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THE EDITOR OF ROS-TRUM REMARKED

in his report that most of the short stories submitted to him had a flavour, if not a rank aroma, of William

EDITORIAL

Saroyan and Dos Passos, both contemporary American writers. He might also have remarked that the resemblance extended only to particularities of style and technique; their spirit, for lack of a better term, is something unapproachable and even indefinable. Yet it is present in a large number of American and some few English writers.

There is no call on Marxian dialectics to persuade us that a writer and his audience interact upon each other to produce a progressive series of changes. Students of literature can observe the interaction in the literature of the Greeks, the Romans, of Elizabethan England, Restoration England, and the present day. A writer answers the need of his unseen auditors; if they are cultured, his manner is cultured; if they are decadent, he is decadent; it is like the action of the moon on the waters of the world.

In no other age has the audience open to a writer possessed such unlimited boundaries, such empty spaces craving the watchful hand of genius. The spread of education has netted countless millions into a reticulation of readers served by lending libraries and newspapers. To this enormous and imminent power, to this tide of good or evil, the writer has to attune his ear. His responsibilities end with the last person on the outermost fringe.

America first, after the unknown quantity of Russia, has realized this. There are writers in the U.S.A. who, consciously or unconsciously, have perceived the nature of their audience, and the needs of a great and varied people. So there are writers like Saroyan, Dos Passos, John Steinbeck, MacLeish, and so there are documents like "Land of the Free," which are redolent of class struggle and the tamished lust of the dispossessed. This element of class struggle has its ultimate crux in our society. Throughout the last hundred years of industrialism it has gradually crystallized; frozen like a black wave in 1918, broken up by a temporary thaw until 1939; now to be hardened again.

Already in England the barriers of class are breaking down to secure a greater unity. Labour leaders hold the key positions in the state. Quo vadis, might one ask? Where? When the war is won, if it is won, will this relapse, will the iron hand of the ruling classes assert itself, accompliced by years of direct control and centralization? Or will the workers sustain their rights to control industry, and their own existence? Will they do so without blood in the gutters?

Perhaps the writers of America are premature. But they are a mirror of the unseen currents swirling and eddying among the underground millions. What is reflected in them will surely come to pass, whether to-day or to-morrow, whether in blood or in peace. For we know, we can sense, that the vast power of their audience, the proletariat, is in motion, and is moving toward its goal.

THEN I WAS HAPPY"
AND "THEN I WAS
HAPPY"... Never "Now
I am happy." Happiness
belongs essentially to the
past.

THEORY OF ART

By happiness I mean not mere freedom from care nor yet gross sensuous pleasure, but that positive awareness of beauty fraught with a higher and more subtle pleasure, that led primitive men to believe in the existence of a soul.

It is difficult to assign such an emotion to a particular point in time—it is equally manifest over an indefinitely prolonged period and on analysis is found never to have been strong or even fully conscious during that period. It was always mixed and usually obscured with trivial preoccupations, and it is not until a later date when its half-hidden flashes are sifted out and gathered up and by a qualitative change transformed into the ecstatic moment recalled by a scene, or poem, or by music that its existence is realised.

To catch and communicate this moment is the function of art. A work of art may, by mere temporal contiguity, become associated with a certain sequence of events or feelings, but more usually art must find an emotion abstracted from human experience as a whole.

Everyone has known a cold winter's day. Everyone has, perhaps subconsciously been aware of its beauty to a certain extent on many different occasions, but it remained for Shakespeare to epitomize all this experience in *Blow*, *Blow*, *Thou Winter Wind*." There is tragedy and despair in everyone's life, but to understand its true nature we turn to *King Lear*. We all know the somewhat melancholy beauty of winter's snows, but never are we so fully aware of it as when listening to Tschaikowsky's *Casse-Noisette*.

In literature very real emotions and very human actions may be concealed beneath highly improbable plots. Yet who would deny the reality of Marlowe's Faust or of Shylock? Vulgar people are often led to condemn surrealism on the same grounds, that it is unnatural or unreal, yet in attempting to portray the subconscious mind where many of our emotions and, even more, our motives lie hidden, it is surely coming closer to reality than artists have hitherto dared. Reality does not consist merely of a likely chain of events; the artist in analysing human character and human emotion must go deeper than that. Art is essentially an abstraction of many experiences; not a faithful representation of one particular experience. Even when the artist is suddenly inspired, this inspiration is the result of an accumulation of emotional experience which is suddenly made manifest at a critical stage of its development. Revelation is really revolution.

This theory will stress immediately the difference between true art and mere escapism. Whereas the latter may furnish an ephemeral barren amusement the other brings us into the closest possible contact with truth. With one or two masterstrokes it presents a knowledge which a whole life-time may fail to give. True art is the very quintessence of reality.

GEO. W. TURNER



THE MORNING PAPER [G. A. EIBY

TRAGEDIES ARE MORE IN SHAKESPEARE'S

line than in mine; the history of civilisation has been well padded; psychology is foolproof, but unless I, who

THE METHO-

know nothing of these great achievements of mankind, write this, a tragedy will remain beyond the pale of man's knowing.

Someone to see you, boss, Mac said. He's waiting in the wash-house; go over and have a look at him. The boss was sober as a consequence of just having been to a funeral. Any other day he is pickled in the afternoon.

Who is it, the boss said.

I don't know, Mac said, but you'd better go and see him.

O.K. the boss said.

A man came out of the wash-house, as if he were floating, and said, You the boss? Yes, he said, what do you want?

Old soldier, the man said, give me some money. I'm hungry and I must have food—a hot pie with gravy on it.

No. the boss said, you get no money from me. You wouldn't buy food. You'd buy something else.

No, I wouldn't, the man said piteously. Give it to me, sir.

No, the boss said. Clear out.

You remember me, the man said, as he tried to put his hand round the boss's shoulders. We fought together—Gallipoli. Don't you remember, old comrade?

I never fought with you, the boss said. If I'd known I'd been fighting for you I wouldn't have fought.

I'll swear you did. My name's Pickering. I fought with you-same trench-same sector-we were great pals. Don't you remember?

Clear out, the boss said. I don't like you round here. You're in a bad way, but it's no good giving you money. Sorry.

Won't you give me just a little, he said whining, just a little. I must have something to eat.

No, the boss said. Get out, or I'll knock you out.

The boss went to walk away, and the man started in the opposite direction. Then he made a funny little sort of swimming movement, and turned and grabbed the boss.

I was with you, he said, slobbering, same trench—won't you give me some money digger?

No, the boss said.

Again the man did the same step, and slithered after the other.

Don't you remember, he said, I saved your life.

You didn't, the boss said. Get out!

Again the man made that pathetic movement.

I think I'm dying, the man said. You don't care, do you?

The boss took him like a sack and pushed him out into the street and left him. He leaned against the building as though he were propping it up. He fumbled and extracted papers from an inside pocket, and gazed at them. He replaced them and looked at the sky. He started to move down the street, and he staggered and bashed himself against the wall of the factory; then he walked along the wall pushing it to keep himself erect. Finally he dived into the road, and walked jaggedly across it, till he disappeared.

What's wrong with him, I said. The man loading the lorry snarled, Him! He's soaked with metho.

The boss turned angrily on him. Keep your mouth shut, he said. Can't you see the boy's here. You ought to have more sense, Bill.

And young as I am there is still time to be like that, if certain circumstances operated; there is still time for "metho" to sap my mind, and rot my body; there is still time to be like that man who came to-day like a beggar; there is still time to be turned away. There is still time, and who knows-but that fate will operate, and some young writer will use me, as I am using that pitiful useless man, as a means to express the aching agony of the world.

WAR POEM EASY where blood flows to hate.

> But we are unfortunately far enough removed to be more temperate.

This must forever be the tragedy and desperation of a too-far-away nation:

To know only in farewells to sons and lovers the choked restriction that we are accustomed to feeling in fiction.

Between the pohutukawa and the rose 12,000 miles of sea still interpose: our blossoms bloom as innocently red, in ignorance of Flanders' dead; and kowhai gleaming golden on the tree arouses neither greed nor enmity.

We are so distant here it is impossible to feel that war is real while no bomb threatens the immediate precincts of the city to force us to some measure of self-pity.

The decisions, in short, are made elsewhere; and we are absent from our funerals because our deaths no longer are our own affair.

August, 1940.

ANTON VOCT.

RIDE IN COMFORT.
MAKE DEMOCRACY
safe for democracy. Get rid
of bile by taking Cureall—
guaranteed to put pep in
your pickup. Listen in at

STOKE UP

half-past seven for the Man in the Street Session. Breathe more air. Smell better. Baldness cured. Cinesound's scatter-brained laugh tonic. Read Ripe Passions. Drink Don't drink.

To meet the assault of modern propaganda with equilibrium one either needs the proverbial cast iron constitution or a detachedness second only to Krishnamurti. In a bedlam of voices and a blitzkrieg of type—charges, counter-charges, assertions, and contradictions assault us so that even the ancient privacy of the privy is shattered by newsprint and catalogues. Voices scream or purr with subtle ease. The daily post is scanned for headlines to divert to cunning advertisements for hair oil or silk scanties.

All "civilisations" have or have had their propagandas. Such is the will of Allah; Lassez-Faire; Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; Rule Brittania; Workers of the World unite; Anti-Comintern; Ours is the way of the Gods; The Fuhrer is always right; Survival of the Fittest.

So it was in that great movement of history, Christianity, where we find the first development of the weapon of mass appeal. In 1622 the Catholic Church developed and recognized the power to form and organize large masses of public opinion. The former created the first propaganda organisation—the office *De Propaganda Fide*. Through the centuries the weight and use of propaganda on a large scale was confined to religious organisations. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—and so on. Politically it was developed as a weapon to assist in war during the 1914-18 struggle. Northcliffe and his Crewe House organization used propaganda in such a way as to call forth the praise of the Man with the Mou. H. G. Wells regretted his connections with it in more mature years.

Until now the American Institute of Propaganda Analysis defines propaganda as "the expression of opinion or action by individuals or groups deliberately designed to influence opinions or actions of other individuals or groups with reference to predetermined ends."

To influence opinions and actions—that is the main purpose of propaganda. Differing perhaps from scientific analysis, for the scientist is concerned with facts, but while the propagandist may utilize facts his primary purpose is to bring about action (or inaction) which may or may not be socially desirable. This can be accomplished in various ways.

First, the newspaper. I know some people who make a habit of reading the births, deaths, and marriages—maybe to get a kaleidoscopic view of life at a glance, others the "wanted ads." Nearly all readers buy the daily paper for news. Few, if any, to read the advertisements. Yet advertisements occupy on the average 11 pages out of the total of 18. And in this connection it is not surprising to learn that, gener-

ally, advertising contributes more than one half the revenue of a newspaper. But advertisers are eager to neutralize the sour acid stomach, to cure corns, to give you rosy cheeks, red lips, sparkling eyes, and hair that is thick and lustrous; this is the logical choice, the doctor advises, men want—affirm and assert in order that the sale of a preparation worth twopence in a pretty container may be sold for one and six as the world's finest. To make such profits as to make Socialists mutter in their sleep. So a medium that exists to assist in propping up dividends, and which has no compunction about appropriating its share, is unlikely to be favourable to any propaganda that advocates the abolishment of private profit-making. Such is the case. Everything is "democratic" and "just" that does not alter the very convenience of coupon clipping, and limitations are regarded inevitably in a "your future in your hand style," as the direst of calamities, even unchristian, and always "red" and "socialistic" (with an aura of bloody revolution).

Yet I had occasion recently to investigate what people read, and found that eight out of ten depended wholly on the newspaper for their information regarding politics, economics and anything else on which they held definite views. I have even heard it said, on authority, that New Zealanders are one of the greatest newspaper reading peoples in the world.

Those newspapers that do not pursue a definite "line" speak with the disjointed aimlessness that is so well portrayed in the Ascent of F.6.

I read the papers; there is nothing there
But news of failure and despair.
The fire in the school, the children caught alight,
The starving actor in the oven lying,
The cashier shot in the grab raid left dying,
The student driven crazy by his reading,
The roadside accident, hopelessly bleeding.

Contrast this with Wickham Steeds ideal newspaper. "It would search out the truths behind these appearances and proclaim them, sparing no shams, respecting no conventions, giving honour where honour might be due, but calling cant and humbug by their names. It would not "hedge" in its treatment of thorny subjects, a miltant journal tied to no "interests," careless of hostility...."

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There will be no—

"... glib justification of the sorry act,
The frantic washing of the grimy fact."
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But this would be an *ideal* newspaper. To consider the statement of Prof. Laski, and remember that New Zealanders are largely newspaper readers;—"Our difficulty is the twofold one that propaganda can produce immense results in a brief space of time, and that creative educational change takes something like a generation before its results are manifest on a wide scale. The forces at work to prevent the emergence of truth, the forces, also, which have every reason to dislike the development of the mind which seeks for truth, are many and concentrated, and powerful. They do not want the general reporting of experience, but only that experience which favours themselves. They do not want the general population so trained as to prize truth, but only so trained that they believe whatever they read.

In our own day it would not be an unfair description of education to define it as the art which teaches men to be deceived by the printed word. True that the citadel of the daily press may be peppered by pamphlets, small independents, working class journals, but even these are of little weight to the masses who habitually devour the morning and evening paper and direct their lives accordingly in oblivion.

But what is of no little concern is when a government (working class) consents to the suppression of organs that have been the most consistent, though critical, advocates of its policy of forward to Socialism. It may lead one to either of two conclusions, that this negative propaganda illustrates a fundamental weakness or deficiency in the government's own propaganda, which is serious enough, or even more serious it may mean compromise with its political opponents to such an extent as to disorganize and weaken the whole movement of which it is a part. It may be argued that unity at this critical time is essential. But a unity that is a concealed disunity, small though it may be, is dangerous. Still more so when the propaganda of that minority has always been anti-fascist.

And fascism or "national" socialism as Hitler has described it is "the utmost furtherance of private initiative and the recognition of the rights of property." Or as Mussolini advocates "the co-operation between labour and capital," and adds "that private initiative is the most effective and useful instrument of national interest." Think back to the election days—the newspapers—and one may smell out a wolf in sheep's clothing. A wolf that with wolf-like cunning licks the hand that pets it, but at any moment may give birth to a litter with a voracious appetite for stray limbs. Mussolini has declared "Fascism siezes individuals by their necks and tells them." This may be good and effective in totalitarian countries, but in a democracy (even at war) "Goddess Liberty" must not become "a decayed corpse." To stifle criticism of analysis of the present conflict (still permissible in There always will be England) is to prepare the immortal body for an early putrefaction.

Of all recent instruments of propaganda the motion picture film has been of no little importance. The cinema has displaced the church; the screen; the pulpit, the priestiso; the star, the voice: the box-office receipts. If I were a Christian, instead of attacking athiests, I would attack the film companies, but Christians are inveterate film fans. Someone described the film as "a celluloid mask against reality." I do not think this an underestimation.

"Went last night to the pictures; The girl was almost bare. The boy spent a million dollars on That affair."

Blurb - - - -

"A candid camera view of college life the maddest story of screamlined fun at college! Roaring out of the mountains comes a picture as big as the golden country it immortalizes. Super thrills excitement. Rapid action. Exacted with ringing sincerity by a perfect cast. Guns roar, songs soar. A blazing romance. It has shocked the world!

Same technique, same appeals, same deception, same "interests" looking for the same dividends. "Many thousands of people visit cinemas regularly each week. A

large proportion are young people, mainly adolescent. These people, quite apart from satisfying dormant sexual inhibition, quite apart from pleasure to be had by wish-fulfilment and self-identification, are unconsciously being conditioned into accepting the shape of inanimate objects they see and the actions of persons relative to these objects, that is to say to environment. The critics extol technicalities but leave severely alone the shallow theme, false values, cheap emotions and shoddy thought and characterization. An occasional exception such as "Of Mice and Men" runs one week in town. But capitalism needs, exploits, and concocts the aphrodisiacs of the half-hidden breast, the shapely leg, the local boy makes good, and the hard done by rich-girl stories. To do otherwise—to picturise how a better society could be built and why it is not, is as taboo as the discussion of contraceptives in a crowded tramcar.

There is one isolated piece of government propaganda that merits comment. It consisted of a short, running five minutes, advocating the conservation of petrol. Technique, plot and sequence of this production makes it possibly the first N.Z. production (Government Film Studios) to reach a standard comparable with John Grieson documentaries. It also illustrates that such films can be made in N.Z. providing there is a minimum of bureaucratic control. The fact that they are government films, I think should be given the minimum of publicity. Obvious propaganda from governmental sources is as often as not resented and hence nullified.

But—Here is the News! Propaganda is a weapon of modern warfare and one of its main instruments is the radio. Much as I abhor Coopers snoopers, I have asked numerous people their opinions of Daventry Broadcasts. Most thought that they were exaggerated, but they did not object to this. What they did object to was that the broadcasts came at too frequent intervals and from all stations. Some objected to the "tone" of voice the announcer used, many preferred the midday Canadian commentator. Some thought that a little humour could easily be introduced.

The technique of the Nazi radio propaganda is different. Lord Haw-Haw and assistants are at times so obviously absurd as to be laughable. I remember one broadcast which claimed that the streets of England were all narrow and dark and that rats abounded in them. One instance was reported where a British Minister was lunching in France, a few hours before, Berlin broadcast a detailed description of the menu. The danger of the former is that people will tune into Berlin to get a laugh and in addition get a dose of propaganda; the latter is an illustration of the power of German espionage. "The poor country lads" broadcast is another.

It is noted that the N.Z.B.C. now counters this with short items caricaturing the fascist leadership. Of B.B.C. broadcasts to Germany I know little except than to say that they could do well to follow their opponent's humour—and stir an audience with facts never obvious but subtle.

Sir John Reith says in his "Broadcast over Britain": "The effects of broadcasting are subtle and secret They (the listeners) cannot estimate the extent to which they have allowed broadcasting to colour their opinions or influence their thoughts." Subtle and secret—those are the key words for radio.

So much for the main instruments of propaganda. The weight that I have given to the newspaper is considerable for I think that it still is, in New Zealand, the primary propaganda weapon. I have not touched upon the Book Clubs or the Penguins, both of which have brought about a veritable revolution in literature. My complaint

about the newspaper and the film is their "real" object and purpose; in different circumstances I visualize them as otherwise. As builders and cementers of a true economic and political democracy. So next when you switch on your radio, unfold your newspaper or lounge in the cinema, recall the ABC's of propaganda.

Don't be stampeded.

Beware of your own prejudices.

Suspend your judgment until more sides of the issue are presented.

Analyse them.

And remember that socially desirable views and proposals will not suffer from examination; the opposite type will be detected and revealed for what it is.

В.

Material used for this article:-

The Daily Newspapers.

The Fine Art of Propaganda—American Institute of Propaganda Analysis.

Propaganda (R. S. Lambert).

The New Propaganda (Amber Blanco White).

Liberty in the Modern State (H. J. Laski).

The New Horizon (August, 1940).

The Ascent of F.6 (Auden & Isherwood).

On the Frontier (Auden & Isherwood) Cinema Survey (Robert Herring). The Press (Wickham Steed).

Press, Radio and Social Consciousness (Charles Madge).

No Compromise (Melvin Rader). Fabian Quarterly, No. 24.

THE HEART DIVIDED

MY mind sways with the wind, this way and that,
Caught in the passion of the stormy trees;
Eddying, trembling, in the frantic airs,
With no chart's aid upon those darkened seas;
There, cloaked in the wild stars, the anxious moon
Peers through her fingers, making gleams of light
In the tossed skies; and on my dusky mind
Scribbles her silver pencil in its night.

Tender and pitiful, the white moon heeds

The panic of the stars; the urgent gale
Storming for power, she aids the striving wrack,
Shedding a light to follow where she leads

To make decision. Would my heart might sail
With such bright lanthorns cast upon the track!

K.N.N.

WHERE ARE YOU FROM, HE SAID.

SAROYA BEANS

From Norway, I said.

There was a pause. Oh, he said.

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE

I counted three. A full stop,

I said, only this time not aloud.

That's where the sardines come from, he said.

No, I said, the sardines come out of the water nearby.

Oh, he said.

Moreover, I said, they do not submit voluntarily. A fisherman, to be tolerably successful with these somewhat elusive beasts must exercise a considerable amount of ingenuity.

Where did you say you came from, he said.

You heard me, I said. Nevertheless I feel in duty bound to add that I hold a Diploma for Anthropological Research from the University of Wisconsin, which University it would be unmodest for me to deny uses the English language officially in its courses.

There was another pause. Maybe he isn't going to say any more, I said to myself. He had stopped digging now, and so had I. In face of his example it would have been rude, I thought, to go on.

I peered over the fence. I could see him poking about among the underclothes on the other side of the hedge. His hair was close-cropped, with bristles like you sometimes find on a coconut that hasn't been properly husked. Maybe, I said to myself, I should cut my lawn. And then again, maybe not. Against the shirts and napkins and other objects which my natural modesty forbade me to scrutinise too closely he looked, I thought, a little grubby. The clothes themselves were very white. They lent a homely touch to the yard which aroused in me a feeling of comradeship for my neighbour. I almost regretted that, had the opportunity arisen, I might have been a little hasty.

This soil, he said suddenly, is pretty poor stuff.

I suppose that depends, I said, on what you want it for.

Sure, he said.

I intend to use mine, I said, for carrots. And also for hortensias. I have always had a predilection for the hortensias, even though I understand that no part of it is edible. Perhaps you know, I said.

No, he said. Besides, he said, you have come to the wrong suburb.

Why, I said.

Hortensias, he said, do not thrive in this suburb at all.

That is immaterial, I said. I shall grow carrots. I have little or no objection to growing carrots.

You forget, he said, that it is not you who grows carrots. It is the soil in this district that objects to growing carrots. This soil, as I have already indicated, is pretty poor stuff.

Then, I said, I shall grow potatoes. I am told that potatoes grow best where the soil is worst. Perhaps you know, I said.

No, he said.

I shall try, I said.

I wouldn't bother, he said.

Why, I said.

I have already tried, he said.

Well, I said.

Well, he said, my success was what you might call relative.

As for instance, I said.

Some, he said, and I sensed the peculiar nostalgic regret in his voice as he spoke; some, he said, were no bigger'n cherries, and some were no bigger'n peas. And some, with real emphasis this, some were very small indeed

There was a pause.

There is something worrying me, I said.

Yes, he said.

Will you tell me, I said, if this is so, why in thunder you have been digging your yard for two hours past.

That's easy, he said. I have a small son. Soon there will be a big war over here. I am digging a trench which will shortly be occupied by an advance post for reconnaissance purposes against the enemy. Would you care to come over.

Sure, I said.

You have forgotten something, he said.

What, I said.

Your spade, he said.

A.V.

THE LAUGHING HEART

ALL the wild tides of loneliness and pain,
Breaking on desolate shores, sigh out their tears,
Breathing a murmurous cadence to the stars,
Grieving in memory of the fading years;
And tortured fancies struggle in the flood
Of darkened waters, crowned with transient foam,
While the wise heavens stretch their gentle hands
To sooth those hearts which beat in vain for home.

The laughing heart rides on the crested waves,
Moving in rapture with the power and rise
Of the brave waters; lifting silver brows
In a wild wonder to the magic skies—
Breathless with beauty, shaken with delight,
At the rich day born of so fair a night!

K.N.N.

BIRTHDAYS ARE USE-FUL FOR GETTING presents, or for giving them to yourself; and the country has done itself proud in this respect, with an exhibition

CENTENNIAL MEDITATIONS

and monuments and God knows how many books celebrating the history of institutions and provinces and persons. They are also useful for deciding to turn over a new leaf; and sometimes one wishes New Zealand had just turned over a new leaf, and let it go at that. But of course hundredth birthdays are different, and one just naturally expects a telegram from the King and a visit from the Governor-general, and one's picture in the paper, and a greeting from Aunt Daisy. And of course we've had all these things, and the war to boot, and no one can say that we're not moving forward in stirring days. What we could do with would be a few quiet days in which to digest our experience, such as it is.

On the whole, I think it's worth digesting. I was dragged into the centennial racket very unwillingly (if Spike will forgive the piece of autobiography), to find that it was not altogether a racket. I have taken a twist towards nationalism I never expected, which will, I hope, turn out to be not so deplorable as some nationalist passions. New Zealand as a piece of history, I have always thought, was interesting chiefly as an example of what happened when capitalist civilisation in its heydey stretched out and started to interfere with a land and a culture hitherto untouched by this dubious way of life. It wasn't particularly interesting in itself, and it was the duty of the New Zealander to step outside his narrow experience, contemporary and historical, and become a citizen of the world, in history and in his own life. I still believe that, except that now I think New Zealand in itself is thoroughly interesting, and that one does not get at its real significance for ourselves or the wider world of history without a good deal more attention than I have been prepared to give to it. This may be only a sign of the onset of that parochial academic decrepitude that I have always feared; or it may be a sign of grace. I don't know. It is difficult, living in a place, to see that place perpetually in a cosmic perspective.

It is difficult, anyhow, to see how much the historian and his feelings really matter; or indeed, what really matters in these days. Apart from killing and being killed, and working for our lives, there is love, there is tolerance, there is intellectual honesty, there are liberty and equality and a few things like these that matter, I take it—all things the practical application of which keep on torturing us a bit (if we are intellectually honest), whether our patent specific for resolving all doubt be Christian pacifism or the class-struggle. We have got to create, or at least keep on making-over, some sort of society out of the material at hand, plus the ethical or æsthetic blue-print we manage to knock out for ourselves. Or maybe we get them from some-one else—I suppose most of us do—from Mr Fraser or Mr Gollancz or the Selected Works. I am persuaded that the historian, and if not his feelings, at least his materials, do matter here. And a centennial is useful, not for the speeches it provokes or the tablets it unveils, but for that persuasion, if we can put it across. We need, if we are to live adult lives, to apply our ideas in a manner that is consciously our own.

What sort of nationalism do I want to see in New Zealand? No hoarse-voiced political sort, certainly, no inferiority-complex swagger. The only dependence I particularly want is independence of mind-and that may involve complications, it may have pre-requisites. I think we can get at some of the complications and pre-requisites from a study of the last hundred years, if we exercise average intelligence and an insight free from prepossessions. I want a national culture; and that can only come from the free intelligence working on its environment and its history. Its history isn't by any means only a New Zealand history, but in so far as it has real validity for us it's dyed in a native New Zealand colour. We live in the twentieth century, and we would be fools not to continue to live in the twentieth century. That is, I think we must be eclectic, but eclectic only to transcend our eclecticism. We can't live culturally on one brand of food alone, whether Russian or American or English. (Lenin has a good passage on that somewhere.) We can't extort a national life only from the Labour Party; we can't do much with Maori legends; we can't drag a culture only out of the dairy-farm. I think we can learn a good deal from Yeats; he started to write in a Celtic twilight, and he didn't write badly; but he got out into the open, and though he used symbols, his great work is the result of his own sheer thought working on his environment-an environment modern and yet going back into all the past. Of course if we get a Yeats in the next two or three hundred years we'll be damned lucky.

Well, there's plenty of material for assimilation, and the centennial has made some of it public. Look at that Making New Zealand series of picture-books. There's McCormick's Letters of Art; there has been some distinctive New Zealand work done, and good work at that. There's history behind us, a history of the conflict of men and their environment, of the conflict of races, of the conflict of classes-history, but no tradition, because we haven't assimilated our history. I suggest that before we can carry out any significant piece of creative work, we've got to assimilate it, as part of our environment. That doesn't mean that we've got to write historical novels, or paint historical pictures; it does mean that there is a certain idiom of thought we must master without becoming the victims of a deliberate pose. I don't know what that idiom is or will be; it will arise from the grappling of the mature artist with his intractable material-or-in a different medium, from the insight of the mature politician grappling with his problem, no less intractable. For life hangs together; we can't separate our art from our social life, if either is to have any real significance-to have any real validity as a flowering of this place, New Zealand, in a particular time, our own or our children's. We may have to wait. In the meantime, I dare say we shall make considerable fools of ourselves, pending the arrival of Yeats. It doesn't matter much; we can take hold of the material now, and see what happens.

The historian, if he knows his job, can help us a bit—though I may be prejudiced. He has to make some sort of sense out of a mass of junk that as often as not seems pretty senseless. Pity him. But out of his passionate concern with ordinary things may emerge a basis for other sorts of creation which may be purer, more final, even more exciting. Perhaps all this is confused. But we're not out of the centennial wood yet; and there is so much growth, one is apt to get bushed.

J.C.B.

SYMPHONIE MODERNE

BEYOND the mountain-wall,
What there?
Above this starry pall,
What there?
Below these miry flats,
What there?

(What there?

Around our house creep crimson cats, Who all night howl at witches' hats, And in our chimneys hang red bats, And in our walls there rove red rats— Why so?

What means this ocean ebb and flow
Of night
And day?
What fleeting light
Beyond this way
Will fire our road
That we may goad
Our blighted hearts
To heaven's marts?

(For Sale Apply

The gale
Is high,
The mist
Hangs low,
And—hist!
The foe!

Death-loping past the town
Death-reaping on the down,
Death death death death
Hark!

How dark
Now seems the bark
On yonder tree—
See?

Death-hiding in the branches,

Death-see how each face blanches,

Ha ha ha ha

Death

Is blind

And oh

So kind

So kiss The man My bliss He can

Dissolve the pain you feel with rain From their beyond the stars' gold frond.

(Sold.)

K.J.H.

EXPEDITION

BEYOND the twisted trees in the damp ravines, mist-hoarding and moss-sunken, past the broken tracks and the swollen rivers, The striving through thickets, We have come upon the summit. Here no longer still in purple shade of parasitic branch, here On the bare stone we can at last Look sun and day in the face. Here is no leaf-trodden path To dull the ardour of the burning rock, No wooded copse hung over the broken shale to ward off energy of sun Or chill and lifeless second sight of moon. Here there is only life and non-life, here Have we come.

K.J.H.

SURELY NOT WITH-OUT SIGNIFICANCE is the fact that nearly one hundred per cent. of jazz is the product of the disinher-

CUL-DE-SAC?

ited of the earth? And that the most original pieces of modern cinema and popular music are the creations not of individuals but of groups? A world destroyed by Darwin, Marx, Freud and Einstein is capable of no classical grandeur. Only in little oases, not so very rich, indeed, do we find some cultural asylums of hope. Marxism rejected, the poor Jews form communist colonies in the New Zion. Huxley's philosophy of despair urges the formation of little groups of saints. So too, in the arid desert of rag-time and the talkies, rare and little appreciated are the crystallizations of a world that is yet to come. Or is it already doomed before the oncoming tide of totalitarianism?

- "This is the way the world ends
- " This is the way the world ends
- "This is the way the world ends Not with a bang but a whimper.

In Music Ho! Constance Lambert's encyclopædia chuck-off, we read-

"There must be few artists of any kind who do not feel abashed when faced with the phenomenal inventive genius of Walt Disney, the only artist of to-day who exists triumphantly in a world of his own creation, unhampered by the overshadowing of ancient tradition or the undercutting of contemporary snobism."

Sneer though the realists may at the obvious escapism of the Silly Symphonies, conscious though we are of the childlike simplicity of the delectable Snow-White, we must admit that a high degree of achievement is embodied in their art. Walt Disney's the mainspring; but much of the technical work and elaboration is the product of many men working in co-operation.

Nowhere is this trend more in evidence than among the negro composers. In Soviet Russia joint creation is an artistic experiment consciously resorted to. Their New Gulliver is an acknowledged triumph of puppet art. Among the negro composers and bands, group art is no affectation; it is the natural development, the obvious concomitant of their method of rendering music.

While it is true that most jazz (ninety per cent.) is composed and rendered by Jews, the fact remains that by far the best, if not the only really alive jazz is that created by Negroes like trumpet virtuoso Louis Armstrong, harmonist the Mills brothers, and the celebrated composer and band leader, Duke Ellington. Of them all, the most accomplished is Ellington. While many of his pieces have attained genuine popularity, recognition of his technical orchestrational ability is confined mainly to highbrows; amongst jazz connoisseurs he has become something of a cult.

To quote Lambert again, "The modern highbrow composer who writes a foxtrot can hardly hope to go one better than Duke Ellington, if indeed he can be considered as being in the same class at all." Once again his compositions are definitely the creations of his band. It is not only that the variations are the product of individual members, but when any other band tries to reproduce his music it falls flat.

Another parallel with Disney's art is their common inability to extend themselves and at the same time maintain a uniformly high standard. Serious lapses occur. Dwarf and animal scenes were so much superior to the rest of Snow White. Pinocchio had a star in Jiminy Cricket, and the fox was very good, but the rest was only fair, the whole scenes being mediocre and done to boredom. Ellington comes very near to perfection in the ten-inch record, but longer pieces like Reminiscing in Tempo rarely achieve the same intensity.

The sweet nothings of George Gershwin, or even his turgidly emotional Rhapsody in Blue lack the delicate complexity manifest in Ellington's pieces. The starkly simple is the original recording of Solitude. And yet a more recent orchestration with warmly patterned jazz runs superimposed upon the melody, still expresses the same mood, perhaps a little more self-consciously; yet without descending into virtuosity.

It is said, and I think not without justification, that in Gershwin's "Saddest Tale" is embodied the very spirit of jazz. It is not a typical number; saxophones rather than clarinets dominate. Wistful melancholia is expressed with a rare finesse. There again, In a Sentimental Mood—trumpets and trombones—is a perfect record, not great art, but as an expression of almost luscious sentimentality, unrivalled, and real. His ornamentapoeic music—Showboat Shuffle and Daylight Express are examples—can be described in only one way—as colossal.

Disney and Ellington; I wonder how they would like to see themselves so bracketed. At least I haven't said anything about Charlie Chaplin, which for the intellectual critic will be something of a relief. In the cul-de-sac which is modern culture, these three are the men of the time.

S.S.A.

SEX EXAMINATION

THE self-dividing cell reserves The rights to reproduction By simple or a-sexual means, Without recourse to suction.

Upon the beach no oyster seeks To counter the allure Of Botticellian nudes on shell By psycho-analytic cure.

The cycle-pump, the piston-ring, (In short), or the hydraulic press Produce in shell-fish minds no sign Of visible distress.

ANTON VOCT.

THE DEATH OF PRO-FESSOR HUGH MAC-KENZIE, M.A., C.M.G., makes the second break in the ranks of the four original professors of the College,

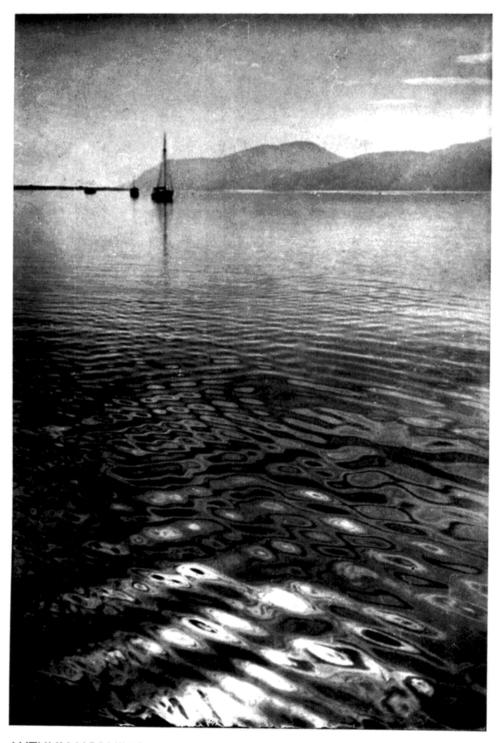
PROFESSOR HUGH MACKENZIE

Professor MacLaurin—the youngest and perhaps the most intellectually gifted of the four—having died in 1920 after a distinguished career as President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Professor Mackenzie was associated with Victoria University College as Professor of English Language and Literature until his retirement in 1936, though his resignation of his chair by no means put an end to his interest in and connection with the College. He was appointed Emeritus Professor of the College Council in 1937, and as a mark of appreciation of his services to University education he was promoted to the order of c.m.g. shortly after his retirement.

He was born in Rossshire and belonged to a large family, several members of which had come to New Zealand before 1899. One of these, the Hon. John Mackenzie, will always be remembered for the work he did in connection with land settlement in the country. After some years spent at the famous classical school-Aberdeen Grammar School-Professor Mackenzie transferred himself to St. Andrews University, where after distinguishing himself in the study of Literature and Philosophy he graduated M.A. in 1886, though he continued his studies there as a postgraduate student and as a member of the honours class in Greek came in contact with the writer, who was acting as assistant to the Professor of Greek at the time. The intervening years before his appointment to his chair and his departure for New Zealand in the old "Kaikoura," along with two other members of the original staff, he spent in St. Andrews in study, and in scholastic and literary work. He was thus well equipped for the work of the chair to which he was appointed. He never abandoned his interest in Philosophy, and for several years he lectured on the subject at Victoria College until the improved finances of the College enabled somewhat more adequate provision to be made for the teaching of that and other subjects.

As a scholar, Professor Mackenzie kept himself well abreast of what was from time to time written on his subject; his extensive library is the evidence of this. If he was unable to give you on the spur of the moment the information you required, he was as a rule able to tell you where you could get it. If he had a weakness it was excessive reverence for his authorities and quotation from them. This fact is very marked in the introductory lecture which he delivered at the opening of the College. The four lectures then delivered were published at the time and have always appeared to me to be very characteristic of their composers. The same tendency is shown in his frequent use of the expression "credible" or "approved authority." If these words appeared in a letter to the daily press, it was fairly safe to conclude that the letter emanated from him.

The students of the College have never had a professor more devoted to their interests than Professor Mackenzie. He was unsparing of himself in furthering their studies and his kindly nature made him most approachable. Nor did his interest in



AUTUMN MORNING



V.U.C. [B. GIVEN

his students end with their attendance at the College. He kept in touch with their careers, and if one was in a difficulty about the residence or position of a former student a reference to him in most cases produced the desired information.

There are some people who though not perhaps striking or original conversationalists themselves are the cause and centre of conversation by others. This combined with his Highland hospitality and geniality made his house in Kelburn Parade a gathering place for professors and students, and if one looked in upon him about four o'clock one was sure to find some other people there. He had an excellent memory for details, a sense of humour, and an extensive stock of recollections and anecdotes about people which he would bring out when apposite to the occasion. He was intimately known and entirely trusted by a circle of friends, and for myself I can say that in addition to my admiration for his honesty and good nature, I have to thank him for much wise and sound advice. In saying this, I feel sure that I am expressing the opinion of all who knew him.

Professor Mackenzie was an unflinching friend of liberty and a hater of all attempts to curb the free expression of opinion. Such public action as he took was in this direction. Though advanced in his views in most directions and a convinced champion of religious freedom—he had in him an element of Scotch caution and conservatism and only gave a half-hearted support to some of the changes which have in recent years taken place in the University of New Zealand.

Such weaknesses as Professor Mackenzie had were on the surface, for he was sound to the core, a man of whom Prior might have said, "Be to his merits kind and to his faults, whate'er they are, be blind."

J.R.B.

LAMENT OF THE LOST MATE CAGED

ROCKED in the cradle of my own unreality

I watch the seasons swing by

And as the leaves of the years fall in russet monotony

I remember not the inward fires that gripe the bowels of earth,

I am cold to the breath of autumn stirring the dullness of gorse-scent in the valleys,

The long relentless pulse of ocean whispers me no secret passion.

I am blind to the writhing quickening upheaving of the grass-swift hills,

The earth's windflung hair hides no furtive nest, but a lone furrowed scar

The deep trees utter no joyous tranquillity of shade, nor the waters their accustomed song—

The surge of unstarred everlasting night envelops, overwhelms me, rolls over me to its uttermost brim-

O love, this world of silence hears not my throbbing throat!
O heart, my driven heart, our love is done.

W.W.

WE DON'T KNOW everything," said a woman to me on the cable-car, " for we might become faint-hearted." We had been dis-

UNDERSTANDING THE FACTS

cussing the B.B.C. Broadcasts. I said nothing but, perhaps irrelevantly, thought of Adler's remark, "Man knows much more than he understands." This remark has probably more truth than Adler intended. It is obvious at the present time, for instance, that we are influenced not by facts but by our interpretations of facts, or, more particularly, by the interpretations the newspapers, radio and other conditioning influences choose to give us. Maybe the woman, who spoke to me, believed that she had, of her own accord, reached the conclusion that it was better for certain horrors and disturbing truths to be hidden from us in order to preserve our morale, but more probably she unconsciously assimilated the thought from the newspapers or the like. This stimulation and exploitation of knowledge but partly understood is the propagandists' principal weapon.

During the last war the expression "C'est la guerre" became the popular excuse for anything ranging from exorbitant food prices to Sadistic cruelties, but apparently it was not overworked twenty years ago, for to-day objections to restrictions upon civil and academic liberties are still met by the all embracing phrase, "but you must expect that in time of war." Admittedly we don't know all the facts, but now that we are actually in the conflict, our immediate concern is not so much with the reasons for the war but as to whether or no the war is to be used as an excuse for suppressing social and economic principles which men like Harry Holland fought to establish. It is about time we stopped responding to emotive words such as "communist" and "fifth columnist," and began to think out our own opinions, for if it subversive to think why are we at University?

What we must realize and what up to the present most of us have ignored, is that at University we no longer have academic freedom, and that therefore we must make that freedom for ourselves by continuing to think or in some cases beginning, which is a harder process. To-day, it is an anachronism to speak of "art for art's sake" for it is part of our everyday outlook to expect both literary and artistic endeavour to be primarily an expression and symptom of the time, yet there are still those who regard the University as an institution of learning for learning's sake, and that the problems of the outside world must be excluded. This type of thinking is on a par with the Wellington Tramways impression of Victoria College as a disseminator of "culture," for whatever "culture" the students gain is of their own finding and at the expense of examination work.

In all New Zealand University Colleges the students are not cut off from the community but are part of it. Victoria College depends upon its part-time students for its very existence, and the majority of these students come to University solely for the purpose of improving their economic position; generally they find their "culture" elsewhere. Yet these same students allow themselves to be fooled into thinking that questions relating to war and politics do not concern the University, and therefore are

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willing to acquiesce in the shackling of academic freedom. If the student is to be of any use to society he must understand or at least know the limitations of that society. As T. S. Eliot says, "We require much general knowledge in order to see the limits of our particular ignorance." Our "particular ignorance" will not decrease so long as we cling to the skirts of ivory-tower knowledge and continue to accept interpretations of the world outside which are manufactured by those, whose interest it is to stop us asking questions. Surely those who are expected to do and die can be permitted also to reason why?

M.S.S.

PORTRAIT

AGGRESSIVE lady rationalists Assault his virgin intellect; He bares his petty wounds, invites Beloved virus to infect.

He makes obeisance to the New, Attempts a world-wide correlation; Cubic legs and martyred flutes Receive vociferous admiration.

Volubly in text-book French He hymns the imminent Revolution; From fragile cup imbibes his tea, Embellished with a pinch of Kruschen.

By the fire, in slippered feet, He switches on the Habanera, Reads his Gibbon in the Spring, And Winters at the Riviera.

R.L.M.

THE FALLEN SHALL RISE

WHERE the rose dreamed in the summer
Only faint dust;
Where the warm earth kissed the ploughshare,
A dim bloom of rust;
And the bonds of a perilous hope
On humanity's trust.

But the winds of the morning shall waken
A lovelier flower;
The force of the land heal the plough of
Its rust-ridden hour;
And we, who are bound in the darkness,
Are heralds of power.

K.N.N.

THE GENERAL LEVEL SEEMED TO ME LOW particularly in the prose, but one or two good things in the verse section made the entries worth the read-

JUDGMENTS PROSE AND VERSE

ing. The poets had something to say and some of them had the technique with which to say it. The prose writers had little to say that mattered and the impression of gloom was only deepened by the regularity with which one encountered the Misrelated Participle, the Misspelling, and the Downright Bad Grammar which so annoy the academic mind. While the poets seemed to speak of their own emotions and their own reactions, the work of the prose-writers was disturbingly synthetic. I have seldom in the course of an evening's reading come across such a collection of bastards, whores and drunks, so many double sheets of foolscap terminated by Sudden Death. It may be that at the level of this competition prose is more difficult to write than verse, and the prose-writer, who in verse might make a good job with the excitement of his own emotions, must in prose resort to the excogitated drunk.

PROSE. I suggest the prize be divided between G. W. Turner's Theory of Art, which was the cleanest piece of straightforward critical prose submitted, and D's The Metho-Maniac, which was the best of the human studies. D, it is true, in his two sketches had one drunk, one whore and one Sudden Death, but there are qualities in his writing that made him stand out from the other purveyors of these commodities. For commendation I select Saroya Beans, a witty pastiche on the man who is responsible for much of the format in this competition and (among the several factual articles) Understanding the Facts. The gilded raspberry goes to the sentence personifying Britain and the U.S.S.R. as "An evil-eyed neurotic and a fresh virgin."

POETRY. The most voluminous of the competitors was a. He submitted twenty-nine poems, but on closer inspection two of them turned out to be carbon copies, which made things easier. a won the competition two years ago, but to me there is insufficient experience in these very similar poems, too many "Moonlit gardens pale" and "Roses of Youth" and "Perfumed nights" and too little clarity of vision. But a has something of promise and I select one of his verses for commendation. K.N.M. is the most competent metrist of the group and her skill in the sonnet and other established forms is undoubted. Again I think she needs a bit more substance. I select her Two Rains, which has both technique and point.

The best poem of the group was undoubtedly Anton Vogt's War Poem, and not merely for its topicality. Here is emotion under linguistic control, indignation which does not (as with the prose writers of Spike) make language muddy and turbulent, some good lines and one which is really memorable. It is an exercise in critical acumen to see why his

The pohutukawa and the rose
is a valid use of symbolism and a's
Youth is a rose
is merely a weak repetition of a cliche.

Second I would select K.J.H.'s *Expedition*, which is good in conception and has some excellent phrases, but which falls off technically now and again—particularly in the last thin line, too trivial after such a good poem.

Third position goes to R.L.M.'s *Portrait*, which is technically good and a nice piece of satire, but is somewhat too imitative to be placed higher in the ranking.

For commendation I would select a's Renunciation and K.N.M.'s The Fallen Shall Rise and The Two Rains.

I.A.G.

LOOKING AT THE

generally, one is impressed by two things. Firstly, the careful planning, excellent ideas, and good composi-

JUDGMENTS PHOTOGRAPHY

tion. Secondly the poor technical quality.

The first place is given to Morning Paper (G. A. Eiby), which in spite of poor technique is still a most attractive picture. Good viewpoint, pleasing arrangement and design, repetition, and rhythm all help an excellent composition. This picture suffers from overexposure and camera movement.

- 2. V.U.C. (B. Given), an architectural subject—a nice rich print, with good rendering of texture. Technique very good, but lacks imagination from a pictorial point of view.
- 3. Shadows (J. Marwick). This picture again is overexposed, but the diagonal composition is interesting, and the artist's idea of the spear-like shadows across the grave is very commendable.
- 4. When Lowering Cloud-bank, etc. .(S. Whitlock) Very nice pictorial poem, unfortunately marred by camera movement rather too obvious.
- 5. Autumn Morning (B. Given). Quite a pleasing scene with a nice play of light on the water in the middle foreground. The composition is poor in as much as the eye jumps from the light patches surrounded by dark in the immediate foreground, to the dark patches (boats) surrounded by light in the distance, this has an irritating effect. Otherwise quite nicely composed.
- 6. Summer Skies (G. A. Eiby). Pleasing picture marred by camera movement and lack of detail in the foreground.



THE CONTEST FOR THE THE PLUNKET MEDAL IS THE PLUNKET MEDAL IS hindered by certain unavoidable limitations. The restriction to 12 minutes prevents a MEDAL COMPETITION

speaker from warming to his

subject and hardly permits of real eloquence, which, as Dr Goldwin Smith has well said, is "always the glow of truth." Again, it is not a debate, and hence lends no facilities for impromptu speech or unexpected interludes, humorous or otherwise. Nevertheless it is a display of public speaking, the very difficulties of which prove the mettle of the competitors as they enhance the task of the judges.

Throughout the long struggle against Napoleon no man gave greater service to Britain, and indeed to Europe, than Nelson. By the victory of the Nile (August 1st, 1798) Napoleon was isolated, and his expedition to Egypt made an irrevocable failure. The battle of Trafalgar (October 11th, 1805) made a French invasion of England impossible. Mr Devine might have done better by making these two great achievements the centre, as it were, round which to weave the life-story of his hero. It would have been rather more appropriate than recording the increases of emolument earned as the great Admiral's career advanced. Yet Mr Devine did well. His enunciation was clear, and his diction good. He did not speak too fast, finished his sentences well, and, though at the outset he gave one the impression of having committed too much to memory, he spoke with the appearance of spontaneity as he proceeded. There was some deficiency in gesture in that the hands appeared immobile, but the general effect of the effort was good. Mr Devine gave a good account of himself, but he can easily do better than achieve fourth place.

Mr Bergin was obviously handicapped by the prevailing malady, dreaded by all public speakers, a common cold. Nevertheless, his enunciation was good, there was some picturesque phrasing, his gestures were appropriate, he presented his case dramatically, and so made a good impression on his hearers—the real test of merit after all. The speech appeared to have been well planned, but not memorised, and the speaker, though fluent, did not speak too rapidly. The life of Pasteur, of course, stirs one's admiration and so lights up the enthusiasm of the reader. I attended a lecture on Pasteur shortly after his death in 1895, and I remember well the effect on the audience when the speaker described how the great Lister, who had applied Pasteur's discoveries long before they had been accepted generally by the medical profession, meeting the great Frenchman for the first time at a conference, in Paris I believe, did not await an introduction, but rushed forward, embraced him, and burst into tears. Mr Bergin was not less an admirer of Pasteur, and his enthusiasm probably contributed to his success in winning first place.

Mr McCulloch was equally sincere in his admiration for Mahatma Gandhi. His speech gave us a picture of India, and the speaker evinced the courage that springs from conviction when he ventured to reprimand, during a time of war, the errors of British Imperialism. The speech was well arranged and instructive, and the compendious presentation of the political situation in India enhanced its interest, and so

captured the attention of the audience. The speaker's enunciation was good and his sentences well framed. The effort lost much of its effect, however, from the lack of appropriate bodily movement. Mr McCulloch moved his head, but kept his hands altogether too stationary. Though placed third, he ran almost a dead-heat, if I may import a phrase from the racecourse, for second place.

The competitor who pressed hardest for first place was Mr Sheehan. Of all the speakers he had the easiest manner, and appeared to speak with the greatest spontaneity. He used his hands well and in a perfectly natural manner. His voice inflection was good, the subject matter—Salazar's achievements in Portugal—informative, and so he held the attention of his auditors throughout. He was full to his subject, as it were, and hence had a tendency to hasten, doubtless because he was apprehensive of the time limit. He would have covered less ground had he paused rather more on the conclusion of each period, but he would have been even more impressive, and probably would have gained first place. He gave such an account of himself that we naturally expect to hear of him again.

Mr Cope (Napoleon) is a speaker who could have done much better. He had altogether too many notes, and he referred to them so often that there were many awkward pauses. Apart from these, however, a speaker will never be impressive unless he looks continually at his audience. Watch a practised barrister addressing a jury. He does not look at anyone in particular, but he faces the jury and talks to them. He would irritate them if he halted at frequent intervals to peruse notes, and the delay in finding what he wanted would spoil his address completely. Here we may take a lesson also from the pulpit. The preacher looks at his congregation throughout because he wants to impress them. He may have a few headings written out, but he never seems to look at them. Should a speaker dispense with notes? In my opinion, the fewer he uses the better. Certainly they should be few, and should be written in capitals so that each may be readily appealed to. It is my opinion, however, that, if the speaker becomes thoroughly conversant with his subject, he can dispense with notes altogether, and his speech will be better in every respect for the omission. Otherwise Mr Cope proved himself a capable speaker. He was easily heard, and his language was good. The copious notes put him out of the contest.

Mr Powell, who made excessive use of notes also, gave one the impression rather that he was reading an essay. In looking alternatively at his notes and then at the audience, there were the inevitable pauses, and hence the speech, despite its good matter, was unimpressive. Towards the conclusion there was some improvement, but it was too late to recapture the lost ground. Otherwise Mr Powell displayed some of the qualities of a good public speaker, and so I hope he will not be discouraged.

Mr Stacey, an ardent admirer of Oliver Cromwell, has a good voice, and his language was well chosen, but his lack of movement made his speech heavy and uninteresting. Above all things a speaker should display animation. He should not appear immobile as a statue. Mr Stacey spoke with sufficient deliberation to be impressive if his bodily movements corresponded reasonably with his periods.

In conclusion and by way of encouragement to the less successful competitors, I relate two historical anecdotes. Disraeli's first speech in the House of Commons was an utter failure. When Charles Stewart Parnell first attempted a speech as a candidate for parliamentary honours, he made such a poor impression that his best friends regretted his selection as a candidate.

MR JUSTICE O'REGAN

T IS NO GOOD LOOK-ING AT SALIENT like a critic looking at art, because Salient is not cracked up to be art, and it is no good comparing it

THE SALAMANCA SALIENT

with other journals either, because this year at any rate Salient has been like a freshly dug piece of ground, full of raw material. It is a cyclo-styled University paper which for the present, on account of previously incurred debt and the increased cost of printing, has been denied its habitual dignity of print, but which from the force of its necessity has retained its vitality and colour, and it is full of blah and hooey.

The blah and hooey is the expression of the underground inarticulation and half-born ideas of a section of this country's youth, at least. We know New Zealand is new and isolate. There is no tradition, and there are no ties, except in the economic world, but these are not felt truly in the people. The only feeling of tradition is a sort of stimulation from our parents, something which exists, but not in us, and which is giving way to the rising stimulus from within. This rising tide of thoughts and emotions finds its safety-valve in Salient. They are indications of this country's state of mind, in this time. Half-baked they may certainly be. Is it normal for anything but a half-baked idea to be generated in an immature individual? And is it normal for an immature individual to believe that his idea is anything but baked to a turn? Earnest vitupuration of this paper is wasted. It does not warrant it.

You can lie and blah and sneer, you can deceive yourself and others, but underneath this is the cause, and that is the truth. Salient as some suppose it to be, is not a menace to this city, or country, but is one of the purest publications of the state of mind which in the future will inevitably influence this society. The truth behind the leaders and articles, the letters to the editor, the literary columns, the sporting, tournament, and extravaganza reports, cannot lie. Salient is full of living importance.

This year it has been chiefly concerned with war—with peace, propaganda, pacifism, conscription, with the reaction of these upon the college. Running through it have been two threads—the new, clear and strong, though rough and unrefined, and the old, full of flaws, worn, now breaking.

An example of University expression might be cited in a writer signing himself R.L.M., who opened ground for controversy at the beginning of the year with his article "For Freshers Only." Maybe it was his attitude that antagonised so many into retaliating with letters to the editor. In this article the psychological reaction to its author's addressing himself to freshers was to deceive him of his own maturity and solidarity. To a certain extent the article is R.L.M.'s personal opinion of himself, as it cannot very well help, but at the same time you would have to be pretty fresh and green indeed not to see that what he says in the beginning of this is only the truth, existing independently of R.L.M. himself. It was his attitude, that of the bad writer, which freshers and others took aversion to. But if the tone of the article is according to the writer's own self, he should perhaps be congratulated in that, because of his ineptitude, he did not resort to the devices of more clever writers, who adopt sheep's

clothing in order to win believers

Besides many more articles which were similar to this one, as well as many letters to the editor, all of which did, or did not, as the case might be, echo the tone of the editorials, the Salient of the past year has known some new Literary Columns. Last year many students doubted that these would draw game. But they have and it is wild game. It is not to be trifled with like tame stuff, either. You have to leave it alone, to lie low, and wait. These columns are a happy hunting-ground for the psycho-analyst. To any literary person intending to read them the advice is—don't. Although of course there has been an occasional verse show its head. But it has attracted little attention, probably because it smacked too much of earlier days when poetry was.

It is plain to see that although there has been a tendency towards closing down on expression, the lips of Victoria have remained pretty well free, through Salient. Probably, like a steam-boiler, the University must have a safety-valve to prevent its blowing up. That might cause a bit more trouble than Salient.

C.F.

MODES PAIENNES

TO-DAY I feel so old

-twenty-four is a very great age—
I am so tired of life!

I think that I shall go down into the city to call on my tailor and my mercer who lure me with strange spells.

There I shall revel in a sartorial orgy:
I shall buy something absurd and delightful
such as my dressing-gown of copper-apricot brocade
whereon the stars and planets whirl,
or my black scarf with blue dragons snarling,
or my silk bathing-trunks blue as the Mediterranean sky . . .

I think that down in the city I shall buy
the crushed strawberry sports coat I admired last week;
and perhaps the grey satin tie patterned with gold kowhai
blooms,

or a daffodil sports shirt . . . or possibly a hat in pine green, or burgundy . . .

Then I shall be cheerful again!

THERE IS A MOMEN-TARY PLEASANT

illusion in being free to write on any subject I please. Yet the subject must be a suitable one. And

S. U. D. S.

what is suitable? Like a true lawyer I consult the authorities: I see what has been written by my predecessors, invited as I am to contribute to Spike, and so introduce themselves to the College reader of polite letters. I find that they write reminiscences of other academic worlds they have left. I decide to do likewise, and after many inventions by way of heading and many crossings out I arrive at the four capitals above. S.U.D.S. is the Sydney University Dramatic Society and my reminiscences are to be of that (last year) very live body.

In my undergraduate days it had a rather fitful artistic revival, producing very well "The Devil's Disciple," and indifferently well, but very popularly, "As You Like It" in modern dress, and with verve and abandon the rollicking humour of "The Shoemaker's Holiday." There was a lack of finish about these productions, but they did fill a definite need of the undergraduate dramatic urge. At the time it was not likely that others would produce plays so closely related to the particular interests of university students. I have always thought that the function of a university dramatic society must be the staging of plays to meet the needs of graduates and undergraduates interested in drama, the cultivation in other words of a highly individualised species of repertory drama. This function involves either (or both) the recreating of a literary past or the creating of a dramatic present beyond the experience of the ordinary modern playgoer.

S.U.D.S. then went into eclipse for a number of years. It had to pay its own way at Sydney and the temptation to play for charity and draw on the house-filling facilities of charitable organisations reduced it speedily to a purveyor of pot boilers. With its work during four or five years of this I was not interested—except in a few Shakespeare productions in the Great Hall of the University. The Great Hall is a fine piece of Gothic architecture, with beautiful stained glass windows and a dim religious light, but it had uncomfortable chairs and only a dais for stage. S.U.D.S. however, was fortunate in having in May Hollingworth one of the two talented producers in Sydney, and it was in these productions that I saw the first display of that skill in overcoming technical staging difficulties that is only one of her merits as producer. There were of course no drop curtains and no mechanical means of arranging scenic sets. She overcame this by constructing a large sized wooden book where each page was a scene and your new scene came by turning the page, a device which achieved that rapid scene changing demanded by the short scenes and quick tempo of Elizabethan drama.

It is the development of S.U.D.S. during the last couple of years which has, however, won my admiration. For half a dozen years I had acted as an amateur dramatic critic for Australia's one quarterly and had been searching in vain for just the repertory work S.U.D.S. now gave. The change involved was one of management and

choice of play. The Society had relied for audience on outsiders, people who knew nothing of plays, good or bad; it now essayed an appeal to those interested in the very best of modern drama it could find, and took the necessary steps to find it. American University societies gave a good deal of very useful information as to the work they were doing and in the result a range of brilliant work became available. Contact with this source of supply might in better days, I here suggest in parenthesis, be usefully made by our own Dramatic Society. We leased a small floor in town, built a small stage, bought about five dozen squeaky chairs and enlisted the support of graduates acting with other repertory societies for any parts suited to their proved value in any particular type or part, and hoping that sufficient University people, graduate and undergraduate, and others of dramatic discernment, would spend their Sunday evenings at this theatre. It has been entirely successful, won a certain audience of sufficient numbers and understanding, and even a few critics capable of assessing the value of the change. Make no mistake about it, these were the best plays and the best produced plays which had been seen in Sydney. I can only substantiate the superlatives by telling you something of the plays; you must needs take my word as a critic for the production.

The most interesting productions were those of Philip Barry's "Hotel Universe" and "Holiday." Philip Barry is an American with a philosophical, psychological, myothological, and literary equipment which severely restricts his potential audience: outside America's 130,000,000 only a University society could hope to get him an audience. The emotional conflicts and imaginings of his characters are grounded in a learning of theirs as wide and deep as their creator's. These only intensify the drama in the life of our times which is common to the learned and unlearned. Universe" is from its content, not its construction, the most difficult play I have ever seen: you must be prepared to read it a couple of times and see it a couple of times before its full literary value is yours. "Holiday" is slight by comparison; it concerns itself with only a fraction of the fundamentals of "Hotel Universe." It is no more possible to compress these plays into a sentence than it is to do as much for "Hamlet," and I shall not attempt it. But it was of value to have them side by side with T. S. Eliot's "Family Reunion," from a staging point of view the best of T. S. Eliot's works. Many of Eliot's tortured emotions and thoughts recur in Philip Barry, but Barry is early Spring to Eliot's Mid-winter, and Barry is a dramatist by instinct, while Eliot has, by dint of consistent striving, only now attained any clarity of form. Another play produced last year was Clemence Dane's "Coming of Age," a projection of the poet Chatterton into the living present.

Production is along different lines from any I have seen in Wellington. There is no attempt at naturalism, the exact reproduction of nature in set, scene and costume. These merely stifle imaginative drama and would be quite unsuitable to these plays. Every item in May Hollingworth's production, be it colour or property, must have some relevance to the dramatic conflict staged: there are no clocks because well-to-do family homes always have clocks, but because the elderly family head is afraid that the clock will stop. There is a scene in "Coming of Age" where the modern Chatterton's lover has out of pique sent him packing, and then sought to recover his love as a release from her own misery: the scene is short, only of a few minutes' duration, and no more than shows her knocking at his door without result. It was played against a black forward drop curtain and beside the supporting beam to the left of the stage, serving to emphasise the knocking and with the player facing the audience

from forward stage. The plain tragedy will be brought home in this setting by the knocking and the facial expression. Nothing else was wanted, anything else would be a distraction. You can see from this perhaps what May Hollingworth aims at in these productions.

It is some satisfaction to know that this can be done, that undergraduates can be trained to do it within twelve months, that it has its audience, that its reputation came so quickly within and without the University. I shall not forget that once at least in these southern parts it has been done.

R. O. McGechan

IN A FLORIST'S AT DAWN

MOON-ECHOING streets washed in blue-cold light by a moon that is over-bold.

In a florist's window, enchanted flowers from another world, flowers that are music in the moonlight cold . . . proud lilies tall, cruel belladonnas deeply rose, and softly-mauve thalicthrum mists faint-starred with gold around the shimmering witch-bowls shot with rainbow hues, where water-lilies cool, of ivory and rose and white most virginal, half-float in moonlit dew . . . enchanted flowers in a shon-grey street.

a

WIZARDRY

GROTESQUELY twisted, gnarled and old like dwarfs the silver birches crouch on the crest of the hill; cowering from their enemy the wind they snarl and curse, and through the winter are afraid.

But I think they were maidens enchanted by a magician—because when I walked in the spring to-day on the crest of the hill I found a ballet of virgins dancing in exquisite purity of movement to the music of a young wind.

a.

HERE'S NOTHING I LIKE MORE," SHE said, "than walking, with the rain on my face, the wind in my hair."

IN WHICH NIGHT IS MENTIONED

I looked at her carefully tended features and thought of rain streaking powdered cheeks, imagined wind pecking an expensive coiffure.

"Yes?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "and the night too. Don't you love the night? You know-the dark, the-the moon, the stars-and all that?"

"C'mon, let's go," I said.

She caught my arm.

"Why, what's wrong?" she whined, "What have I said?"

"Everything," I said, "Night—the dark, the moon, the stars—what else is there?" So we walked away wondering what else there is

Night faces flicker for a moment in our eyes and then go forever—the laughing face of a fair-haired girl on whose lips laughter dies even as you look, the dull apish mask of an old crumpled man vomiting carefully into the gutter, the flabby cheeks of a stubby businessman announcing pontifically, "Last-year,-I-made-the-worst-mistake-of-my-life," the heavily powdered features of a big-hipped dark-haired girl who says "Yeah—an' then he smiled. You know how he smiles. He's gotta nice smile."

Night is the time of the tough who rocks back and forth on the edge of the pavement, who spits aristocratically through a hole in his front teeth; the time of the chunky blonde who cries to her friend in virtuous reproof, "You bastard! I've been here a quarter of an hour!" It is the time of the girls in dance frocks who click by breathing "Oh, he's a scream! a real scream!" It is the time of the fierce little fanatics who hold you with hard, horny hands and vehemently repeat the old catch cries, "I tell yuh, son, it's the system!"—the capitalist system! Sa-ay! In Russia....."

It is the time of the sulky cop who breaks up the groups on the corners, saying "Cuhmon! Move along! Move along!"

At night the melancholy drunks tell their stories. Perhaps it is a small woman teetering awkwardly, who mutters thickly "Sir, wouldja be so good as to help a lady? Would you kindly see me home? I'm afraid I'm a little tight—but I'm a lady, sir, I'm a lady!"

Or it is an Irishman, with whom you drink beer in an alleyway. He drains half a bottle at a gulp. "Y'know, son," he says, "I was a good fellow once. I had a good job. I worked well. I had money. And I 'et everything. And it wasn't because I was bad—there really isn't much bad in me. It was only one thing."

Sensing the drama of the situation, he holds up the empty bottle. "And there it is!" he says theatrically. "Ole Man Booze! It's been my curse and my ruin. And I know it. But I still hit it."

"It's all crazy," he says.

" And sad," you say.

"What?" he says.

"Nothing," you say.

Or it is a stumpy fellow who talks enthusiastically on religion as he leans uncertainly against a post.

"I'm a Presbyterian," he claims proudly. "The Presbyterian Church! That's the church! That's the church for success! Am I right or am I wrong?"

"You're right!" you say. Yes, indeed. He must be right. Look at the success it has brought him—56 years old, ragged, charming, shiftless, drunk.

"Yes, that's the church!" he repeats. "That's the church for success! Ain't it, eh?"

"Ain't it, though?" you agree piously. "Ain't it though?"-

Night is the time of voices—the lisping voice of a dull-eyed Greek waiter; the voice of a trim little prostitute who tells "how she started" and "why she does it"; the wheedling voice of the towering man, ragged, unshaven, foulsmelling who says, "Can you give me a sixpence, mate? Only sixpence, mate? Sixpence for a shave in the morning?"; the voice of a friend who says with apparent sincerity that your friendship is fine and forever.

Night is the time of the smoky stench in the billiard saloons. It is the time of the boxing gymnasiums where you listen to the heavy panting and laboured shuffle of a has-been, see the nimble dance and sneering face of a rising youngster, hear the crisp stir of flat shoes in resin and smell the sharp odour of oils.

It is the time of the brightly lit theatres, of the dramatic performances and the musical concerts where among others, sham seekers after culture gather.

"Yes," one will say with well-practised uncertainty (for he has made this judgment a hundred times), "the whole composition is—is, well it's so chaotic!—so utterly chaotic! Why, it's got no—no melodic line!"

"Yes," the others chorus in eager agreement, "that's it! It's got no melodic line!" And they cluck wisely in smug pride at their discovery.

At night the cabarets fill; exhibition dancers bow with studied skill and spectators clap frigidly; a drummer, tapping mechanically, gazes over the crowded floor with a waxen idiotic smile; artificial eyebrows register artificial surprise; a stout little Jew gyrates grimly in a lugubrious waltz; men gather in noisy groups; the rough laughter of bawdry is heard.

But night is the time of so much more. It brings the nepenthe of dark, the moon, the stars—and all that. It is the time of the eternally beautiful renewal of the broken family-pattern—the time too of furtive crime, of the lover's tryst and the foul assignation.

It is the time of the lost people who haunt the city till the darkness fades and the frosted clip-clop-clang of horses' hooves is heard in lonely streets. It is the time of departing ships telling in their whistle's note, a Pied Piper's tale of distant lands. It is the time when a boy, listening to the soft heart-beat of the city, wonders fearfully what will be his destiny.

It is the time of doubt and despair-it is the time of healing and hope for the new day.

THE STORY OF THIS YEAR'S BID FOR THE Tournament Shield is a pathetic one. It is that of a team which departed full of hope and returned without even the glory.

THE RETURN OF THE SPOON

It is rather interesting to refer back to 1938. In that year certain events took place and certain hopes were expressed which have connections with Tournament of 1940.

In 1938, with what was considered rather a mediocre team, Victoria won the Tournament Shield; in 1940, the teams in each sport considered that they had excellent chances of success and only one justified the claims that had been made.

It is rather unfortunate from our point of view that the Wooden Spoon, which was originally presented by this College, should have such a tendency to return home. The reason for this may be that we, as a College, are particularly ill-fated, or it may be found connected with the peculiar lack of interest with which all but the actual participants regarded the victory in 1938, and usually regard the Tournament competition generally.

It would be wrong to advocate a narrow parochial outlook, but it seems rather strange for the members to lack interest in the activities of their College, especially when it is competing with its fellow institutions on one of the few occasions when students from all parts of the country are able to gather. But let us consider what was accomplished this year.

From an unusually large number of aspiring boxers, a very strong team was selected which won the Boxing Shield in a convincing manner. The youthful and keen coach, Ken Coveney, who won a N.Z.U. Championship in 1938, was largely responsible for the enthusiasm shown during training and the success of the team was a worthy return for his efforts.

The outstanding performance was that of P. J. Sheehan, who rowed in the Hebberley Shield Race, fought two hard fights and won the Welterweight Title.

It may have been the absence of wind—a state seldom found on Wellington harbour and rifle range, or more probably, the unusually restricted training conditions for these sports this year, which were responsible for our disappointing performances in rowing and shooting. Unusually fine weather may have disconcerted our crew which, after a good start, dropped gradually behind the others, but their combination showed that much more training together in the eight itself is required.

Victoria's efforts on the rifle range were not at all distinguished among results of an unusually low standard. The impossibility of obtaining sufficient ammunition and a range for practice was the cause for his failure.

J. Sutherland, the National Sprint Champion, kept our athletic team from being entirely in disgrace. The rest of the team ran with average success but not well enough to avoid the Athletic Wooden Spoon. The supporters tried to make up for our lack of athletic skill by entertaining the spectators with bicycle races of all des-

criptions and of all the Colleges probably V.U.C. obtained more than its share of the garments of the Canterbury Haka Party.

The remarkable feature of the Basketball Tournament was the narrowness of the margin between the scores in all games Though only winning one game our team was defeated by no more than two points in the others. Only for moments did they display the high standard which had been seen in their play before Easter and which had raised all our hopes so high; however, they did show great pluck in playing under rather difficult conditions.

In the swimming finals, V.U.C. was more successful than usual, gaining three second places.

Retaining only one title, the men's doubles, Victoria lost the Tennis Cup which it had held for two years. The absence of some stalwarts on whom the team had learned to depend was very keenly felt.

Last scene of all, which ended this strange eventful history of Tournament 1940, was our defeat in the Horn contest. Our misguided representatives omitted to warm up properly beforehand, and lost in the first round. However, just as they have done in the past, under similar circumstances, after losing the Horn, they set up an N.Z.U. record time during the demonstration.

In the 1938 issue of *Spike*, it was advocated that much benefit would result from a greater exchange of representatives between New Zealand and Australian Universities. This year, a team of five athletes and their manager took part in our Easter Tournament. If the company of these fine ambassadors was the sole benefit which we gained from their visit, then it was a highly successful tour for both countries. But contacts made in the field and socially also, proved stimulating, the broader viewpoint of the citizens of a larger university and country begetting some interesting comments on the N.Z. Universities and the activities of N.Z. U.S.A. It is to be hoped that the outstanding success of this venture will encourage N.Z. U.S.A. to promote annual exchange visits in any of the fields of University activity.

At the present time, it is still doubtful whether a Tournament will be held in 1941, and many circumstances indicate that the holding of the contest will be improbable. Nevertheless, we must realise the necessity of keeping the organisation intact with the possibility also, of fielding teams, acting as supporters and as hosts. Clubs must therefore rally their members and prepare for the season's activities and we all must have the determination that, whenever it is ordained that the next tournament be held, that thing of beauty, the Wooden Spoon, shall not be our joy for ever.

R.J.C.

MEW YEAR, NEW WARDEN, NEW matron, new faces — but there the novelty practically ended. Life at Weir during 1940 has swung

WEIR HOUSE

easily through a well-defined cycle of activities.

The house elections threw up a willing executive, led in the early stages of the year by an efficient President, R. G. Bannister, and in recent months by C. C. Aikman, who has allied a self-effacing manner with quiet competence. Though lacking something of aggression and organizing ability prominent in previous years, this committee has, to its special credit, gained student representation at the meetings of the Weir House Management Committee, a long cherished desire.

Freshers, wakened from schoolboy shyness by the now-customary immersion in the nearby trough, participated spiritedly in the early festivities of the year, and gave energy, physical and vocal, to the caperings of the haka party. This group, in its official uniform of green and gold cap and not much more, lent noisy and enthusiastic support to ceremonies of Tournament and Capping Week and have since been seen and heard at all functions where the College's youth and beauty gather.

A popular innovation has been the fortnightly programmes of recorded music selected and presented by Mr A. J. D. Barker who as warden has combined efficiency with tact. Enjoyable and instructive entertainment has been provided by Sunday night discussions led by accomplished invitation speakers. Residents have had the opportunity of hearing Mr W. J. Scott's expose of chicanery in modern advertising, explanations of the intricacies of sex and its problems, an incursion into dialectics led by Mr J. Dyer who spoke with learned eloquence on Communism, observations on life in Australia given by Mr Jenkins, one of the Australian debaters, and the viewpoint of Mr W. E. Barnard on New Zealand's political future.

Politics, incidentally, in the closing weeks of the winter term attracted considerable interest which culminated in the quashing by the committee of a petition to prevent formation of political parties within the House. The support given this petition revealed a rather distressing willingness on the part of many members to sign away privileges which should be regarded as fundamental in an institution so avowedly democratic as Weir.

That intellectuality does not dominate is proved by the keen interest taken in a wide range of sports. Though bewildered by the superior skill, flashing legs and flailing sticks of the Victoria House representatives, the Weir hockey team in regular competition recorded a succession of impressive victories. Each Saturday has seen the departure of an enthusiastic contingent of Rugby players, among them Larkin who has been a regular member of the College first fifteen, and Papps who in several games gave much-needed thrust to the senior backs. Fiery forwards in the College second fifteen have been Innes, Masters and MacLeod (who this year gained a N.Z.U. boxing blue), while Stuckey, Moore, Cummings and Kilpatrick have been especially prominent in junior grades.

The annual cricket encounter for the Weir Willow was won by North in a game memorable for the clean stroke-play of Masters, the venom-coated lobs of de la Mare, a brief burst of alcoholically-inspired aggression by Te Punga and Whitwell, and the ineptitude of most participants.

Harrying made call on the stamina of several House-members, while movement and dexterity have had ample scope in the official indoor activities of table-tennis and billiards.

Successful dances held in each term provided formal social entertainment and, since the abandonment of the customary "At Home," the only remaining official gathering will be the annual house Dinner with its usual store of ribald reference, hackneyed anecdote and nostalgic reminiscence.

A few companions have forsaken the quiet ways of study to shoulder arms, but for the most part everything in Weir House is as it always was. Still the residents complain about the food and yet eat it voraciously; still they proudly parade their feminine visitors; still they rejoice in the practical joke and the other fellow's discomfort; still they love to sing and scuffle; still they sneer briefly and laugh easily; still they know sudden enmity and forgive quickly; still, when challenged, they show the spirit of the Musketeers.

NOCTURNE: "IN COUNTRY NIGHT"

NIGHT music sweet music of a country night:

rich requiem of heavy perfume from Madonna lilies mystic-white, and joyous peals of fairy bells

borne by a faintly-whispering little breeze that scarcely breathes across dark-sweeping lawns guarded by tall poplar grenadiers who straightly stand in tall solemnity;

the quick and troubled bark of dreaming dogs awakened, wont to bay the moon, now hidden;

the rippling wash and flow of hurrying stream echoing sullen thunder of the rushing river, river of death, Rakaia Rangatira, roaring proudly from the mountain pass where melt the summer snows coldly pointing beauty to the skies,

whence falls
the still and silent music of the stars
blazing in midnight splendour to their glorious doom.

a.

A ND THE GREAT CAR DRAVE ON swift and sure as the wild white swans that fly westward into the golden heart of the setting sun. West-

TRUMPETS OF SCARLET

ward it sped, muttering softly of its unleashed savage power, throbbing with energy still restrained, flinging behind a long pall of white dust that swirled in troubled eddies on the wind of that passing, then to drift peacefully far across the fields of afternoon.

Westward Sunset Dusk dusk and the flying car amid dust-laden air.

Yet still the boy urged the the car to greater speed and as it swayed heavily he sat unmoved, his face stern and pale and wild. His dark eyes were fierce, and hid the hurt within him. But once he laughed, and the quick air snatched the sound away in sudden horror.

On . . . Dark night; and in swift brilliance he fled across the land.

Moonrise; and the car that was ivory-coloured was lost in the ivory moonlight.

Onward, and westward, while silence dwelt in the land, resented only by the muffled thunder of the engine.

Tall trees, and shadows on the moonlight, shadows where the car stopped, powdered in the heavy dust. And the stillness was silence.

Silence in the graveyard beside the old stone church. Silence, and a new grave, covered with many flowers.

And the stillness was silence as the boy stood beside the grave. Tall and slim in his youth, he stood by the grave, unyielding but his head was bowed.

A new grave, covered with many flowers. But one wreath only did he see, a wreath of scarlet roses, fragrant as the summer.

The boy stood in the moonlight, and looked on the scarlet roses. And the long night passed. And the flowers blazed in rich beauty that rose in a glorious fanfare of splendour and triumph.

The moon set: and it was dark. In the silence there was no sound.

But with the dawn the boy raised his head, and smiled, and heard the trumpets.

a.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW BIOLOGY Block marked the completion of a building programme at Victoria College extending over several

PEOPLE AND THE TIMES

years. The new building relieves Professor Kirk, his assistants and students from the uncomfortably cramped conditions under which they had been working for some time. The removal of the Biology Department to its new quarters has provided the College with extra lecture rooms, and several lecturers with new rooms. The Carnegie Presentation Gramophone, the library of records and the Catalogue are now permanently housed in a special room.

A new appointment to the College Staff in 1940 was that of Professor R. O. Mc-Gechan, who now occupies the Chair of Roman Law previously held by the late Professor Adamson. Professor McGechan is a graduate of Sydney University, where he was lecturing at the time of his appointment. He took a keen interest in the literary productions of the University, and was also one of the editors of the "Australian Digest."

Dr L. R. Richardson succeeds as lecturer in Zoology to Mr C. Palmer, who has taken up a post in the Meteorological Department. Dr Richardson holds his M.Sc. and PH.D. degrees from the University of McGill, Canada.

A graduate of Victoria College, Mr I. D. Campbell, I.L.M., has been appointed Lecturer in English and N.Z. Law. Mr Campbell carried out a lecture course for the W.E.A. in 1936 and 1937. At the time of his appointment he was General Secretary of the N.Z. Police Association and editor of the N.Z. Police Journal.

Dr Averil M. Lysaght, who graduated M.Sc. at this College and PH.D. at London University, has been appointed Demonstrator in Zoology.

R. R. Cunninghame, M.A., Post Graduate Scholar in Arts, 1939, is taking Modern Greats at Merton College, Oxford.

Our congratulations are offered to the two members of the Victoria College Debating Team, Messrs P. J. Sheehan and H. G. Bowyer, who succeeded in winning the Joynt Scroll Debating Contest held in Wellington this year. Mr Sheehan was judged the best speaker of the contest.

Any plans for commencing the new Students' Association Building in the near future had to be shelved on the outbreak of war. It was decided to repair and renovate the old gymnasium, in order to make it habitable for a few more years. The College Council has granted a subsidy to the Students' Association for this work, and extensive alterations are being carried out at the present time.

Reference has been made elsewhere in this issue to the death of Professor Mackenzie, foundation professor of English at Victoria College. Many hundreds of his books have been donated to the College and now form an English Class Reading Library (housed in the old Council Room in the main building.

On active service with the Second N.Z.E.F. is Dr T. D. M. Stout, Chairman of the Victoria College Council.

Two members of the College Staff and graduates of the College on active service are R. C. Bradshaw and H. R. C. Wild, part time lecturers in Accountancy.

From the ever-growing list of students on active service we select the following well known names:—D. M. Hatherley (overseas), R. S. V. Simpson and J. B. Aimers (at Fort Dorset), R. W. Edgley (in the Army). In the Air Force are N. A. Morrison, J. B. Bullock, and R. S. C. Agar.

Students would wish to offer their condolences to the parents of Mr A. Hull, who was recently killed while training for overseas service in the R.A.F. Mr Hull was a graduate in Science.

WREATHS BE-DECKING HIM FOR HIS 1939 effort, author Ronald L. Meek, Victoria College's versatile brain baby, tried

EXTRAVAGANZA 1 9 4 0

again in the lighter realm of musical extravaganza. To culminate a five-year term as Extravwright, he submitted his best and liveliest script to date, "Centennial Scandals."

Measured against the author's previous productions, this year's Extravaganza was successful because of its faster tempo, its greater animation, and its narrow escape from the heavy drudgery with which Mr Meek has usually shovelled his message onto the stage. That the annual Varsity entertainment, which seems ordained to be in the form of a bright and airy musical farce, should be made a vehicle for directing the social upheaval and the imminent class struggle is regrettable. The form is not easily adaptable to prophesying and preaching, and it was when this was attempted in the Third Act of the "Scandals" that the Extravaganza fell down. Clumsy, awkward and obtuse, the saga of Ao-Toheroa's future was saved only by those elements it ignored—its songs and its setting. Until he could find more coherent expression of his ideas in the form he had chosen, Mr Meek would have done well to exclude this episode.

It was a shame the third act dragged, for the first two acts—the Past and the Present—were handled cleverly and amusingly. The first act burlesqued the hashed-up history which has been stuffed into every New Zealander, with an irreverence that jeered at the facade of early colonial gentility and respectability so beloved by the Pioneer Clubs of 1940. The discovery, colonisation and growth of New Zealand seen through the red spectacles of a mocking, Marxian humorist, made laughable and satisfying entertainment.

High spot of the show was the second act—the Cinderella sequence set in the Present. The topicality of the subject, the truth, and tolerant sympathy of the author for Cinderella's plight, the witty and impudent lyrics, and the competent acting, lifted the piece high above the rest of the Extravaganza.

Credits, besides the many that go to the author, deserve to be lavished upon the producer, Mr Ralph Hogg. Despite the inexperience of most of his cast, the lack of any individual performers, and the faulty organisation which left him only two weeks in which to rehearse, Ralph managed to extract a show that was light and smooth out of a last minute shambles. His calm and suave direction brought ease and lightness to the script he handled. Special praise must go to Denis Feeney who worked vigorously and with notable success in his initial appearance as stage-manager.

"With Words and Music by John Carrad" again preceded the main feature. The name, though immaterial to this Carrad fragment, was "You Can't Pick A Winner." Buffoonery, ballet, and bulgy belles jostled each other for the spotlight, but were edged out by the verve and dash of Evan de Berry's and Derek Simpson's whirlwind waltz cum jitterbug routine, set to the rhythmic "Ragtime Lay." What John's frolic lost by the absence of a plot or good gags was redeemed by the gaiety of its choruses and Paul Taylor who "croons 'em just like Crosby can."

The prologue to the whole performance, also by Ronald L. Meek, was memorable for the second night orchestral dive by the spectral Professor Freud. On the other nights it served its job as a curtain-raiser, but more than that ?

The Extravaganza has followed over the last few years a certain pattern which has split it up into three, sometimes four, separate parts. This programme has undoubtedly been popular, but the production always appears to suffer from the lack of any link between the different parts of the programme. The co-operation that comes from all parts of the student body in the rehearsal, staging, and management of the Extravaganza could with profit be simulated by the authors. Closer collaboration between writers and composers could at least balance the use of borrowed and original music in the three shows.

Extravaganza—Centennial Edition—remains, however, as the best of Ron Meek's contributions. The very speed in which it was prepared set beating at the start the pulse that ran through all the performances. Memories of it will linger with those who worked in its feverish haste—moas and Mitchells; capitalists and Cakefields: the frenzied dancing of Whui and the arrogant waddle of Whui Tu; the overworked cackle of Lord Bloodyslow and the word-wonders of Dr John Weevilbole; the "Heil Hitlop" and the "Whit's a-goin' on dun theer?"; the "shufflers and snifflers," and "crawlers and creepers"; "Centennial Blues" and the "Emissaries of Stalin"; and believe it or not plaudits from the Press and boodle at the box-office.

J.O'S.

"BULL-n.,...noted for savage temper and fierce bellow, and . . dislike to red; author of unintended havoc; person interested in sending prices up . . ."

"BEAR-n.,... heavy thick-furred partly carnivorous quadruped; rough surly person; speculator for fall in the price of stocks..."

OXFORD DICTIONARY.

O NCE UPON A TIME, IN THE FROZEN north, there lived a great big bear, whose habits and customs were shocking. He was reputed to eat little

JOHN BULL AND THE BEAR

children, and his morals were terrible loose. There also lived a great bear-tamer, whose name was John Bull, and who lived all by himself in a little island in the sea. He wasn't really a very good bear-tamer, but he thought he was, and, of course, that made all the difference. Now the bear

Enough of this. We have had enough of these clever prose pieces; we have revelled too long in their exquisite subtlety. Let such hyprocisy embellish the work of others. We will have none of it.

Quite obviously, this essay is about the relations between Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. since the Revolution. It is not an inspiring subject; a doddering society endeavouring to cripple and crush a young and virile nation; crabbed age and youth; an evil-eyed old neurotic and a fresh virgin.

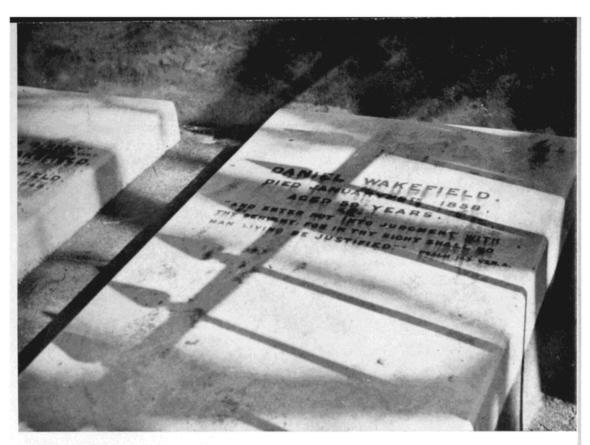
Let the facts speak. No argument is necessary.

In November, 1917, the Russian people arose, and, with surprisingly little blood-shed, overthrew the bourgeois Provisional Government in ten days. Lenin stated that it was possible for a time for the new world and the old to exist side by side in an uncomfortable truce, but that there would come a time, maybe "overnight," when the Russian people would have to fight again for their existence.

In 1918, British troops landed in Murmansk; in the Spring of 1919 Sir Edmund Ironside's expedition endeavoured to join with Kolchak's forces in a united attack; in the Autumn of 1919 British forces assisted Denikin in the South; in 1920 the third Allied expedition reinforced the Polish army and Wrangel in the Crimea. Despite the most intense Allied activity, despite the support in arms and money given by the Allies to internal counter-revolutionaries and the other thirteen invading armies—no antidote was found for the poison of Bolshevism. The invading armies were driven into the sea.

Let him whose stomach is strong read the chapter entitled "Russia" in Lloyd George's "The Truth About the Peace Treaties." Let him read how the obscene old gentlemen in the Hall of Mirrors erected a "cordon sanitaire" around Russia, and hemmed her in with a chain of European client states, while their armies were invading her on eight fronts. The reader will detect the fear behind Clemenceau's disgusting outbursts; the fear behind Lloyd George's Memorandum to the Peace Conference:

"Bolshevik imperialism does not merely menace the States on Russia's borders. It threatens the whole of Asia and is as near to America as it is to France. It is idle to think that the Peace Conference can separate, how-



SHADOWS [G. MARWICK

"WHEN LOWERING CLOUD-BANK DARKENS SUNSET'S GLOW"

[I.B. WHITLOCK





THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1940

Back Row (from left): Miss E. H. Johnson, R. Baird, H. E. M. Greig (Honorary Secretary), Miss
E. D. Maysmer, Gurth W. Higgin, Miss M. S. Grinlinton, F. L. Moore (Assistant Secretary).
Front Row: Miss M. Walker, M. L. Boyd (Vice-President), R. J. Corkill (President), Miss P. H. Higgin (Women's Vive-President), A. R. Anderson.

ever sound a peace it may have arranged with Germany, if it leaves Russia as it is to-day."

Mr Winston Churchill had to delay his fanatical plan for the restoration of Christian civilisation in Russia; the pressure of decent working-class opinion in England, mutinous troops, and the crushing defeats of the counter-revolutionary armies, compelled the upper class crusaders to transfer the war to the diplomatic and economic front. The Soviet Government, of course, was not officially recognized until seven years after the Revolution; there are still several important European states which have not recognized it.

At Genoa, in 1922, the Allies, misunderstanding the nature of the N.E.P., calmly asked the Soviet Government to wipe out their socialist legislation and pay the interest on the Czarist debts; in return for this action Russia would be included again in the fold of civilized countries, and the foreign capitalists would graciously consent to continue bleeding the country as they had done before the Revolution. Russia's polite and logical reply was to retire to Rapallo with Germany and sign a treaty of mutual friendship. Despised and rejected of men, each looked for the other to have pity on him.

Soon it became apparent that the Bolsheviks weren't going to collapse at all, or even restore the delights of capitalism. On the contrary, they appeared to be flourishing. Quite obviously, a new orientation in Europe was indicated. At Locarno in 1925 England set out on the road to Munich.

After its doubtful revolutionary period, Germany was respectable once more: had not the social-democrats murdered Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg? So at Locarno, Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia, endeavoured to detach Germany from Russia in the first "Federal Union" of nations. They even gave Germany a seat on the League; though owing to the sad defection of Brazil, she was not given a permanent seat on the Council. Germany sulked, and made another non-aggression pact with Russia.

So started the assiduous fostering and fattening of German capitalism. The comparison with the morbid activities of Frankenstein has been made so often that it has become hackneyed. Russia watched the campaign of vilification developing; she submitted meekly to the insults of the Arcos raid; she supplied new ambassadors in the places of those who were assassinated; she strengthened her defences; she signed nonaggression pacts with every nation which condescended to treat with her; she systematically proposed disarmament from 1922 to 1934.

In 1931 the Japanese seized Manchuria; Sir John Simon indignantly refused to allow the League to apply sanctions. The Pope concocted "Caritate Christi," German capitalism, with the sine qua non of British capital, enthroned Hitler in 1933.

Russia was reduced to joining the League of Nations.

Italy invaded Abyssinia. Hoare and Laval unhappily disclosed their infamous plot. The League machinery was sabotaged. Mr Chamberlain took his umbrella to Rome; returned and recognized the conquest. Italy and Germany invaded Spain. The League was not consulted, and a Non-Intervention Committee was set up in order to ensure the success of the Fascist intervention.

The U.S.S.R. assisted Spain, strengthened the Red Army, and introduced an even more democratic constitution.



Germany invaded Austria. Mr Chamberlain had nothing to say, and the League was given nothing to do.

Mr Chamberlain and his clique consistently ignored Russia, and played Santa Claus to Germany. The right honourable gentleman told some American journalists that he thought Germany should be given parts of Czechoslovakia; he plucked the famous flower, stepped into a 'plane that had been waiting for weeks, and flew to Germany to fix things up. The U.S.S.R., which had been the only nation prepared to honour its pledges and whose proposals had been ignored, and Czechoslovakia, which might have been thought to be faintly interested, were not consulted. Mr Chamberlain flew back, waving a gentlemen's agreement of great anthropological value, and underwent an apotheosis. The House of Commons and The Times wept hysterically together. The official press announced our entrance into a Golden Age. It was Peace In Our Time.

On March 18th, 1939, Russia timorously proposed a conference of Britain, France, Poland, Rumania, and Turkey, to endeavour to check aggression. Britain made the remarkable suggestion that the proposal was "premature," a word so often used that the existence of some obscure Freudian complex in our leaders seems to be conclusively proved. After the rape of Memel, Mr Chamberlain gave the unilateral guarante to Poland (a guarantee impossible of fulfilment without the assistance of the U.S.S.R.), and after Albania, distributed some more to Greece and Rumania.

Mr Chamberlain, on April 15th, made the suggestion to Russia that she also should unilaterally guarantee Poland and Rumania; which would be a sure way of bringing Russia and Germany into conflict. Russia even at this stage did not entirely reject this proposal; she counter-proposed a military mutual assistance pact between France, Great Britain, and herself.

The story of the delays and vacillations of the British Government during the next few months have been told ad nauseam; how it negotiated through a clerk from the Foreign Office, refused to send Halifax to Moscow, refused to give their delegates any power at all, all the time putting peace and appeasement proposals forward to Hitler, until it became quite obvious that Britain herself had erected the famous "wall" between the two Governments and did not intend to pull it down. Quite naturally Russia made a non-aggression pact with Germany, echoing Rapallo and Locarno.

The succeeding events have been so graphically described in our National Service talks that any *resume* would be superfluous. But it is necessary to mention the war against Finland—a war which even the "Herald" recently described as "probably a defensive war"—during which it was clear that the British Government realised it had picked the wrong partners during the Air Raid Dance.

But the most dramatic event of all was the amazing resurrection of the League of Nations. Britain and France having successively crowned it with thorns over Japan, broken its legs over Spain, Austria, etc., and finally crucified it at Munich, resuscitated it in the twinkling of an eye, and ushered it from its grave-clothes, to an obligato of blurts from the costive Press, in the anomalous role of the champion

of democracy, liberty, and, of course, Christianity.

This story has no moral and no end. It is going on all the time, even now during the present struggle. It will not end until the ghosts of Mr Chamberlain and his confederates cease to squeak and gibber in the lobbies. Until that splendid day, we can offer no hope. In the meantime, our inspired suggestion is that the faithful should diligently pray that the spirit of the Lord should descend upon Sir Stafford Cripps.

R.L.M.

GRADUATES 1940

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HON-OURS-

Best, Marie I. (1st Class in Latin). Bythell, Joan M. (2nd Class in Botany) Coddington, Edward C. (2nd Class in English).

Fletcher, Ruth M. (2nd Class in History).

Greig, Oenone M. (2nd Class in *Philosophy*).

Larkin, Thomas C. (2nd Class in English).

Pettit, Hazel M. (2nd Class in English). Smith, Monica J. (2nd Class in English).

Wilson, Robert G. G. (2nd Class in Education).

MASTERS OF ARTS-

Brooker, Frederick J. (Latin and Greek).

Evans, Jean C. (English and Latin).
Fletcher, Marie L. (Latin and French).
Jones, Leonard (History).

McKinney, Jack B. (History).

Magill, Paul J. (Latin and French).
Shannon, Alan T. (Economics).
Becroft, Colin K. (Philosophy).
Overton, Erice M. L. (French).
Smith, Leslie D. (History).
Steuart, Doreen H. M. (English and Latin).
Teague, Aubrey A. (Education).

BACHELORS OF ARTS-

Adams, R. A. Anderson, Joan St. Clair. Bacon, Joan. Bagnall, Dora L. Ball, Kathleen B.

Bray, F. R. Brown, Marjorie G. P. Bryce, J. M. A. Clark, Cynthia L. Craig, Ngaire J. P. Dallard, Lynette A. B. Daniell, Mary R. W. Eade, S. G. Feickert, Myrtle M. Fraser, Betty. Gane, Marjorie Evelyn. Grinlinton, Margaret S. Johnson, Elma H. McCulloch, A. L. McEwan, R. D. McWilliams, Marie. MacLean, Frances E. Malcolm, D. A. Murphy, A. J. O'Brien, B. J. O'Flynn, F. D. Siddells, Florence J. Stubbs, Betty F. Sweeney, Terence. Te Punga, R. C. Tremewan, M. A. Waite, R. McFarlane White, J. L. Willoughby, H. J. Wilson, W. A. C.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HON-OURS—

Robertson, E. I. (1st Class in Mathematics).

Sticht, J. H. H. (1st Class in Geology).

MASTERS OF SCIENCE-

Denham, S. C. (Chemistry). Hull, A. J. (Chemistry). Sutherland, J. N. (Chemistry).

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE-

Adams, J. W.

Bowyer, H. G.

Chalk, C. S.

Chisholm, A. S.

Collins, F. D.

Dale, J. A.

Jamieson, N. D.

Martin, Gordon C.

Mason, L. W.

Ongley, P. A.

Self, Primrose F.

Smith, Flora.

Wellman, H. W.

MASTERS OF LAWS WITH HON-OURS-

Baird, R. W. (2nd Class in International Law, and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Company Law.

Davin, T. P. (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.)

Johnstone, R. I. (1st Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.)

MASTERS OF LAWS-

Pledger, C. E. H. (Jurisprudence, Real Property, Trusts).

Simpson, R. S. V. (Jurisprudence, Contract and Torts, Company Law.

BACHELORS OF LAWS-

Black, L. S.

Cox, T. P.

Harvey, W. O.

Hercus, A. G.

Horn, J. R. P.

Joll, W. H.

Morrison, N. A.

Muir, Kathleen S.

Rockel, E.

Watts, Joseph W. P.

MASTER OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS-

Braithwaite, S. N. (First Class in Economics and Company Law).

MASTERS OF COMMERCE—

McGregor, A. (Economics and Company Law).

Renouf, F. H. (Economics and Economic History).

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE-

Adams, J. C.

Baber, A. J.

Bannister, R. G.

Barnes, Rawinia M. (nee Wright).

Bishop, S. W. G.

Bryce, J. M. A.

Durbin, L. G.

Foley, N. G.

Gray, H. C.

Hannah, J.

Haughey, E. J.

Hocking, B.

Hogan, J. D.

Ilott, J. V.

Kirkcaldie, N. M. K.

Martin, I. K.

McGlynn, M. B. Parsons, G. A. Pettit, H. S. Robertson, J. M. Schischka, J. F. Y. Stacey, J. S. Stuart, A. G. Tuck, F. C. Walker, Maria A. Wills, K. A. Wilson, R.

DIPLOMAS IN EDUCATION-

Corkill, R.
Edwards, Percivale M. P.
Ennis, Sheila (nee Fraser).
McLaren, Nora M.
Noffke, E. A.
Scotney, A. H.
Stock, Mary J.
Watt, C. C.

DIPLOMA IN BANKING-

Stephenson, F. H.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

The Sir George Grey Scholarship—Claude S. Chalk, B.Sc., and P. A. Ongley, B.Sc. (equal). Miss Chalk later resigned her portion of the Scholarship.

Senior University Scholarships—F. R. Bray, B.A. (Economics); Cynthia L. Clark, B.A. (English); Betty Fraser, B.A. (French); H. R. Wellman, B.SC. (Geology).

Travelling-Scholarship in Law-R. I. Johnstone, LL.M.

The Shirtcliffe Fellowship-E. I. Robertson, M.SC.

The Sir Robert Stout Scholarship—Cynthia L. Clark, B.A.

The Lady Stout Bursary-Elma H. Johnson, B.A.

Alexander Crawford Scholarships-J. S. Wicks and J. I. McEnnis.

Emily Lilias Johnston Scholarships—P. B. D. de la Mare, and Winifred I. English.

Lissie Rathbone Scholarship-Mary B. Mackersey.

Cook Memorial Prize-E. I. Robertson.

Chief Justice's Prize-G. E. Bisson. Butterworth's Prize-E. S. J. Crutchley.

Bruce Dall Prize-L. M. Berry. John P. Good Prize-B. G. M. O'Donnell. New Zealand Institute of Chemistry Prize-H. J. Barr. Macmorran Prize-P. B. D. de la Mare.

1940

PAST STUDENTS

The publication of the list which follows advances another stage the work being done by Mr. G. F. Dixon in compiling and recording per medium of "THE SPIKE" the names of all students who attended lectures at V.U.C. for at least one year during the years 1899 to 1913 inclusive. Similar lists for each of the years 1899 to 1911 have appeared in previous issues.

As regards the list for 1912, Mr. Dixon states that although it is accurate as published both as to names and as to years of attendances shown, it may in a few instances be incomplete as to years of attendance because of the difficulty of verifying attendances during 1914 and 1915, due to the fact that such official records as existed for those two years were unfortunately destroyed years ago and cannot be entirely reconstructed.

The preparation and publication of these lists will doubtless be more fully appreciated when consideration is being given, not so very many years hence, to the matter of fittingly celebrating the Jubilee of Victoria University College.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE IN 1912

Adams, Kenneth Ernest,	1912-13-14
Alexander, M	1912
Allen, Natalie Constance Bowen,	1912-13-14
Amos, Harry,	1912
Anderson, Marion,	1912
Arthur, Edith Aylesbeere,	1912-13
Atmore, Charles Frederic,	1912-13-14-15
Baigent, Edgar Oliver,	1912-13
Bartlett, Constance,	1912-13
Bass, Frederick Harold,	1912-13-14
Batchelor, R. G	1912
Beamish, Francis Evenson,	1912
Beamish, Marion Gillman,	1912-13
Beard, Thomas Edward,	1912-13-14-15-16 and 19-20
Beattie, Mary,	1912 [and 25-26-27-29-30
Beetham, Naomi,	1912
Box, Lucy Ethel,	1912-13
Briggs, Austin Dession,	1912
Burr, Olive Edna,	1912-13 (Mrs. A. L. E. Maysmor)
Byrne, Joseph,	1912-13-14-15-16 and 1919
Cable, James,	1912
Campbell, Frances,	1912-13 (Mrs. N. A. Foden)
Chapman, Albert William,	1912-13
Clayton, Kenneth Cameron,	1912-13-14-15 and 1919
Clemance, Alice Emma,	1912-13
Clinkard, George William,	1912-13 - - ?
Colomb, David Sutherland,	1912
Cornish, Henry Havelock,	1912-13
Crawford, Ruby Miriam,	1912-13
Cuddie, James Robert,	1912-13
Cullen, Joseph John,	1912-13
Cunningham, Herbert Adam,	1912-13
Dagg, Evaline Elizabeth,	1912-13

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Dallard, Berkley Lionel, .....
                                                              1912
 Daliard, Berkley Lionei,
Daly, Leo James,
Danks, F. H.,
Davies, John C.,
Davys, Jack Douglas,
de Denne, Henry,
Derrick, Estelle Mary,
Donnelly, Sarah,
Douglas, Harold King,
Duff Edna Lilian
                                                              1912-13
                                                              1912
                                                              1912
                                                              1912-13
                                                              1912-13
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                                                              1912-13
                                                              1912-13
 Duff, Edna Lilian,
Edwards, Harry Dorrington,
                                                              1912
                                                              1912
 Engel, John Edmund,
Evans, Constance Mary,
                                                              1912-13
                                                              1912-13
 Evans, Edna Annie,
Evans, Eurfryn,
                                                              1912-13
                                                              1912-13-14-15-16-17-19-20-21
 Eves, John Downs, .....
 Ewart, Harold Meredith,
Falkland, Charles Archibald,
Fleming, William George,
Flyger, Ferdinand Waldemar,
                                                              1912-13
                                                              1912
                                                              1912
                                                              1912
 Froden, Norman Arthur,
Frain, Roderick James,
Fraser, George Victor Ross,
                                                              1912-13 and 1915
                                                              1912
                                                             1912-13-14-15-16-(?17)
 Fraser, Malcolm,
Frude, Anna Dorothy,
                                                              1912
                                                              1912-13
Gill, A. M.,
Gill, Williamina Milne,
Graham, Arnold John,
                                                             1912
                                                             1912-13-14
                                                                              (Mrs. W. H. Stainton)
                                                             1912-13
 Grant, Robert Joseph,
Greville, Reginald Henry,
                                                             1912
                                                             1912-13
 George, Arthur John, .....
Hamilton, Andrew,
Hardie, Marianne,
Harper, Geoffrey Coleridge,
Harper, Norah,
Heffer, Dorothy Grace,
                                                              1912-13
                                                             1912-13-14-15-16 and 1920 and 1924
                                                             1912
                                                             1912
                                                             1912-13
                                                                          (Mrs. L. E. Pole)
                                                                          (Mrs. G. C. Dodson)
                                                             1912
Henderson, Kenneth Alan,
Herdman, Eleanor Jane,
                                                             1912-13
                                                             1912-13
Heron, Albert John George,
Hickey, Rose Gertrude,
Hiddlestone, Bernice Gordon,
                                                             1912-13
                                                             1912
                                                             1912-13
Higgs, Sydney Hamlet, ....
Holmes, A.,
Holmes, John Dudley,
Hopkirk, John Brown,
                                                             1912
                                                             1912
                                                             1912
Howard, Alexander Percy,
Hurrell, John,
                                                             1912
                                                             1912
Hurrell, Doris,
Johnston, Jessie Scoular,
                                                             1912-13-14
                                                             1912-13
Johnstone, A. M.,
Jorgenson, Carl Owen,
                                                             1912
                                                             1912
Kay, Archibald Vincent,
King, Thomas Joseph,
Kreeft, Charles Ronald,
Laird, Charles,
                                                             1912-13
                                                             1912
                                                             1912-13
                                                            1912
Lambert, B.,
Lauchlan, Winifred Fleming,
                                                             1912
                                                             1912-13
Lomas, Edmund Kerry,
Leahy, Daniel C. P.,
Longmore, H.,
                                                            1912-13
                                                            1912
                                                            1912
Luoni, George,
                                                            1912
Mackie, Howard James,
Macnab, Alexander Alan,
Manoy, Reginald Lewis,
Matheson, Elizabeth,
                                                            1912-13
                                                            1912-13-14 (?)
                                                            1912-13
                                                            1912-13
Matthews, E. R., ....
                                                            1912
Maule, Leslie James,
Mazengarb, Charles Raymond,
Mazengarb, Oswald Chettle,
Maynard, Carmelita Mary,
                                                            1912
                                                            1912-13
                                                            1912-13-14
                                                            1912-13
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McCaw, William Theodore, ...
McCurdy, Donald Archibald,
McKay, Charles Henry,
                                                        1912-13
                                                        1912
                                                        1912-13
McKenzie, Ivy Verena,
Miller, Harold Henry,
                                                        1912-13
                                                        1912
Moncrieff, Grace,
Morison, David Gordon Bruce,
                                                        1912
                                                       1912-13-14-15-16 and 1919-20
Newman, Monica Magdalena,
Oakey, A.,
O'Connor, Leonard,
O'Donnell, Philip,
                                                       1912-13
                                                        1912
                                                        1912
                                                       1912-13
Ogden, Stuart,
O'Halloran, Francis Douglass,
                                                        1912
                                                       1912-13
Old, Charles Henry,
O'Meara, William James,
                                                        1912
                                                       1912
O'Sullivan, Marry,
Parsons, Vivian,
                                                       1912
                                                       1912-13
Paterson, Basil, .....
                                                       1912-13
Pilkington, Lemoine James,
Pinder, Constance Marshall,
                                                       1912-13-14-15
                                                       1912-13
Pollen, Miss,
Ponder, Violet Heather McKenzie,
Porter, Reginald,
Power, Catherine Frances,
                                                       1912
                                                       1912
                                                       1912
                                                       1912-13
Power, William,
Rhodes, Lawrence Arthur,
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912
Robertson, H. M. C., ....
                                                       1912
Robertson, Fred, .....
                                                       1912-13-14
Robertson, Percy James Eyre, .....
                                                       1912-13
Ross, Hilda, ...
Rutherfurd, Wyn, ...
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912
Segrief, Thomas Bernard, .....
                                                       1912-13-14
Smith, George Morton, .....
                                                       1912
Smith, Jane,
Smylie, Wilhelmina,
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912-13
                                                                  (Mrs. Taylor)
Sorenson, Lilian Ivy,
Spence, George Milne,
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912
Still, Elsie McDonald,
Stitt, P.,
                                                                  (Mrs. J. D. Watt)
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912
Stockman, Kumara Charles, .....
                                                       1912
Stubbs, Horace,
Taylor, Lyra Veronica Esmeralda,
                                                       1912-13-14
                                                       1912-13-14-15-16-17
Tarrant, Eric Norman, .....
                                                       1912-13
Taylor, Harold Herbert,
Tewsley, Ursula Isabel,
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912
Thomson, George William Gordon,
Thomson, Roy Campbell,
Tily, Harry Smith,
Trezise, Sydney Arthur,
Turner, Cyril Guy,
                                                       1912
                                                       1912
                                                       1912-13-14
                                                       1912
                                                       1912-13-14
Udy, Linda Annie,
Venning, Augustine Vincent,
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912-13
Waddington, Edythe Grace, .....
                                                       1912-13
                                                                 (Mrs. Chamberlain)
Walker, Theo.,
Ward, R. L.,
Waterhouse, Elise M.,
Watson, Kenneth Robert,
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912
                                                       1912
                                                       1912
Watters, Arthur William, .....
                                                       1912-13
Webster, Basil Ramsay, .....
                                                       1912
Wells, Frank Edward, .....
                                                       1912
Wesney, Hilda Ethel Urita, .....
                                                       1912
Whyte, Albert William, .....
                                                       1912
Williams, Frederick,
Wilson, Horace G.,
Winchcomb, Percy Reginald,
Wogan, Rupert Samuel,
                                                       1912
                                                       1912
                                                       1912-13
                                                       1912-13 and 1921-22 and 1924-25
Wynyard, Clinton Henry, .....
                                                       1912-13
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OBITUARY

[LAST DATE IN EACH CASE IS DATE OF DEATH]

Adams, Alfred Montague,	1912-13 (Conway River) 2nd April, 1927
Anderson, Helen Muriel,	1912 Mrs. G. Harden
,	(Wellington), 12th May, 1937
Braddock, Catherine Christina,	1912-13-14-15-16 (? U.S.A., 1922)
Cammock, William Rowland,	1912-13 (Great War), 16th August, 1915
Churches, Thomas Ambrose,	1912 (Wellington), 21st March, 1921
	1912-13-14 (Great War), 8th August, 1915
Ellis, Sydney Robert,	
Goldsborough, Maurice,	1912-13-14-15-16-17 (Wellington),
Control of the Contro	21st March, 1936
Harle, Douglas Allan,	1912-13-14-15 (Great War), 4th October, 1917
Hitchings, Gladys,	1912-13 (Wellington), 13th October, 1930
*Hopkirk, William Spottiswoode,	1912 (Great War), 1st June, 1916
Howard, Frederick,	1912-13-14 (Great War), 8th June, 1917
Hudson, Athol,	1912-13-14 (Great War), 14th July, 1916
Johnston, Cameron Gordon,	1912-13-14 (Great War), 7th June, 1917
Longhurst, William Thomas Adair,	1912 (Auckland), 14th October, 1926
Matthews, Frederick Collett,	1912-13-14 (Great War), 23rd July, 1918
Munro, John Donald Ross,	1912 (Great War), 15th September, 1916
Stevens, William Ernest,	1912 (Great War) 15th August, 1917
*Vial, Alan Herbert Gillies,	1912 (England), 19th June, 1919
Vial, Grahame George,	1912-13-14-15 (Great War),
viai, Gianame George,	25th September, 1917
Welch Tourses Michael	1912 (Great War), 6th July, 1918
Walsh, Laurence Michael,	
Young, Albert Victor,	1912-13-14 (Great War), 1st May, 1917

 ⁽These two names were inadvertently omitted from the War Memorial Number of "THE SPIKE," published in August, 1920).

SPORTS REVIEW

Once again the standard of Sport in the College has been poor. That is, if results are to be taken as the criterion of the sporting strength of the College. In nearly every Club the prospects at the beginning of the season seemed particularly bright, but as time went on, we slipped back into our usual standard of mediocrity. It is a strange fact considering the general keenness and conscientiousness of the various Club members. This may be best illustrated by the record of the Football Club which fielded a Senior Team which, though not as strong on paper as usual, managed to have the better of a drawn game against the leaders (Wellington) and the next week were soundly beaten by the bottom team of the competition. Our sole representative was S. McNicol, who certainly deserved his selection. The fortunes of the Cricket Club fluctuated in a similar manner. The Basketball Club, though occupying a very low position on the Championship Ladder, must be congratulated on securing two Wellington representatives.

Innovations in the coaching of the Men's Hockey Club are a welcome sign, and it says much for the enthusiasm of the members. H. Scott and G.

Whitham gained representative honours.

An encouraging note is to be found in the Harrier Club, which emerged

this year from comparative weakness to decided strength.

The Athletic Club also have a fine record due, not only to the excellence of the individual members (V. P. Boot, J. Sutherland and K. Patience), but also to all-round team work. Second place in the Provincial Championships was a highlight of the year's sport.

In conclusion, it seems that from the general point of view, our initial criticism was harsh, but we shall leave it, in the hope that we may not be content with a mediocre display in the future. We have the talent and ability for something much better.

Our best wishes are extended to all those Club members who have gone overseas, and whose valuable support is a distinct loss to the sporting life

of the College.

L. W. G.

COLLEGE BLUES

The Blues Committee comprised Messrs. C. B. Allen (in the Chair), C. H. Arndt, 1939: R. J. Corkill, R. W. Edgley, G. I. Joseph, 1940: D. R. Scrymgeour, Misses J. Grainger, N. M. McLaren.

The following have been awarded Blues for 1939.

ATHLETICS—A. Cochrane, D. R. Scrymgeour, J. Sutherland, D. Tossman.

BASKETBALL—Misses R. Bell, J. Bythell, P. H. Higgin, J. E. M. Osborn, M. A. Walker.

BOXING-D. G. Anderson, D. Cornish, A. S. McLeod, D. Muir, T. Mullinder, P. J. Shee-han.

CRICKET—T. A. Harpur, J. A. Ongley, W. G. Smith, P. D. Wilson.

FOOTBALL—R. B. Burke, R. P. Hansen, J. P. G. Kissell, T. C. Larkin, O. S. Meads, J. T. Parker, R. T. Shannon.

HARRIERS-S. K. Newell, D. R. Scrymgeour.

HOCKEY—S. Braithwaite, N. Buchanan, A. B. Dixon, G. Shaw.

ROWING-R. G. Bannister, T. S. Mahood, G. T. Ryan.

SWIMMING-Miss S. Hefford.

TENNIS-Miss K. Pears, Miss F. E. McLean, D. Dyer, N. A. Morrison, F. Renouf.

CRICKET CLUB

Though many started last season's cricket with heavy hearts, it proved to be one of the most enjoyable seasons for some time. Apart from the fact that the season ended on a note of optimism from the cricketing viewpoint, sadly incongruous with external events, many friendly games were arranged. In particular, a trip to Feilding will be a happy memory, as long as memory lasts. The welcome we received there was overwhelming. The journey itself was entertaining. One member seemed intent on collecting the biographies of fellow passengers, while others kept the occupants of the carriage informed about passing trains. Among other anomalies, two Field's Expresses were crossed. Evidently the second was a duplicate should the first go astray! We live in stirring times. These digressions are inserted to show that cricket is the open sesame to many things. The game itself was lost by four runs owing, it is rumoured, to bad captaincy!

Other games were with an Old Students' team at Scots' College, with a Women's Representative team at Prince of Wales Park—the ladies won easily, though I think they would be gracious enough to concede that half our batsmen were run out-and two Sunday games at Levin, for which we have to thank the Horowhenua Cricket Association. In one of these games we came a rather bad second, but the return match was narrowly won thanks to some exhilirating hitting by Peter Wilson and some splendid bowling by W. Tucker, Esq. In this game Sandford and Farrell, from Otago, were amongst the runs. A badly gashed nose sustained by one of our players was treated on the train by a party of St. John Ambulance trainees who rather welcomed the presence of a prospective victim.

A resume of friendly games would be incomplete without some mention of two matches played under the leadership of John Murphy at Maidstone Park. Remember that perfect day late in November? The results of both these matches which were played against teams from St. Pat's. Old Boys' Club were obscured by the attraction of certain barrels which contained something more substantial than mere fun. But

let that go It went!

As for Championship fortunes, the Seniors were a little disappointing. On paper they had a strong team, with acquisitions in A. P. Cobden and E. M. Hay from Christchurch, but things didn't go well, especially during the middle part of the season. A deficiency in really effective bowling seemed to be the main trouble, though J. B. Stephenson, and Manley at the beginning of the season, brought off some fine performances. J. A. Ongley didn't get going very often, though his batting was as delightful as ever. There is no doubt as to who is the best stroke player in Wellington. Sheffield, as captain, also did not strike his best form

and the same might be said of Harpur, Wilson and Vietmeyer, though all three performed well on occassions. W. G. Smith kept wickets well and improved his batting average considerably. During the season N. H. McMillan left for camp.

The team had a great eight point win from Wellington in its last match.

The Second Grade co-operative had quite a successful season. We had a moral victory over the winners of the Championship. (This was due to venomous bowling by W. Drake, who afterwards performed creditably for the Seniors. Time alone deprived us of victory that day). Games that were lost, were lost narrowly, and altogether with a little luck we might have won the Championship. Any member of the team will tell you that. Outstanding performances were registered by Betts, whose forceful batting and energetic fielding were pleasant to watch; Sandford, Craig, G. W. Smith, Densem, Knowsley, Edgeley, Greig and Parker, the last four as all rounders. Of these, Greig and Parker also did well for the Seniors in the final match. Some other batsmen collected a few runs on

It would be both un-Christian and uncharitable to bring the performances of the Fourth Grade team too clearly into the light of day. The team suffered from population problems and migratory movements; Walker, Devine and others often receiving a call to a higher service. Coleman was most consistent while McWilliams, James, Caird and Burgess were also prominent.

Though the Sixth Grade social team were orphaned by the loss of their patriarch, Ted Blacker, under G. D. Richards they maintained their high position in the competitions. In the run-making department the main contributors were B. C. Campbell, J. Jeffs, H. E. Moore and R. R. Roberts. Jeffs, with G. A. Hoffmeister, provided the backbone of the bowling. With advancing years Roberts seems to have lost some of his former nip off the pitch.

The Eighth Grade team were again under the trusted leadership of that hardy perennial, John Murphy. At the end of each year he expresses his determination to relinquish the captaincy, but each year he resumes his rightful place at the head of the team, and we hope he will continue to do so for many years to come. This year his perseverance was rewarded for he had the double gratification of com-piling many runs himself and of seeing his team amass upwards of fifty points. Other batsmen who caught the eye were Ramage and Mulqueen. O'Sullivan and Martin (until he was called up), provided the mainstays of the attack, with Collins an additional force later in the season; furthermore, P. C. P. McGavin not only made a marked advance in the technique of batting, but also figured conspicuously in opening partnerships against opposing teams, and ir. witticisms against his own team.

In conclusion, to all those who are now serving overseas, the Committee wishes very sincerely a safe and happy return. In the mean-time cricket will not be the same.

BASKETBALL CLUB

At the New Zealand University Tournament held at Christchurch, Victoria College was not so successful as on the three previous occasions. Auckland recaptured the Tournament Basketball Shield for the first time since 1936, and although our match with Auckland was exciting and evenly contested, we were defeated by a narrow margin.

Several of our more experienced players, some of whom had comprised the Easter Tournament Team, were not available, and this meant a considerable loss to our team. Unfortunately, this also meant that we were unable to field

three teams.

As most of our new players were rather inexperienced in competition Basketball, we thought it advisable to enter a Fourth Grade team in place of the customary Senior B Grade, together with our A Grade team.

This course was justified by the very promising form of several of the players and of the team as a whole, which was very successful in

its Saturday matches.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of our Senior A team which did not seem to strike its usual form.

Our congratulations must go to Caroline Abraham and Janet Grainger, who were chosen for the Senior A Representative Trials this year.

Thanks must be extended to Mr. Riske and to Miss Walker, our last year's captain, for their very valuable work in the coaching of the teams. We very much appreciate their interest and enthusiasm. The Easter team of 1940 comprised the following players:—

Forwards-Joy Osborne, Pixie Higgin, Glen

McMorran.

Centres—Sylvia Hefford, Octavia Turton, Beryl Marsh.

Defence—Enid Broad, Marie Walker (Captain), Caroline Abraham.

Reserves:

Forward-Durie Maysmor.

Centre-Ngaire Marshall.

N.Z.U. Blues were awarded to Pixie Higgin, Marie Walker and Beryl Marsh, to whom our warmest congratulations are extended.

FOOTBALL CLUB IST XV

They had their moments, that band of supporters whose loyalty has never diminished, but whose patience has been strained each playing Saturday for the past ten years or more. They are difficult to please, their standard is so high, but there were occasions when the dash of the Senior forwards brought them some satisfaction. May we see them all again next season.

The forwards were undoubtedly a fine pack—one of the best in the competition. They excelled in all departments, showing particular skill in screwing the scrum, breaking clear, and heading en masse for the opposition line with the

ball at toe. The stalwarts, Captain Burke, Eade, Meads, McNicol, Hansen (when available from Trentham Camp), and McVeagh (when required), all played as well or better than ever. Shannon, Corkhill and Stacey, in their second year showed further improvement and gave to the team a greater degree of dash in their play than shown previously. Stacey must go down as the greatest trier in the team: "Come on College!" even when in the stage of utter exhaustion.

Smith and Gandar, after each having a year in the Third A and Junior A, this year made the Senior Grade, and more than justified their inclusion. No one could wish for better material than was provided by the eleven forwards men-

tioned above.

Unfortunately, there was not the same standard in the backs. At five-eights we were strong, but often had to use two out of the four players we had for this position as centre and wing-threequarter. Patrick (Vice-Captain), and Larkin played consistently well both in attack and defence. Cooney, Third A last year and really a five-eight, generally had to play in the threequarter line. A natural footballer, possibly the most promising player in the team, Cooney should be well in the running for higher honours once he overcomes his present weakness in taking and giving a pass. Over keenness and lack of experience cannot be classed as bad faults. This goes for several young players in the team. Kissel, who has proved an outstanding team man, moved up to the threequarter line after we had lost several players in this position, making room for Greig at full-Apart from his splendid fielding and back. lengthy line kicking, Greig contributed by way of penalty goals a large share of our points. He is a most promising player—another of those who has worked up through the Third A and Junior A Teams. Shaw was potentially one of the best scoring wings in the competition, but it was not until the very end of the season that he learned to tackle. Churchill and Papps, our two young half-backs, should benefit by their first year's experience in Senior Football. Sound footballers both, they should be valuable Club members for some years to come. We were unfortunate during the season to lose the services of such capable backs as Parker, Tricklebank and Mahood.

Although the championship points do not altogether flatter us, it must be pointed out that in all the matches played, the difference in scores was very rarely greater than six points (v. Athletic, 14-10; v. Wellington, 3-3). Considering the fact that there were six promoted Juniors in this year's team and that there are many promising young players in the lower Grades, we can look forward to some good seasons ahead.

Congratulations to representatives:

North Island Universities—Burke (Capt.), Meads, McNicol, Kissel, Patrick, Churchill. New Zealand Universities—Burke (Capt.), Meads, McNicol.

Wellington-McNicol.

JUNIOR A

The season has been a disappointing one so far as it may be gauged by championship results, but the team has had some enjoyable football and has performed creditably against the top teams in its section of the competition.

Calls from the Senior side, the requirements of military service, and injuries to players have affected the strength of the team to an unusual extent. No less than thirty-one players have turned out during the season, and in these circumstances it is no wonder that there has been a lack of cohesion and of constructive football.

The forwards have performed with merit and have been able to give a good account of themselves against any pack produced. They have paid reasonable attention to training and as a result have worked well together. Outstanding among them have been Roley Webb, who has given great service to the Club for many years, and Gordon Duncan, who is an improving forward from whom big things are expected. Creed and Fraser deserve mention for their keenness and perseverance.

Among the backs there has been a lack of determination and understanding of each others play, which can be attributed to inattention to training. No set of backs can function properly unless they consistently train together, and there is no opportunity to eradicate faults unless there is a full muster on training nights.

It is to be hoped that next year there will be an improvement in this direction as the players have enough latent ability to make the necessary effort on their part worth while. Barry O'Regan has given good service at centre and at full-back, Jim Annand has played soundly and courageously, and Gordon Smart, when available, has shown flashes of promising form.

THIRD A

This team has enjoyed a very successful season which can be largely attributed to the strict, conscientious and intelligent attention to training. The boys of this team have displayed the greatest of enthusiasm both in regard to their training and Saturday afternoon games.

In the early stages of the season the forwards were the strong force of the side, but the backs have shown considerable improvement as the season progressed, and they now can be considered one of the best combinations in the Grade. The forwards quickly settled down and the season was not very far advanced before it was evident that they would develop into the best pack in the competition. The general performance of the forwards was so good that it would be quite unfair to mention any particular players as being more outstanding than the others. It may be said that A. Rowell, G. Cumming, J. Kilpatrick, A. McLennan and L. Younie have potentialities well above the average, and, if they continue their efforts in this field of sport with the same enthusiasm as they have displayed during the past season, should be heard of in future years in the higher Grades of rugby.

It should be mentioned that J. Nash, centre hooker of this team, was conspicuously successful in obtaining possession of the ball from the scrum.

The line-out play of the whole team was excellent.

The outstanding players in the backs were G. Stuckey and B. Jacobsen, whilst others who rendered capable service were M. Te Punga and R. F. Cotterill, P. Hitchings and F. Currie.

It is worthy of mention that since the May vacation this team has not lost a game, although it was held to a draw on one occasion.

THIRD B

With two wins and a narrow loss to the leading team at the beginning of the season, prospects appeared bright.

Unfortunately, mainly through a shortage of backs and disregard of training by those available, the standard deteriorated, and latterly the team did not meet with success. This fact did not, however, detract from the pleasure of the game.

The team was a happy family, and each member looked forward to, and enjoyed, his game every Saturday. The forwards were consistently good and strong, and most of them can expect to play in better company next season. The backs were patchy, but consistent training would have improved several. It would be invidious to single out for special mention any particular player, but a word of thanks is due to Vic. Woodcock for his loyalty and energy as captain.

ATHLETIC CLUB

As is usual with a 'Varsity Club, the majority of active members did not commence training operations until well after the New Year. A few, however, succeeded in overcoming their natural lethargy and made their appearance comparatively early. Notably among them were E. L. Irving, A. B. Cochrane and Ryan. However, as the season progressed, the number of active members rapidly increased and the high standard of sportmanship was kept up until Tournament. Again our thanks goes to C. B. Allan and S. G. Eade, those two stalwarts whose valuable coaching has placed many young 'Varsity athletes along the right road to success.

The Club, in the use of Kelburn Park and Weir House, has facilities which few other clubs possess. The members should, therefore, avail themselves of this opportunity to train close to the College instead of trudging out to Hataitai. The residents of Weir House, too, should take a more active part in Athletics. Weir has produced some outstanding athletes—admittedly only one or two in each year—but if the residents bestir themselves, and we shall once again have athletes of the calibre of S. G. Eade, M. Leadbetter, L. A. Tracy, C. H. Jenkins and C. B.

Allan. Remember, Weir! We look to you for our future athletes!

This year the Club was quite successful in outside competitions. The outstanding performance was at the Provincial Championships, when 'Varsity was second in total points and was successful in winning the relay race. The Club members responsible for this success were: J. Sutherland, V. P. Boot, A. Cochrane and J. Stacev.

Mention should be made here of John Sutherland, who so brilliantly carried aloft the 'Varsity colours throughout the season and who at the New Zealand National Championship meeting won the 100 yards. The time (10 3/5 sec.), was disappointing, but allowance should be made for the strong head wind which so adversely affected his time. Sutherland crowned his successes by defeating the Australian Champion, J. Dunn, in a keenly contested race at Christ-church.

We take our hats off to the following members of the Club who performed so creditably during the season.

V. P. Boot, who, although in military training out at Trentham, retained his National and Provincial titles in the 880 yards.

K. Patience, who retained his 120 yards hurdles Provincial title and won a N.Z. University Blue at Christchurch

sity Blue at Christchurch.

J. Adams. R. Scrymgeour, A. Cochrane and Ryan, for their fine performances throughout the season.

Although we were not completely successful at Tournament this year, we should not be down-hearted, as the standard among University athletes was the highest for many years, and many of those competing also held National titles.

One of the disappointments at Inter-faculty this year was the attitude of indifference displayed by the Massey College athletic team. There were in this team several excellent middle distance men, and their possibilities as representatives should have been further displayed.

Owing to a heavy programme of open competition this season and the inclement weather, very few Club meetings were held, but each of such meetings brought a good attendance of members and competition was keen for the Old Members' Cup, awarded for most points scored at these meetings.

The Club's trophies have been awarded for the season as follows:

Old Members' Cup—D. Tossman. Ladies' Cup (for best performance at Interfaculty)—J. Sutherland and K. Patience.

Oram Cup (for most points at Inter-faculty)—S.
Gribben.

Heinemann Cup (for most improved athlete)— K. Smith.

Dunbar Cup (for most points scored in open competition)—A. Cochrane.

TENNIS CLUB

Though the war has tended to disorganise activities, the Club has had a good season. Opening Day, held on Saturday, September 23rd, attracted good entries, the winners being Norm. Morrison and Elizabeth MacLean, who early found good form and made light work of all opposition, though they were heavily handicapped.

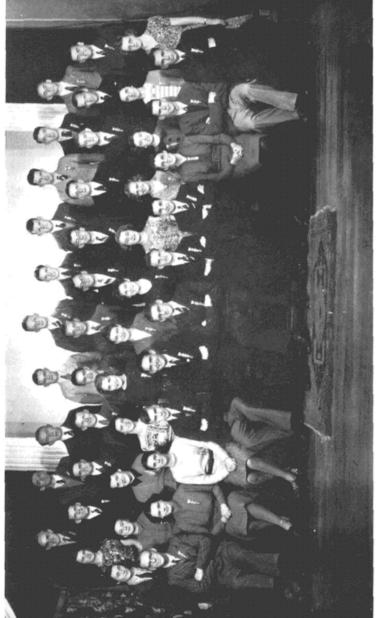
Freshers' Tournament, held on March 10th in glorious weather, produced some good tennis, especially in the semi-finals and final, the latter event being won by T. B. Cranswick and Berys Ball

Owing to the loss of several of our players, only five teams were entered in the W.L.T.A. Inter-Club Competitions this season. The Senior A men's team, again captained by R. McL. Ferkins, and strengthened by the inclusion of Keith Dyer, had several meritorious wins; but the loss of Norm. Morrison, who joined the Air Force early in the New Year, considerably weakened the team and furthermore resulted in disorganisation of the second men's team. Once again the top ladies had a good season and it was unfortunate that illness or absence from Wellington of some of the key players spoiled this team's chances of winning the Grade competition. The loss of our top lady, Elizabeth MacLean, was particularly felt. The Third Grade team, captained by Iris Foley, also had a good season.

Remarkable activity on the Club ladders, both in the men's and ladies' sections, was in evidence this season, and the selection of the tournament team presented no easy problem, as, apart from Frank Renouf, Keith Dyer and Kath. Pears, no other eligible member of the Club could be regarded as at all certain of selection. The team finally chosen comprised the following players: Men—F. Renouf, K. Dyer (Captain), R. Baird and J. Cope; Ladies—K. Pears, G. Rainbow, B. Marsh, N. Marshall and P. Monkman. Norbert Foley, a particularly good Club member and consistent player this season was unlucky to miss Tournament selection. Illness prevented Mary Edwards from making the team, while Marie Fletcher and Glen Macmorran could quite easily have substituted for two of the other girls in the Doubles events, so evenly matched were the players available. In spite of all this talent, the Tournament team was very disappointing, only one event being won by V.U.C., namely, the Men's Doubles (Keith Dyer and Frank Renouf).

On Old Boys' Day, Past Students again registered a win over Present Students, to retain the Eichelbaum Cup by five matches to three. One of the matches won by Old Boys, 11-9 in the third set, was a marathon contest, and much of the credit for this result must go to Colonel Beere, a New Zealand University Blue in the early years of the present century, who showed he has not yet lost his dash and cunning.

Since the outbreak of the war, the Club has lost the services of several of its executive



S. P. Andrews

THE TOURNAMENT TEAM, 1940

THE GRADUATES, 1940

officers or ex-committee men, including Norm. Morrison, Bill Pasley, Frank Renouf, Derek Christensen, and more recently, Lara Sandford, while Ian McAllister will shortly go into camp. The Club wishes to express its appreciation of their services.

HARRIER CLUB

As the season approaches its close, the Harrier Club can look back with pride upon the most successful period of its existence. With a numerical strength well up to last year's peak, enthusiastic support of all Club and inter-Club races has led Victoria to the honoured position of second Club in Wellington.

The season opened with the now traditional Weir House invitation run, when we welcomed to our ranks Teddy Collins, last year's captain of the A.U.C. Harrier Club. The Club races started with the Novice, won by R. M. Daniell in a time half a minute feater than the province.

in a time half a minute faster than the previous course record. O'Flynn, second, and Rowberry, third, were also within the previous record time.

An innovation in the Club's programme was the sending of an eight-man team to participate in the National Centennial Relay Race from the Takahe to Akaroa, a distance of forty-eight miles of laps averaging six miles per man. Forty-three teams were entered in this, the greatest race of its type yet held in Australasia, and in an exciting finish we led in the C.U.C. team to fill fourth place in the A Grade.

Once again we entered two teams in the Anderson Relay, finishing fourth in the A Grade and second in the B Grade. In the Sherwood Cup Race, O'Flynn was first man home, closely followed by Scott. S. J. Wilson ran well to win the trophy on the handicap.

The Club turned out in force for the Dorne Cup, and maintained its already good inter-Club record by finishing second to Scottish, the cup winners for the last ten years. Scrymgeour reaped the individual honours in finishing fourth.

In the Provincial Championships, three teams were entered in the Senior and one in the Junior event. The Senior A team finished second, with O'Connor, eleventh. The B team was fourteenth, and the Juniors, fourth. A pleasing factor was the splendid teaming displayed in all cases.

In the Club Championship Race, Scott was first, Cairns, second; Daniell, third; O'Flynn, Fourth. At the time of writing the Endeavour Cup race has yet to be run. Last year this trophy went to A. L. McCullough, Scrymgeour being first man home, followed by Henderson.

The Cairns Cup was last year awarded jointly to de la Mare and Henderson.

The team entered for the inter-'Varsity race is a strong one consisting of O'Connor, Scrymgeour, Scott, Cairns, Daniell and O'Flynn. We have hopes of success, but have worthy oppon-

C. Sherwood, G. F. Dixon and A. "Baggy" proudly introduced us to ar mountain-forest trail in the hills beh Bay. Mr. G. C. Sherwood again devoted two nights a week to the caing the pains of tired muscles, an those who took advantage of the traities available.

SWIMMING CLUB

Last season, membership in the Swin fell considerably owing to members with various branches of the Forces. especially the help and enthusiasm Bradshaw.

Club nights were held as usual eac day evening at Thorndon Baths. At t ings all kinds of swimmers were catbeing one of the Club's principles to learners and those who swim for pleas than against a stop-watch.

This year we were unable to enter for the Peek Shield Harbour Race, by to congratulate Mr. Hugill on his good ance in this race.

Two water-polo teams were enter B and C Grade competitions. These to however, disorganised through lack players and failed to achieve a complete which is necessary for success in the which is necessary for success in the world like to see more younger taking an interest in this branch of oties.

Our tournament team was on t stronger than it has been for some y Lane (Massey) swam splendidly to fin in a very closely-contested race in 100 yards, and also gained second pl. Men's backstroke. Taylor scored a the men's 440 yards and Miss Hefford placed second in the 100 yards women stroke. Our Tournament team was a Misses Malcolm, Walton and Hefford Lane (Massey), Taylor and McKay.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CI

This year the Women's Hockey Clul only one team in the Wellington Hockey Association matches—in the Grade. Because of the May and Sholidays, we had to default several majowing to sickness and scarcity of plateam underwent various changes duseason.

The Inter-University Hockey Tourna held here in May. Arrangements h

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in obtaining their Blues. In the way of entertainment the Victoria Men's and Women's teams welcomed the visitors at a "Hop" held in the gymnasium; there was a picture party on the second night; on the final night we entertained the visiting women's teams at a dinner and then went on to attend a dance held at the Kelburn Kiosk with the co-operation of the Men's Club.

On the whole we were more successful in our matches this season, though there is still room for much more improvement. The girls are to be congratulated for the enthusiastic spirit they have shown in their play.

The Men's Hockey Club are to be thanked for allowing us to share in their practices and

coaching time.

It is hoped that new and enthusiastic women players will soon appear, as many of the old and staunch members of the team are leaving next year.

HOCKEY CLUB

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the past Hockey season has been the outstanding success of the Club's coaching scheme under the guidance of Mr. Norman Jacobson, a former N.Z.U. Blue from Victoria College, and a well-known ex-representative player. With his assistance, a democratic system of mutual coaching was built up, in this way paving the way for a better understanding, not only of the principles of Hockey, but of team work and leadership as well.

Of the five teams, most progress was made by the Fourth Grade team where now there are several players all capable of taking their places next year in one of the Senior teams. Weir House again entered a team this season in the Third Grade, but a lack of last year's enthusiasm and an unfortunate apathy towards coaching or training were responsible for disappointing results. Juniors also fared disappointingly, mainly through weaknesses in the forward line and an absence of team spirit in one or two members. Senior B, on the other hand, performed very creditably, especially in the latter half of the season, and produced a number of good players who gained promotion to the Senior A eleven.

The Senior A team started very promisingly,

The Senior A team started very promisingly, and had the original eleven been available all the season, would have achieved much better results. This year the "four-halves" formation was played, with no small measure of success, especially in the inter-'Varsity Tournament when the team was narrowly defeated in the final

game by Massey College.

Of the individual players, it is perhaps unfair to mention any in particular, but we must congratulate: G. Whithan and S. Braithwaite on their N.Z.U. Blues; H. Scott and G. Whithan on representative honours; G. Thorp, E. Grinstead, G. Marwick and G. Culliford on sterling performances in the Fourth Grade team; K. Kiddle and J. Wallace on meriting promotion

to the Senior team; B. Hands on being the most promising junior player; and Club Captain, W. Bryan, N. Wickham and A. Long, for forsaking fields of sport in order to serve their country.

Before concluding, it is perhaps fitting to give a word of praise to all those who so cheerfully worked to make the Tournament this year such an outstanding success—particularly those who were generous enough to assist in the difficult problem of billeting visiting players. Many thanks, everyone.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Probably more than any other V.U.C. Club, the Debating Society has felt the effects of the war, as the debating of provocative or controversial subjects has unfortunately become impossible owing to the Emergency Regulations. Naturally, therefore, the attendance at the debates has been very poor compared with other years, for obviously V.U.C. audiences demand more than mental gymnastics. The Society's finances have been sadly reduced this year, owing to the decision of the National Broadcasting Service to discontinue Radio Debates—just another war measure.

This year two Australian debaters, Messrs. Jenkins and Campbell, toured New Zealand and won the decision debate against Messrs. J. R. McGeary and A. L. McCulloch, the Victoria

College representatives.

Mr. P. J. Sheehan and Mr. H. C. Bowyer represented the College at the Joynt Scroll contest, which was held in Wellington this year. Victoria College was placed first, and Mr. Sheehan was adjudged the best of the individual speakers participating in the contest.

The Plunket Medal Oratory Contest was held

The Plunket Medal Oratory Contest was held in the gymnasium this year because of the poor attendance at the Concert Chamber last year. The medal was won by Mr. B. J. Bergin, with

Mr. Sheehan a close second.

Last year's Union Prize was won by Mr. J. P. Lewin, and the New Speakers' Prize by Miss N. Carver.

In the first week of the third term the Society will be holding the Annual Visitors' Debate and hope to have two rival politicians debating some aspect of the Government's policy.

DRAMATIC CLUB

A year which has proved unsettling for several V.U.C. Clubs was opened by the Dramatic Club with "Harvest in the North" by James Hodson. This production ran for three nights and was one of the best V.U.C. has seen for many years, casting and acting, production and play all approaching perfection. An unexpected matrimonial team in Beatrice Hutchison and Dennis Hartley was rich in tragedy and humour, and especial honours go to Beatrice for her admirable restraint, also to John McCreary. The producer was Don Priestley.



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A projected play-reading of Shaw's "Major Barbara" had to be abandoned owing to the sudden illness of the producer, Miss Hutchison. The next major production, "The Jealous God," by Benn Levy, was overtaken by misfortune in the shape of the international situation, owing to which it was deemed advisable to put on the play as a reading, for members of the College only. Mr. Larkin's table manners were much admired.

Later in the second term, three one-act plays were put on for two nights. As usual, contrast-ing types were produced: "The Mask," "Para-dise Enow," and Wm. Koszlenko's, "This Earth is Ours," under the direction of D. W. Feeney, P. Powell and J. O'Shea. Though the comedy proved not spicy enough for a 'Varsity audience, the plays as a whole reached a high standard. Both of the major productions were followed by a supper and dance.

All things considered, the Dramatic Club has had a very successful year so far, but it hopes to be able to offer even better things in the future when the gymnasium has been repaired and improved. Glory be to God!

PHOENIX CLUB

It would be most gratifying if we could record that, after a year of war, the Phoenix Club was still bravely advancing its oriflamme in the cause of art and culture. The urgent necessity to continue the cultural and artistic activities of the Empire despite the war, has already been amply stressed by all competent authorities. But in Victoria University College we dwell upon such Olympian heights that we can well afford, it would seem, to disregard all such advice Perhaps we believe that our apprecia-tion of the finer things of life is already so great that we need take no further pains. Or, slightly more modestly, it may be merely that we consider there is no reason to keep alight the aesthetic flame when the exigencies of war demand all our attention. It may be that either of these postulates accounts for our grievous state.

But it seems very much more likely that the brutal truth of the matter is simply that Victoria University College is composed of Philistines who care nothing for the Phoenix Club or for those ideals which it strives to perpetuate. If that is the true position—and we dare not face the future of New Zealand if that IS the position in one of her leading Universities-then the sooner the Phoenix Club is dissolved, the better: Why maintain the present hypocrisy?

However, in spite of the appalling apathy of our fellow-students (not in this connection alone, we may say), we honestly believe that there are still a few of us, no matter how few, who do care sufficiently for those things in life that are not wholly materialistic. We realise that beauty, and perhaps even fantasy, too, are of at least as great importance to mankind as politics and the more mundane occupations of

the intellectual. We are not intellectuals; we are not high-brows. We believe there is still beauty to be found in the world, and as the chances of one's finding it grow less, we believe that one should seek for it the more. "We take the golden road to Samarkand!"

The Phoenix Club has been in existence for three years (although it has been moribund most of this year). Under its aegis once gathered the enthusiasts of the ci-devant Literary Club and Free Discussions Club. Perhaps this was a mistake, for the meetings rapidly assumed a political colour (a delicate rose, in general, we understand). Last year, possibly as a result of the activities of Salient, politics deserted the Club, and the Club declined. Which might seem to show that our political intellectuals are the driving force in 'Varsity life, especially since this view is strongly supported by other evidence.

We defy this assumption. We invite all those interested in literature, or in art, in any of its manifestations, to rally to the support of the Phoenix Club; to attend its meetings, where interesting topics will be ably presented (often from a new and refreshing view-point), afterwards to be freely discussed and criticised; and, finally, to enter for its competitions in original and creative work. Little time remains this year, but it is sufficient to lay the firm foundations of a better and more active Phoenix Club for 1941.

EVANGELICAL UNION

"In this will I be confident;" the message of Psalm xxvii. has been a source of inspiration to the Evangelical Union in the past year.

The membership has been maintained, although several of the members have enlisted for overseas military service. Particularly have we felt the loss of Mr. R. N. Green, who for some years has been of able assistance to our Fellowship.

The Friday evening lectures were based on the message of "Christ and Freedom"—the theme of the Fifth International Inter-'Varsity Fellowship Conference which was held in Cambridge in 1939. These lectures were presented interestingly and peacefully, and we are grateful to the gentlemen who devoted time and effort to them.

Two House Parties were held during the year; the first at Shelly Bay, Seatoun, and second at Akatarawa during the week-end of August 8th to 12th. At this latter House Party, Dr. J. M. Laird gave us four absorbing addresses from the 13th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, on the subject of the Kingdom of Heaven. The twentytwo students who attended this House Party were deeply impressed by the Doctor's masterly presentations of the subject matter.

The members of the Evangelical Union were hospitably entertained to Sunday Tea by the Karori and Island Bay Baptist Churches, and on both occasions the following evening services

were addressed by students.

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The annual Inter-'Varsity Conference of Evangelical Unions was held this year in Wellington, and took place in the Te Aro School. Some eighty students attended the Conference which was addressed by a number of able speakers, including Dr. Pettitt, Mr. H. R. Minn, Rev. W. A. Orange, Mr. F. B. Stephens, Mr. J. S. Burt and Mr. E. Gordon Anderson.

The Evangelical Union goes into 1941 with the abiding confidence that: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY

This year has been a very successful one for the Society so far as attendance has been concerned.

Lectures given ranged from "Aids to Calculation" to "Relativity." A feature of the year was an attempt to popularise the lectures a measure which proved very successful, and is evidently a step in the right direction.

S. C. M.

The Student Christian Movement is a fellowship of students who desire to understand the Christian Faith and to live the Christian Life. Since our activities in the College are necessarily confined, the following programme was carried out during the year.

Two study circles were conducted for the purpose of studying "The Missionary Task of the Church," a book of thirteen studies, written by two former O.U. students. Devotional groups were held as a necessary part of our fellowship, and communion with God.

General meetings this year had special reference to the Christian's attitude to the University. Miss Sybil Williams, General Secretary of the New Zealand Movement, gave two addresses on this theme.

The subjects discussed at Saturday night meetings were: "Christian Mission Work," led by Rev. H. W. Newell; "The Aims and Objects of the Movement," led by Mr. H. G. Bowyer; and "Our Duty to the State," led by Mr. H. G. Miller.

The usual camps and retreats which are a distinctive feature of S.C.M., were all well attended this year. Relaxation was the keynote of the post-exam. camp at Makara last year, and many V.U.C. members attended the Dominion Conference which was held in Wanganui.

The Executive Retreat at Frederic Wallis's house on February 25th, made Executive members familiar with the Dominion-wide and world-wide aspects of our work.

Anzac Day was spent in studying "Bible Discussions in War Time." They were found so helpful in light of recent events, that the series was continued at Plimmerton on King's Birthday week-end. Canon Watson, the Wellington Diocesan Missioner, gave two talks on the "Kingdom of God."

The Annual Day of Prayer, which is observed by Christian students all over the world, was held in the Terrace Congregational Church. At the tea which followed, Mr. J. R. Marshall spoke on the World Conference of Christian Youth held at Amsterdam in 1939. Another annual function, the University Opening Service, was held this year at Taranaki Street Methodist Church. Dr. T. V. Newman and Mr. C. Scrymgeour, representing the staff and the S.A., took part in the service, and the preacher was the Rev. Prof. Albiston.

The Handbook and the Bookstall are two services that the S.C.M. maintains each year. The Handbook is designed to help freshers lose their freshness, and the utility of the Bookstall may be judged by the number of books that pass through it.

There are fifty-six subscribers to "Student" in the College. This is a paper published by the N.Z.S.C.M. for University students. The contributors are well known to students, and there is full information on I.S.S.

This latter is our most recent sphere of action. Because the N.Z.U.S.A. and the N.Z.S.C.M. are both affiliated to the International Student Service, it has been decided that the S.C.M.'s and the S.A.'s of each College form I.S.S. Committees.

The year has been a busy one, and we have all enjoyed the fellowship, which reaches its highest in a group of Christians. We welcome those in the University who wish to witness to Christ to join with us.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club, which has not been functioning for some years, was reinstated again among V.U.C. Clubs this year by a few enthusiastic players. Mr. R. L. Meek was elected President, but on his leaving Wellington, Mr. L. W. Gandar succeeded to this office.

Club night has been held on Tuesday evenings from 7.30 p.m. onwards in the committee room on the top floor of the gymnasium. This has been attended by only a few keener players, but an invitation is extended to all students whether they are good players or still novices to attend these meetings and enjoy a pleasant evening.

Two matches were played with outside Clubs during the second term; the first with Technical College was drawn, and the second was won from a Miramar Club team.

A lightning tournament was held and was very successful. Mr. P. Hillyer emerged the victor.

The Club has maintained a set of Chessmen in the men's common room, and these have seen a great deal of use. The Chess ladder also in the men's common room has been very popular, the positions being keenly contested.

It is to be hoped that interest will grow in this Club which, while it has been long established in the College, is making a new start. Chess, "the game of war," is certainly the most fascinating and instructive game known to man, and well deserves the support of all University students.



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RIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Biological Society this year, as in the past, has been a source of inspiration and encouragment to those students whose interest in Biology inclines them to stray beyond the narrow confines of the University syllabus. We had the pleasure this year of welcoming Dr. Richardson, late of McGill University. His short address on "What attracts a Zoologist to New Zealand," delivered at our annual general meeting, was most stimulating. We were interested to hear of the envy with which our natural advantages in Biology are regarded elsewhere. Dr. Richardson brings a great deal of experience of Biological study to Victoria. This evident interest in the Society is keenly appreciated.

The programme this year has not given the Botanists much opportunity as yet, but we hope to be able to arrange one or two excursions in the third term. Mr. D. Cairns lectured to the Society on the "Life History of the New Zealand Eel," laying particular stress on the economic aspect of such a study. This was a timely service, for too often students are apt to forget the essential practical nature of the study of Biology. Capt. E. V. Anderson gave us an interesting talk, illustrated with films, on "Bird Life in New Zealand."

We have held two Film Evenings this year. Both were extremely successful, and we feel that in this medium we are successful in reaching a larger number of people than by lectures.

Once again an excursion to Massey College was arranged, this year in conjunction with the Chemical Society, whom we have to thank for the excellent arrangements. Local excursions have been arranged, though the weather has sometimes interfered with disastrous results. sometimes interfered with disastrous results. However, as indicated above, our activities are not yet over (at the time of writing, at the end of the second term), and we hope to hold some week-end excursions in the third term.

We must take this opportunity of thanking the members of the staff of the Biology Department for the great interest they have shown in our

activities

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has this year decreased in numbers but not in enthusiasm. There have been many new members, and their enthusiasm should be an example to older members.

It was hoped at the beginning of the year that a music room with a piano would event-uate when the new Biology Block was opened, where practices could be held to suit members, but unfortunately, although a new Music Room was provided, a piano is yet to come, and in the meantime the Glee Club has had to content itself with practices in the gym. This meant that practices had to be held before eight in the evening, and as there are many night lectures affecting those interested, the number of mem-

bers able to attend practices was negligible.

In order that the Glee Club should not fade into oblivion a practice was held at mid-day in the gym. two days a week, and usually about twenty girls attended. There was a lamentable lack of male voices, but although many attempts were made to rectify this state of affairs, nothing came of it and we can only hope that next year more men will be interested enough to join in.

The practices were led by Miss Nancy Barnett, without whose enthusiasm and ability it is probable that the Glee Club would have ceased to We owe her our gratitude for her function. most noble work. The Glee Club provided musical items at several functions during the year, including the Joynt Scroll and its annual concert which was held on the last Friday of the second term, was an outstanding success. The Glee Club was assisted by various people from outside the 'Varsity, and we are very grateful to these people for so kindly helping us, for without them a concert would have been impossible. This was the fourth annual con-cert and the standard reached was quite equal to that of former years, and it is hoped that the Glee Club concert may become a regular annual event from now on. The concert was followed by a dance which was run in conjunction with the Executive and took the place of the customary Winter Sports Ball. This was well attended and seems to have been generally enjoyed, and there are hopes that the arrangement may be repeated in future years.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

During this year the activities of the Photographic Club have been somewhat curtailed. This has been principally due to the difficulty which members have experienced in obtaining apparatus and materials. Among the things which have been necessitated by this shortage, was the cancellation of the usual exhibition, no card suitable for mounting the prints being available.

In spite of these difficulties, however, lectures and demonstrations have been given, and the Committee has met regularly. Thanks for assistance with meetings this year is due especially to Mr. Roland Hipkins for his lecture on the relations between photography and the other graphic arts, and to Messrs. H. E. Perry Ltd, for the loan of a fine set of lantern slides of London by night, made by Mr. Ainger Hall.

At the time of writing, the year is not yet over, and the Committee hopes to be able to hold a number of outings, and if suitable material is available, to hold a revival screening

of some famous films of the past.

The Club still lacks its so eagerly awaited new enlarger. Now that sufficient funds are available, it is found that all suitable enlargers in the stocks of local dealers have been sold, and there seems to be little likelihood of their obtaining new stocks at the present time. A sub-Committee has therefore been set up to consider the possibilities of either having a suitable instrument made locally, or of adapting one of the available models. Until this instru-

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The standard of work among members is maintaining its usual high level, as the illustrations in "Spike" will show. The usual competition has this year been judged by Mr. Geoffrey Perry, and our thanks are due to him for the able manner in which he carried out his task. The results of his deliberations are to be found elsewhere in the magazine.

GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

Many students still seem unaware of the privileges which are theirs respecting the Carnegie gramophone. The Gramophone Committee welcomes request programmes, which should be written in the note book provided for the purpose opposite the librarian's desk. Programmes may be played during the lunch hour or in the evenings.

A number of full-time students have been using their lunch-hours to good purpose in the music-room. Luxury it is to relax in the sunny music room after a satisfying lunch in the caf, and to listen to Toscanni and Beecham, Menuhin and Kreisler, Corbot and Walter Jesieking doing their stuff. The classical school of composers have been well played over. The number of playings indicate that the Cesar Franck Symphony and the Grieg Concerto are among the most popular works in the collection. Round about the time of the Centennial performance of Goundd's "Faust," this work had a good run. Almost the whole of Handel's "Messiah" was played in consecutive lunch hours. You should see the crowds (comparatively) of grand opera fans who turn up quite regularly to hear sections of aria played. Rumour has it that Denis Hartley is requesting another playing of "Iolanthe," and that he has promised to provide something realistic upon a music room table.

There must surely be something in the collection of 900 records which you like. The catalogue in the music room is accessible all the time. Hunt out your favourites and have members of the Committee play them for you, giving the one day's notice that the rule requires. The gramophone is there to use. Use it!

CHEMICAL SOCIETY

The energy of the Chairman has been largely responsible for the success of the Society's activities during the past six months. Two excursions, one to the Hutt Railway Workshops and one to Massey Agricultural College proved extremely popular. Three speakers from outside the College have given interesting and instructive talks: Mr. F. Caughley on Leather and Tanning; Mr. M. Tingey on Varnish Manufacture; Mr. Davis on Milk Analysis. The remaining lectures were given by workers in the department. Though attendance has been better this year than last, it is disappointing to see so few first-year students at the lectures,

most of which are general in nature and interesting to those with even a superficial knowledge of chemistry.

The most successful and probably the most important lecture of the year was delivered by Mr. E. P. White. The cosmetic industry plays a large part in the life of the community, and in a country where there is little Government control of production or advertising, it is essential that everyone should be able to distinguish between the useful, the harmless, and the definitely injurious type of article. We learnt of thallium acetate—a harmful depilatory, and efficient as a rat poison; titanium dioxide, used in paint and in face powder because of its great covering power for rough surfaces; triethanolamine for emulsifying face creams, bitumen and cheese. But perhaps the greatest contribution to the success of the evening were the samples of cosmetics prepared by the Honour's Students. Cold creams, vanishing creams, latherless shaving cream, hand lotions were examined and sampled with interest; and perhaps we should mention a lipstick which all the tests at the disposal of the department, proved to be super-kiss-proof. At all events everyone—especially the Victoria House contingent—seemed to enjoy the talk, and it is to be hoped that the Society will continue to give occasional lectures of popular interest and imnortance

LAW FACULTY CLUB

This Club has not this year played as prominent a part as it has done in the past in the activities of its Faculty. This has been caused mainly by inroads made by the war amongst the senior members of the Faculty. The Club, however, co-operated with the Wellington Law Students' Society in the production of the Students' Supplement to the New Zealand Law Journal. The Supplement is sponsored by the legal profession in the hope that near-members of the profession will express their opinions, and it is a matter for regret that so few contributions were received from students at the College.

It is to be hoped that some of the younger members of the Faculty will next year support the Club and help to re-establish it in 'Varsity activities. The Acting-Secretary would like to see all those who would be prepared to take an active part.

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