a good deal in all that to be studied. And a great deal besides.
Now no one can say that New Zealand has not been the subject of writing. Sometimes one is led to think that it must be about the most overwritten portion of the world's surface. But that is not the point. With all the writing that has gone one, there is still scope, it seems to me, for the intelligent and trained and thoughtful researcher. I think we can stop writing short one-volume histories of the country from Tasman till today—at least for a while. I don't deny the value of that sort of thing, particularly if a man is working on some new interpretation of his own—and if he has the gift of style, all the better. I know of two examples to be published in the near future, which I should be very sorry to miss. But that does not seem to me to be the really important thing at the present time. The really important thing seems to be to find out what happened, and to get those results published. To find out what happened: if we knew exactly what happened, we shouldn't need to do any research at all. But, in sober fact, there has been comparatively little mature and detailed research into New Zealand history—on the basis of which an adequate general history can be written. The main outlines may not need to be altered—I say may, because I don't know. I'm sure there's a vast amount of detail to be filled in, a vast amount of modification and a vast amount of clarification to be made. Of course I can't say precisely what it all is, because that is the job of the researcher, and my own work has, chronologically, merely touched the fringe of his job.

There are two main things involved. Some historians will be interested in one, some in the other. The ultimate beneficiary of the historian—the consumer, the reader—may be interested in both; and one sort of historian will be interested in the results of the other sort, and use them for his own purpuses. One thing is the investigation of the records, and the production of an analysis, or a narrative, of some particular section of history: it may be an episode; it may be a piece of local history; it may be the life of a province; it may be a piece of party politics or the growth of a union or of an industry. If the historian is any good, this will be seen in its relations with something bigger—the life of the country or of society as a whole; the interconnections, or at least the existence of interconnections, will be made plain. A great deal of earlier, well-intentioned, and amateurish work, on for example the colonisation of New Zealand, has broken down not merely because of inadequate research technique, not merely because of inadequate acquaintance with the sources, but also because of sheer ignorance of these interconnections. The activities of that peculiar person, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, to push the example a bit further, cannot be understood merely if one considers his relations to New Zealand. The history of the New Zealand Company is not merely the history of the New Zealand Company and New Zealand. You have to consider also the history of British finance, British company promotion, British shipping—to take only a few complications.

How far the historian will bring out these complications will, however, depend on the particular job he is doing. They may be extremely important, they may be half his work. They may be less important because he is doing the other thing. He may be producing not an analysis, nor a narrative, but an "edition"; he may be printing documents. "Documents" is a wide term; it may include in its range anything from an autobiography or letters to commercial accounts or constitutional memoranda. We have not had enough of this work done in New Zealand. Nevertheless, some has been done, or is being done, and it is valuable work. There are
people who sniff at this whole class of activity; the historian's job is, they say, to produce a narrative; serving up documents is serving up half-cooked food. Which, of course, is nonsense. There is no one, and one only, task for the historian. In any case, some food is better half-cooked. The art of the historian, like that of the cook, is not just an art of mixing; both must know when to turn off the gas.

At this stage I should probably cease to talk in generalities and principles, and give examples. As I have already said, I don't propose to give an annotated critical list of publications in New Zealand history since the centennial flood of print began to submerge the market. There is no need to. An astonishing number of books were published in 1940 and after. Some of them were very good, and attacked the subject from fresh angles, like E. H. McCormick's *Letters and Art in New Zealand* (1940). Some of them—too many of the little local histories—were quite amateurish; necessarily so, one might add. There were simply not enough historians to go round. Nor do I need to pick out the Fifty, or Twenty, or Ten Best Books, and grade them as alpha double-plus or alpha-plus. I merely give examples as illustrations of some of the points I have made. They all illustrate, I think, competent research into the indispensable records; they all have professional standards, whether the authors be professional historians or not; they are all the result of work mainly done in New Zealand. They all fill gaps in our knowledge—they really tell us something about our country. Just to be up to date, I mention among them one or two examples of "work in progress" of which I know, and which I think will turn out models of their kind. Take first the publication of papers. We have a very good instance here in John Pascoe's recent *Mr. Explorer Douglas*. Douglas was a West Coast explorer whose reports and letters make a quite considerable bulk. Mr. Pascoe has arranged and annotated them and added a biographical introduction. He is not a professional historian, he is not in the academic sense a historian at all. He is an amateur who has done well something which needed to be done. Work in progress gives me my next instance, and here again we have exploration—the anthology of travel in New Zealand which Nancy Taylor has almost completed for the Clarendon Press. It is what the historian calls "primary material"—diaries and journals, with some difficult editing involved, and it will, I think, show an excellent combination of professional standards and amateur devotion—perhaps one had better say "amateur" here as Mrs. Taylor does not now earn her living as a historical researcher, though she once did. The combination is an admirable one.

Now take an "episode." I instance here the little book *New Zealand's First Capital* (1946) by Ruth M. Ross. Admirable again—in fact a model of what can be produced by what I shall call a concentrated glare on a quite complex little group of transactions in a quite short time. The secret here is scrupulous attention to detail. It would all be lost in a broad sweep. It has all been lost in the broad sweeps of the earlier historians. It is a really professional, really neat, example of something that "needs to be done," I suspect, a few hundred times before we can get our understanding of our history reasonably accurate. Some persons find this sort of accuracy pedantic. I find it desirable. Anyhow, Mrs. Ross can write, and I find well-written pedantry delightful.

Let us move on to the "region": not the province, not the town, something harder to define than either. Because the region is hard to define, a regional history can be unconscionably sloppy and bad; it lends itself ideally to the production of
undigested raw material, which loses all the fascination of the raw without issuing forth in history. It is a difficult thing to write, because the historian has to know so much of so many diverse things, and somehow weld them into some kind of unity, convey some kind of spirit. Not much work of this sort has been done of any real merit. Mr. W. J. Gardner's *The Amuri* (1956) provides us with a very good specimen of what can be done. The province may give the researcher more of a unity to work on, though that will depend on the abundance and complexity of his records, and his own skill in digging them up. Here I instance not any work on the “big” provinces, already published, but the very interesting study Mrs. Allan is making of Nelson. One wouldn’t go to Nelson for a uniformly blatant success story or the politics of a capital; nevertheless I fancy that for a good many things in New Zealand history—discovery, exploration, colonisation, education, religion, industry (primary and secondary), shipping—it provides the microcosm the historian needs. I fancy also the work is taking a great deal longer than any Nelsonian dreamt was possible. Why? Because of the records, public and private, that have been turned up; because also of the sheer hard work that is entailed by professional standards.

My last example will be of something on what we in New Zealand are pleased to call the “national” scale—Dr. Keith Sinclair’s *Origins of the Maori Wars*, to be published later this year. It is a good example; for here we have a large historical problem, on which there was a good deal of controversial writing in the past; we have a matter of first-rate importance in our development as a community; we have a play of interesting and able individual personalities as well as of general needs and mass emotions; we have an accumulation of records that could not be previously consulted together. We have, in fact, for the historian a situation that demands the best he is capable of—technique in research, analytical power, ability to reconstruct, to interpret, and to record an intelligible narrative. The basis of it all is research; the basis of all research is records. In this particular case I think we shall have a very good test case. I don’t mean that we shall be testing merely the merits of Dr. Sinclair. We shall be testing also the value of our records and the value of the research we can do. We shall be testing, in a way, the possibility of a mature approach to our own history. For historical research, as I have been at some pains to make clear, like research into other departments of knowledge, is more than a fancy name for a fancy activity. It is more even than the path to a Ph.D.

J. C. Beaglehole
Legal Education in the University

Every year the Society of Public Teachers of Law (to which a substantial proportion of law teachers throughout the Commonwealth belongs) holds a conference at some place in the United Kingdom. It is customary for the Society's President to deliver on that occasion a presidential address, and the President for the time being usually takes the opportunity to make some observations on the general problem of legal education. A reader of the presidential addresses delivered since the Second World War will be struck by the fact that repeated reference is made to the question whether Law is a fit subject for university study. It is true that these addresses invariably contain a more or less spirited defence of the place of Law in the university. The curious thing, in the light of the historical fact that the teaching of Law was a substantial part of the raison d'être of the mediæval university, is that there should be any doubts expressed on the subject.

It is not only their place in the university which English law teachers have had cause to doubt in the past. There has also been the problem of their place in the legal profession. In a contribution to the discussion on the presidential address to the Society in 1950, Professor J. L. Montrose of the Queen's University, Belfast, neatly summed up the dilemma of the university teacher of law in England: "His colleagues in the university still question his right within the university because his teaching is too technical, and his colleagues in the profession still doubt the utility of his teaching because it is too theoretical."

Here in New Zealand the teacher of law is more secure. He may feel with the English teacher that his professional brethren, actively engaged in the practice of the law, may tend to underestimate the value of his contribution to the training of young lawyers. He may indeed in moments of depression wonder whether the university degree course in law is regarded as anything more than a hurdle which must be surmounted before a young man can enter upon the practice of a profession whose fundamentals he has learnt in the time-honoured way of apprenticeship (though without benefit of articles). But he never has any doubts as to the appropriateness of including the study of law in the university curriculum: nor do his colleagues appear to regard him as a kind of semi-technical outsider admitted only on sufferance, and perhaps by force of tradition, to the fellowship of higher education.

It is not therefore my purpose in this brief article to justify the teaching of law in the university. But it does seem worth while to try to set down very briefly, by way of exposition rather than justification, a statement of the aims (or perhaps it would be better to say, the aims and achievements) of legal education. I should perhaps add that this is a personal statement and that I do not claim in what follows to be expounding the views of the Law Faculty in this College nor of the teaching branch of the legal profession in New Zealand.
It is clear to begin with that the aim of legal education is primarily vocational. Its principal purpose is to provide the would-be lawyer with the intellectual tools which he will need for the job he is to do in life. But many of these tools are what I may call "general purpose" tools; they are adaptable not only to the needs of the lawyer, but also to those of such divers orders of society as the business man, the social worker, the political scientist (or the practical politician), and the administrator. Consider for example this list, prepared by a distinguished member of the Faculty of the Harvard Law School, of the qualities which law school training should produce:

1. **Fact consciousness.** An insistence upon getting the facts, checking their accuracy, and sloughing off the element of conclusion and opinion.

2. **A sense of relevance.** The capacity to recognise what is relevant to the issue at hand and to cut away irrelevant facts, opinions, and emotions which can cloud the issue.

3. **Comprehensiveness.** The capacity to see all sides of a problem, all factors that bear upon it, and all possible ways of approaching it.

4. **Foresight.** The capacity to take the long view, to anticipate remote and collateral consequences, to look several moves ahead in the particular chess game that is being played.

5. **Lingual sophistication.** An immunity to being fooled by words and catch-phrases; a refusal to accept verbal solutions which merely conceal the problem.

6. **Precision and persuasiveness of speech.** That mastery of the language which involves (a) the ability to state exactly what one means, no more no less, and (b) the ability to reach other men with one's own thought, to create in their minds the picture that is in one's own.

7. And finally, and pervading all the rest, and possibly the only one that is really basic: **self-discipline in habits of thoroughness,** an abhorrence of superficiality and approximation.

This is in my view an almost perfect summary of the principal "intellectual tools" of the lawyer. No one would disagree that a man who has acquired these qualities is truly an "educated" man. Insofar as the teaching of law aims to produce, and does produce, these qualities in its graduates, it can be claimed that legal education supplies not merely a vocational but also an excellent general education.

It must be conceded, in the second place, that (apart from the required Arts units) the prescriptions for the subjects of the LL.B. degree present in the main a fearsome array of narrowly technical learning. The outside observer may well be pardoned for supposing that the student will emerge from the course stuffed to the brim with arid learning about rules and principles and statutes and cases. He may be pardoned for drawing the further conclusion that a person laden solely with information of this sort can hardly be said to have a good general education.

It would be possible to refute such a view merely by pointing out that a substantial body of modern educational opinion now insists that the emphasis of liberal education should no longer be on information but on competence. But the true nature of legal education is seen in better perspective when it is realised that no
teacher of law worth his salt ever confines himself nowadays to the technical limits of his subject. He cannot stray far outside them, of course. A teacher of criminal law must ensure that his students have as thorough a knowledge as possible of the statutes which define the kinds of human behaviour which will be regarded as criminal and prescribe both generally and specifically the kinds of punishment which are appropriate to various kinds of criminal behaviour, as well as of the ways in which Courts have interpreted and applied these statutes. A teacher of the law of torts must equally ensure that his students are thoroughly familiar with the leading cases and doctrines which establish the circumstances in which a man can be made to compensate another for harm which has occurred to the latter by the former's act or default. But it is in my view impossible for a teacher of criminal law to avoid giving his students some insight into the psychological and sociological problems which lie behind the framing and application of criminal statutes; and it is impossible to teach torts effectively without giving students a glimpse of the questions of history, of economics, of sociology which lie behind the facade of legal rules and Court decisions which form the immediate subject matter of the course. And what is true of criminal law and torts is true of every other subject in the course.

It is not that the teacher of law has the time or the equipment to deal in detail with the deeper problems he raises. If, as I believe, one of the important tasks of education is to stimulate the student's curiosity, to point out to him the paths he may follow, the doors he may seek to unlock, and where he may find the keys, it is my contention that the study of law, which has for its subject almost the whole range of human behaviour in society, is peculiarly fitted to that task.

What I want to say about this aspect of legal education has never been better expressed in my view than by that great jurist and great American, Mr. Justice Holmes. At the conclusion of a lecture on "The Profession of the Law," delivered to undergraduates of Harvard University on February 17, 1886, he asked this question, "How can the laborious study of a dry and technical system, the greedy watch for clients and practice of shopkeeper's arts, the mannerless conflicts over often sordid interests, make out a life?" And he answered his own question thus: "The law is the calling of thinkers. But to those who believe with me that not the least godlike of man's activities is the large survey of causes, that to know is not less than to feel, I say — and I say no longer with any doubt — that a man may live greatly in the law as well as elsewhere; that there as well as elsewhere his thought may find its unity in an infinite perspective; that there as well as elsewhere he may wreak himself upon life, may drink the bitter cup of heroism, may wear his heart out after the unattainable. All that life offers any man from which to start his thinking or his striving is a fact. And if this universe is one universe, if it is so far thinkable that you can pass in reason from one part of it to another, it does not matter very much what the fact is. For every fact leads to every other by the path of the air. Only men do not yet see how, always. And your business as thinkers is to make plainer the way from some thing to the whole of things; to show the rational connection between your fact and the frame of the universe. If your subject is law, the roads are plain to anthropology, the science of man, to political economy, the theory of legislation, ethics, and thus by several paths to your final view of life. It would be equally true of any subject. The only difference is in the ease of seeing the way. To be master of any branch of knowledge, you must master those which lie next to it; and thus to know anything you must know all."
In the third place, and finally, we come to the question of moral values in education. It is not uncommon to reproach the lawyer with the fact that his training is substantially directed to enabling him to produce the best possible arguments in support of bad cases which in truth deserve no support at all. It is less commonly realised that it is this very insistence that, before any judgments whatever are made, both sides of any case shall be as fully and frankly argued as possible that has been one of the seminal ideas of Western democracy. Rashdall’s view of the contribution which the lawyers made to the later Middle Ages has point here:

“From a broad political and social point of view one of the most important results of the universities was the creation, or at least the enormously increased power and importance, of the lawyer-class. Great as are the evils which society still owes to lawyers, the lawyer-class has always been a civilising agency. Their power represents at least the triumph of reason and education over caprice and brute force.”

Reason and education can never triumph over caprice and brute force unless the fullest liberty is given to free enquiry. Over and over again the legal profession has stood as one of the bulwarks safeguarding this essential condition of democratic life. Some years ago Dean Griswold of the Harvard Law School was visiting New Zealand, at a time when McCarthyism in the United States was running riot and, to the outside observer, civil liberties seemed at their lowest ebb. I asked him what part the lawyers of the United States had to play in the dispute. His reply, delivered with the greatest deliberation, was to the effect that if it had not been for the legal profession in America there would now be no civil liberty worth speaking of.

It is, moreover, simply not true that the end of legal education is to produce men who are moral relativists. No one can study any branch of English law against its historical and social background without realising that in the law as it develops we find the articulation of the moral sense of the community in its striving after justice. At the heart of every decision, every statute, is an attempt, however imperfectly realised, to do justice between man and man. No law student can emerge from the university with a complete indifference to moral values. The study of what Professor Edmond Cahn of the New York University Law School has recently called “The Moral Decision” is an integral part of the study of law in every law school worthy of the name. It is also a vital part of what is generally described as a liberal education. Here too there is no shadow of doubt as to the place of law in the curriculum of the university.

E. K. Braybrooke
V.U.C.Z. Collection No. 85

Cook Strait

[The following account of Zoology Department dredging in Cook Strait is included in the symposium as a notable example of the various field studies being carried out by V.U.C. Departments.— Editor.]

Collection No. 84 had just come on board. It is impossible to count the hours spent at sea in boisterous or (rarely) calm Cook Strait to make these 84 collections. Each meant paying out wire or hempline seldom less than 500 fathoms, usually 1000+ fathoms and more. This cost twenty to forty minutes. Then the long, slow patient wait of an hour, two hours, five hours, riding to the swell, and rolling broadside for as long or longer while gear was tediously brought back to the boat. Thirteen hours' rolling broadside is our record to date for one collection. On that occasion it took an hour to recover the first 60 fathoms with 1440 fathoms still to come. There can be no record now of time spent, but in each of those eighty-four collections we hoped to find in our beam-trawl, cone-net, dredge or on the set-line, the animals which proved we had reached our objective.

The objective was set some sixteen years ago when I examined the food that groper had been eating in 40 to 50 fathoms off Cape Palliser. The food proved rich in deepwater fish, prawns and other animals known elsewhere from 400 fathoms and more. The chart then available was based on soundings by H.M.S. Acheron in the middle of the last century, and gave soundings to only 100 fathoms. The food and other vague data suggested that a branch of the Great Kermadec Deep came south to the Cape and entered Palliser Bay and the Strait. It was then a fair assumption that deep water welled up near Cape Palliser bringing a rare fauna to the surface, as in the famous case of the Straits of Messina.

Not until 1952 was a boat available. Mr. J. Garrick, of the Zoology staff, who had been out often on large trawlers, led the first attempt, working gear down to some 100 fathoms from the small trawler Regina. R. Brunsdon and R. Barwick, research students, made another attempt. They showed deeper fishing was necessary. Although catches were rich in new and rare animals, none of the hoped-for animals were taken.

Then came the tedious haul after haul, each a testing out of new gear and technique. Collection 84 came on board in the early evening of Good Friday last. Eight of us had joined the skipper, A. Dickinson, and his crew of two, on the Admiral, the 48-foot Wellington commercial trawler, at 9.00 a.m. Shortly after 11.00 a.m. we had put 1350 fathoms of wire on the winch and were heading for Palliser Bay on a long but disturbing swell, trying to squeeze in a trip before a promised northerly hit the Strait.

Two six-foot cone-nets, each 18 feet long, and a three-foot cone went overboard on 1300 fathoms of wire when we crossed the 500 fathom line south-west of
The Spike

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the Cape at about 3.00 p.m. An hour later the wire was at maximum angle, indicating greatest depth. A quiet tow for an hour, and then 80 minutes’ anxious hauling before the gear came on board, with Collection 84, monotonously much as we had made before—even though new planning had gone into the making and working of gear.

No option then but to put over the 12-foot cone-net with its 36-foot long bag of nylon net, a big investment to have on the end of a wire no stronger at its slender part than 1.1 tons and here no thicker than a good grade of clothesline. By now we were over the 1000 and more fathom plateau shown by H.M.S. Lachlan in her post-war survey. The swell was easing away, but not enough for some of the students. Setting the great net to the wire was anxious; streaming it, a problem; but it went away perfectly. Then twenty minutes to run out the wire, and a monotonous hour at idling revolutions watching the wire sink to its full angle before starting the work of the tow.

The sky cleared to brilliant starlight as we moved south with the Palliser light sinking to the horizon. An hour later, towing speed was increased; half an hour, increased again; and half an hour later, raised to near three and a half knots. This last changed the angle of the wire. The net was now working obliquely to the surface, but still deep and fishing from 600 fathoms up to 400 fathoms. Then started the long recovery with anxiety each time the train of shackles and swivel at every 250 fathoms came up to the blocks which always creaked painfully under the load.

The last hundred fathoms were, as on any of the previous 84 collections, worse than anxious. Twice gear has been lost as near the boat as this. Then came the net, a perfect set. None too sick to lend a hand to bring it in or search it. Here was Collection 85, everything hoped for since 1941, and better.

This catch contained not just midwater animals, but big midwater animals. Our objective over the years had moved from simply catching such animals, to using our unique proximity to deep water in the task of improving technique to capture these animals at their full size. The bulk of knowledge of this cosmopolitan but remote fauna is based on small young specimens. Now, where so many zoologists know the snake-like Idiacanthus from specimens only four inches or so long, our net gave us a specimen 17½ inches long; Avocettina, snipe-eels, 17 to 23 inches long; a Gonostoma of 7½ inches; brilliant lantern fish; a rare deepwater squid 8 inches long; and so on, for the whole catch of many species. All are animals of full size.

Away went the gear again, and in the early hours of the morning we recovered a second haul, and as good; but under the towing strain the frame of one inch steel rod had started to warp. It still held the mouth open and was sent away again as we turned to a northerly course. At 8.00 a.m. I was called to the deck. John Yaldwyn was worried. The net was towing heavy. The Admiral had been stopped. Recovery was under way at minimum winch speed. Palliser lighthouse was high on the horizon and it seemed the net had hit bottom in some 500 fathoms.

The wire came in to the final hundred fathoms. As the shackle-train passed the last deck-block, the wire jammed, then broke. Smart work by the skipper and Peter Castle secured the end and cleared the wire. Soon we saw the grotesquely twisted frame and torn bag of the net and then the gear was on board. The net
had bottomed, but the mud gave Professor Fell a new and strange starfish; Miss Ralph, coral and hydroids; John Yaldwyn, a deepwater hermit crab new to us; Jack Garrick and myself, new bottom-fish. The mud goes to the Oceanographic Institute. Collection 87 is well worth while, as is any collection from this deep water wonderland at our front door.

Two in the afternoon we set unsteady feet on Queen's Wharf and transferred our activities to the more stable environment of the laboratory. All are glad to have Collections 87, 86, 85, 84 in jars; another 320 man-hours at sea behind us.

But what will Collection 88 give us, and cost us  And how soon before we have it in the jars?

L. R. RICHARDSON
IN MEMORIAM

Siegfried Eichelbaum

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

Hamlet

When Victoria University College was very young and without a home of her own; when she had a name but no local habitation; she managed to develop an entity and to establish a character. Round a nucleus consisting of four “famous men” she gathered together a number of young men and women informed with an idea, “keen in their vocation.” These first professors and students had to struggle against every academic difficulty and perhaps for that reason they acquired some individual merit and some corporate strength. Furthermore, luck was with them. Corporate bodies and corporate traditions fail unless the gift of self-expression is vouchsafed, and to meet this need The Spike was born and The Old Clay Patch came into being. The College, as I say, was fortunate. It had students of some talent; they were whole hearted, and it happened that some of them had the power of speech. Among these was a boy named Eichelbaum, Siegfried Eichelbaum, fresh from Wellington College.

At Victoria Siegfried graduated M.A. and LL.B., but these trivialities are mercifully forgotten. He entered fully and wholeheartedly into the life of the new college and became one of the ancient and honourable order of Munchums. He collaborated in the writing of three extravaganzas, Munchums, The Golden Calf, and The Bended Bow. He joined the editorial staff of The Spike and became one of the editors of the first edition of The Old Clay Patch. As a writer of university capping songs he was unique both in the quantity and in the uniformity of his excellence. One of the other collaborators, Seaforth Mackenzie, had a greater poetic gift, but none surpassed him in humour, in aptness and richness of allusion, in swift and telling comment concerning the academic situation and the world at large. After half a century no foregathering of old students is properly served without the music of Absent Friends and Memories from Abroad, both from his pen. Many of his songs have of course fallen into the blue waters of forgetfulness, but there is not one that is not worthy of remembrance. I know of no student song more full of pith and topical humour than The Praetor’s Song in The Bended Bow—an extravaganza that showed how the call to arms was obeyed at certain stages in the “ascent of Man”!
The Spike

And we also sail per mare
On our galleys rowed by slaves:
O our tars are rich and tarry,
And Romania rules the waves.
Tho' the Roman quinqueremis
Doesn't seem the thing that steam is,
Her surpassing breadth of beam is
Such a comfort on the waves!

The quality that made Siegfried's writing so effective was the quick mental
gasp which gave directness and simplicity to his diction. At the beginning there
was an element of self-consciousness but this was later transformed into self-criticism
and integrity. He saw immediately any element of absurdity or flabby sentimentality
either in his own efforts or in those of others. Mackenzie had the same critical
gift and they were invaluable collaborators.

It may, I think, be said of Siegfried Eichelbaum that in the first decade of
this century he saw a vision of a University to which, through nearly fifty years, he
remained true. He saw himself as a collaborator, and without thought of leader-
ship or personal ambition. His devotion to the service has been unfailing and un-
flagging. After many years he became a member of the Council of his College and
then a member of the Senate of the University, honours which extended his sphere
of service, honours very richly deserved.

It is not in any place of dignity or honour, however, that his old friends will
wish to think of him. They will think, perhaps, of the day on which the honour
of nomination as Victoria's nominee for the Rhodes Scholarship was in his hands
and by his persuasion the prize and then the final selecton went to his friend Allan
MacDougall. They will think of him as a witty and self-conscious schoolboy, as an
attentive and generous host, as a shrewd critic and as a faithful friend. They will
think of his home and of his family, past and present, to whom so many generations
of students owe so much. They will think of him, first and always, as a student
and friend of Victoria University College, following her in all her vicissitudes—to
the end. They will think of him as the master of "the inevitable word." We may
apply his own words to the retrospect:

Look back and see if in those walls
You helped to build and cherish,
Truth walks with courage, sword by sword,
Or both before some overlord
Fall down and weakly perish.

And if to meet that questing look
You cast from eye that's weary
You find a tale that's good to tell—
Pass on, old man! All's well, All's well,
Nunc tempus est abire!
And then that touch of the old self-conscious apologetic:

    I've been and told a moral tale
    Of transcendental beauty,
    A thing I usen't to, and hence
    Corroborative evidence,
    De mea senectute.

And so passes an old editor of The Spike, a gay and happy raconteur, a rhymer of many parts, a humorist who never missed; above all, a good and faithful friend.

Victoria University College will march on through the centuries and many of her sons will be found steadfast at the fount of wisdom. The first decades, however, because they were the first, perhaps even because of their difficulties and restrictions, founded a tradition of devotion and service. They possessed, moreover, a few men and women who have left their mark. Among these will be found, not unworthy, the name of Siegfried Eichelbaum.

F. A. de la Mare

Sir Alexander Howat Johnstone

The story of a University may be read in minute books and Parliamentary papers, but these give only the framework. Behind the bare facts stand the lives and the ideals, the gropings and the strivings, the victories and defeats of a multitude of men and women each of whom has contributed something to the sum total of her greatness. It sometimes happens that, from the multitude, by virtue of some special aptitude, some special gift of nature or training, there is given to an individual the power to inspire in others a greater sense of dignity and purpose. Such a one was Alexander Howat Johnstone. To him was given the power of logical thinking; the power of clothing and expressing thought in eloquent, trenchant and moving speech; the power which rises from elevation of thought when it comes from ripe knowledge and an inner sincerity.

Johnstone came to Victoria College in the year 1900, in the second year of her foundation, and he graduated B.A. in 1903 and LL.B. in 1905. During his five years as a student he earned his living as a cadet in the Government Life Insurance Department, so that his days were strenuous indeed. Nevertheless it is significant that, in his progress, the cultural degree in Arts preceded the professional one in Law. In later life, as a member of the New Zealand University Senate, as Vice-President of the Auckland University Board, and on other boards and committees, the educational claims of the Classics were never overlooked nor undervalued. To him the University was more than an Institute of Technology.

In the year 1900 the corporate life of the College was just beginning to stir, and in June, 1902, the first number of The Spike, the great organ of undergraduate
life and spirit, came into being. *The Spike* was able in its first number to chronicle the formation of a "Students' Society to which all the athletic and social clubs are affiliated." The first fruits were the Hockey and Tennis Clubs and the Debating Society. A committee was set up to deal with the constitution of a "University Tournament," and a new and wider interest was introduced into University life. Johnstone entered into the life and spirit of the new time. He took his part in the founding of the Debating Society, and we find him joining the fight in that famous meeting which established our colours as green and gold—the meeting at which "Jonhstone tried to stem the tide, and Prous raised up his voice." His chief enthusiasm, however, was for Rugby football, and he was a member of the committee of 1902 "to foster the formation of a Football Club." He played in the first game; he served on the first committee; he was one of the first Life Members, and, after the lapse of fifty-four years, his active and subscribing interest in the club ended only with his death. It was at football and debating that we first came to know the calibre and quality of the man.

"Here's a health to our latest B.A.,
In his gig-lamps of gold he looks happy the day.
Long in the lower jaw, heart of the truest core,
At football and law he is making his way."

**CAPPING SONG**

Our interest here is not in the details of a great career, but in arriving at a just estimate of the man we knew and loved—especially in relation to the College. After his death statesmen and lawyers vied with one another in praising one who had served his country so ably and so well. Dr. James Williams, Principal of the College, one who worked as a student under Sir Alexander, himself wrote a tribute worthy of his old master. There was indeed in the master a noble pride in the profession of law as part of the administration of justice, and this just pride Sir Alexander was able to communicate to the pupil. There was in his whole attitude and approach to legal problems, a noble scrupulousness and devotion to truth not unworthy of the best in the Scots and English tradition. There was no question of trick or bluff in the armoury of this advocate. He bent all his ability to the task of making his words cogent and forceful, but it was always to the essential that his mind was directed. The element of greatness in advocacy lies very much in the capacity to sort out the essential with speed and directness, and the capacity to master facts and to deploy them to meet the exact issue was part of Sir Alexander’s equipment. The process of briefing him was illuminating. He grasped the facts, examined them, especially those against him, quite objectively, and applied the law. He saw the worst and would not be taken by surprise. His great success in the Courts was the result of care in preparation and a capacity for seeing both sides from the beginning. He knew that Judges and juries have a hostile reaction to unfairness and exaggeration—and he preferred understatement. The Judges perforce knew him; they knew that he did not bluff; they knew that his judgment carried authority; and they listened, as they used to listen to C. P. Skerrett when he practised at the bar.

It was characteristic of Sir Alexander that he was courteous even at his most forceful and trenchant, but it is fair to say that he could be devastating if he deemed it warranted. In one judicial proceeding a Senior Counsel is said to have
remarked: "I have never before heard such a denunciation in a Court of Law." Rooted iniquity met short shrift at his hands. In general his power of saying the right thing coupled with his passion for justice claimed the full respect, if not the approval, of the opposition.

Though he had wandered far afield, when on the 5th day of May, 1934, the student body sought a graduate to present to the College the portraits of the four Foundation Professors, the choice fell upon Alexander Howat Johnstone. In The Spike of 1934 there is printed, with the poem of Seaforth Mackenzie, a verbatim report of that speech. No one who attended at the Library on that occasion is likely to forget it. Its distinction and dignity, is eloquence and sincerity gave it a special significance, and that significance was enhanced by the fact that the occasion marked the end of an epoch, an epoch which opened with "the fair beginning of a time" and ended with the passing of the first Professors.

I have not dealt with the many and varied services rendered by Sir Alexander to the University and to the State, services which, at his hands, have enriched our corporate life. At the outbreak of the war of 1914 and again in 1939, he threw the whole of his energies into recruiting and national service. He served, in addition, on an Aliens Tribunal, and upon the Special Tribunal for the appeals of Conscientious Objectors. We may well believe that his generous, wise and humane outlook was a constant source of strength to the Court of Appeal.

The final gesture of Sir Alexander to education came with his will, in which he left the residue of his estate for scholarships available to students of Law.

Perhaps I may conclude with a quotation from Thomas Carlyle given in the speech to which I have already referred. It is characteristic of the Carlyle in whom Sir Alexander delighted, both in its rugged wisdom, its robust directness and in the grave cadences of the biblical prose he so much admired: "Two men," says Carlyle, "I honour, and no third. First the toilworn craftsman, who with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. A second I honour, and still more highly, him who is seen working for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two in all their degrees I honour. All else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth."

F. A. de la Mare

Fr. Francis Hugh Walsh

Father Francis Hugh Walsh, son of Peter and the late Mary Walsh, was born in 1910 in Christchurch, where he pursued both his primary and secondary education. Entering St. Bede's College in 1924, he early displayed those traits of deep scholarship and intellectual brilliance which were so much to distinguish his subsequent career. His love of the Classics and English literature manifested itself in these formative years, but another influence was at work which was to determine
his life vocation. He could not have been in doubt as to the rich talents that were his, and, even in his St. Bede's years, he had determined to lay them at the disposal of his Maker by embracing the life of the Catholic priesthood.

In 1929 he sought admission to the Society of Mary, and proceeded to the Marist Novitiate at Highden, near Palmerston North. But such was not to be his destiny, the life of a religious, for a call to become a member of the diocesan priesthood became insistent, and towards the end of that same year, he was accepted as an ecclesiastical student by the Archdiocese of Wellington. In pursuance of his goal he entered the National Seminary of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, in 1930, and very early in his career at the College made his mark as an exceptional student. His love for languages revealed itself in his study of Hebrew, a self-set task, outside the ordinary seminary curriculum of studies. It surprised no one that at the end of two year's study of Thomist philosophy and one of theology he was selected to proceed to Rome in 1933. A resident of the Irish College, he attended lectures in theology at the Lateran University, and was ordained to the priesthood in March, 1934. In 1935 the University awarded him the accolade of Doctor of Divinity. Towards the end of the same year, Father Walsh returned to New Zealand, and was appointed curate at the Sacred Heart Basilica, Thorndon.

With the advent of the World War, Father Walsh was selected as a chaplain, and proceeded with the New Zealand Division to Egypt in 1940. In this entirely new sphere he won golden opinions from all ranks of the Armed Forces throughout the North African and Italian campaigns. A splendid mixer, a brilliant conversationalist, he was ideally suited for the task. It was little wonder that after the close of the European operations of war he was selected to proceed as chaplain with the New Zealand forces to Japan. War in Europe had given him the opportunity to return again to that continent, the love of whose culture was so potent a force in his life. Above all, France, his second home which he had come to revere so much in his Roman student days, again refreshed his spirit, and he took every opportunity of renewing acquaintance, or forming new friendships, with outstanding French scholars.

Returning to New Zealand from Japan, in 1946, Father Walsh resumed his pastoral ministry, working with his wonted devotion till 1949, when he was sent to Oxford University to pursue an arts course, with specialisation in history, leading to the B.A. degree. For three invaluable years he lived at the distinguished Jesuit House of Studies, Campion Hall, coming under the influence of one of the Church’s most renowned scholars, the then Master of Campion Hall, Father Martin Darcy, S.J. He read a brilliant course at Oxford, and in 1952 gained his degree of Bachelor of Arts. In term vacations he ranged wide over the Continent, making his first visit to Spain, a country which had made a profound impression on him, as well as extending his travels to such founts of culture as Greece and the isles of the Aegean. These were the influences that mould Father Walsh into the finished, educated and cultured man who was able to walk with ease and grace in any circle.

Towards the end of 1952 Father Walsh returned to New Zealand, spending three months en route in the United States, lecturing upon Europe and the Far East to many distinguished audiences.

On his return Father Walsh was entrusted with the formation of the new parish of Featherstone, and it gave him, a true priest first and foremost, a deep satisfaction
that now for the first time he was a pastor of souls. But University halls were
destined again to know him, for the following year he moved to Wellington to be-
come assistant lecturer in history and political science at Victoria University Col-
lege. The quality and brilliance of his lectures is still gratefully recalled. It was
the height of tragedy that life so rich, mind so cultured, should have been cut off
in its fine flowering by his sudden death in May, 1956. It can truly be said that
New Zealand has known few more truly educated men.

REV. FATHER N. H. GASCOIGNE

To be taught history or political science by Frank Walsh must have been a
unique experience. No one could have been further removed from academic con-
vention. His first impact conveyed the impression of genial chaos, of inexhaustible,
bubbling humanity, of warm feeling for life in all its rich variety. Nor was this
impression wholly dissipated by later experience. He could stand a simple adminis-
trative direction on its head during the time that it took a man to climb a flight of
stairs, and the examination of a detailed problem could be as readily overlaid by
discussion of the European aristocracy or the merits of Tuscan wine as by a
scholarly exposition. No conversation with Frank Walsh was dull or likely to pro-
ceed for long without some quick thrust or revelation of knowledge in an unex-
pected quarter. He was a widely cultured man; and his sincerity was none the less
apparent because genially worn, and well accustomed to meet, in the cut and thrust
of civilised talk, men of strongly contrary judgment.

As a historian his knowledge went deep into some aspects of medieval times,
and into the age of Louis Quatorze. Yet he could cheerfully turn his hand to any
part of the wide field included in the Oxford History Schools. His talk flowered
when it dealt with worthwhile individuals, living or dead. His handling of
theological problems was frank and scholarly, though readily softened by a kindly
understanding of human frailty. Such kindliness, incidentally, made him a quite
ineffective critic, as he could hardly bring himself to believe that—when allowances
had been made—anyone's work really deserved a mark less than B minus, or a
comment of the devastating kind sometimes thought to be helpful by his colleagues.

His service to the University was tragically short, and other hands must write
of his wide experiences before he came to us. He was a priest, a scholar at Rome
and at Oxford, chaplain to the forces in Africa and Italy and Japan, a popular
lecturer in the United States, and an enthusiastic musician. One of his last acts
was to conduct a memorial service to Archbishop O'Shea, and the magnificently
sung Requiem Mass in the Basilica seemed to a great congregation, drawn from all
sections of the community, somehow to derive from his work. It was a fitting tribute
to a gifted man who gave of his talents with irrepressible generosity.

F. L. WOOD
VARIED VOICES

The Noise of Battle

Recent Political Activities at V.U.C.

"Let truth and falsehood grapple. Whoever knew truth worsted in a free and open encounter?"

John Milton

"If he were to contribute to the world's store of knowledge, the student must be an irritant to the community in some way. That partly resulted in people getting the idea that the hue of the brickwork of the college was the colour of the staff and students."

E. K. Braybrooke, in an address to the Rotary Club, Evening Post, 1/4/54.

Ever since its foundation in 1899 Victoria University College has been slightly suspect in the eyes of Wellington's respectability. Even before the institution had a home of its own, it had acquired a reputation for hullabaloos with a political flavour, and its whole subsequent history has been career from one such hullabaloo to another.

The story has been well covered up to 1949 in past issues of Spike—and our chief task here is to fill in the picture since the last big contribution on the topic by J. W. Winchester in the Jubilee number.

The most noticeable change has been the passing of the returned serviceman generation, with its strange mixture of idealism and toughness. The students who led the Socialist Club's street demonstrations against the Dutch attack on Indonesia (1947) and Conscription (1948 and 1949) were men well into their twenties, with unassailable records of war service—Harry Evison, Ron Smith, Pip Piper, Peter Morris, Oscar Melling, Jack Ewen... Some lingered on to take part in later battles, but they are only names to most students today.

When the younger students expressed themselves on political matters they were not taken so seriously. Their very youth led them to battle about issues so remote as to be unreal to the battlers and the victories of the starry-eyed were often rather quixotic.

In 1949 there was a storm over whether Salient's editor had been "guilty of conduct tending to bring discredit on the College" by publishing an editorial com-
menting unfavourably on current conditions at Weir House, and a book review which made unkind references to Sir Will Appleton and Lord Freyberg in their capacity as V.U.C. old boys.

The Professorial Board fined the editor £5, and this looked to some students like the incarceration of Galileo. A special Students' Association meeting protested—successfully, it must be admitted. The fine was revoked at the price of a permanent arrangement which gave the Student's Association President power of censorship over the paper.

The Left's slogan at the time was "Down with academic isolationism," and with it they campaigned for V.U.C.'s participation in overseas conferences with a leftist tinge. In 1946 the Students' Association had affiliated with the World Federation of Democratic Youth (known popularly as Woofdee), and delegates—usually graduates who chanced to be in Europe—were sent regularly to its gatherings in East Europe. A running war for disaffiliation with this body began in 1949, but was not crowned with success until the fifth round in mid-1950.

We were also represented at congresses of the "Partisans of Peace," and from affirming support for this body a general meeting in 1949 went forward to pass its own "Manifesto for Peace" (in high Miltonic prose), which was sent to the press and to all M.P.s, and earned some mention (mainly slighting) in Parliament.

Opposition to the Left was provided at this time by the Charter Society—the first manifestation of organised right-wing opinion at V.U.C. since the 1920's. Founded late in 1948, the Society aimed at supplying an antidote to the Socialist Club. But no organisation could exist entirely for such a negative purpose, and the Chartist Society gave itself a comprehensive Charter of what it considered to be basic human rights—with emphasis on "economic freedoms," but heavily flavoured with Papal encyclicals.

Resenting the radical tone of Salient, the Charter Society ventured into the field of printed journalism with spasmodic issues of a paper called Charta, until, in 1951, the nemesis of history was given a helpful push by the Students' Association Executive—the editor of Charta became the editor of Salient, and Charta died.

Conscription caused most of the noise of 1949. The Students' Association was committed to oppose the introduction of conscription by a well-attended general meeting in August, 1948, and two returned servicemen represented the Association on the Wellington Anti-Conscription Council up till the Referendum of August, 1949. Persistent attempts to reverse the Association's policy failed, and pro-Conscription activities at the College were eventually confined to the Charter Society. A meeting addressed by Sir Howard Kippenberger on this subject was the largest the society ever sponsored—and it got completely out of hand ("dominated by the Socialist Club" according to the daily press) and passed a resolution endorsing the Students' Association policy of anti-Conscription. A Socialist Club procession the day before the Referendum was orderly and uneventful, except for a group of Charter Society boys who walked alongside it rending the air with cat-calls.

The big tumult of 1950 centred round the figure of the Dean of Canterbury (the Very Rev. Dr. Hewlett Johnson). He was at a Peace Congress at Melbourne in April, and when it was announced that he might be visiting Wellington, the Students' Association Executive decided to investigate the possibility of inviting him to speak at the College. Horrified, President Kevin O'Brien handed in his re-
signation, which was accepted, and the Women's Vice-President Alison Pearce was elected in his stead. A motion of censure on the Executive emanating from the Charter Society was defeated heavily at a packed general meeting.

It is typical of V.U.C. tempests that the Dean ended up by not coming to New Zealand at all, so the invitation was never sent—just as the celebrated Gottwald telegram was never sent. The controversies over which so much time, energy, and emotion were expended, were often based on utter abstractions, but were fought out furiously for the principles that seemed to underlie them.

The triumphs of C.M.T. and the National Party at the 1949 polls, the Korean outbreak and the general war scare, helped turn the tide at V.U.C. The 1950 annual meeting carried disaffiliation from Woofdee. A Peace Committee formed in June suffered from the gloomy atmosphere, and the elected convener handed over the membership list to the security police and disappeared to Australia. Some enthusiasts collected signatures around the College to the Stockholm appeal for the banning of atomic weapons; and the Students' Association, the Socialist Club and Salient were all represented at a very narrow and rather futile "Youth for Peace" conference in the Trades Hall.

A fortnight before the 1951 session opened the Great Waterfront Dispute had begun. The radical tone of the first issue of Salient soon died away when the editor of Charta took over. The Socialist Club was the sole repository of the tradition of protest, and when it held a meeting to hear representatives of the Watersiders' Union (officially banned from publicly stating their case by draconic Emergency Regulations), Students' Association officials tried to extract an undertaking from the club committee "that the law would not be infringed." One hundred and fifty students crowded into the Lower Gym to hear two Wellington wharfies speak on "The Background to the Emergency Regulations." The Students' Association President and Secretary (Kevin and Maurice O'Brien) were present, and later summoned the club committee before the Executive on the grounds that they had broken their undertaking—and a controversy began which was never really concluded.

On May Day eve, the Socialist Club went further, and had an even bigger meeting addressed by the watersiders' national president Jock Barnes—an event which was treated to a front page article in Freedom, who noted darkly that "professors were present." 1951 Extravaganza, Siderella, had a heavy red tinge, but was still acclaimed by quite conservative students (including the Charterist editor of Salient) as the most successful for some years. Members of the cast shouted seats and boxes to locked out and striking workers—and the watersiders' Transport Worker printed a laudatory review complete with some of the more pointed lyrics.

The Student Labour Federation, to which the Socialist and Labour Clubs in the various University Colleges were then affiliated, had its executive in Wellington at that time, and its weekly cyclostyled bulletins had some influence in strengthening and consolidating the V.U.C. Left. Big meetings to hear Dean Chandler (returned from a Peace Congress in Berlin) and V.U.C.'s Rhodes Scholar John Platts-Mills (here for a rare visit) showed that the Peace Committee had gained new life.

On the other hand the Charter Society showed no signs of life the whole year.

The big controversies of 1952 both concerned overseas events—alleged germ warfare in Korea, and representation at a conference to heal the East-West breach
in the world student movement. A resolution calling for investigation of the Chinese charges about germ warfare was carried by one general meeting and withdrawn by another. At the same time a fight was waged over whether V.U.C. should send a Charter Society star or a liberal S.C.M.-er to the unity conference; and out of that arose a war as to whether decisions of a general meeting (reputedly inclined to the left) should be binding on the Executive—as they are in every other organisation in the world. But the Left lost on both counts.

These 1952 campaigns were the last in which the Charter Society's face was seen at V.U.C.—and this was not because the body it existed to counter was declining disastrously. The Socialist Club lost many of its prominent members at the end of 1952, but its influence continued to be felt over the next few years—especially through the Debating Society and a more liberal Salient.

In 1955 the sending of New Zealand troops to Malaya agitated students, and a Debating Society motion declaring opposition achieved some publicity outside the College. A general meeting of the Students' Association later in the year passed a resolution calling for the abolition of capital punishment. A Free Discussions Club formed in 1955 awakened memories of an earlier body of that name which held the radical bridgeheads at V.U.C. in the 1920's and '30's. For a time the revived idea succeeded—it attracted many students to its discussions on serious subjects, many of them directly political such as “The Colour Question in Africa” and “Equal Pay for Equal Work.” It offered what no other political club (except perhaps the very academic Pol. Sci. Society—when it was alive) could offer—a meeting ground for both Right and Left on the big issues of the time. But alas it seems to have gone the way of many other clubs.

The main hue and cry of 1956 was among the staff and College Council, over the question of granting leave to two senior staff members to join a delegation to China. Salient came out (surprisingly, for its editor had earlier announced his intention of blackballing politics) in favour of their going. Battle raged, and while there was disappointment that Prof. Buchanan was not allowed to go, there was satisfaction that at least Mr. Bertram got away.

Relations with Asia in general have coloured V.U.C. politics as much as anything else since the war. The various vagaries of the Left—the demonstration about Indonesia, opposition to C.M.T.—have been mainly motivated by disapproval of a foreign policy which bore all the hallmarks of “colonialism,” and put military barriers between ourselves and the people of the Asian mainland. The decision to found a chair of Asian studies, the presence among us of students from several Asian countries under the Colombo Plan, are welcome signs that the barriers are being overcome. For there is no doubt that New Zealand's future is bound up with her relationship with these people with whom we share the Pacific. That this belief has been constantly brought forward at V.U.C. is one of the positive contributions of the Left.

The constant right-wing charge against the Socialist Club of “Communist domination” was lent some colour by a feud which arose late in 1955 within the club, and which led, early in 1956, to the formation of the Social Democrat Society. It began over the question of whether the club should protest against Society foreign policy in the Middle East, where certain members believed it to be playing a reactionary role. It rapidly broadened into a fight of Communists and those who
believed in the possibility of co-operation with Communists against those who did not.

It is no news that the only continuous political influence at V.U.C. for something like two decades has been the University Branch of the Communist Party. Never organically connected with the College, it consisted of graduates and undergraduates, and led a twilight life between open and underground activity. Its members—and many passed through it ranks who would not like to be reminded of the fact—usually publiclyacknowledged their party membership, and many filled leading positions in the Students’ Association and affiliated clubs. They included the late Gordon Watson, Ronald L. Meek, Harry Evison... all of whom wielded a strong influence at the College in successive periods.

From its foundation late in 1946 the Socialist Club has been the main vehicle through which the University Branches influence has been felt at V.U.C., and in it Communists have often won from Socialists of a paler hue affectionate regard for themselves and respect for their views. There has never been any question of Communist policy being foisted on to the club—club policy was always the highest common factor of the varying opinions of its members—most of whom have been ideologically closer to Nash than to Stalin. The 1955-56 split originated, there is little doubt, with the personal disenchantment of one ex-University Branch member who had suffered directly at the hands of an East European police state. His campaign was made easier by Krushchev’s revelations of February, 1956, which resulted, in combination with Hungary, with the virtual disintegration of the branch.

By the end of the first term of 1956 the Social Democrat Society was a going concern, with a Constitution aiming at the exclusion of Communists—though its members voted unanimously for close relations with the Socialist Club, and most retained dual membership.

But experience has shown that V.U.C. cannot support more than one flourishing left-wing club at a time. It looks as if the Socialist Club may have outlived its day, and may be going to give way to something new—probably not the Social Democrat Society, but to some sort of combination of the two which will have room for all shades of radical opinion and a programme suited to the needs of the times. The Social Democrats, like the Free Discussions Club, failed to rally a quorum for their 1957 A.G.M.

Organised right-wing activity has faded away—it only ever showed its head when left-wing activity was vigorous. We seem to be in a period of political doldrums. But it is possible with Salient back on a radical tack, general meetings being called to discuss H-bomb tests, and a general election and a referendum on capital punishment approaching, noises on the left will summon up a few echoes on the right, and V.U.C. will again reverberate to the feverish noise of battle, which is a healthy noise in a university.

C. V. BOLLINGER

Rousseau
Malgré le Contrat Social,
On avait l’impression
D’une révolution plus radicale
Dans les Confessions.

—ANTON VOIGT
Sport in the University Community

Elsewhere in *The Spike* you will be able to read of the progress or otherwise of your favourite sports club over the past three years. Here I propose to examine three aspects of sport in the university community: first, the University Tournament; second, the participation by Victoria in that tournament; and third, problems arising out of the growth of Rugby football as a university sport.

The University Tournament

Since the University Tournament system began in 1902 it has expanded so greatly that the time has come for a reappraisal of the functions of the two tournaments now in existence. It can truly be said that there is no activity controlled by the New Zealand University Students' Association which so directly affects the average student as the Easter and Winter Tournaments. But what began purely and simply as a festival for sports actively participated in by students from all Colleges has now developed into a grand get-together for all and as many students who can get to the tournament centre. Such sports as Drama, Debating and Oratory have become appended to the Tournament programme, and Law students are at present agitating to have their moots accepted as a further sport. Nor is this the end of the problem. Not only Law students, but also yachtsmen, women's rowers and women's golfers are after full Tournament status. Who knows but that next year there may be weightlifters, cyclists, women's wrestlers and darters clamouring at the door. These points must add weight to my argument that we have to reconsider the present set-up.

As stated above, I believe that the Tournaments were originally devised to allow for the participation in inter-university competition of men and women who played sports that were actively supported in all the major colleges. It has been argued that the proper function of a Tournament is merely to allow as many students as possible to meet and take part, and, therefore, as a corollary of this, new sports should be allowed into the programme to encourage those people keen enough to interest themselves in widening the sporting facilities available to students. Worthwhile as this may be, surely the proper place for such encouragement is at the local college level. When it has been shown that the sport is receiving some reasonable measure of support from all the colleges, then, and then only, should the sport be allowed into Tournament. Further, even forgetting the principle involved, which I consider to be a strong enough argument by itself, there are the practical problems involved which have to be faced by every host college. Foremost of these is that of billeting. We can presume that in the past, because of the pressure on them, successive Billetting Controllers have made exhaustive enquiries into every possible source of billets, and therefore proposals to search for further sources appear over-hopeful and rather useless. The problem to be faced at the present time is not one of extending Tournaments, but of restricting them. It must be
realised that sooner or later sports at present in the maturing stage will become strong enough to demand full Tournament status. When that happens they will have to be admitted, so let us now look for ways in which we can prepare for the future.

One positive proposal to clear the way for the entry of new sports is to discard those cultural activities which do not rightly belong in a University sporting festival. This year V.U.C. put before the New Zealand University Students’ Association a proposal to investigate the possibility of holding a separate Arts Festival. This festival could be built around the nucleus of Drama, Debating, Oratory and possibly Law Moots, and it could be developed by allowing for the inclusion of other cultural activities—literary, musical, etc. Such a festival, held annually (possibly in the May vacation) at a different college from those who are to be Tournament hosts for the year, would furthermore allow the Drama Clubs to stage more ambitious productions than has been possible with a necessarily limited Tournament cast, and thus answer a long-felt grievance of the drama followers in our universities.

Once this festival has been established on a firm footing it would then be possible to consider with a more kindly eye the entry of new sports into the Tournaments. While the practical difficulties of staging a separate festival may appear insurmountable, it is believed that the experienced organisation now existing in every college to deal with the present Tournaments is fully capable of dealing with the extra work involved if this idea was put into practice. The time for the consideration of such a proposal as this is now—we cannot afford to let the present problems increase until one college finally finds itself unable to cope with the ever-growing burden that comes from being the host college to the University Tournament.

V.U.C. and Tournament

V.U.C. Tournament teams have remained for many years an enigma to their supporters. They have, to misquote Ken Phillips (Spike, 1954), scaled their Everest in one year and explored their Mindanao deeps in the next. But never, as far as can be ascertained, has any team descended so low as that which represented Victoria at the 1957 Easter Tournament. Our team scored six points (made up as follows: Cricket, 3½; tennis and boxing, 1; rowing, ½) compared to the 44½ points gained by the winners, Otago University.

We have quite a record at winning the wooden spoon at Easter, and, no doubt, there are many apologists who have defended their home team against the verbal onslaughts of fellow students from other colleges and other days. I trust that I may be excused if I use this space to reiterate two of the arguments offered in the past by our Easter Tournament teams and examine their validity.

Probably the favourite is “it’s just the bottom point of a cycle, next year will see us at the top.” It must be obvious by now that this procrastinating argument has never, and will never, bear any fruit. Can supporters of this theory explain away, without reference to Toynbee, a cycle that has continually brought Victoria to the bottom? The second popular excuse is “lack of adequate facilities”—one which is an old favourite of the Athletic Club. No one would doubt that this College has been singularly unfortunate in not having a training ground of its own, but will the new Te Aro Park prove to be the panacea of all their ills? We cannot say
at this stage what measure of success may be attained by our athletes in the future—but I believe that something more is necessary in all our sports clubs if they are to climb up out of the depths into which many of them have foundered in the past—and not only climb out, but stay out.

It is probably a truism to state that no sports club, or for that matter any organised body at all, can operate successfully unless it can satisfactorily comply with two main necessities—support from club members and a leavening of that indescribable element, club spirit. The question may well be asked, how many sports clubs at Victoria have either of these in any large measure? Some have the first but not the second and others vice versa, but in practically every case it is from a small bunch of club stalwarts that the support and spirit comes. Club support is founded, to a large degree, on the numerical strength of the club and on the extent to which every individual is encouraged to give his best to the club, both in performance and in a co-operative capacity. Every club must first set out on an active plan of recruitment. Does your club publicise its activities so as to bring them to the notice of new students? Do you make personal contacts with intending students, informing them of the opportunities that exist inside your club and the university sporting community in general? Have you made any concrete arrangements in the past for specialised training by reputable and recognised coaches? These are all important points; having members is obviously the first requirement for having a club; having many members, all sharing in the activity of the club, would then be the lead to a greater corporate life. Linked very closely with the numerical strength of the club must be the feeling of belonging held by every member. In at least one major sports club in this College there is evidence that there is some kind of social distinction between senior and junior players. The elders drink and mix together while the newer and younger members are forced to make their own social life. How can any club achieve the important elements of a corporate existence, feelings of mutual support and a vibrant club spirit while such conditions prevail? I would urge that all officers give greater care to the organisation of social activities in which all club members can participate.

I would never claim that the points made above will win the Tournament for Victoria next year or in any year. But the ingredients of personal ability and experience, hard training and fitness, good coaching and wise personal discipline, added to the firm basis of numerical strength and a club spirit, would produce a far more palatable mixture than the burnt offerings of the past.

Rugby in the University

It was not unnatural that eventually the New Zealand University Rugby Football Council would become so powerful a body that it would dictate to the New Zealand University Students' Association terms on which N.Z.U. Blues would be awarded to N.Z.U. Rugby players and on the eligibility of its teams for both national and international matches. Rugby, being as it is the national pastime of the majority of New Zealand males and therefore financially rewarding to the bodies which control the sport, is big business. When last year the N.Z.U. team played the Springboks it was believed that the acme of high places had been reached. When, however, they succeeded in defeating this formidable touring side nothing more could be said to praise the brilliance of the players and the foresight of their administrators in arranging this match.
The result of this rise to power was to make N.Z.U.R.F.C. laugh in the face of a request by N.Z.U.S.A., officially the controlling body of university sport in this country, that the eligibility of N.Z.U. Rugby touring sides should be the same as for Winter Tournament. This year, in view of the proposed N.Z.U. Rugby tour of Australia, the question is of more than academic importance. The basic question to be answered is this—are N.Z.U. Rugby players to be treated in any way differently from the rest of the University sportsmen in this country?

Action must be taken by N.Z.U.S.A. to prohibit the sending away of an N.Z.U. Rugby touring team which includes players who are not at present studying at a university or university college. The New Zealand Rugby Union, following questioning on this matter from Mr. T. Pearce of the Auckland Rugby Union, met with the executive of the N.Z.U.R.F.C. We don’t know what the results were of this meeting, but we can conjecture that the Rugby Union members have been convinced that N.Z.U.R.F.C. were in the right. A letter from N.Z.U.S.A. informing the New Zealand Rugby Union that it does not consider a team which includes non-students as a bona fide representative team would be in order at this stage.

In spite of their financial position and their national support, the New Zealand University Rugby Football Council must not be allowed to run rings round N.Z.U.S.A. That body has a duty to its other members to take action on this matter.

E. A. Woodfield

Extravaganza

It is significant that the most popular and most widely remembered lyric from the 1954 Extravaganza is the neatly ironic number “Botanical Garden Rakes.” Old Extrav. diehards may have been a little puzzled at the success of this number; but for the fresher, just new to the chorus line, it fitted smoothly into what he thought was probably the only pattern of Extravaganza presentation. The music for the “Botanical Garden Rakes” was taken from a new American musical comedy Guys and Dolls; its theme was not political but more broadly satirical. What is more, its presentation was by two performers who were at all times sober and, more significantly, the polish of its production gave some hint that Extravaganza over the next few years was not going to be like the “good old days.”

The years 1955 to 1957, the period of our summary, have shown the ascendancy of production over script, and for Extravaganza’s sake perhaps this has been a good thing. Taking as our standard the clever writing of the late 1930’s, the modern Extravaganza script writer has more and more displayed the tendencies of limited talent. We have replaced satire with burlesque, ignored allegory for the easier occasional pieces of wit in a roughly localised scene. What has been sacrificed has been the sharp light of the spirit of Aristophanes. Now, when we want to strike out at public affairs or public themes we do so only occasionally, and then only after we have prepared the way by giving the audience a colourful background such as
the Taj Mahal or a Western saloon, with jokes and chorus to match. The purist may have something when he complains that the modern Extravaganza lacks form; and perhaps those responsible should not ignore his suggestions that we split our talent and present a revue instead of the present mixture of colour, burlesque, variety acts and occasional satire.

To change the present form of Extravaganza would take a lot of courage. Most of us are content to see it remain as it is because, of course, we have always the Oxford Dictionary definition to fall back on—"Extravaganza—a fantastic composition." It might be that we should extend our limited talents to the old idea of brainy topical satire, interspersed with first class humorous balleets. But even if we could, would the box office (and the Executive) allow us to? The intellectual climate of Gilbert has disappeared; the spirit of Aristophanes is a little chilly for the newly upholstered opera house. The warm bond that the audience and the present-day cast of Extravaganza seem to enjoy, comes only from the mutual recognition of the "humour in your lap" spirit that musical comedy, the wireless with Take it from Here and The Goon Show has made so easy for us. It is only because the Extravangaza cast is a little less lazy and complacent than the audience that the battle of the footlights has been won by the students and for the last four years the evenings have been "V.U.C.'s".

The cast and talent available since 1954 has never been so strong, and perhaps never so embarrassing for a producer. Whether continuity is sacrificed or not, he has felt that each gifted player must be given a "spot"—thus the presence of a loosely-knitted ship's concert or a series of screen tests. Not that the available needed any testing: the studied nonchalance of Hutchison and Crowe, the "immortal brass" of Rosemary Lovegrove, the petite 1930 quality of Sylvienne Cockburn, the music hall accent of Homewood and Ferrers, the freakish versatility of Ted Schroder. All these threads of talent have been held together by the straight solidity of baritone Dennis Brown and the increasingly polished work of larger choruses and male balleets. Nor have there been so many blemishes caused by alcohol stains, a fact which has no doubt strengthened the audience enjoyment of show, even if the cast's has been lessened. Some may complain that Extravaganzas are now too pat, too predictable and lacking in any real capping procession spirit. But it is far more satisfying to know that, in the constant warfare between players and audience, the member of the modern Extravaganza cast has a clearer view of the target and a steadier aim. He may not always hit the bull's eye, but at least he himself is not half shot before he begins to fire.

Whatever is said of the Extravaganza cast of the middle fifties must be linked with the most significant part of our summary—the raised standard of production. And our remarks on this aspect must begin with one name—Bill Sheat. Bill came on to the producer's platform when Extravaganza was definitely in the doldrums. His first step was to make rehearsing conditions happier: we moved from the Upper Gym to the Little Theatre and on Sundays "took our tea" in the Students' Association cafeteria. His second step was to convince everyone that no cast—however competent—could be just thrown on the stage and be expected to make a show. The producer of Extravaganza also became its director. Dialogue, chorus movements, smooth scene changes, lighting, sound effects and the set received more attention than they had during the previous years. The student could not altogether dispense with the super intelligence praised by a past producer, Dave Cohen, but at least he
went on stage secure in the knowledge that it would take more than the frequent Extravaganza explosion or ad lib to put him off his stride. Bill also introduced tunes from little-known modern musical comedies. This impressed the audience with a new sophistication and gave Extravaganza a fresh and brilliant—original—musical air. Front of house changed a little—dinner suits, no haka party, no interval show. Only the traditional pointed darts which sail from the gallery to the proscenium curtain unsettled the staid atmosphere.

Statistically speaking, during 1955, 1956 and 1957 there have been surprisingly enough three Extravaganzas. '55 saw The Happy Squanderers, produced by Bill Sheat (from a script by Jim Hutchison, Gavin Loe, and others). The production was not as strong as '54's but the script was wittier and made full use of the meaty, topical events of the period—especially the Compton case. Features of this show were the Extravaganza debut of Sylvienne Cockburn, the Taj Mahal set, the Carmen Jones operetta, and the House of Representatives scene. In '56 came The Seven Year Switch produced by Ian Rich from a script and lyrics by Ian Rich and others. The writing for this show was a little stale and aimed perhaps too much towards the non-intellectuals in the gallery. Even after the many irrelevancies were forgotten, the plot was not always clear, and too full of private and nauseating symbolism. What gave this show its financial profit was the talented cast and, in all humbleness, the production which at times attained a certain pace and brightness. 1957 brought a maturer script from an old Extravaganza hand, Frank Curtin. His work was afterwards named Up the Poll, and adapted and produced by Bill Sheat and Ian Rich. The beauty—could we be highbrow and say “formal beauty”—of this year’s show was that it had a plot that was reasonably clear and coherent—a double blessing as the cast was not brilliant enough to maintain a loosely-knit and spasmodic one. The production was greatly helped by Derek Homewood as Cecil Candy who brightened the first half, which was slow to warm up.

1955 and 1957 revived the habit of taking Extravaganza on tour—this time to Hastings. Both shows made money for a local charity, which arranged billets for the cast, football matches and visits to the local hospital. To take a show on tour is a large undertaking and a venture rarely thought of by other University Colleges. V.U.C.'s Extravaganza does it without a qualm; and the reason for this is its smiling quality of showmanship. This may sound a little pretentious, but who else would gaily open its show at an ill-equipped theatre like the Lower Hutt Town Hall, proceed to Wellington and then announce to a dumbfounded public that “because of public demand” the show will have a 5 o'clock matinee before its last evening's performance? What producer of any other capping concert would arrange an elaborate curtain call for the author who has travelled all the way down from Hamilton? And what other author opens and closes his show with extravagant praise for his own brain-child?

Showmanship is linked with self-confidence; and with this aspect in mind we must ask ourselves “whither Extravaganza?” This year's tour to Hastings was a little disappointing in that the performances of the show were not up to scratch. There was a general air of smugness and both cast and technicians were guilty of dangerous complacency. It seems that at the moment we are riding on the crest of a wave, but the results will be catastrophic for 1958 if the swell changes unnoticed to a crippling backwash. Old hands of course are always retiring; but will next year's company be imbued with the necessary spirit of hard work? One of the
The Spike

Easiest ways of insuring the continuity of a tradition is strong and competent administration. But this year's has shown signs of breaking down—in quite simple matters too. For example, on the way back to Wellington it was noticed that the large advertising banner still fluttered across the main street of Hastings. This state of affairs was quickly dealt with—until it was discovered that all previous efforts were foiled because the administration had failed to arrange for a pair of wire cutters. Everyone embarked and the buses accelerated towards Wellington. The proud banner proclaiming Extravaganza 1957 was left behind—in an untidy heap at the foot of a telegraph pole.

Is there something symbolic in this?

G. I. Rich

Procesh

If you look at one, you can't mistake it for anything else. It can be defined, it's a phenomenon you can put your finger on. Webster calls it "any march or parade, especially formal." The Pocket Oxford, on the other hand, suggests, "An array of persons going along a fixed route, on foot or otherwise, in religious rites, celebrations, political demonstrations, etc." Full marks to the Pocket Oxford, written by University men, for Procesh has been all of these.

Let us, then, take our finger off the phenomenon and see what we can find in the phenomena for 1955, 1956 and 1957.

Procesh for '55 was cancelled early on the morning of Capping Day—all there was to show for it was a pile of bills and a heap of washed-out wreckage on the tennis courts. Oh—and one other thing, an elephant, hastily mocked up by the Zoo Department, last seen trying to force its scrim and supplejack bulk in at the backstage entrance of the Opera House. This writer believes that its harmless intention was to take Ark from the high winds and soaking rain. So much for 1955; some maintain we made up for it in other ways.

In 1956, the first year of "Pressure-build," fifteen floats took the road, along with some walking exhibits, especially a giant sexopus snatched from the stygian shades of Cook Strait by Doctor Rikadi whose work on the declining birth rate in Scotland is well known in concentric circles and the Zoo Department. There were no fewer than two bands in attendance, the Weir Herelander with pipe and drum, and a mixed bax of unwholesome instrumentalists from the Society for the Perpetuation of the Education Department.

Which reminds me . . . Training College people have shown considerable enterprise in the last two years, and have never failed to take their place among the small, but redoubtable band that rallies round, albeit at the last minute, to make Some Thing of Procesh.

The traditional ten minutes was observed up at Girls' College, the pimpled daughters of our race screaming and thrashing at us as we passed, the Junior Mistresses ("Wan victims of unattempted rape") standing in the doorways, never
quite knowing whether or not one of our nubile young men would suddenly vault off the tray, and leaping up the College steps, make an example of them all.

There were the Royal New Zealand Mounted (Bicycle) Police; there were letters to the paper, an infallible guide to the success of any venture—I believe Procesh for 1956 was a success despite whatever the editors of “Salient” had to say about it.

This year there were again fifteen floats, but no bands, and a slightly higher standard of float construction. Big crowds turned out in spite of the cold snap, and we welcomed the addition of several City Corporation Transport machines that elbowed their way in.

The float builder, during the last three years, has been an improvisor at all times, and for this reason there is always a welter of invention and fancy, coupled with a complete lack of shape and form in joyous, unpremeditated result. Only if “Pressure-building” is scrapped and each group begins work a week before the Day can this lack of cohesion be resolved. The Zoo. Department has an enviable organisation that other groups would do well to study. Better use could be made of the types who can use a paint brush. A good deal could be gained if there were fewer bodies on the floats.

I’m happy to report, however, that Procesh has lost most of its “mobile pornographic broadsheet” flavour, and that privy humour has decreased considerably. There has been no need for censorship in the last few years.

It’s been suggested that a Procesh Committee should be formed to inject more vigour into our organisation, but it remains up to the small groups to make any real improvement in standards. After all, where would the producers of Extrav. be if it weren’t for the people who come round year after year and give Extrav. the excellent backing it has. Anyway, that’s how it seems to this pair of eyes.

R. O’Rourke

Hume

Exhume the bones where he lies dead,  
And thereby have Causation;  
Unless it prove that in his stead  
There lies a poor relation.

But if he lives, why then assume  
No necessary link  
Between the immortal Mr Hume  
And that which caused him not to think.

—Anton Voogt
Weir House

Weir House is unique in Wellington in being the only male residential hostel for university students catering in full for their needs. For most of the four years I spent in Weir House things ran smoothly, except of course for such incidents as complaints about the food which may arise in any hostel. But the internal organisation as well as the external organisation, i.e., the Management Committee, a sub-committee of the Victoria College Council, all worked fairly well as far as we knew, although John Marchant, President of the House Association in 1954, did say that his few meetings with the Management Committee left him just short of frustration.

In 1956 residents began complaining about the whole economy of the House and decided at one stage to stop paying board on the event of an increase of the weekly rate, the second in three years. It was considered unjustified to increase the fees without being provided with better conditions in return. There is a fallacy in this argument, however, if, as the Management Committee explained, the rise in fees was to maintain the then state of economy. An increase could not therefore justifiably be expected to provide better conditions than were before offered if the rise was to offset increased costs and to keep what we were already getting.

The proportions that the argument reached were such as to goad the Selection Committee into carrying out a drastic revision of the tenure of residence by each student. At a later stage in that year a number of fourth year students were confidently looking forward to returning to the House for the 1957 session, but as applications from senior students began to be turned down, it appeared that "purgative" measures were being taken as a result of the so-called "revolt" which received publicity in the city newspapers. The policy was now to admit more freshers in the new session at the expense of senior students. Now the House supports a large number of first year students, a considerable number of second year and a handful of third year students. It is understood that next year it is proposed to eliminate third year residents.

It had once been fervently hoped that the number of senior residents would be increased and that eventually a full-time warden and perhaps resident tutors would be installed, and so make Weir approximate to overseas students hostels. Now, under the present system, there will no longer be a graduate in the House, and the responsible President of the Weir House Association will be a resident who has had at the most one year's residence, similarly his committee. The manifold affairs of the House in past years have absorbed a great deal of energy from senior students.

It is not easy to tabulate the reasons for having a good proportion of senior students residing in Weir House, nor is it easy to estimate tangible and material results of their stay in the House. It is easy to say that "fresher" students will have the guidance and example of older students to follow—if they will, and if such guidance and example is worthy. The value of the association indicated lies more, I think, in communication—interchange of ideas, interests, hopes and experiences—and in the subsequent development of tolerance and friendly approach to other individuals. Students with the opportunity to stay in the House for four years or
more would be more likely to develop such qualities, in their adjustments to an influx of new students at the beginning of each year and varying degrees of acquaintance and friendship with students nearer their own age group. Such a system is also advantageous for the continuity of administration in student affairs which is a desirable feature in any organisation. Those students who, on the other hand, know that their stay will be only one or two years, or more, would be inclined to regard Weir as a half-way house.

It may of course be fairly maintained that those who have had up to two years in the security of the House will be able to find new accommodation after a period in the city, and that the more students to be given this break in Weir House, before being turned out into the city to make their own way, the better. Such a policy may be of benefit to a number of students but it will be of no benefit to the fostering of a communal academic life to enable some of the best students to develop desirable qualities provided for by such association in Weir House. There are also reasons, as we have seen, of keeping the House free from older students who may have the opportunity of interfering with the preserves of the management of the House after some good experience of it, particularly, I might mention, advanced accountancy students . . .

The accommodation problem in Wellington is not an easily solved one. As far as the building of another hostel is concerned, the task is one for the Government because of the astronomical costs involved—who today is likely to leave as much as did our benefactor Mr. William Weir for the erection of a student hostel? Weir House itself however can be enlarged—there is the ground and there are, presumably, the original plans which were for a more extensive building than that which was actually built. There is also a substantial amount of capital left after the original purpose was in part achieved.

There is so much to be done for the university all at once in the way of building. At the present time there is a new block in progress costing half a million pounds, but which will still not solve the building programme of the college, and there is the subsidy promised for the Student Union building. At the same time surely more living accommodation is required from students for outer areas, and there appears to be no immediate provision made for this urgent need. Victoria College, with its roll of something like 2,500 students, provides expensive accommodation for only 95 male students; girls' hostels run independently cater for a smaller number of women students.

But for Weir House itself the question is whether it should be a half-way house with a rapid turnover for as many students as possible for only a one-year or two-year period of residence, or a residential hostel providing for students selected mainly for their academic ability, and designed to give them the best opportunity to make the most of their talents. I prefer the latter answer, but the result will depend, in the last resort, on the direction in which the University is looking.

D. G. Jamieson

Aristotle

The Middle Ages placed great reliance
On Aristotle, the Father of Science—
Unfortunately, contemporary sages
Place small reliance on the Middles Ages.

—Anton Vogt
PROSE AND VERSE

The prose and poetry which follows is mainly the work of younger writers, most of whom have started to work seriously at writing over the past two years. In the light of this, the material selected and presented here is more than satisfying in its variety and in its high standard. We are confident that some of it at least is also durable.

Seven poems by Peter Bland are included and this is the largest selection of his poems to be printed together up to the present time. We believe that these poems show a considerable advance on anything that he has published previously, and that they are exciting evidence of a real poetic talent.

Arthur Barker’s free verse fragments are a new departure for him, and are further proof of an acute sensibility.

We wish to thank all those writers whose work is printed here and all who took time and trouble to prepare and submit their work.

C.D.

The Time of the Tree

As the bulldozer backed away the big tree swayed and slowly began to topple. It fell reluctantly, gathering more and more speed until it hit with a crunch of snapping branches as the trunk settled into the cloud of dust billowing up from the new roadway. The bulldozer driver turned his engine off and climbed down out of the cab. He was a tall, heavily built man and the sweat of the hot Waikato afternoon rippled and glistened on his neck, above the greasy black singlet, and on his forehead, sunburned from years of outdoor work.

Back as far as he could see, the road workings snaked across the pasture lands; the new bright clay of the road-bed where it had not yet been surfaced shining in the sun. It ended where he stood, at the foot of the felled tree. Looking at the tree more closely, he saw where it had broken off, at the wide, deep slash put there by the advance gang, a bite into the still-living wood from which sap oozed slowly on to the stump like blood from a wound, and to the earth near his feet. And as he stood there he raised his eyes, seeing for the first time at the top of this same garden where the tree had once grown, a house nearly hidden by a thick screen of bush. At the head of the pathway leading up from the garden a door opened and a figure leaning on a stick came slowly walking towards him. As it drew nearer the outlines became clearer, until a tall, thin, elderly woman with stringy grey hair and
dark eyes in which tears could still be seen, stood a yard away. She was dressed in the fashion of thirty years before, the dress faded and almost in rags; at first she said nothing but just gazed at the newly felled tree. Then she looked at the bulldozer driver.

"So you've killed it," she said simply. Deliberately she raised her stick and struck the mudguard of the bulldozer once. The stick clanged on the dull yellow-painted metal; she turned and slowly walked back to the foot of the path and along the ruined garden, her figure dwindling and losing outline in the heavy heat haze until the door snapped shut after her with finality, seemingly gathering up the woman and her years and removing them from the sight of men, of machines and especially the man and machine still standing silent in the freshly churned dust and clay of the new road. The driver was not a young man and in his time he had met many strange people. And because of this he could not be surprised or even taken off his guard by the old woman, nor by her actions, seeing the grief in her face, nor by the remains of what had once been a very beautiful garden with this tree as its centrepiece. As the dust subsided the foreman came along the road.

"What's the hold-up?" he said. The driver nodded in the direction of the tree.

"You'll have to get that out of the way before I can move on." The foreman strode off and soon the rumbling of a tractor echoed in the distance. Heavy chains were linked round the trunk and, as the tree began to jerk backwards, the foreman returned.

"There'll be a few feet of timber for someone there," he said to the bulldozer driver.

"Yeah . . ." said the driver. He was looking at a little heap of leaves that had been a bird's nest, left behind by the trunk. To one side lay the remains of an egg, a few green fragments of shell and a yellow pulp sinking into the ground. And he was thankful, now that the tree was jerking and sliding down the roadway, that the woman had not remained. He would not have wanted her to see the broken nest and the egg, or the tractor, like an ant dragging off a once-powerful prize, taking the tree to where it would cease to be a tree but a stack of straight boards and a pile of chips and sawdust for some city man's fire in a few months' time. Climbing back into the cab, he re-started the engine and moved up to clear away the bank beyond the stump. As he passed by the house he looked at it long and steadily, noticing that the blinds were all drawn in the front rooms and there was no sign of the woman, nor anyone else round about.

* * * *

When she was a small girl they told her that the tree had been planted as a seedling a few days after her birth. From that time on her nurse had been bidden to take her down to the bottom of the garden nearly every fine day so she could inspect the small sapling to see if it had grown since the last time.

"They grow very slowly, dear," the nurse always said. But week by week and gradually season by season she saw the first buds appear on the embryo branches and the root spread rippling under the soil; saw the young tree slowly take shape
and begin to overtop the bushes nearby. And when her mother had scolded or her father had spanked her or the nurse, now her governess, had upbraided her for neglecting her lessons, she would creep down after she had been sent to bed; down through the rustling bushes and the dry chirp of the cicadas to where the young tree grew, its branches uplifted against the sky and with the moon shining palely on its trunk; there she would press her face to its cold and familiar bark, talking to the tree through her tears until she was comforted, or it had comforted her. Then, and only then, could she go back to her bed and sleep, with all the momentary hatred for her mother or father gone; and even her dislike for the governess, who was grey-faced and ugly and growled at her many times. At Christmas the tree was carefully hung with bells and lamps, and all kinds of parcels gaily wrapped in tinsel were piled at its base. They sang and danced to the tune of the tinkling bells, all the children and their parents from the neighbouring farms, and her father ran laughing up and down the lawn and round the bushes with her, his only daughter, on his back, pulling his great moustache; and all the other children would follow them, laughing and calling until it was time for the Christmas meal. Then they went into the big front room; from her seat at the head of the ever-noisy table she could see the tree sparkling in the half-darkness, guarding, as it seemed to her, the undisclosed treasures at its feet. At such times she wanted to fall on her knees and worship it.

But these times passed: suddenly she was no longer a child but a girl and a young woman, lying in bed on early Spring mornings and delighting in the vague tremors and desires in her body which grew and ripened with each slow change of season. Across the aisle in the church she met the self-conscious glances of the young men—boys who had grown up in the same district with her, and who now were almost strangers. Sometimes, during her mother’s social evenings, she would know the touch of their hands and would shrink away from them, compelled by a strange fusion of fears and a sense of urgency and loss; afterwards there would be crying fits and unexplained tempers that no one seemed to understand, and no one could assuage. Always she was frightened of her own feelings made more distressing to her by the frequent admonitions of the governess.

“You must love only God,” she would say; “and fight against the wickedness of the flesh.” The lines round her mouth always deepened when she spoke of such things and her eyes would never meet those of the girl. She often wondered why the governess put so much bitterness into her voice. . . .

Only the tree did not change although nearly everything round it did: her father’s moustache and hair with their first streaks of grey, the governess who seemed to wither away before her eyes one winter, dying suddenly of a heart attack, and her mother’s voice growing deeper and older, yet somehow weak—the tree however flourished, put forth new twigs and branches with new bright leaf, spreading its crest wider with each year.

Almost everything changed . . . there was someone else she felt had grown up with her, and the tree, which was beginning to flower with her approaching womanhood. She had known David Hanson for as long as she could remember. As they began to grow up they singled each other out from the large circle of mutual acquaintances and were seen together more and more. He was quiet and people said he read too much for a farmer’s son. Also, he was very shy; she tried to encourage him in the few ways the strict morality of the day permitted, but he
did not at first respond. Until, during one of her mother’s “evenings” after she had wanted and anticipated for what seemed an age, she was with him alone in the darkness, under the tree. . . . Afterwards with the night wind rustling in the branches over them and the cicadas of her childhood still chirping as they had before, she remembered the dead governess’s words and smiled to herself. Perhaps she never knew this, she thought, or perhaps . . . she felt suddenly cold and whispered to David that they had better go inside before her mother missed her.

Then it was 1914 and August: the man she now knew, who was born to be a teacher or a clergyman but was instead a farmer because the land belonged to his family, was in uniform, awkward and self-conscious, nearly but not quite a soldier in the new-smelling rough khaki and single pip of a subaltern in the Mounted Rifles. He had not told her he was joining up in case she would dissuade him: when she first saw him in the uniform she had felt pride, but later she came to dread the hour of his return from camp, when he would go on final leave before embarking. She wanted to be married but he said No, it wouldn’t be fair to her if he should. . . . . Fair, she cried to herself, what else would be fairer? But he would not give way. The embarkation time arrived more quickly than she had prepared for, as they needed reinforcements after the first great battles: soon he was irreparably gone from her, leaving as a reminder of what lay between them, a ring with two diamonds and a promise, cheerfully given on the wharf, to return in the near future with his uniform barely soiled, as it seemed to him. If he had known what an effort it had cost her to smile at that. . . . She had her woman’s forebodings, writing letter after letter to a name in the middle of the Pacific and then the Indian Ocean, receiving back as many as she sent and as regularly—until a great gap of time elapsed with no word from him, and no news. She feared the worst and her fears were realised: in a city newspaper she saw photographs of a sinking ship and above them, bannered headlines.

After that there was the interminable waiting for a confirmation of life or death: the military telegrams with their clipped messages engendering grief foreign to their very words, giving rise to suddenly grave voices, and a sermon from the pulpit of a cathedral, delivered to a congregation of dry-eyed women who remained that way because of a great numbness, and the realisation that nothing else could help at that point. The telegram duly arrived at his parents’ home, but by now she had been expecting what it had to tell for a week or more, and its arrival was no more than a full stop, a finality to a completed short episode, now drained of potentiality and any power of tears it may have had over her. Her parents were surprised and more than a little shocked at the calmness with which she accepted the news. And now she was left with a parcel of letters full of soldier’s banalities, from a man who had never been given the chance to become a soldier, a photograph of an awkward young man in a brand-new subaltern’s uniform, and a ring which no longer held a future, the promise of fruitfulness. She took it off her finger as soon as she heard the news of the telegram, and put it in a drawer.

It was early autumn and the tree was fast losing its leaves. For the first time in her life she felt old. The tree was now nearly half-grown and its gaunt adolescent branches stretched above her, moving slowly against the sky and the low-lying clouds. She felt altogether a different person, almost as if one self had drowned with that torpedoed ship, leaving someone else behind whom she did not yet know, but who would be revealed to her with the gradual maturing of the tree across the
future years. Somehow, she knew that what was to happen to her was all bound up in that tree. Yet there was so little she seemed to know. . . .

The years passed. The end of the war signified nothing, as there was nothing and nobody returning from it, and to her. There was one year, much later, that stood out in her memory for a long time, as it seemed to her an affirmation of her gradual process. It was the year both of her parents died, first her father and later her mother, who gradually wasted away, taking no heed of anything; until in the final storm of the year she caught cold and died. She could feel no sorrow but rather happiness as nothing was undone by their going: part of her pattern was completed. Now there was no one else in the house and for the first time since the war she felt secure; and for the first time since her far-distant childhood she could tend and watch the tree. Over the years she saw it breast the winter storms, sometimes losing a branch but always steadily growing and waxing out of the soil she carefully nourished. As the memory of the soldier faded with the gradual yellowing of the single photograph she had retained, she began to give herself over utterly to the tree until her whole existence centred round it and it was to her the true consumption of all the beauty and fecundity of everything she had ever known. Almost, the tree grew out of her own body as if it were her child: sometimes she thought herself wedded to it as a nun to God, or a priestess of Isis to her strange terrible idol—to her it was God or a vision of Him which she alone could know and cherish—and all of God she desired was now contained in that tree. She was content to watch it from her window, or windows, now: she lived in various parts of the house as the rooms had begun to deteriorate. Another war came and left its aftermath, new people walked abroad in the district, but she saw none of these things. Except for occasional visits from the lawyer who called to inform her of the condition of her father's investments, and her weekly trip to the general store for provisions, she contacted no one, stubbornly resisting the advances of nearby families and people who had known her in her youth. The vicar was both puzzled and hurt because she had given up coming to church. No newspapers were left on her doorstep and except for the monthly interest cheques, no mail but that it was torn up and burned, passed the threshold of her house.

One morning, near the end of a summer, she woke to hear the sound of heavy machinery in the distance. Day by day it grew nearer until she could hear men's voices shouting above the din of the engines. Later in the week a man came to her front door. He was one of the engineers in charge of that particular section of roadworks in the county. The end portion of the garden lay in the path of the road, and every notification that had been sent to the owner had been ignored. It was a situation he had come up against many times before with old people. Oh well, he thought, I'll just have to be firm and tell them what's going on, face to face. Once he had hated doing this sort of thing and had avoided it wherever he could, but now. . . . By the end of that day the scheduled part of the road would be complete, or so he hoped, for there was a bonus depending on the early completion of the whole project and he needed the money.

"You'll take my tree?" said the old woman who answered the door. The engineer nodded. "We wrote to you about it exactly three months ago."

"You'll take my tree?" she repeated. The young man glanced down the road to where the advance gang was coming up slowly.
"I'm afraid I can't avoid it. You see, it's on the only piece of solid ground in this particular section."

"Of course it is. Why else would it be planted there?" she replied scornfully.

"Well, it's got to go. I'm sorry, but we did advise you. Of course, you'll be compensated." She laughed and shut the door in his face. The engineer turned away, shrugging his shoulders as the foreman came up. "Any trouble?" he asked.

"No, not really. She's a bit queer, that's all." Already the advance gang had left and a bulldozer began to move along the strip of finished roadbed. It bit into the hedge border, removing it in a couple of mouthfuls and very soon the bushes round the tree were cleared, giving the bulldozer an unimpeded run.

She watched it all take place from an upstairs window. Her feelings mixed and knotted inside her like the clenching of a fist with every blow of the machine against the tree. It was worse, much worse than the time she had waited for the telegram so long ago now. Then, she had been able to prepare, but this... It all happened so quickly and brutally; somehow she could find no tears, but sat dry-eyed as in that former time, watching tensely the man in the black singlet who drove the machine which backed away and rushed forward, the tree shuddering as if in pain and heeling over with the birds flying out of it with shrill cries of distress. It's going to die now, she thought, it's going to die... and it seemed to her as she sat there that another self came back to her, one she had known forty years ago, a young girl; and in the driver's seat of the bulldozer sat one who was also familiar, or had once been familiar to her.

"So you have hated it, David," she murmured, watching the man in the black singlet, "and now you are destroying it." As she spoke the tree gave a final lurch and fell slowly into the roadway, hidden from her by a great cloud of dust and shimmering heat haze. She ran into a corner of the room, crying. Then she slowly straightened up and walked to the front door and out into the garden, down the pathway to where the tree lay, and the man still stood. As she came closer she saw he was middle-aged and had a broad, pleasant, stupid face and great workman's hands. She took the scene in coldly, without emotion: the man standing with his face expressionless, the now subsiding cloud of grey dust, the yellow painted machine, and the tree. These are the last things I will see, she said to herself.

"So you've killed it," she said. She no longer saw the man standing there nor knew whether it was the dust or suffering that suddenly contorted his face: like a gesture of defiance or simply a renunciation and the defeat of an old woman's or a child's fist against the iron wall of a prison house, her stick rang against the side of the bulldozer. Then she turned and made her way slowly back to the house, carefully shutting and locking the front door after her. She went to each room, drew the blinds and put dust-covers over the furniture. Upstairs a photograph rested on the dressing table next to the bed; she looked at it for a long time, at the yellowed portrait of a young man in khaki. Then she locked the bedroom door and got into bed.

"I'm coming now, David," she said, as the faint sounds of machinery and men's voices and chains outside in the garden broke through the summer stillness of the room.

John Boyd
The Spike

ARTHUR BARKER

The Giantess

From the French of Charles Baudelaire

Time was when Nature, monstrousy enraptured,
Brought giant children forth: O would that I
Had then by some young giantess been captured,
Before her feet in feline bliss to lie!

I would have watched her body and her mind
Flower and strengthen in her awful play;
And through her eyes' cool mists would have divined
How dark the flame that in her bosom lay;

Traversed at leisure all her splendid form,
Around her knees' enormous curve have crept;
And when she lay, on sultry summer morn,
Weary, across the land, I would have slept

At ease beneath the shadow of her breasts,
As at a mountain's foot a hamlet rests.

★

Fragment 11

You are rather beautiful

I might have said very beautiful
except
that some would have taxed me with exaggeration
including yourself too i expect
in your heart
if not with your lips
which would remain silent
like a flower
Yes you are rather silent

I might have said very silent
except
that about the peace which you carry within you
i should not wish to exaggerate
for you often speak
of humble necessary things
of work or food or pleasure
but about important things
unspeakable things
you are properly silent
with a silence more eloquent
and more welcome
than any imperfect human speech
So if in your presence i appear reserved
it is because i would not break
that very desirable peace
the sort of peace
in which alone important silent matters
can proceed undisturbed
like balance
silent because gravitation is soundless
or respect
which is also like gravitation a state of quiet tension
or understanding
which can be better known from its own particular stress
than from any spate of words
by which we might seek to explain it

\[ \star \]

Fragment 14

Accept, I beg of you, an offering of myself,
Not as I am,
But as I could conceivably be in the mind’s eye,
For without leave I have taken such a gift of you

Neither can tell
What merchandise the other gets
In this unpremeditated interchange.
For each remains a mystery
To the other as to the self.
Time and place stream between us,
Even when we are together,
For the time of one is not the time of another,
And no intimacy can effect a congruence of souls.

Yet do not let us be too sad in this,
Or, if we must be so,
Let it be rather in the knowledge of those others,
Whose total sorrow we should not have guessed
Had part of it not first become our own.

★

Fragment 15

The poem that falls apart,
Fragment of fragments,
Typifies inescapably
The sundering of a fragmentary life.

Try as I will, I cannot make them whole,
The poem or the life,
Nor find an ether to annihilate
The interstellar spaces of the mind.

Perhaps one day it will happen;
But the world will not notice,
And only you and I shall know
The marvel that has caught us unawares.

★

Fragment 15

Le poème qui se défait
Fragment en fragments,
Symbolise inéluctablement
Les fragments d'une vie intégrale.

Je n'arrive pas à les cicatriser,
Ni le poème ni la vie;
Je ne trouve pas l'éther qui supprime
Les distances interstellaires de l'âme.
The Spike

Un jour peut-être ça se fera,
Mais personne n’en tiendra compte,
Sauf toi et moi,
De cette merveille inattendue.

★

Fragment 18

The facts which I would communicate
In writing you these halting words
Fade speechless on my lips;

But the letters will be incandescent with meaning
In spite of the indirectness of the words:

Which may perhaps typify the obliquity of existence,
Whose intention is imperfectly shown
Although the fragments glow exquisitely bright.

G. W. BARLOW

‘The Peoples Voice’

He lumbers in, his own burden,
A mountain of malcontent,
Mumbles in his gravy
Abuse at the government.
The restaurant is lousy,
The food is not the same,
The waitresses are lazy
The government is to blame.
But something long forgotten
Has soured his middle years.
The Spike

His flirting with the waitress
Now takes the form of jeers.
A stillborn joke as she passes
Brings no gleam to her eye:
"Enough to turn you off your meal
Enough to make you cry.
I hate the bloody government;
I hate this bloody place;
I hate all bloody governments;
I hate the human race."

PETER BLAND

Manolete

The human voice can pitch a note to shatter the craftsman's
Glass and, lovingly fingered, the liquid guitar
Moves through the blood like a wind through grass.

Sphinx and Buddha squeezed of time may freeze
The stranger's restive eye, but Manolete in his prime
Made a myth from the way a bull can die.

★

A Memorandum for Antigone

Further to our meeting, my wish to brood
upon its memory queries your name,
whose vowels run like fingers over places
on a map. Reviving the legendary fame

of that blind beggar's daughter wandering
self-exiled, far from the towers
of her birth. A Mecca now for tourists
breeding postcards in her wake, like flowers
that advertise a heroine's grave. Forsaking
a land of sleeping gods, your generation
seek their future in strange waters, like Jasons
dreaming of a multi-coloured fleece. In veneration
of their country's myths the old remain
bound by the legacy of age. Here, you are not
alone Antigone; I too am from an old house,
leaving the residue of twenty years to rot

in its crowded soil. Carefully, then, I trace
the echoes of your face and finding room
there for compassion, play at Hercules, lamenting
your half-forgotten father in his foreign tomb.

★

New Settler’s Seasonal

Spring

It almost passed unnoticed until I discovered
Them nursing flowers in their own back-yards.
Then the year took root in the calendar
Of my sight and sped among the spades
And hoes wounding the garrulous gardens.
Each generation feels habitual fevers, the heart’s
Extension of the blackbird's song, gossips along
The fences, gallops green-fingered in the gardens
Or tickles the coiling lovers to the neutral wood.
All this is understood and yet comparisons, like germs
From an old desire, grow delirious in my blood,
Fermenting sorrow; not an exile's grief but a traveller's
Despair, who seeing these signs as broken promises
Finds no common cause in which to share.

Summer

The marrow-making sun, now south in its vampire's
season, unwinds me from my corrugated chrysalis
to where the crowds lie crucified upon the beach,
greeting the year's full flower. This is the hour
of forgetfulness, the ocean like a Jungian couch
swells buoyantly beneath us, a collective cure
for fibrous nerves laid bare on a weekend pilgrimage.
The Spike

The sea is transport to the summer's fruitfulness; textiles, tourists, motor-cars, apples and immigrants, released from the tethered boats' big bellies, either chase their own or satisfy another's appetite. "The bright day is done"—dinghies with pleated sails hemmed in before the needling dark, return their native cargoes, each to his separate night.

Autumn

Murmuring through museums of the mind, this beached Autumn evening picks and probes like an old Antiquary At memory's buried bone, sending the heart's ease Scuttling home to castles, cathedrals and galleries Of stone, plunged to the towers in the waters of Lethe. No signposts here to finger a sermon on the permanence Of man, only the billboards' pale cosmetic smile And the bulldozed land, ditching a pipe to the city.

Over the sand the burnt Pacific litters sea-petals Of broken bottles, picnic scraps and shells; a fish- Nibbled newsprint redisCOVERS a body in a naked cove. The lovers blinded by each other's eyes, the lonely mothers And their dark undreaming children have gone home and the day Dissolves like a piece of ice, melting on a red hot stove.

Winter

Walking the wired street, while a stain of clouds Blotted night's blackboard clean of stars, we watched The winking houses fold their wings over the drenched Home-hurrying faces nailed to the creaking scheme of things Gone groaning to the dark end of the day and year. Likewise wearing the stamp of winter, all our fears Migrated to the firelight's magic circle. So denied, The splintered night slapped like a tide against our loves' Abandoned tower and hissed upon the cauldron of your sighs. Caged in your eyes, a wake of child-bed tears, weaned On the remembering wind, awoke a season's grief in me. Prophetic in my terror and tuned to the tapping dark, I heard the scream of children, sucked from the sea, Go rattling down the void between our cooling hands.
Letter to John Boyd — Varsity 1957

One misses the loudspeaker usual in such
A terminus; a sense of direction would set
The seal on this, our Jason's journey
For a paper fleece, framed by the mind's utility
And won on nightly wanderings through pencil
Charted seas. (No fears of tempests to disturb the peace.)

Too many certainties prevent our changing course.
Some government or aspiring merchant prince
Has marked us down already, as high-grade
Pennies for the public slot. Belly and backside
Regulate the trained mind, and habit like a scurvy
Consumes us till our senses rot.

Yet I remain disciple to the scholars' fact;
You well may ask what trick has served
To disengage belief from action. I think
The rank and file a franker crew but find
In exile here, a few, whose suffering
Spills over into nightmare, poem, or prayer.

The rest grind on, I fear their tutored
Fingers tampering with mind, machine and bomb.
Their reward is mental comfort, while the vacuum
Of the heart demands a soap-box opera,
Life, a well adjusted chart, where kisses
And statistics mix like apples in a cart.

Pardon that my mood's disquiet can shape
No tram-car sonnet or infest with flowers
The bulk of our Endeavour. My puffing
Intellect has long since ceased to strive
Beneath the pressure of a middle-class drive
To fill the empty hours with buried treasure.

Our voyage's final product is a trained mechanic
Who, armed with a master's ticket, cannot hope
To save more than himself from an early grave;
Though he wire the fuses in our box of flesh
Till kingdom come—as indeed it will,
Complete with fire, thunder, sword and gun.
CONRAD BOLLINGER

Judgement

To God upon his throne there gathered from
The scattered nations of the earthy shade
The newly dead—and in the great parade
Two children murdered by a napalm bomb.
A mist of tears choked God's old heart, and shame
That his all-powerful hands had framed at once
Those lovely children and these murdering guns,
Life-giving flames of sunlight—and these flames.

No waxen virgin, wooden crucifix,
Pray to him to forgive. His seeing floats
Upon a living contractor who licks
His finger, counts his thousand-dollar notes.
Anon, says God. For this abyss of crime
There waits the silence of the after-time.

JOHN BOYD

After the Storm

After the storm
with the new-risen sun wheeling
in its chains and the cry of gulls
kneading the air my now-healing
eyes saw and again believed in the lull
of women's voices binding a wound,
and wild honey spilt on the ground.
The Spike

After the storm
when the once-wild day cracked like a world
between the fingers of a laughing god
and houses like dogs shook the furled
clouds loose and the earth no longer bled,
I saw again the fire in a woman’s hair
warm in the refuge of our desire.

After the storm
the sleek moon rose above the trees
heavy with birth while the same night
I had always known sped like a sea
over hollow land, and the light
failed in blind windows. I saw it all pass
and knew my loss.

★

Alight Here for Fountain and University

Why does this coloured fountain fingering
the night with its brittle plume awaken
old fears of former ills? And why should
rain falling like insects in a bowl
so easily obscure the inward eye resting
in this over-warm room, haven
called Home? These things trouble us, like cold
sunlight on a cloudless day; should we seek
reasons, impose patterns, believe
in unfamiliar faces or olive-armed symbols
of future certainty? And what of the bleak
times when half-forgotten effigies relive
in a mute dance of despair, ragged dolls
with the sawdust running out? The fountain
plays on remembering no feats of strength
and no irony, while the autumn rain still casts
its tinctured veil on upturned faces, no stain
on this ordinary, unhallowed earth. But the old myth
prevails—while these things are, we find no rest.
JAMES HUNTER CAPIE

A Respected Member of the Community

He was a man who could always be relied upon
to sum up the whole proceedings
with a polite generality
that meant nothing.
At a birth, marriage or death
he was always expected to speak
to crown the occasion with the wisdom
acquired as an important civil servant
and an elder in the church.

He had one story only
and one quotation from Shakespeare
(it was really from Burns)
and the speech, no matter what the day—
whether someone had been born
or wed or buried,
whether someone was retiring
and being presented with a clock,
whether someone was launching an appeal for funds
to buy home freezers for the Esquimaux
or scarves for the natives of Sarawak,
whether it was merely the instalment
of a new type of adding machine—
the speech, no matter what the day,
was always the same.

Ladies and gentlemen we are gathered
together for a very commendable reason
(the one and only story here)
and we may be thankful that,
living as we do in troubled times,
we (cough here) have had before us
men who have fought for freedom,
for our freedom, for democracy,
for peace and justice among the nations
The Spike

(Shakespeare alias Burns just here)
and perhaps that alone is why
we are able to be here today.
And so (one sip of water) I am sure
that all present will agree with me
as to our debts and obligations
and—may I say?—our hopes
which I earnestly trust will be fulfilled.

They always clapped and smiled,
they always nodded with discreet satisfaction
at the way he had fulfilled his obligations
and—may I say?—their hopes.
For over fifty years, his platitudes,
like droning bees from hives,
had flown out through his lips
and wrecked a thousand lives.

GORDON CHALLIS

Song of a Pilot

In case my aged friend the wind
Should come up sidling slyly
From behind you,
Asking archly what has become
Of his lasooer, mention
That I saw him
And saw his cirrus mane
Bristling stratospheric,
That I heard him
Hoof-panic whine and shy
At scenting my blood burning,
But I let him
Aerodynamically
Slip through my fingers.
Poem for a Sailor

It's near at hand, his country,
And I went there yesterday,
Went to walk and listen
For a soothing sound, or peace.

The rocks that spoke were cruel
Though their tongues were petrified,
Spat only of the weather—
How deep it dragged and cold.

And I tried hard then to gather
What a sailor is and why:
He knows of tides and harbours
And something of the stars.

Yet most of all he faces
The wind, whichever way
It blows; my friend the sailor
Did more than face the wind.

He faced its agile rider
Who wouldn't play the man,
Who brushed against him darkly
And crushed him from behind.

It's near at hand his country
But its tongues are petrified—
Speak only of the weather
How deep it drags and cold.

So near at hand his country.
Listen. How deep it drags
Our sons, who heed no borders
And have forgotten flags.
Dark Harbour

Shadow and water, water, water and shadow.
A night with fine rain falling; through the dark
Bright flowers of voices blossom, the light sound
Of water lapping the looming hull and rain
Tapping the black tarpaulins, break the silence
As a ship prepares for tomorrow's outward voyage.

They have stowed away in the shadowy hold's deep sound
A thousand dreams, a dream for every shadow.
All night long, till the morning watch, the rain
Pours out of a black sky defining the silence,
And that grey ship, alerted for her voyage,
Waits for the banishment of the Nantucket dark.

Then before morning storm booms out of the dark
And the hands of thunder tear the enshrining silence.
The Captain hovers, an Ahab in the shadow;
Taut with the fear that there will be no voyage;
A voice in his brain, echoing every sound,
Tells of the gathered fury of the rain.

All night long, till the morning watch, the rain
Speaks to him of the folly of his voyage,
His dreams desert him one by one in the dark;
But at eight bells of the morning watch the sound
Of rain and thunder and wind dies away, and the shadow
Creeps out of the harbour leaving only silence.

The sun comes up and, in the first light's silence,
Drives out the last retreating drops of rain.
With blare of klaxons the grey ship starts her voyage,
Setting her course from the hill-girt harbour's shadow,
Pushes her bow-wave away from the storm-beaten dark
Of the wrecked jetty into the green deep sound.
The Spike

Through a white foam of seas she makes her voyage
Slowly, through waters far too deep to sound,
Pursuing a dream amid the whitening silence.
Yet on her bridge there lingers still the dark
Thought of the storm, words of the threatening rain.
She voyages navigated by a shadow.

And on the jetty haunted by his shadow
A figure crouches, cursing the long rain;
Still eager, like Odysseus, to embark.

★

Hydrogen Bomb Tests

A pillar of white smoke
Three miles up in the sky
As an emblem for our times;
Those small things we live by,
Love of wife or child,
Care of a green plot,
Are denied by this giant folly
And the day must come when not
One vestige of charity,
Compassion for suffering,
Will remain of our shredded comfort
And man shall be as nothing.

Yet an emblem for the times
Is what we need; for those few
Who have the heart to make
Decisions and pursue
Even to outer darkness
Love's meaning for our day,
Carrying their defiance
Under a threatening sky,
March out against the crowd,
Cry out against the surge
Of inhumanity,
And with their whole beings urge
A better way to declare
All that is great in man,
Sure, beyond bomb or slogan,
Since our journey began.
We shall earn by indifference
Hiroshima or worse,
Children screaming at emptiness,
The blind man's curse,
The crippled lamentations
Of tattered bodies thrown
Into a pit of flesh
As putrid as their own.

Casuist politicians
Chasing fanatic dreams,
Thin-lipped, may cast upon us
A thousand dooms,
Or one long doom in a moment,
The shattering of man,
Ending the dreams we've cherished
Since the journey began.

So it must happen
If a pushed button can kill
All strength and loveliness
And destroy the human will.
Now the shape of the world is made
In a pillar of white smoke.
If it should grow taller
Our human love will choke.

VICTOR O'LEARY

Autumn Wind

The wind sifts through
a motley of poplar leaves
but finds nothing new.

Green and gold and red
in a wild rout of colour
life, but all are dead.
The Spike

With poplar leaves
our memories drift down
and each of us grieves.

Our memories,
restless leaves of love
are moved by the breeze.

Autumn Wind, you,
old scrounger, will find nothing
beautiful or true.

Only a fall
of dead, dry leaves—otherwise
nothing—nothing at all.
The Drama Club

Over the last four years the Drama Club has put on three major productions. In 1954, Nada Martin produced *Under the Sycamore Tree*, a satirical play about ants and a scientist by Sam Spewack. Ian Rich played the scientist, and among the ants were included Melda O'Reilly, Pauline Kermode, and Chris Beeby. In 1955 we had *Much Ado About Nothing*, produced by Maria Dronke. Beatrice and Benedick were played by Dulcie Gillespie-Needham and Gavin Yates; we also saw Pat Adams, John Norton, Grant McInnes, with Bill Sheat as chief rustic. The production was a great success, even financially, but it marked the end of an era. The following year the club passed into eclipse—it was unable to find a producer for its major production. However, there were signs of revival in *The Critic*, a rehearsed reading of Sheridan's play which was produced later in the year by John Dawick. Then in 1957 Margaret Walker took on *The Cherry Orchard* (Chekhov). Probably this was our best major production during 1954-7. Although it did not have the vigour of Maria Dronke's *Much Ado*, producer, cast, play and theatre were suited to an extent not equalled in either of the others, and the result was a rewarding and delicate production. Elizabeth Gordon (Madame Ranjevskaya), from a very consistent cast, had the longest and most exacting part.

Every year the club enters a one-act play in the British Drama League Festival. During the past few years, we had won a reputation for being one of the clubs to watch for a production of interest and originality, even if inexperience and lack of technique prevented it from ever achieving the cherished honour of a recall. Last year our reputation was upset: Pauline Kermode produced Molière's *Sganarelle* (translated by Miles Malleson), which, starring John Archibald, scored a success and earned the club its first recall for many years.

Winter Tournament presents the same problem as does the B.D.L. Festival, to find a good one-act play. In 1954, in a production which took place in a 'flu epidemic and under conditions of great stress, Rosemary Lovegrove fainted during the performance. It was an omen; since then, V.U.C. Drama Club has had little success at Tournament. Perhaps the task of finding two one-act plays a year is beyond us, perhaps we have lacked experienced producers, perhaps the eternal wrangles over the Tournament team are not conducive to the highest artistic achievement—anyhow we shall try to do better in future.

The club's other activities have been play readings, ranging from Giraudoux to Farquhar. During the past two years, one of these has been presented as a fully staged and costumed production—a style which seems particularly suitable for the time of year (second term) and for a second production. In 1955, in collaboration with the Classics Department, Peter Dronke produced Euripides' *Hippolytus*, and last year, at the request of the English Department, John Dawick produced Sheridan's *The Critic*.

At present, the club stands fairly well. The two big problems which face an amateur society of our size are finding a producer and finding money. As regards the first, we can but hope for the best, although there are few producers willing to take on a production with the prospect of no financial reward, little gratitude, grudging co-operation, and no one with quite enough experience to look after such matters as publicity without help. The
financial problem is less serious, for we are extremely fortunate in having a Little Theatre to which we can retreat when outside conditions become too rigorous. There is also a bank balance of over £100, although this would be quite inadequate to finance a production in the Concert Chamber. Another problem which, as Mr. Bertram has pointed out, concerns us particularly at present, is finding people to look after the technical sides of a production—stage management, lighting, and so on. We have the obvious difficulties of any club which requires a considerable fund of experience in such matters, but whose members are completely inexperienced when they arrive, and who leave after three or four years. The club has never lacked talent, but it does lack the organisation and technical skills required to use it properly.

For the future, our brightest prospect is the new Students' Union Building, which we are told will contain a Little Theatre with outstanding lighting and stage facilities. It is greatly to be hoped that in the final outcome we will not be skimped of the small built-in details which could transform just another Concert Chamber, with its own different disadvantages, into a first class Little Theatre. A theatre of its own is indispensable to the University; at the present time it would also be invaluable to Wellington, which has nothing of this kind. It would help to shift the centre of cultural activities towards the University, where it belongs, and where it is not at present. On the other hand, another second class theatre would be pointless.

From our own point of view, a really good theatre would give us the opportunity to become one of the leading societies in Wellington. It is a position to which a University Drama Club should certainly aspire. I think it is a position we might be able to achieve, but only if we can put on enough productions to allow people to acquire experience that they can use before they leave, and only if we can maintain an organisation strong enough to continue although the people within it change. There can be no greater concentration of talent and ideas than among the 2500-odd students of the University. Besides, the Drama Club meets a real interest among students. It seems to be one of the few these days whose flame is not too feeble to be quite extinguished by the effects of changing ideas and personalities.

Rugby Club

When the 1954 season opened, Victoria University College were the reigning senior champions and a successful season was anticipated with the return of the four Victoria College All Backs, Jarden, Fitzgerald, Fitzpatrick and Clark from the British Isles, France, Canada and America.

Fitzpatrick, however, transferred to Auckland and Savage had gone to Pahiatua, but their loss was balanced by the arrival of Des Oliver, a 1953 All Black from Otago, and later in the season of S. G. Bremner, a 1952 All Black from Auckland.

The Senior A team continued its winning way and was two points ahead in the championship with two matches to play when it met Petone, who had gained Bob Scott at full-back and who were playing at the peak of their form. A stern match in which at one stage Petone led by 6 points, was levelled 6 points all late in the second spell and the scores remained unchanged until with under one minute left for play, University gained a tight head from a scrum close to Petone's line. The ball came to Bremner and with a perfect cross kick over the scrum to Jarden's wing, Bremner placed the ball perfectly for Jarden to follow through like lightning to score the winning try in the corner, which was brilliantly converted by Fitzgerald. The famous try, the result of a preconceived plan, painstakingly rehearsed beforehand, has been duly recorded on a disc eagerly purchased by the club's stalwarts and it remains a lasting memento of the last incident in University's three-year rule at the head of the Wellington Rugby Championship.

It can be said that not for twenty years had Wellington football seen anything approaching the play of University during those three magnificent years and the tributes paid to the team and the club have been numerous and sincere. The team during the period was splendidly coached by Dick Burke and Ken Uttley, ably led by Ivan Stuart and with so many brilliant players in its ranks was a club team of a
calibre very seldom seen. The College and its supporters will long remember the 1952-54 1st Fifteen. R. A. Jarden represented a New Zealand XV, as did S. G. Brenmer and W. H. Clark. W. H. Clark, J. T. Fitzgerald, who had to withdraw from the New Zealand XV against the Maoris, and R. A. Jarden represented the North Island and R. A. Jarden, W. H. Clark and J. T. Fitzgerald represented the 1953 All Blacks in their match against the Rest of New Zealand.

The Australian Universities Rugby team toured New Zealand in 1954. They won one test against the New Zealand University and lost two. They defeated Canterbury University College and Canterbury Agricultural College Combined 24 points to 8 and Auckland University College and Massey Agricultural College 20 to 8 but lost to Otago University 3 to 15 and to Victoria University College 17 to 22. The game against Victoria was a splendid game, as was the test in Wellington which the visitors won. P. C. Osborne, R. A. Jarden, J. T. Fitzgerald, O. D. Oliver, W. H. Clark, I. E. Stuart (captain) and D. M. McHalick represented the New Zealand University in one or more of the tests. P. C. Osborne, R. A. Jarden, B. W. Battell, J. T. Fitzgerald, S. G. Brenmer, A. S. Clark, W. H. Clark, O. D. Oliver and I. E. Stuart represented Wellington during the season. The Junior First Grade, the Junior 2nd Grade and the Third 2nd Grade (Weir) teams also won their grades.

The following season saw S. G. Brenmer in Canterbury, O. D. Oliver retired and J. T. Fitzgerald injured and the senior team, although still strong, was now not quite of its former calibre. However, it played well and the Queen’s Birthday attraction in Wellington was the Petone-University game which drew a huge crowd. University could not quite hold Petone who won a stirring game before a huge crowd for a club match which testified to the drawing power of the team. The team finally finished fourth in the Senior A Championship but there were no regrets in the club when Onslow won the senior championship for the first time. R. A. Jarden represented New Zealand in all the three tests against the touring Australians and W. H. Clark played in the first two tests, and the same two players played for the North Island against the South. P. C. Osborne, A. S. Clark, B. A. Nepia, G. W. Blathwayt and W. H. Clark played for the North Island University team against the South Island University team and R. A. Jarden, A. S. Clark and W. H. Clark represented the New Zealand University when they beat Otago 14-3, R. A. Jarden scoring the entire 14 points with two tries, two penalties and a conversion. P. C. Osborne, R. A. Jarden, A. S. Clark, W. H. Clark, B. A. Nepia and I. E. Stuart represented Wellington.

R. A. Jarden had a magnificent season scoring in all 200 points in first class matches and becoming the greatest points scorer in Rugby history. In the tests against Australia he scored 18 of New Zealand’s 27 points in the tests.

In this year the Junior 2nd Grade team won their grade championship and the club was runner-up to Petone in the club championship.

And so to 1956 and the Springboks. Everything else in Rugby in New Zealand was subordinated to their visit. And in this great year of victory against the Springboks the club supplied two of New Zealand’s key men in the test teams. R. A. Jarden played in all four tests and W. H. Clark in the last three tests. R. A. Jarden scored seven of New Zealand’s ten points in the first test in the ‘10-6 win. His try was a magnificent solo effort. In the third test he scored a wonderful and very timely try in the corner following a cross kick by R. H. Brown when he leapt high in the air to gather in the kick as it bounced towards the corner.

For the club the big event of the tour was the match against the New Zealand Universities and in this first of all matches against an overseas international team the University scored a great triumph, defeating South Africa 22 points to 15, by fast open back play. R. A. Jarden, who made the run of runs to score only to find the line umpire’s flag up, W. H. Clark and J. B. S. Hutchison played for the New Zealand University in this famous match. J. H. Fitzgerald, selected as captain, was injured in the North Island University match and was unable to play. The victorious team was splendidly coached by Dick Burke.

In the Senior A Championship the club finished third, but the club won for the first time the Club Championship, a fine achievement which showed the strength of the club. J. T. Fitzgerald (captain), R. A. Jarden and W. H. Clark represented the North Island, R. A. Jarden a New Zealand XV in matches against a North Island XV

The end of 1956 saw the retirement as playing members of three of the club's most famous players. R.A. Jarden who, during his career, scored a record 926 points in all first class matches and who won game after game for his country, his province and his club, announced his retirement at the commencement of the 1957 season. He was the finest winger ever, and one of the greatest footballers in any position ever to play anywhere. He was in almost every world selection. To see him was to see a champion, and for his last match for Wellington, a Ranfurly Shield match against Auckland, he scored one of his greatest tries in a 70-yard run into the wind following an opening by Bill Clark. It was a fitting end to the career of V.U.C.'s greatest footballer, and it is only fair that Ron Jarden should know that in the eyes of his club mates he will remain for ever the nonpareil—the splendid goal kick and the greatest carrier of the ball in New Zealand's Rugby history.

J.T. Fitzgerald, unlucky with injuries throughout his career, and one of the finest inside backs New Zealand has had for many years, ended his career when injured in the Universities Inter-Island match. A great loss to his country, his province and his club, Jim will be remembered for many years as a back with twinkling feet and a wonderful sense of balance, who helped make great the team during those golden years when it was captained by Ivan Stuart who also ended his career with the club at the end of 1956. Ivan was a front row forward who played for many years for Wellington representative teams and who very ably led the star studded teams of the club's great years. He also captained both Wellington and the New Zealand University and the club owes much to him. We wish him well in Palmerston North. To mark the end of a great era both Dick Burke and Ken Uttley retired from coaching. Their efforts during the past six years, four of them as joint coaches, had succeeded in building up a great team and it will be a long time before such a team is seen again playing for the club. Our thanks are due to them.

And so 1957 has seen a new coach, Frank Muller, and a new team, and its performances have again been good. It is to be hoped that the young players of 1957 will continue to show the same enthusiasm for the open dashing game, now the hallmark of the University Club.

French Club

One of the difficulties which the student of French encounters is that of speaking and understanding the language with any ease. In order to encourage students to advance in this branch of French studies, the French Club was started at the College in 1947. As a result of the activities of this club many students have made considerable progress towards fluency of expression in French while enjoying themselves at the same time.

The club usually meets four times a year, each stage being responsible for one of the evenings. Over the last three years these meetings have generally taken the form of plays and talks. The students themselves choose the plays they want to act, these ranging from slapstick comedies to Racine's Andromaque. The lighter works are favoured as they allow more for improvisation and originality—the actual performance often deviates from the script considerably. One of the most successful of these comedies was Jules Romains' Le Docteur Knock which was presented in 1955. The first evening held this year was a departure from the usual pattern as the script and various items were written and arranged by the students themselves. This made it possible to have more members taking part than usual, and it turned out to be a successful venture.

As well as gaining much from the learning of plays, members have had practice in understanding spoken French and have acquired a better knowledge of French topics through the various talks which have often formed part of their soirées. Films too have brought students closer to spoken French. Last year French films were shown almost once a week.
Athletic Club

"Only by the success of our Athletic Club can Victoria College continue to exist."
—V.U.C. Debating Club, 1912

Records do not show if the debate was resolved in the affirmative—one hopes not, for we have been awarded the wooden spoon for the last five years at least, but paradoxically four of these years have been generally successful. In 1953, and again in 1954, the men’s senior A team was undefeated in Wellington interclub competition, due largely to the efforts of two all-rounders, John Hawkes and Ieaun Hyslop, who between them could claim places in all track and field events up to 880 yards. Supported by a large (by Wellington standards) team of athletes, and traditionally capable in distance events, the club was seldom extended.

In 1956 the College won for the first time the fifty-year-old McVilly Shield as provincial champions. This was repeated in 1957 by a comfortable win over Lower Hutt A.A.C. John Hawkes, with George Hourigan as runner-up, took all three hurdles titles. Hawkes, a fine natural athlete, competed with distinction in the national decathlon in 1956, and in winning the national 440 yards hurdles championship this year in the excellent time of 53.9 seconds gave Victoria its first New Zealand title since Ikar Lissienko's 140-foot discus throw in 1952. He was later to win the N.Z.U. title in 56.6 seconds, unfortunately competing for O.U., as does Michael Hansen, our 1956 provincial 440 yards champion.

Hawkes and Hansen, club members since their medical intermediate days, have been key members in several good relay teams. Their departure south at the end of each season accounts in part for the reversal of early form that is noticed at tournament. In 1956 a 4 x 110 yards team—Hawkes, Hansen, Barry Waller (a junior), and Rob Irwin, were deprived of a Wellington record by a technicality, and Hansen in the same year was a member of the Wellington team that created new national figures.

Easter Tournament in 1956 at the Basin Reserve showed our field events athletes in poor light. The complete ban on throwing or jumping at Kelburn Park, and the absence of any other facilities near the College has left us very poorly equipped. (Victoria College has won the shot putt at tournament but once in the fifty years the event has been held. Recent outstanding performances have all been in track events. Graham Stevens took the N.Z.U. title in 1954 with a record time of 14 minutes 48 seconds—four seconds inside the 1949 figures of J. C. Hawke—also of Victoria. At Auckland in 1955, Stevens ran second to Peter Joyce, who won the three mile in the near record time of 14 min. 49.2 sec., after winning the mile in 4 min. 22.8 sec. Joyce, incidentally, returned 4 min. 16.8 sec. this year in what is undoubtedly the fastest mile time achieved by a college athlete.

In May, 1956, a small N.Z.U. team toured New South Wales and Victoria, losing the Universities Test on an aggregate of places, but fully holding the Australian Universities in the number of titles won. Victoria College had two members in the team, all-rounder John Hawkes and sprinter Rob Irwin, the 1955 triple N.Z.U. title-holder.

Three years ago the club celebrated its fiftieth jubilee. Atrocious weather curtailed athletic events, but a Friday evening function, with Sir Matthew Oram (a first inter-faculty competitor) as guest speaker, was very well attended. The souvenir booklet produced is a notable record of five decades of university athletics.

Reluctantly the club has severed its connection with Kelburn Park. A 100 per cent. increase in ground rent in 1956 made the holding of sports on that ground prohibitive. A university club to maintain its identity must be associated with the campus, and the new Te Aro Park, tucked in a gully over the hill as it will be, holds promise of full-scale club nights with opportunity for jumpers and throwers. Perhaps then there will be women athletes too. At present interest in women's athletics is nil, but we have had N.Z.U. champions, and national place getters, and the material is available—or is it considered unladylike?
Chess Club

An opportunity is taken in this article to give the first history of the V.U.C. Chess Club since its formation in 1952. After five years’ existence it seems reasonable to record this achievement in the hope that the roots of the club will take even stronger hold in life at V.U.C.

The first A.G.M., held on April 21, 1952, was rather quiet, as befits a contemplative pastime, but it was well supported. Due credit for getting the club started must go to Russell Feist, secretary-treasurer, 1952-53. The enthusiasm which is often attendant on a newly-founded club was particularly evident in 1952, and was rewarded with a good measure of success. A £15 grant was coaxed from the Executive to purchase much-needed equipment, and friendly games were played with Wellington College and Training College (one win, one draw). In the inter-club competitions our C grade team swept the field with five wins and a draw, while the B grade team went very close to capturing further championship honours. By the first term of 1953 membership was over 30 and a confident annual report from the secretary-treasurer anticipated another good year.

Why at this stage all the sanguine predictions should have been confounded can only be guessed at. The sudden cooling of interest cannot be explained away completely by the doubtful practice of holding alternate club nights. Poor attendances here were unfortunately matched by the disastrous exhibitions of the teams entered in the inter-club competitions—all matches being lost apart from one draw.

Such a dismal record makes the move to disband the club in 1954 at least understandable. Happily there was sufficient opposition at the A.G.M. to postpone the decision to an S.G.M. where the club received a further tentative lease of life. Despite the discouraging opening to the year the committee with Don Mathieson as secretary-treasurer tried gallantly to keep chess at V.U.C. alive. "Modern Chess Strategy" and "Ideas Behind Chess Openings" were purchased to form the nucleus of a club library, and the possibility of holding matches with other university colleges was looked into.

Although active canvassing for membership was tried during the enrolling week in 1955, once again lack of support for the club was evident by poor attendance at the A.G.M. The minutes record "That the future of the club was discussed" and the suggestion from the C.U.C. Chess Club that chess be part of Tournament was not supported. That the club survived these lean years was greatly due to the untiring work of Secretary-Treasurer Don Mathieson and committee men Grey, Knight and Russell Feist.

With 1956 came a revival of interest and active membership. The improved performance of the B grade team in the inter-club competitions showed a return to the standards of 1952, a narrow loss in the last match against the Hutt Club robbing us of championship honours. Mention must be made here of the fine performance of Ross Barnett in winning all four of his games as our No. 1 player.

During the year it was decided to press ahead with the idea of holding a telegraphic match with C.U.C. which seemed to be the only other varsity club still active. After much preparatory work by our organiser Jim Fowler, the match finally took place on April 6, 1957, at the Wellington Chess Club rooms. Briefly the system used was that each side had a team of ten, five games with white, the boards were numbered alphabetically and then each move as it was made was described in full and transmitted to the other end by morse. Thanks to the efficiency of the operators and the invaluable aid of two Wellington Chess Club men, any difficulty was quickly smoothed out and an enjoyable afternoon’s play resulted. To our knowledge this was the first inter-varsity telegraph match to be held in New Zealand, and while the possibility of chess at Tournament remains so remote, we are very keen to make this match a yearly event. With two wins, three probable wins and no losses V.U.C. was virtually assured of victory when play ended.
Student Christian Movement

During the last three years a number of major events have taken place. At the beginning of 1955 a new chaplain, the Rev. Alan Gray, was appointed, taking the place of the Rev. W. Gardner-Scott. In May of the same year the Cabin was dedicated. The Cabin, given by the Wellington Rotary Club, is now the centre of many of our activities, including prayers and study groups. Another important event was the Mission to the College held in June, 1956. The Mission was the result of much prayer and planning, and consisted, in the main, of a series of lunchtime addresses and discussions. Though the response at this college, in comparison with that at others, may not have been particularly great, the S.C.M. at least gave a very great witness for God and brought the content of the Christian faith before a considerable number of people.

The bases of our activities during this period have been firstly daily meetings for prayer in the cabin, usually led by a student, and secondly, study groups—varying in size from about five to twenty and studying various topics, e.g., a book or the Bible, Evangelism, the Christian in society. Most members of the movement have attended these groups and found them extremely interesting and rewarding. Weekend camps held three times a year have consisted of talks and study, worship and relaxation together. Also, services have been held on Sunday afternoons at differing intervals, usually of about a month or six weeks. Evening meetings and panel discussions on a wide variety of topics have increased in popularity. Some of these meetings have been combined with other clubs. Annual combined meetings with the Catholic Students' Guild have become established and have been well attended by both groups. The speakers have alternated.

Another aspect of our work is the running of the second-hand bookstall. This is run partly as a service to students and partly for profit. It has become an increasingly large undertaking. After the 1956 bookstall, we seriously considered giving it up. However this year it has been more satisfactory in that the members of the movement co-operated well. Workdays in which we do odd jobs to raise money for the World Student Christian Federation, and, last year, attendance at prison services where we liven up the singing, are other aspects of our work.

During the May holidays some members are privileged to attend the study conference run by the N.Z.S.C.M. In slightly lighter mood the N.Z.S.C.M. Summer Conference is greatly enjoyed by many members.

The movement, though not growing to any marked extent in this period, nevertheless has seen its position as an evangelising power within the University and has endeavoured to be extroverted, offering friendship and an opportunity for all who desire to know more of the content of the Christian faith.

Film Society

The V.U.C. Film Society was founded on April 12, 1956, and early in the year was affiliated to the Wellington Film Society. This Society's object is to enable students to see first class films which are no longer publicly shown. During 1956 a number of films were shown, ranging from early classics such as the Russian film The Battlehip Potemkin, a landmark in the technical art of the film, to a Rene Clair comedy and Charlie Chaplin. Other films shown were Nanook of the North, a film about Eskimo life, and The Diary of a Country Priest, a French film based on the novel by Bernanos.
Women's Hockey

Over the last three years the V.U.C. Women's Hockey Club has not distinguished itself either in local competitions or at Winter Tournament. This unenviable record is mainly the result of the inability of players to attend team practices.

This is not an apology for the standard of the play of the club, whose membership, incidentally, has changed almost completely over the last three years.

In 1955 three teams were fielded, one each in the senior A, senior B and junior grades. These teams were ably coached by Mr. Harry Gajadhar, an experienced hockey player. Besides this coaching Technical Old Girls invited the Club to practice with them. Unfortunately it was not a suitable time for most members and the V.U.C. attendance was poor. However, those who did gain much valuable knowledge.

During the two weeks before Winter Tournament, an Australian Universities women's hockey team toured New Zealand and played matches at the four main centres. The four days spent in the Wellington district were fully occupied with social functions, and two games of hockey against Wellington and Wairarapa. The Australian girls, unaccustomed to soft conditions, failed to win either match.

The Winter Tournament was held in Dunedin in rather trying conditions. Besides the usual games against other Colleges (none of which V.U.C. won) each college played against the Australian team. Those representing V.U.C. were M. Bertrand (captain), E. Crisp, A. Bull, R. Kingsford, J. Hirschberg, A. Wellwood, B. Major, M. Williamson, M. Huntly, C. Pointon and A. McIlraith. None of these players were chosen for the N.Z.U. team. In local hockey J. Hirschberg was selected for the Wellington reps. to play at the N.Z. Tournament and M. Huntly and C. Pointon were selected for the second team. V.U.C. Blues for 1955 were awarded to J. Hirschberg and M. Huntly. The Ralph Trophy for the most improved player of the season was awarded to J. Elder.

In 1956 three teams were fielded in the same grades as in 1955. The club was fortunate in having Mrs. M. Aislabie as selector and, later in the season, Mrs. Elva Love to coach the teams. The 1956 Winter Tournament was held in Christchurch. The V.U.C. team could not handle the muddy conditions and failed to win a game. Those representing V.U.C. were C. Pointon, captain, R. Kingsford, J. Burnett, J. Orwin, M. Lyons, N. Griffin, B. Andrews, B. Saunders, S. Gentry, M. Matthewson, R. Goodwin, J. Buckley and A. McIlraith. Not one of these players was chosen for the N.Z.U. team. The only member of the club to make a representative side was M. Matthewson, who was chosen for the Senior B Reps. She was also awarded the Ralph Trophy for the most improved player. It was unfortunate that no V.U.C. Blues were awarded to the club in 1956 as, on the season's play, the nominees were certainly up to the required standard.

In 1957 only two teams are being fielded, a senior A and senior B, both of which are to be coached by Mrs. Elva Love.

Chemical Society

The V.U.C. Chemical Society is essentially an academic society, and its main activities include lectures given by experienced chemists on chemical or allied topics. Some of the more outstanding lectures delivered over the past three years have been: 1954, Dr. Peter Harris of the Soil Bureau on "Geochemistry," and Mr. Athol Rafter of the Dominion Physical Laboratory on "A New Approach to the Study of the Earth." 1955 saw a demonstration by the College glassblower on practical glassblowing, and a talk by Mr. McDowell on 'The Nature and Distribution of New Zealand Clays." In 1956 there was a talk by Dr. England on "Nigeria, the White Man's Grave" and a discussion by Professor Munro on "The Education of Chemists in England."

The other, and possibly less academic, activity of the Society over the past few
years, is the annual Study Week trip. In 1954 a group of some thirty members visited the Wallaceville Animal Research station. Much interest was evoked during the tour, in particular the efforts of the scientists to brew an acceptable honey mead from the large quantities of uncommercial black honey available in New Zealand.

The following year, under the guidance of an active committee, an ambitious trip to the Kinleith Pulp and Paper Mills was planned. After travelling by passenger transport at night, a total of two days was spent at Kinleith. The plant management was particularly generous.

The 1956 project, although less ambitious than that of the preceding year, was again a two-day event. This time three commercial concerns were visited: Ivon Watkins Ltd., the Plant Hormone works at New Plymouth, the New Zealand Farmers Superphosphate Works, and McKechnie Bros. brass extrusion plant. The chemical technology of all three industries was investigated to the full by all members of the party, whilst the mechanical intricacies of high temperature brass extrusion proved most fascinating.

This year the Society is endeavouring to make a return trip to the Kinleith Pulp and Paper Mills.

Harrier Club

1954: The very high standard achieved in 1953 was adequately maintained in this year, and this club could be considered to be one of the strongest in New Zealand. Numerically, however, it was not as strong as in some previous years and the slow pack suffered in consequence. About 20 was the average Saturday attendance. The interclub races won were: the Dorne Cup, Wellington-Masterton relay, Bennet Memorial Shield, and the B Grade Provincial Championships and the Vosseler Shield. It was an outstanding feat for the two V.U.C. teams to fill first and second placings in the Shaw Baton Relay.

Club races: The novice race at Worsor Bay was won by Peter Joyce in 14 minutes 2 seconds, followed by runner-up R. C. Croker and third R. D. Orange. The Veterans' Race was won by G. R. Stevens in 13 minutes 52 seconds, followed by R. I. Gilberd and T. H. Beaglehole. The Sherwood Cup (Paekakariki) was won by J. L. Riseborough, the runner-up was R. C. Croker and third was G. Caddie. The Club Championships run—R. I. Gilberd first, J. C. Hawke second, and G. R. Stevens third. The Endeavour Cup was won by J. P. T. Holden, second was G. F. A. Ward and third J. P. Wiles. The fastest time in these races was that of J. C. Hawke, 46 minutes. In the N.Z.U. Cross Country Championships at Paekakariki, for the Dixon Trophy, V.U.C. was last with 19 points, while C.U.C. gained 39, A.U.C. 25 and O.U. 61 points. For the Shackleford Cup V.U.C. with 25 points lost to A.U.C. with 30. The individual placings were: R. I. Gilberd, 1; G. R. Stevens, 2; T. H. Beaglehole, 7; A. C. Gow, 9; P. J. Joyce, 11; and R. C. Croker, 22. Awards were: N.Z.U. Blue to R. I. Gilberd, V.U.C. Blues to T. H. Beaglehole, R. I. Gilberd, A. C. Gow, P. J. Joyce, G. R. Stevens and G. M. Truebridge. The Cairns Cup was won by R. D. Orange.

1955: An excellent season was experienced this year, with pack running stronger than the previous year and a number of successes in teams events by racing members, although not quite reaching the heights of the previous year. Wins were recorded in the Wellington-Masterton relay (in record time), Provincial Championships A and B grades, Shaw Baton Relay and the Vosseler Shield.

Club races: Novice race (Worsor Bay)—won by J. B. Ryan in 15 minutes 30 seconds, followed by R. D. Orange, R. C. Croker. The Veterans' race was won by G. R. Stevens in 14 minutes 7 seconds, second was J. C. Hawke and third A. C. Gow. The Sherwood Cup was won by J. L. Riseborough, runner-up was B. Fifield and third J. P. Holden. The Club Championship was won by G. R. Stevens, second was A. C. Gow and third J. C. Hawke. C. P. McBride won the Endeavour Cup, followed by J. L. Riseborough and B. Fifield. The fastest time was A. C. Gow's of 47 minutes 21 seconds. In the N.Z.U. Cross Country Championships at Dunedin, V.U.C got 36 points for the Dixon Trophy, A.U.C. 29 and C.U.C. 28. For the Shackleford Cup V.U.C. gained 55 points and A.U.C. 44. Individual placings were: R. I. Gilberd, 5;
A. C. Gow, 6; I. Sussex, 12; R. D. Orange, 13; J. B. Ryan, 19, and R. C. Croker, 20. V.U.C. Blues went to R. I. Gilberd, Gow and Stevens, and J. C. Ryan won the Cairns Cup. The members of the record-breaking team in the Wellington-Masterton relay in order of running were M. C. Browne, J. B. Ryan, G. M. Truebridge, R. D. Orange, I. Sussex, T. H. Beaglehole, R. I. Gilberd, A. C. Gow, J. C. Hawke and G. R. Stevens.

1956: This year was a high influx of new members to the Club but also the loss of several of our key runners of recent years, and the high competitive standard suffered as a consequence. Although no open trophies were retained, the club’s teams performed most creditably on several occasions. V.U.C. was second in the Shaw Baton relay and in the B Grade Provincial Championships, and third placings were registered in the Wellington-Masterton relay, Dorne Cup and A Grade Provincial Championships.

Club races: Novice race, D. Deacon won in 15 minutes 22 seconds, followed by R. C. Croker and B. Fifield. In the Veterans’ Race P. J. Joyce ran in 14 minutes 12 seconds, followed by G. R. Stevens and R. I. Gilberd. The Sherwood Cup was won by W. G. Malcolm, second was B. S. Brice and third P. Ellen. First three in the Club Championships were A. C. Gow, W. G. Malcolm and R. C. Croker. The atrocious conditions and extreme cold forced many runners to retire at the end of the first lap. Placings for the Endeavour Cup were A. McKechnie, M. Norris and R. Hewitt; the fastest time was P. J. Joyce’s 48 minutes 47 seconds.

In the N.Z.U. Cross Country Championships at Christchurch V.U.C. was third in the Dixon Trophy and second in the Shackleford Cup. Individual placings were A. C. Gow, 3; R. D. Orange, 9; W. G. Malcolm, 17; W. D. Pringle, D. Tucker and D. Deacon. This year’s awards were a V.U.C. Blue to A. C. Gow and the Cairns Cup to P. O’Brien.

Evangelical Union

The times in which we live have sometimes been called the “Second Age of Reason.” This is an age of great scientific progress in which men like to believe that their actions and thoughts are logical and rational, an age that frowns on emotional exuberance and extremes of conduct or ideas. It is not surprising, therefore, that religion in any active form is carefully shunned or conveniently ignored by most students as something purely of the emotions, and in any case rather beneath the “intellectually enlightened.”

And what is more natural, for after all, what is the use of a code of ideas, a philosophical system or an outworn history that has no practical application today.

The “E.U.” is a fellowship of students who accept the responsibility of witnessing to their faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour, Lord and God. They seek to show that not only is this faith real and personal, but it is essential and practical. Their basis of belief is “one in tradition and content with the chief Protestant confessions of faith,” and is well able to satisfy the tests of higher learning and practical application. Some highlights of past activities emphasise these beliefs.

1955: After Study Week a special series of lunch-time and evening meetings under the title “Can a Thinking Man be a Christian?” was conducted by Dr. Howard Guiness of Sydney, who, in stating the truths of Christianity and the claims of Christ, was not afraid to meet the challenge of secular opinion. The titles show the nature and scope of the material discussed, e.g.: “Christian Sex Morality is psychologically sound and medically up to date,” “Five good reasons for believing that Jesus Christ is the Son of God,” “The Three Essential Steps to Becoming a Christian.” Two to three hundred students attended each of these meetings and St. Paul’s Pro-Cathedral was packed for the final service on Sunday night, July 17. Towards the end of the year a special series of addresses on the Christian and Society was given, with subjects such as “The Christian in Education” and “The Christian and the Law.”

1956: Speakers included Dr. Jeffries, District Officer of Health, Dr. Edwin Orr and his team of speakers, Don Harris, Vinerian
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Scholar of Oxford, Canon Breton, the Dean of Nelson, and others. During the May vacation the annual Inter-Varsity Fellowship Conference was held at the Hutt, having as its theme the relevance of Christianity to the things we do, say and think. Students from all the Universites and Training Colleges were present.

1957: In April some 120 students attended the house party at Paekakariki. The Bishop of Nelson and the Rev. Eric Sherburn of Wellington were the main speakers and the theme of the house party was "Behold the Man—Christ Jesus." All were challenged by a new appreciation of what it meant for Christ to come and die for us—how that everyone has erred and cannot justify himself before God, but that because Christ died we have the free offer of pardon and joint heirship with him. Later in the term Rev. Rogers spoke on the necessity of accepting this offer and the need for progressing in the Christian life from this first decision.

During the last few years the Union has grown spiritually and organisationally. Actual membership has increased to some seventy students and a full programme operates; prayer meetings and Bible Study groups, regular Friday night meetings, occasional Sunday teas, hikes and social even-ings, and three weekend house parties during the year. Our speakers have come from every denomination and widely varying vocations, ministers, missionaries, businessmen, university lecturers, civil servants—from Britain, Europe, the United States, Indonesia, Australia and the Far East as well as New Zealand.

Law Faculty Club

To the average student leisurely sauntering along the corridor which starts at the College Library, and ends in the dark recesses of a Physics Laboratory, the Law Notice-board is probably an insignificant milestone. Even those who do look at it, either because they read all notices on principle, or because they suddenly remember that, after all, ignorance of the law does not excuse, probably do not think that the Law Faculty Club is much more than a collective name for a disreputable band of part-timers who toil up the hill to lectures in dark suits and then wend their way wearily home.

But they are wrong. The Club is flourishing and the years 1954-57 have been marked by a spate of activity which we challenge any other faculty to match. Our publicity system operates through a series of lists furtively circulated amongst the members of a law class and signed by those who intend to come to our functions. This is the traditional manner in which have been inaugurated during the three years in review most of a number of highly successful activities—luncheons to which guest speakers were invited and which we tried to hold about twice a term, the Law Ball (a fabulous gathering) and the Law Dinner (these two both annual functions), the odd cocktail party, the inevitable Annual General Meeting (we have also squeezed in a few special meetings on such important questions as the status of women students and to discuss "February specials"), and, last, but the least said the better, opportunities for excess which (it is believed) are known as Stein Evenings.

Our speakers at luncheons have been characterised by their diversity. Some experience of the law was considered desirable, but not an essential, qualification. Some were good and some were not so good. We have listened for example to Mr. A. A. McLachlan, S.M., on the Theory of Law; to a touring Judge from Tanganyika on how to enter the Colonial Judiciary and look bronzed and fit; to several well known local lawyers; to the present Attorney-General; to an American Consular officer on how to be a successful American Consular officer; to the present Minister of External Affairs; to members of the Faculty Staff (Professor Aikman spoke on his visit to the Cook Islands, his field of specialised study). They have been happy occasions and many times there was enough to eat.

Then there is the Annual Ball patronised in each case by many eminent members of the profession. But who could forget the invitations sent out beforehand? In 1954, for example, we received an Act of Parliament in miniature; in 1955 a writ of Mandamus Propter Latitanum and in 1956 a Certificate of Title under the Frustrated
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What can be said of the Law Dinner? It follows closely on Finals each year, and both optimists and pessimists unite in an evening's hilarity. Between the courses, we have heard some excellent addresses (first prize here, with respect, to Mr. Justice Gresson, who spoke in both 1955 and 1956). The dinner has its more solemn side, too, for many are finishing with exams and entering on larger responsibilities.

We have been fortunate to have a Patron His Honour the Chief Justice. The President of the Club has been Dean of the Faculty. The Chairman of the Club in the three years has been:

1955: C. G. Hubbard.
1956: B. M. Carran.
1957: J. D. Bathgate.

They have been backed up by a band of devoted executive workers. Successive secretaries have dealt with a large volume of correspondence. It is touching to note from the files the number of graduates, many very prominent in legal circles, who so spontaneously contribute in about April of each year to our funds.

Perhaps the most noteworthy aspect of our activities has been the hearty co-operation (we hope it has been reciprocal) of the members of the Staff of the Faculty. Their attendance at our functions, the hospitality received at their homes and their friendliness outside lecture hours, have all been generously given.

We feel we are justified, therefore, in the complacency of this review and in our conviction that one of V.U.C.'s most thriving clubs will continue to be that of which each law student is as it is put ipso facto and ipso jure a member.

Ski Club

The Year 1957 marks a milestone in the history of the Ski Club with the near completion of a hut on Mt. Ruapehu which has been built by us in conjunction with the Auckland University Ski Club.

Although in the last three years the Club has run several very successful trips to Temple Basin above Arthur's Pass and to Ruapehu it has become increasingly difficult to obtain accommodation in any of the existing ski huts on Ruapehu especially. With the increasing popularity of the sport, other clubs have a full membership and have their huts fully booked by their own members almost every weekend during the ski season.

The need for our own hut was realised as early as 1952, when the hut fund was instigated, and from then on the idea grew and the site and plans were finalised, thanks to the energy and hard work of Bernie O'Shea, our Hut Officer and former President, and Tom Turney, a former club member, now of the Auckland Club. With the invaluable assistance of Denis Oldham, a senior architectural student at Auckland, the plan of the hut was drawn up and approved, and the cost estimated at £1200.

By the end of 1955 each club had raised its quota of £600, by loan and by individual effort—not an easy task for a university club—and since that time parties from both clubs have been working on the hut at every available opportunity under the able direction of Bill Hamilton, a consultant engineer from the Auckland club, and as this article goes to press, a year and a half from the first working party, the outer shell of the hut and the inner partitions are completed. The final result will be a hut constructed of hollow concrete blocks to give maximum warmth and fire resistance, with an aluminium roof. The living-cum-dining-room-cum-kitchen faces out away from the mountain, while the two bunkrooms, sleeping 16 people in each, are situated at either end of the hut, with the washroom and the drying room and the ski room (a recent addition) at the rear.

The immediate task is the completion of the hut interior; a recent Ski Club "kitchen tea" yielded much valuable equipment, from pressure cookers to wooden spoons, but the larger (and more expensive) articles such as mattresses have yet to be purchased. Other projects for the future
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are an underground water storage tank, also electricity for cooking and heating as well as for lighting.

The carefully drawn up and entirely satisfactory agreement between the two clubs provides for equal distribution of profits accruing, also for efficient management of the hut, and its members, so that the best possible relations should continue to exist with regard to use of the hut. It is hoped that within the next few years we may be able to use the portion of the hut profits allocated to the Ski Club for its own use to purchase more and better ski equipment which till now has not been possible to any great extent.

In building this combined hut, not only are we establishing a link between ourselves and the Auckland University Ski Club, but we are offering our own club members every possible opportunity to enjoy, and become proficient in, a wonderful sport, and at the same time are proving ourselves to be a fully-equipped club in its own right, on a level with every other ski club in New Zealand.

Philosophical Society

The Philosophical Society held its inaugural meeting in July, 1947. Various meetings were held in this and the next few years, at which topics of philosophic interest were discussed. Unfortunately, interest in the society waned and meetings ceased after about three years' activities.

In 1951 the Philosophy and Psychology departments were separated, a new chair of Philosophy being created. With the new department fully staffed and with many more students than previously reading philosophy for their degrees, a tremendous impetus was given to the study of philosophy at the College. New life was instilled into the society, both staff and students participating in the discussions at meetings which were held regularly. Membership grew quickly to about the 40 level and has remained fairly constant since. Although we have always welcomed members from outside the College we have rarely had more than three or four, but we hope that this number will be increased in the future by present-day members who complete their courses at the College and continue their contacts with the society.

Most of the meetings take the form of lectures, symposiums and panel discussions. Lecturers from outside the College who have addressed us are Prof. A. N. Prior (C.U.C.), Captain Moncrieff (Nelson), Prof. G. Ryle (Oxford), Fr. G. H. Duggan (Wellington), Prof. John Anderson (U.S.A.) and Mr. M. Shorter (C.U.C.).

We have in addition to discussing technical problems in philosophy tried to find common ground with other faculties and so have often held panel discussions on topics which might appear on the surface to be far removed from the realms of philosophy. Our aim has necessarily been broad and the following list gives some ideas of the subjects which have been tackled: "Natural Law"; "The Mind-Body Relationship"; "God and Philosophy"; "Faith and Reason"; "Language and the World"; "Prison Reform"; "Deontic Logic"; "Political Order and the Ideas of Mankind"; "Must We be Ourselves?"; "Meaning and Grammar"; "Intuitions and the Obvious"; "The Present Impasse of Western Philosophy."

Also in 1955 a joint effort by the Maths and Physics Society and this Society resulted in the holding of six lunch-hour discussions on inter-faculty topics. These meetings were well attended, the lecture rooms being packed on each occasion.

This year we are proposing an extension of our activities. In addition to the usual meetings we are holding a series of discussions based on the seminar model, to consider various developments in modern philosophy. They will be introduced by five-minute talks by some member of the society on a topic extracted from some recent collection of papers. In order to attract as many members as possible, parallel groups are to be run, one at the College during the lunch hour and the other at a private home during the evening.
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Music Society

Since 1954 the Music Society has continued to sponsor live performances of music by both students and professional artists. We have enjoyed recitals by local musicians such as Jean McCartney and Donald Munro and also by chamber music groups like the Francis Rosner Ensemble. In 1956 J. S. Bach's Musical Offering was performed by Malcolm Latchem and Helen Palmer (violins), Glyn Adams and Ralph Aldrich (violas), Farquhar Wilkinson and Basil Charles (cellos), Suzanne Paykel (flute), and Susan Rhind (harpischord).

Ralph Aldrich, ex-Chairman of the Music Society, was one of the brighter lights at student concerts for several years, and after graduating won the Violin Concerto prize at the Auckland competitions in 1956. Suzanne Paykel, at Victoria in 1956 and a member of the music committee, gave several enjoyable performances during the year and is now studying in London. Susan Rhind, a graduate of Victoria, has been around the College a number of years and featured in the City Council organ recitals in 1956. She has given good service to the Music Society as soloist and accompanist on the harpsichord.

1956 saw the birth of individuality in the Music Society. Constitutional changes, a student-run choir which is flourishing in 1957, and variations of programme, all helped to revitalise its activities. An evening of recorded Oriental music was held in conjunction with the International Club. For once the Music Room was completely transformed by Chinese lanterns and Oriental hangings. A change from black coffee was provided by an Indian supper.

More student compositions are finding their way into the Society's programmes, and it is to be hoped that a composer's group will be formed in order to have more of those works performed at the College.

Peter Crowe, Victoria's twelve-note composer, had a composition performed at Victoria at the annual concert of the International Society for Contemporary Music—welcome recognition for an undergraduate.

Table Tennis

The last three seasons have been the most successful in the competitive sphere in the history of the Table Tennis Club. This club has been the largest in New Zealand with thirteen teams entered in the interclub competition in 1954 and 1955 and seventeen teams in 1956. The club has won the W. M. Jackson Shield, for the most points scored in the interclub competition for the last three years with 101 points in 1954, 146 in 1955, and 148 in 1956.

The standard of play has improved steadily. The A grade team was fifth in 1953, fourth in 1954, second equal in 1955, and second in 1956. An A Reserve team was entered for the first time in 1955 and it was second in both 1955 and 1956. Two B Grade teams were entered in 1954, three in 1955 and four in 1956. In 1956 three of the B Grade teams were first, third and fourth in the competition.

The club has won the Table Tennis Shield at Winter Tournament for the last three years. On each occasion it has won the teams' knockout by a considerable margin and members have made a clean sweep of all individual events with the exception of the women's doubles in 1955, and the men's doubles in 1956. The women's singles has been won by Miss V. Fleming in 1954 and Miss E. Lesser in 1955 and 1956; the men's singles has been won by A. D. Robinson on each occasion. Robinson was awarded a New Zealand University Blue in 1955 and 1956.

A number of members of the club have been ranked in Wellington. They are: Miss V. M. Cousins, 1955-56; Miss J. Bratton, 1956; Miss V. Henderson, 1954; Miss E. Lesser, 1953; Miss E. Brown, 1955-56; A. D. Robinson, 1954-55-56; D. R. Marple, 1954-55; D. G. Catley, 1955-56; A. D.
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Robinson was also ranked tenth in New Zealand in 1956.


In the last two seasons friendly matches have been arranged with Waterloo Club in the Hutt Valley which have been a great social success. In 1956 seven teams took part in a friendly match with Waterloo.

Future prospects of the club appear to be bright. The club is looking forward to the new gymnasium which will greatly improve facilities for play and for storage of equipment.

Anglican Society

The Anglican Society was formed in 1954 with the express aim of providing for members of the Church of England an opportunity to increase their understanding of its doctrines and teachings.

As the constitution states, the nature and function of the society is contained in the following statement: “The Society exists to provide a means of strengthening fellowship among Anglicans at Victoria College and in increasing the understanding of the Anglican Communion. Its members meet for corporate worship, for discussion and for instruction.” This it does by meeting quarterly for the presentation of a paper by some person (lay or clerical) qualified both to speak on the subject and to present it to a body of students who wish to apply reason and understanding by their faith. These papers are followed by general discussion. The Society’s aim is also to give Anglican students a chance to join together in worship. To enable this to be done Evensong is said at each of its meetings, and there are celebrations of Holy Communion in neighbouring churches. An annual retreat is held usually in the third term at Wallis House. For the past three years the conductor has been the Society’s chaplain, the Rev. Professor G. E. Hughes.

The Society is still young in the life of our College and is still feeling its way. However, a strong nucleus of regular members has grown and in this respect the Society is fortunate in receiving the support of Anglican members of the University staff. The 1956-57 Student Association cards show a considerable increase in the number of students who indicated their interest in the Society, and the committee is hopeful that as Anglican students realise that through the Society they have an opportunity to deepen their understanding of the Anglican Communion so the Society will continue to grow.

An incidental achievement of the Society is that it enables Anglicans more completely informed on their faith to contribute to the ecumenical problems which are facing Christians today.

Historical Society

In 1956 a revival of activity of this new (constitutionally so, at least) society took place, heralded by an A.G.M. at which the president Alan Ward advocated a policy of discussion of live history of more vital interest instead of the “dull” academic history which had characterised past activity of the Society. A series of good and well-attended evenings was held: Mr. Turnbull spoke on the “Writing of History for Schools” and Mr. Morris on the “Teaching of History in Schools”; the late Dr. Walsh and Mr. Brookes discussed “Hobbes and Natural Law”; Dr. Hans Dietrich spoke on the “Role of Germany in the Modern World”; Dr. Guy Scholefield spoke on his study of the Richmond-Atkinson Papers, an important New Zealand collection of hitherto unpublished material; and Mrs. Ruth Allan discussed the importance of the work and
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organisation of the New Zealand National Historic Places Trust, and treated particularly the problem of the preservation of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul.

The first annual luncheon was an innovation. This function was well catered for by Miss Rosie of the cafeteria, and held in the Common Room. Present were most members of the History Department, including Dr. Beaglehole who had just arrived back from England on completing his work on Captain Cook's Journals.

**Literary Society**

The present Literary Society was inaugurated late in 1955. Its full-scale activities began at the beginning of 1956 with a poetry reading following the A.G.M., in which readers were Maria Dronte, Anton Vogt, Denis Glover, Charles Doyle, Louis Johnson and James K. Baxter. Also at the beginning of the year there was a discussion on New Zealand literature held in the staff common room, the speakers being Charles Brasch and R. A. K. Mason. During the rest of the year a series on the novel included Dr. Peter Munz on Thomas Mann, Joan Stevens on the Modern English Novel, and Professor Gordon on the American Novel. We also heard Professor Conlon discuss André Gide. There was in addition a series of lunch-time sessions devoted to listening to records kindly lent by the English Department, including readings of various poets from Chaucer to the 20th century. One of the highlights was Reuben Ship's *The Investigator*.

1956 also saw the appearance of two issues of the new publication *Experiment*. They sold well and the work contained was of a fair standard.

During the long vacation two very popular evenings of informal poetry readings were arranged at private flats. A theme was set and members read a selection of their own taste.

The beginning of 1957 saw the appearance of the third issue of *Experiment*, which was enlarged by almost half as much again.

**Mathematical and Physical Society**

This is an honourable society. Its records stretch back to 1920, when it was founded, and its activities continue in 1957 to follow the pattern set down then. It is one of the largest and most active of the science clubs, meeting about once a fortnight during the first two terms, and from time to time arranging visits to places of mathematical and/or physical interest. Besides lectures, its meetings usually include a panel discussion and a demonstration of the research in progress in the Physics Department. Supper (provided by the professors) is served after the meetings in the stage I physics lab. With moderate success, it has always attempted to keep abreast of recent work in maths and physics, and it attempts to coerce its own members into delivering addresses, with moderate success. Otherwise, there is little of dramatic interest to report during the last three years, save the election of Professor Watson-Munro as a life member in 1955, and a bitter vendetta with the Executive over a grant for the purchase of a teapot. Perhaps best of the cultural clubs, it exhibits their proper complacency, a Victorian security based on the common interests of a small but self-acknowledgedly privileged minority.
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If you deposit £5 a week for four years (£250 a year) your money will have grown to £1110. This is made up of your £1000 deposits, £60 interest and £50 free deposits.

If you save your £1000 in five years (at £4 a week), it earns nearly £77 in interest and £50 as a free deposit—a total of £1126.

Savings of, say, £400 in four years (£2 a week) would have a withdrawal value, including £20 free deposits, of approximately £444.

The free deposits will be paid only on money which is spent on buying a home, or a section on which your home will be built.

If a man and his fiancee save separately for a home of their own, both Home Lay-by Accounts may qualify for the maximum free deposits, even though only one house is to be built.

* These examples are based on 50 deposits each year.

Ask at your local Post Office for a leaflet in which the Home Lay-by Account is fully explained.

Issued by the New Zealand Savings Committee
Golf Club

THE V.U.C. GOLF CLUB caters for both beginner and expert; by arrangement with the New Zealand Golf Foundation a series of free professional coaching classes are held for those interested, all equipment necessary being supplied by the foundation. For the more experienced member there are matches with other clubs in and about Wellington, and Club Days which are held at Paraparaumu. The Club is particularly fortunate in being granted playing rights at this course, as it must rank among the finest in New Zealand. The largest number attending a Club Day last year was almost 50.

This year is the first that teams matches have been arranged, and if the first is any criterion (this was played against Paraparaumu) those to follow should prove most enjoyable. As matches are played on a handicap basis a large number of members are able to participate.

As intimated above the Club enjoys a large membership but it is unfortunate that this does not include a larger number of lady members. Women's golf at Winter Tournament is expected to be established soon and while the other University Colleges have teams almost up to the required standard Victoria is not in this happy position. Men's golf at this College is particularly strong, the team having won the tournament twice in the last three years and been runner-up on the other occasion. It is to be hoped that in the next issue of *Spike* we can report that women's golf is also flourishing.

Yacht Club

THE V.U.C. YACHT CLUB has received a great boost from its second placing in the Easter Tournament. This result is especially pleasing as N. Walker, the skipper of the winning Canterbury crew, would have won the Cornwall Cup in Auckland if he had not had bad luck with broken gear.

Although officially this is the Yacht Club's second year, it is really our first active one. At the moment there are two main obstacles to be overcome before it can really be said that we have a strong club. The main problem is the lack of boats in a centralised position. It was originally intended that the members sail in their respective local clubs throughout the season and meet before Easter to select a crew for tournament. This sounds all right on paper but in actual fact a large percentage of our members come from centres outside Wellington with the result that there are no or very few boats to sail in down here. Yachting clubs, unlike rowing clubs, do not own any boats. If therefore we have to borrow boats they must be borrowed from individual club members—a practice which has its natural restrictions. If there are no boats that can be freely borrowed it is difficult to encourage beginners to join a club thus lacking the facilities to teach them to sail.

Another major problem is the fact that the four main months of the season are taken up with the Christmas break when most of the members are away.

However, club members feel that these problems can be solved, and it is hoped that in the near future yachting will become a major sport at V.U.C.—especially as it caters for both sexes.

In loving memory of the twenty-three other clubs.
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