

S P I K E

The Victoria University College Review

48

Published by

The Victoria University College Students'
Association

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Cover design by Louise Henderson

*Printed at The Caxton Press
Christchurch*

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EDITORIAL

THE editor of *Spike* (or, indeed, of any university magazine in the country) is brow-beaten by tradition into following a policy which may be distasteful to his own feelings of how a magazine should be run. Official photographs and club-notes must appear, and a fairly even distribution of thoughtful and imaginative prose and verse. So that every year this recipe must be observed in due proportion and, even though not one intelligent article comes to hand, instead of redeeming that failure with a few extra poems or a short story, the best of the bad crop of articles must be printed. And this routine applies to imaginative prose and verse which when completely bad is nevertheless printed in conformity with tradition. An editor can only do his best with the material that comes to hand, and his policy is largely determined by the disposition of that material. For if he determined on a fixed policy beforehand, he would find himself rejecting all the material not conforming to this policy (probably more than half of the magazine's normal composition), and be reduced to both writing and editing the magazine himself.

But here is the grievance. What is real in *Spike's* tradition (that is, the few convincing poems and honest articles) has often been buried under the great dust-heap of muddleheadedness and unseemly aping of overseas fashions in prose and verse. Rarely has there been assimilation or careful consideration and reassessing, but rather blatant imitations which tell their story of the dearth of imagination, and of intellectual dishonesty: cheap, second-rate feelings and ideas being masqueraded about as the real thing. When Eliot and disillusion was fashionable, the penny poets blew their weak disillusioned trumpets; and when Auden and his school asseverated some vague form of Communism as the Saviour of Man, it must needs be reverberated, somewhat shabbily it is true, between the covers of *Spike*. And as in literature, so in philosophy and political philosophy.

Why was this? Is it because students are but High School mentalities still (and many never do mature beyond that) that they are confounded by what smacks of intellectuality, and, being incapable of serious or original cogitation, cannot distinguish the grain from the chaff or at least arrive at some personal conclusion? Let it pass. It would seem that what was once promising and sensitive can become an impalpable mass, hardened by custom and routine and mechanical absorption, reacting to floating political or cultural opinions as, in the experiment, the frog's leg reacts to electrical impulses with a vague and nervous kick.

And if the student's opinion is lamentable in *Spike* (itself the result of careful selection from the best available minds), how much more so does it appear in the unguarded pages of *Salient*. But let a minute irritation, an unforeseen particle of sand enter the oyster-like calm of our student's mind, and with what ungoverned and unreasoning folly does he kick out right and left in his blind confusion. And *Salient* like the faithful mirror that it is, reflects it all.

To him literature means very little. For as long as Criticism with its wonted sterility isolates for his appreciation the technical and the obvious, how much chance has the man of genius to emerge from all this verbiage, and reveal his true personality? Our student expects very much the same enjoyment from every author, whereas the genius of each is distinct, and capable of giving its own peculiar pleasure. But if an author's claim prove stubborn, how often in his arrogance does our student find him wanting, when the deficiency lay in himself and his method of approach! At best he knows a handful of lyrics and a few novels (read for ulterior reasons) from which he forms an unshakeable opinion of the whole body of English literature. So that Auden is discredited because he is not Keats, or because he falls outside the familiar handful. For some, literature died a natural death with Tennyson; for others it only 'arrived' with Eliot. Where is the golden mean? And above all where is that intellectual magnanimity which gives every author a fair hearing?

Let us now explain some points in this year's magazine. It will be noticed that it falls into definite divisions. We felt that a semblance of order was preferable to the apparently temperamental system of arrangement in past magazines. We disposed of verse and prose judgments as being on the whole unsatisfactory. Past judges were normally busy men or not really interested and, being so, judged cursorily and often stupidly. Finally were it not for fear of bringing down on our heads the whole crumbling structure of tradition, we would have refused club-notes and official photographs. However the smirks of those in the latter may be interesting to the individuals concerned, whereas the former can be seen scattered at the back among the advertisements, with their not-unexpected evidence of how low English usage may descend.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

This year's competition was judged by Mr H. Farmer-McDonald, A.R.P.S., a prominent member of the Wellington Camera Club. His awards and comments are as follows:—

'There were many entries for this competition, but few, unfortunately, showed evidence of serious endeavour at picture making. Many of the prints were of contact size, which does not tend to show them off to best advantage.

'Subjects generally were inclined to be hackneyed and humdrum, even amongst the winners.

'I should like to have seen greater thought put behind the job—careful selection of subject matter; elimination of unnecessary detail; more harmonious arrangement of material and masses.

'My awards are:—

'1st—"Cheesecake", D. A. Dale. A study of a girl in sunlight. Very attractively done under good lighting, and with excellent flesh

tones. The foreground is simple, effective, and in tune with the whole idea. The picture could have been improved by the inclusion of a subtle sky pattern which was not obtrusive. The hands of the figure seem to suggest a certain amount of tension.

'2nd—"Midsummer's Day", A. C. Robie-son. This is a serious attempt at arranging masses in the picture space. I would have preferred a sky in keeping with the tree shapes—the present one is rather niggly and inconsequential.

'3rd—"Frozen Harmony", by M. Laird. This picture shows good print quality and the figures are nicely placed. Notice how important is the slightly larger gap between the two figures on the left. The weakness of this picture is that the weight is all on the left. It would have been better if the view point could have been altered so as to have the highest peaks on the right hand side.'

E. M. FORSTER

By GORDON S. ORR

IT IS TWENTY FOUR YEARS SINCE E. M. Forster published his last novel. In it he fully revealed the wealth of his imagination, the richness of his mind, his deep humanism and mature wisdom. Yet his admirers somewhat wistfully continue to voice dim protests at his sustained silence and express vague hopes that this man who appears so satisfactorily to have achieved his own personal integration will make a further statement of his faith through his chosen medium, the novel. Instead, a silence, almost ominous, rings in their ears and they find no response. There remains as an undertone only an echo which unlike the utterly dull bou-oum of the Marabar caves, carries with it the voiceless cries of Gino, Mrs Wilcox, the Emersons and others of the elect. And what of this echo? Has Forster in his five novels and few short stories shed such of his wisdom as he cares to shed, content to leave it to his readers to decide whether life is a 'mystery or a muddle'? Certainly he has posed the question. It is not always easy to decide what his answer is or indeed whether he has really given one. There, perhaps, lies the subtle fascination of his novels. Particularly in the first four, where are interspersed the oddest coincidences and the most unlikely happenings which culminate in situations little short of pure allegory. Ansell's fantastic entry into the dining-hall, in 'The Longest Journey', followed by his denouncement of his friend Rickie before the whole school, is a supreme example. And yet the reader is left feeling that however unlikely, it somehow remains true.

Forster is filled with a profound uncertainty. In this some see his inherent weakness, his ultimate failure. To others the knowledge that life is transitory, unpredictable and never entirely understood, that to follow the anticipated course, or to realize their potential good is a fundamental truth, human beings can never be quite relied on. Because Forster perceived this so clearly they see in his work so much that is true concerning people. For it is with people that Forster is always concerned. The 'inner life' and

'personal relationships' are his key phrases. As he develops he endeavours to relate these to man's social setting. From 'Howards End' (1910) in which this is attempted we span fourteen years to 'A Passage to India' (1924) where all the forces of man and nature are rallied to discover the unity, the hidden synthesis which perhaps underlies human kind and the world it inhabits. Again for some the shadowy figure of Mrs Moore is a vague and futile creation of a mind stumbling at half-truths. But others find repose in this woman much of the essential mystery of life. For she is a member of the silent kingdom of individuals who know and always have known and in whom the secret of living is realized from some hidden primal source. How or why it is revealed we are not told. Nor can we expect to be told. Our knowledge comes from knowing such persons and divining in them the force of nature which makes their lives so potent and so complete. This power of recognition implies some life of the spirit in us and the potentiality for entering into personal relationships with our fellow men, which if real and vital lead us to some awareness of the world of which we are part, the all-embracing world of nature.

Thus in each of Forster's novels we have some person who is the touchstone, some elemental character in whom is vested all living forces, who has perhaps 'been back somewhere—back to some table of the Gods, spread in a field wherein there is no noise', or like Gino who 'was majestic, part of Nature'. Forster's appeal is not to the divine in man but to his essential human nature. Indeed he does not believe in immortality or in eternal life. Elsewhere he says, 'The people I respect must behave as if they were immortal and as if society was eternal. Both assumptions are false: both of them must be accepted as true if we are to go on eating and working and loving and are to keep open a few breathing holes for the human spirit'.* Through all his work there is a pervading

* *What I Believe*—Hogarth Press 1939.

sense of transitoriness, a realization of man's impermanency and instability. 'There is much good luck in the world but it is luck. We are none of us safe.' And yet for some few people, those who are miraculously in harmony with the real world about them, life has meaning and they are fulfilled. This quality of one-ness with the world may be inherent in the individual as in the elemental Stephen Worham or it may be acquired through an act of conversion. Thus 'Philip . . . was happy; he was assured there was greatness in the world. There came to him an earnest desire to be good through the example of this good woman. He would try henceforward to be worthy of the things she had revealed. Quietly, without hysterical prayers or banging of drums he underwent conversion. He was saved.' Just how convincing Forster's 'real' people are may be seen from a closer examination of his books.

Forster is greatly lauded by some, faintly praised by others for his famous 'charm'. His work indeed has charm. At times it spells out an almost magical beauty. It is the work of a rich and subtle imagination able in rare moments so to harmonize the soul and cosmos as to wake wonder and profound joy in the percipient. It has the quality of great music and affects the senses in the same way. In the 'Longest Journey' there is an incident in the half-brothers' journey to Wiltshire. ' . . . But they played as boys who continued the nonsense of the railway carriage. The paper caught fire from the match and spread into a rose of flame. "Now gently with me," said Stephen, and they laid it flower like on the stream. Gravel and tremulous weeds leapt into sight, and then the flower sailed into deep water, and up leapt two arches of a bridge. "It'll strike!" they cried, "no it won't, it's chosen the left", and one arch became a fairy tunnel, dropping diamonds. Then it vanished for Rickie; but Stephen, who knelt in the water, declared that it was still afloat, far through the arch, burning as if it would burn for ever.' This comes at the conclusion of a notable chapter and has the effect of lifting the whole story into the world which Stephen himself inhabits. It is idle to mock such charm even if elsewhere Mrs Wilcox's wisp of hay (with the dew on it) does perhaps become tiresome.

Forster is not primarily concerned with plot or story. How is it then that his books

are all in a sense violent, starkly coincidental, sprinkled with shocks? His people die suddenly. 'Gerald died that afternoon. He was broken up in the football match', comes quite without warning. Leonard breaks up; Gino's baby is killed in a carriage accident; Rickie is run over by a train. Forster's purpose is to bring the fact of death sharply before his readers. Most men he has said are conscious of the idea of death, few know death. He is prepared then to trespass beyond normal bounds of probability in an effort to emphasize what he has to say concerning human nature and human relationships. The important point being that within such limits as he does impose we feel strongly impelled to accept as true all that happens. This because he writes with a convincing sincerity, at times passionate in its appeal to the reader.

None of his people are entirely good or wholly evil. The strange contradictions he reveals are at first confusing and we are left wondering quite how to interpret them. This is not accident on Forster's part. Mrs Moore who knows the truth lifts no hand to save Dr Aziz. Does Forster retrospectively justify her action by Aziz's subsequent acquittal? Both Gino and Stephen Worham, sons of nature are capable of coarseness, deceit and brutality. Yet they are majestic; are heroes. They are a law unto themselves and rightly. It is said of Rickie in 'The Longest Journey' that he 'suffered from the Primal Curse, which is not—as the Authorized Version suggests—the knowledge of good and evil, but the knowledge of good-and-evil'. This is basic to Forster's philosophy of life: a part of his profound uncertainty. He regards with deep suspicion divinely inspired absolute moral laws. The knowledge of good-and-evil then is the Primal Curse. It is no wonder that none of his people satisfy the longing of some for black or white outright. Instead they meet greys of varying depth and intensity and only if particularly obtuse fail to identify some such curious blending in themselves.

Forster is both artist and craftsman. He binds each of his stories together not so much by the people in them as by significant buildings and places. These assume almost symbolical reference and recur again and again, giving ballast and centrality to his work. Thus 'Howards End' the home of Mrs Wil-

cox is the focal point and to it is continually related the outside world of London—paradox of commerce and culture. Both the 'Longest Journey' and 'A Passage to India' are divided into three component parts to form an integrated whole. Cambridge, Sawston and Wiltshire in themselves distinct and separate, have each their human counterpart in Ansell, the Pembroke and Stephen Wonham respectively. Rockie is the centrifugal force about whom the story plays. Again in 'A Passage to India', the Mosque, Caves and Temple present three aspects of man's inner life. The unifying link being Mrs Moore. She it is who meets Dr Aziz in the Mosque, who visits the Marabar Caves with him and whose memory wakes in the mind of Professor Godbole in the Temple. 'He had with increasing vividness, again seen Mrs Moore, and round her faintly clinging forms of trouble. He was a Brahman, she Christian, but it made no difference, it made no difference whether she was a trick of the memory or a telepathic appeal. It was his duty, it was his desire, to place himself in the position of the God and to love her, and to place himself in her position and to say to the God: "Come, come, come, come". This was all he could do. How inadequate! But each according to his own capacities and he knew that his own were small. . . .'" Such a passage has more than charm; it is irradiant with an Oriental beauty. Peter Burra has ably described the three parts of these two books as 'planned like symphonies in three movements that are given their shape and their inter-connections by related and contrasted localities.' This is so. And particularly in 'A Passage to India' do we travel beyond mere words. Truths which find comprehension in the same way that music is comprehended. A total response is called direct from the human heart. An invocation to mingle with the Gods of Truth and Beauty and the more tangible Deities who are the stars and night and earth and hills and long-winding rivers of water which flow to limitless seas. Such is Forster's appeal.

II

All this is only hinted at in his earlier novels. For he has more direct concerns. 'Where Angels Fear to Tread' (1905) and 'A Room with a View' (1908) might be read solely as highly amusing social comedies. Ad-

mittedly the former ends on a tragic vein with the sudden death of Gino's child after Harriet has kidnapped her, but explicit in both is the contrast between life in suburban England on the one hand and in Italy—land of sunshine and laughter—on the other. The conventions as against the natural and spontaneous, the distinction between the real and the pretended. Both are novels of personal drama. In 'Where Angels Fear to Tread' the hero is undoubtedly Gino, the Italian son of a local dentist who marries Lilia, a widowed middle class suburban Englishwoman. She dies in childbirth and the story from then on centres around the surviving child of two alien worlds. 'She (Caroline) was silent. This cruel vicious fellow knew of strange refinements. The horrible truth, that wicked people are capable of love stood naked before her and her moral being was abashed. It was her duty to rescue the baby and save it from contagion, and she still meant to do her duty. But the comfortable sense of virtue left her. She was in the presence of something greater than right or wrong.' The conflict then is between love and arid moral duty. Forster leaves no doubt as to which is the real and which the pretended.

Likewise in 'A Room with a View' Lucy's refusal to recognize her love for George brings an impassioned plea from George's father. 'You must marry or your life will be wasted. You have gone too far to retreat. I have no time for the tenderness, and the comradeship and the poetry and the things that really matter and for which you marry. I know that with George you will find them and that you love him. Then be his wife. He is already part of you. . . . It isn't possible to love and to part. I know by experience the poets are right: love is eternal.' But more, love is real, and Lucy must recognize this, forsake pretence. It requires only that she be true to her inner self. Nothing in the world is more important than that.

III

'The Longest Journey' (1907) comes in point of time between the two novels just discussed. But in effect it is the synthesis of these two in which all the problems there implied or expressed are here presented in a heightened emotional form. It is a far greater book than the other two and one in which Forster attempts to reconcile the fundamental



CHEESECAKE

D. A. Ball



MIDSUMMER'S DAY

A. C. Robieson

problems of the true relationship of human beings one with another and with the universe. If he fails it is a splendid failure. The conflict again is between the real and the pretended. The urgent need for the human spirit to remain unclouded and unimpeded by the corrupting influence of social conventions. It is a little disconcerting to find that the touchstone is the elemental Stephen Wouham to whom ultimately all problems are referred for their final answer. Stephen is the symbol of life. He is a man of fine limbs, great physical strength and little learning. An agnostic reared on the Wiltshire Downs among the shepherds, his bed often as not the hills, his companions the stars and wind in the trees in the mystic circle of the 'Rings'. One who has been far back and sat with the Gods in the fields of Elysium. In his company his half-brother Rickie is at long last brought to realize 'The man (Stephen) was right and would have been lovable. He longed to be back riding over those windy fields, to be back in those mystic circles, beneath pure sky. There they could have watched and helped and taught each other until the world was a reality and the past not a torn photograph but Demeiter the Goddess rejoicing in the spring. Ah, if he had seized those high opportunities! For they led to the highest of all, the symbolic moment, which if a man accept he has accepted life'. And so Rickie accepts Stephen. He leaves his wife who has wed him to the conventions and joins Stephen and his Cambridge friend Ansell, who 'kept away and somehow saved himself'. 'He (Rickie) stood behind things at last and knew that the conventions are not majestic, and that they will not claim us in the end.' Out of the chaos had emerged one fierce burning light. 'Stephen was a hero. He was a law unto himself and rightly. He was great enough to despise our small moralities. This evening Rickie caught Ansell's enthusiasm and felt it worthwhile to sacrifice everything for such a man.' His disillusionment soon follows. Inexplicably the light turns dim, splutters and dies out. Stephen breaks a solemn promise to Rickie who now 'remembered that Stephen was a law unto himself. He had chosen to break his word and would break it again. Nothing else bound him. To yield to temptation is not fatal for most of us. But it was the end of everything for a hero.' Rickie is finally

ruined. 'From the bridge the whole constellation was visible and Rickie said "May God receive me and pardon me for trusting the earth" . . . then he leant against the parapet and prayed passionately for he knew that the conventions would claim him soon.' Soon after he is killed, while rescuing Stephen who lay drunk on a railway crossing nearby. While we are convinced of Rickie's failure, can we accept Stephen as the apotheosis of mankind? Has Forster unwittingly falsified the situation and endowed Stephen with qualities which he could not conceivably possess. I believe this to be so. 'Forster's fundamental error consists of invoking the spiritual principle and then referring it for its ultimate sanction—not to God, to the supernatural, a resort which would have had the effect of thoroughly disequilibrizing Forster's mental pattern and bringing it to a new and revolutionary centrality—but to Nature.† There is a basic inconsistency in Forster's appeal to Nature. Thus he says, 'There is indeed another coinage that bears on it not man's image but God's. It is incorruptible and the soul may trust it safely; it will serve beyond the stars. But it cannot give us friends, or the embrace of a lover, or the touch of children, for with our fellow-mortals it has no concern. . . . Have we learnt the true discipline of a bankruptcy if we turn to such a coinage as this? Will it really profit us so much if we save our souls and lose the world?' No, Forster proclaims, for Stephen has saved his soul who has turned not to God but to the earth and stars and deep dark rivers of night. Where then is the point of contact between the spirit of man and nature? Wherein lies the real union between the external world of nature and man's soul? Forster does not tell us for in Stephen there is no true union. The last we know of him as the book closes is that he had fled with his girl child to sleep out on the hillside. Thinking of the departed Rickie it is said, ' . . . The body was dust, and in what ecstasy of his could it share? The spirit had fled in agony and loneliness, never to know it had bequeathed him salvation. . . . One thing remained that a man of this sort might do. He bent down reverently and saluted the child: to whom he had given the name of their

†D. S. Savage in *Writers of Today*. Ed. Denys Val Baker.

mother.' Man turns in the night not to God but to man. To his own kind. Although the soul must trust God who is 'beyond the stars' Stephen turns to his own child for therein lies man's fulfilment. Forster has rejected the supernatural which 'is incorruptible and which the soul may trust' in favour of—Nature.

IV

It has been suggested that Forster, conscious of his failure here turned outwards to the relationship of people and society. 'Howards End' is an intense plea for the recognition of the inner life of the individual. It explores the country of the heart. But it goes further. It attempts a reconciliation between the life of personal relations and the outer life of 'telegrams and anger'. 'Only connect . . . ' urges Forster. And his story endeavours to show us that such a connection is achieved. Margaret marries Henry Wilcox. A cultured and leisured woman of independent means, she at last realizes that the Wilcoxes have some real worth, do really live. Shortly before her marriage she remarks to her sister Helen, 'If Wilcoxes hadn't worked and died in England for thousands of years, you and I wouldn't sit here without having our throats cut. There would be no trains, no ships to carry us literary people about in, no fields even. Just savagery. No—perhaps not even that. Without their spirit life might never have moved out of protoplasm. More and more do I refuse to draw my income and sneer at those who guarantee it.' Such then are the Wilcoxes, chief of whom she marries. Margaret is an ostensibly cultured person, vitally concerned with the arts and the true integration of the human personality. A passionate believer in personal relationships. Henry Wilcox is none of these things. 'I am not a fellow who bothers about my own inside.' Rather is he an Empire-builder, an ever-expanding business man, obtuse to personal influence, intellectually confused, crudely conscious of the material world and no more. Between these two worlds Forster imposes a connection. Somehow the diametrically opposed are found mutually compatible. Nor is there implied any necessary subordination of the one to the other. Henry does not suddenly in a moment of clairvoyance divine the hidden spirit and testify to

its supremacy. How then is the gap bridged, the irreconcilable harmoniously joined? Both Margaret and Henry are brought low by personal tragedy—Helen's pregnancy and Charles' imprisonment. But in the healing atmosphere of 'Howards End' in which the ghost of Mrs Wilcox still lingers, all is redeemed. 'Nothing wrong has been done.' The book is very beautiful but not finally convincing. If a connection is to be established between a person such as Margaret and another such a connection could only be real if it were made with some one to whom the 'inner life' was also a reality. Forster has postulated the truth and validity of this inner life and then attempted to forge a union with one to whom it is unreal and of no significance. With one in whom it is not so much as preconceived and then consciously or unconsciously derived. Either Margaret is not what we are presumed to infer, a symbol for a higher life, or else Forster has falsified the relationship. In either case he has failed satisfactorily to achieve a real connection.

Throughout 'Howards End' there runs as a frequently recurring sub-theme the topic of money. 'When your socialism comes', says Margaret, 'it may be different and we may think in terms of commodities instead of cash. Till it comes give people cash, for it is the warp of civilization whatever the woof may be. The imagination ought to play upon money and realize it vividly for it's the— the second most important thing in the world . . . but so few of us think clearly about our own private incomes, and admit that independent thoughts are in nine cases out of ten the result of independent means.' Perhaps this is true for the people with whom Forster is primarily concerned, the middle class Edwardian Englishman. But it has no necessary application to real genius in any age. History through the centuries has produced men in whom, despite utmost poverty, the human spirit has so flowered as to leave for all time expressions of rare beauty; eternal truth. If this world has riches other than those of which Mr Wilcox was mindful, and Forster asserts repeatedly that it has, then how can it be consistently said 'Talk as one would, Mr Wilcox was king of this world, the Superman with his own morality, whose head remained in the clouds?' Mr Forster's subtlety has surely confounded its creator.

V

A *Passage to India* is Forster's last pronouncement. It suffers from none of the defects of his earlier novels for it is a work conceived in universal terms and expresses the thought of two civilizations. It is in a sense an impersonal work although paradoxically enough finds its tangible reference in terms of the growth of a friendship between East and West, between Fielding a liberal English educationalist and Dr Aziz, a Moslem doctor. Throughout as an undercurrent is the intangible indeed mysterious figure of Mrs Moore who, like Mrs Stephen or Mrs Wilcox, Gino or the Emersons in the earlier novels, is the touchstone, the elemental being to whom all is somehow related. And pervading the whole story are the Caves, the Marabar Caves. It is here that the novel finds its climax when Miss Quested, whom Dr Aziz has accompanied on a visit to one of the caves, fears she has been assaulted and later accuses the Moslem of attempting to molest her. Dr Aziz is imprisoned and when at his trial his conviction seems assured, Miss Quested breaks down and withdraws her charge. She is no longer certain as to what really happened. Throughout, Fielding has stood by Aziz in protesting his innocence. Such is the framework around which Forster's imagination has worked to produce something that is more than a commentary on India and the English. For in the result it is a work of deep beauty. All the Gods,

Hindu, Christian and Moslem alike, are invoked, none accepted, none rejected. The limitless plains, rugged hills and whispering trees fuse into the mystic night of the vast starry Indian night. Perhaps all find expression in the deathless echo of the Marabar Caves which so affected Mrs Moore. "... the echo began in some indescribable way to undermine her hold on life. Coming at a time when she chanced to be fatigued it had managed to murmur " Pathos, piety, courage —they exist, nothing has value ". If one had spoken vileness in that place or quoted lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same—" oy-boum "...

There is no finality in 'A Passage to India', no answer, no ultimate salvation offered, no way of life proffered as the certain path to fulfilment. For life is a mystery. In it certain things are tangible, for the rest, only a few are born with the knack of knowledge. Mrs Moore was one such and she died weary and ill on a ship at sea.

It is, of course, too early to assess Forster's place in English literature. But that his work is completed there can be little doubt. Apart from occasional writings nothing has come from his pen since 'A Passage to India'. Nor need we expect more. For age has only confirmed what he has always felt, that 'tolerance, good temper and sympathy—they are what matter really' and no more need be said.

UMBREFARCE

By BRIAN BELL

'HURRY UP', he said looking at the sky, '—did you bring an umbrella? That's the idea. I think we'll be able to get back before the rain starts. C'mon.'

The speaker was an Anglican minister, Mr Burtley, who was standing on a street corner speaking to his approaching friend, the town schoolmaster.

'I don't like the look of it,' said Kendle

indicating the grey sky with his umbrella.

'Oh, it'll rain alright, don't you worry, it'll rain. But not until later, I don't think. Not for quite a while yet.'

They strode along the street in the direction of the cliffs. Country town shops, lamp-posts, fences, melting asphalt. They passed the bowser station. Spilt oil in pools. You can Be Sure of Shell. Burtley spoke first.

'What'll we deal with to-day?'
Kendle sucked his lip. 'The same thing,' he said.

'But we did that—'

'No,' said Kendle, 'no. I'm not satisfied with what you said last week on Free Will. You didn't answer all my questions.'

And so the discussion began. Every Sunday these two friends would go for a walk along some local cliffs, and a discussion upon religious and philosophical questions would always be planned to occupy the walk.

For years now Kendle, the agnostic, and Burtley, the pantheist, had done this over almost the same piece of ground.

The discussion was always of a leisurely and reflective nature. Although their opinions were diametrically opposed neither experienced personal dislike. In spite of the long period of time they had done this, neither had modified his original mental furniture to any extent. Although both, during discussion, were willing to admit when wrong, they would start all over again next time as if the previous debate had been merely a game of skill.

'Indeed,' said Burtley once reflectively, 'I sometimes wonder if it is not a search for truth we are engaged upon, but a game of intellectual chess.'

Back at the town two men had arrived. They knocked on the door of the Church elders. When it was answered one of them stepped forward.

'I went to Mr Burtley's house just now and he's not in. Do you know where he is?'

'Oh yes,' said the elder. 'He'll be up on the cliff with the Schoolteacher. That's where he usually goes on Sunday, anyway.'

'Thank you very much—is that the big cliff straight down the road?'

'Yes,—just go straight on past the bowser.'

'Thank you very much.'

They returned to their car. The elder watched them drive off. So did his wife who was peeping through the curtains.

'Even if the behaviourists can point to examples of determined actions in the lower animals, does it follow that man in an identical environment could act in the same way? Even,' he said whacking at a sniffing dog with his umbrella, 'even if I were to admit, and I think in all fairness I must, that some actions

in a human being are definitely determined by heredity and environment,—isn't, concluding from this that all actions are influenced similarly, arguing from the particular to the general?'

'No, not all,' replied the schoolteacher. 'Stapledon gives an illustration how an action attributed to one cause in an individual can be traced to either—'

This speech was interrupted by a car horn tooting down below on the beach road. They looked over the cliff. A car had just come to a standstill and two people got out and waved to them.

'It looks as if they want us,' said Burtley. 'Damnation!—who are they?'

'I can't see from here,—they can't be any of the people from town. Look they're waving again.'

'We'd better go down.'

They began to walk. As they trudged down the path to the beach the two newcomers came up, so they all met about half-way down the path.

One of the men came forward and introduced himself explaining that he was from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

'We happened to be passing this way, Mr Burtley, so of course we did not want to lose the opportunity of meeting such an esteemed member of the movement as yourself.'

They shook hands.

'This—ah—is my friend Mr Kendle,' said Burtley. More handshaking, and jokes on learning he was a schoolteacher.

'A great pleasure,' murmured the Bible man as they began to walk again up the path. 'A very great pleasure indeed.'

At the top of the cliff one of the men began to tell Kendle all the places they had visited that day.

'You certainly get around,—what do you do in these places?'

'Oh, we contact members of the Society, and keep an eye on the organization generally.'

Burtley and the other man were walking on ahead talking together quickly. Kendle was of a more leisurely pace, and soon dropped behind.

'Tell me,' said Kendle, 'what's this society's all about—what's it do?' His companion began to explain.

Burtley had become tired of his visitor

already. He stopped presently.

'Ahh—we seem to have left the others behind.' They gazed back along the track. No sign of them.

'Never mind then, they'll soon catch us up.'

The brisk walk began again.

'My friend and I,' said Mr Burtley, 'have just been discussing the problem of Free-Will.'

'Oh,' replied the Bible man.

'He supports the determinist position.'

'Fancy that,' said the newcomer awkwardly.

'I—ah—have made some concessions to his case, but naturally as a Christian I stand on my fundamentals.'

'Yes, yes, Oh, naturally,' said the newcomer even more awkwardly.

A gleam came into Burtley's eyes. Perhaps this man wouldn't be so boring after all. Perhaps he would be interested

He warmed to his subject, reviewing the discussion from the beginning. He told what Kendle had said, and how he had answered him, how Kendle hadn't explained this and that, his own doubts and difficulties, and so on. This was getting interesting

He included his best jokes watching his companion expectantly as he told them—. He walked on and kept up the flow of words. His listener trotted alongside him politely, nodding and grunting and wishing the others would catch up and break this long address.

There is no stopping Burtley now, he was well into his subject. Half-an-hour went by. At last the newcomer spoke.

'The clouds are banking up over there.'

'Yes, yes,' said Burtley impatiently. (Blast him interrupting me like that!). He

continued with Free-Will eyeing his listener in a hostile manner. More time went by . . .

The path led near the cliff edge now, but the view of the rocks and sea did not stop Burtley. His speech went on. He realised with growing anger that his listener was not paying attention, as once again he interrupted Burtley with a remark about the approaching rain.

'All right! All right!' he snapped.

'Damn you! man I'm nearly finished! - we'll go back in a minute.'

With difficulty he resumed his subject. He was almost finished when the man spoke. 'I really am sorry to interrupt you, Sir, - but the clouds are banking up over there.' Burtley spun round in a rage. 'Never mind the clouds!! To hell with the clouds!! This is more important!!

The sight of the man's silly face increased his wrath and before he could control his temper he had struck him on the head with his umbrella. The man sprawled onto the shingle and rolled over the cliff.

Burtley stood paralysed with his broken umbrella in his hand. His jaw dropped. He looked over the cliff. Sixty feet below a body lay sprawled on the rocks.

* * *

For a long time he wandered up and down in dismay. Then he turned back in the direction from which he had come. He found Kendle alone about a mile along the cliff. He was looking rather queer.

'We'd better get back now'.

'Yes,' said Kendle as he looked at his broken umbrella.

The two figures walked off into the pouring rain.

CAUSERIE ON ROMANCE

By F. S.

THE NOTES here following owe their source to my continuing habit of thinking that the whole world, but especially all human beings behave as in a fairy tale. It is a hypothesis which does not work. Yet the fairy explanation remains to me the 'true' explanation; when I try to obtain a really profound view of a situation, I identify women with legendary princesses. As I am not blind to the fact that this identification is not correct and that the mechanism at work is quite a different one, I have, apart from the fairy hypothesis, a far soberer 'working' hypothesis. This consists of a very cold deduction from a number of clear facts observed. It almost invariably accounts for everything that happens. It considers the nobler characteristics of those observed and is no more cynical than the situation makes necessary. I have not been able to find a reconciliation of these two ways of thinking. I can hardly glamourize the fairy technique and say with a smile that it accounts for everything if one only looks deeply enough, because I have never seen that it does. On the other hand it would be ridiculous to side with 'modern man', advocating to cast off the emotional encumbrances,—they seem to be basic patterns which my thoughts always desire to assume. When faced with a perfectly reasonable set of circumstances, such as a smooth love affair of work averagely progressing, I try to convert it into an easy and obvious fairy situation, thus distorting a number of solid factors. After a while these factors take revenge and force one back to the original reasonable view.

In the pages which follow I have tried to describe some instances of people who view events in the world as fairy tales. I know that this is a sterile pursuit and that it would be better if I could make up my mind about fairy stories. Yet, in looking into these various mirrors, I learn at least what this opposition between Romance and Truth amounts to. It is the conflict between the kindly maintainers of the past who live in suburbs and the effective sharp-eyed cock-hatted travellers in hotels; the conflict between those

who happily repeat to each other the world's memories and those who perspicaciously utilize them for their purposes. To the second group belong those who prefer achievement to happiness. It is the wellknown contrast between the fat and the lean. It then becomes unequivocally clear that my fairy element ought to be suppressed, and I must as much as possible seek for what is tangible.

I shall begin by reminding of a frequent habit of novelists of not straightforwardly telling their tale, but first designing some favourite setting in which somebody will, as it were accidentally, begin to unfold it. I met it recently in a novel of Henry James' where some old world figures are seated in a delicately furnished room, a blazing fire in the hearth; most of them are inane but one or two are sensitive, and one begins a story. Henry James obviously did not wish it told as if in the ordinary world, but in a world of Romance. He was conscious that it followed other laws, fairy-tale laws, and the peculiar environment is necessary to prevent the conflict from disturbing the credibility of the tale.

That seems the method of many poets. The setting is placed in a mythological world or at any rate far away and long ago, or among people obviously different from the ordinary. The reader accepts the fairy tale laws.

Romance is unthinkable without its many stereotyped images: the frightening forest, the treacherous sea, the shaggy rocks; Orpheus always striking his lyre and Heracles always swilling meat and liquor. In poetry, pure Romance is of the type of the following lines (from the end of the First Book of William Morris' 'Life and Death of Jason'):

'Meantime, within a pleasant lighted place,
Stretched upon warm skins, did the Centaur
lie

And nigh him Jason, listening eagerly
The tales he told him, asking, now and then,
Strange questions of the race of vanished
men:

Nor were the wine-cups idle; till at last
Desire of sleep, over their bodies passed.

And in their dreamless rest the wind in vain
Howled round about, with washing of the
rain.'

How very different is this from the more usual kind of poetry that has to fix a vision. It loves to dwell on the well-known incidental detail of the fairy tale. It does not do more than remind of a very familiar world, so familiar that it would be preposterous to look for striking phrases in its description; in this great intimacy between writer and reader the simpler words are sufficient for communication.

For Romance means the pleasure of hearing the same things again and again. It means a total lack of interest in newfangled imagery, and delight in the ancient phrases we only dare to use in jest: 'the gnarled oak'. Perhaps it lives most in lovers, soldiers and the old but especially in children. We notice how they work out the same jigsaw puzzle until they know every fragment by heart, and ask us to tell again a story of which they remember every word; they don't mind if one repeats it verbally, although small variations are even more delightful. The modern adult borrows his stories and jigsaw puzzles from the shop and never uses twice the same; in this way every book, every puzzle is a new adventure, thrilling because the end is unknown. But it denies the delight of living in a familiar world which gives us pleasure in itself and in which recognition and remembering are pleasant. These are the feelings to which William Morris appeals when he speaks of the 'warm skins' on which the Centaur reclines; we know that the Centaur's habits are like that, and we like hearing all these things told to us again.

This kind of Romance is not even entirely absent from scholarship. I do not mean of course the most enlightened, the most adventurous and energetic scholarship, but the more sedate and traditional kind. I mean the erudition displayed by the not too anthropological, not too philosophical editor of classical texts, especially where on the surface he appears most aridly learned, and begins a brief note on Achilles, for instance, with the apposition 'son of Peleus'.

The pupil learns the name by heart, merely because it seems reasonable to give particulars about a great hero, but in fact that is not the explanation at all. No information could be more pointless than the name of a

non-existent man's father. If the hero's exploits are worth recounting any other particular would be more illuminating. In fact the short note is the condensation of much delicate phantasy that would take too much space and trouble to write down: how Peleus fought Thetis who took many shapes and he finally conquered her, because she was so powerful a nymph that the gods were afraid of her offspring, if a god engendered it. So Peleus married her and at his wedding all the Gods were present and the fatal apple of Eros was thrown. And so it goes on: Thetis' desperate attempts to make Achilles immortal, Peleus' terror, her anger and departure. And so it does matter that Achilles' father was Peleus. It would be a pity to forget about that. So the scholar experiences that childish delight of hearing a dear name mentioned, a pleasure poetic rather than erudite, and if it is merely erudite, then that is a point where erudition and poetry touch one another. It is the whim of chance that it is the scholar, and not the supposedly far more playful 'man in the street' who experiences such simple pleasures.

Like the puppet theatre which from a religious ritual sank to the level of a Punch and Judy show, only looked at by children and the fringe of society, so Romance seems to be confining itself more and more to the not quite serious, to those who are indifferent to the push and occasional hasty homage of society, and if a respectable scholar delights in it, he must do so secretly. Romance, this homely sense of recognition, in which there is not the slightest thrill of the new, is not even considered real Art—it is perhaps graded even lower than pornography, because it is plainly childish and insipid.

Yet it would not be honest to side with the fools and against the knaves. There has to be achievement, swift efficient action and a prudent use of time. The images of Romance cannot usefully be always repeated, although without repetition there is no Romance. They must be placed in the service of the snappy decisions in hotels, by which the world advances.

The attempt to write modern poetry containing real Romance has occasionally been made. I am particularly fond of the methods of Nicholas Moore, who would be a remarkable poet, even if not a single one of his lines were memorable. His foremost charm lies in

this very characteristic, that his ideas are at last as good as those of all the other magazine poets, but that he does not bother to bestow the same meticulous care upon his little lyrics such as makes many of his confreres unreadable through their very accuracy. The poems are written down without much care of form. He knows that ultimately poetry is carefree singing, that it originates in abundance. His other delightful quality is his utter seriousness in using the age-old themes of Romance. It may seem strange to say 'seriousness' because the joke element in Nicholas Moore is so striking. Yet his smile is an apologetic one and the theme of father and son, the dreams of girls, Helen of Troy, are quite fundamental and static, and the unchangeable units from which his soul is composed. There is no doubting Helen of Troy; the many questions that are asked concern the selection of one or the other of the old themes. His world consists of pieces of Romance; which fact he expressed in one of his deepest poems, when he says 'You look like History'. He views his beloved as a composition of the familiar tales of the past.

So the kinship I feel with Nicholas Moore is that he explains every situation by Romance. He writes what seem to be psychological sketches, but the psychological laws are anything but Freudian—they could rather be called mythological analysis.

When the fairy tale mind trespasses into Science, it has a disgust of facts. The fewer the facts, the more the Romantic will be at ease. He likes to write a history of the world

out of anecdotes and some shrewd observations. His literary criticism at its best will resemble Coleridge. It consists of tenets the writer loves to hold, argued by more or less relevant observations the writer loves to dwell on. If one is a great critic like Coleridge both the tenets and the observations will be profound and valuable, but of course they do not compose a system. The tenet of Romance is the aphorism: the observation is like a beautiful item in a notebook. And the unity of the whole is a poem or a symphony.

The philosophy of Romance will look like Paul Valéry's dialogues, a pure intelligence playing upon very few themes and those very distant and inseparable from myth.

Like all these, the fairy tale mind feels quite helpless if suddenly presented by some perverted Muse with a systematic body of facts arranged in correct order of importance. Each of their observations would then appear like corollaries of side issues, or even more insignificantly than that. Indeed, they would know they do not know. Both Valéry and Coleridge were of immense erudition, but both the science of the Hellenistic age and that of the Middle Ages are a doubtful clue to the factual evaluation of phenomena.

The conclusion is, that the facts destroying Romance are ever more irresistible, the more one thinks of them. The existing organization cannot deal with them and in every difficult case I have to resort to the wellknown emergency procedure. Yet it would clearly be treasonable to legalize it.

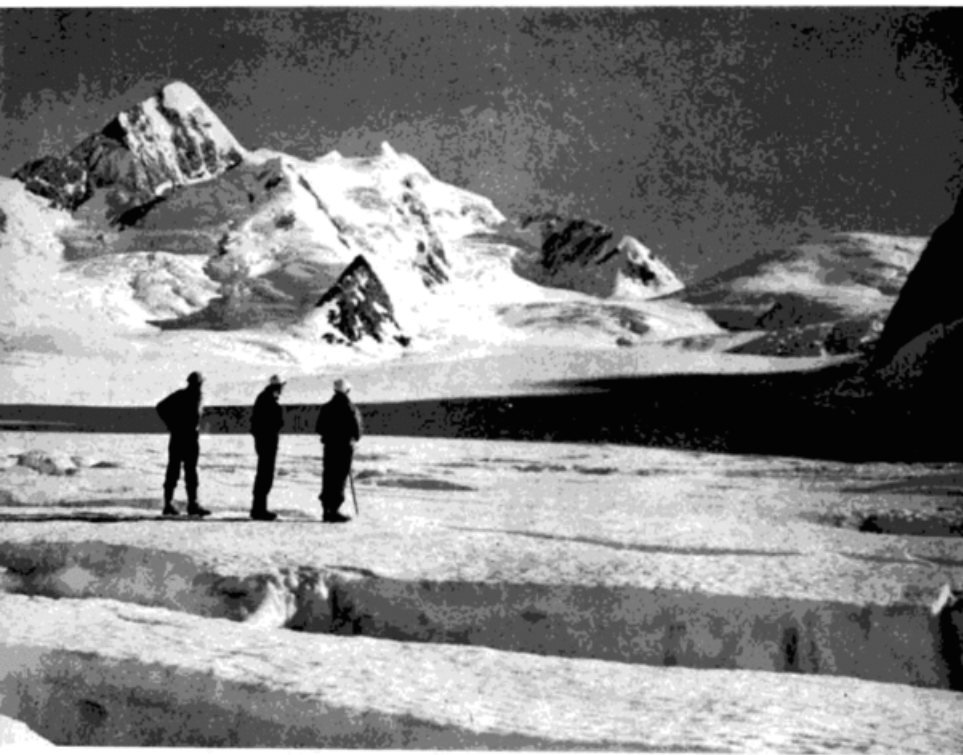
THE MURDERERS ARE AMONG US

From W. H. MABBETT

THIS FILM, which is set in the ruins of Berlin after the surrender, is the first to be produced in Germany since the war. The chief protagonists are Susanna Wallner, who has just returned from a concentration camp, Mond-

schein, an old watchmaker, Mertens, formerly a doctor and now a drunken mass of neuroses, and Bruckner, a sentimental brute 'enviably unaffected by the war'.

In the earlier years of war, Mertens, a



FROZEN HARMONY

M. Laird



CHRISTMAS LILIES

P. C. Alce

medical officer, had interceded for Bruckner on behalf of some one hundred and fifty civilians whom Bruckner had decided to liquidate as a reprisal. Bruckner, busy decorating a Christmas tree takes no notice. Later the same evening Mertens finds Bruckner wounded and expecting death from the advancing Russians.

Mertens after the war cannot settle down again to the seemingly futile business of medicine, and this pessimism is increased when he finds that Bruckner, far from being dead is alive and, true to his motto that opportunity exists everywhere, has become the prosperous owner of a factory converting steel helmets into saucepans. Mertens decides to execute him, but finally merely denounces him as a war criminal, chiefly through the influence of Fraulein Wallner.

The strength of the film lies in its realism, its excellent technique, and above all in the acting and characterization. As a picture of life in a ruined city it is excellent. But it is above all the character of Bruckner that makes the film so good. This man, the 'murderer', is no fanatical Nazi, no Junker, no sadist, but merely a coarse, insensitive and egotistic philistine. He can become sentimental over Christmas and at the same time order liquidations. He is a 'good' husband and father, and although he can enjoy a night out, he can be touched by the sight of a woman whose child is dying. He can be moved by the sight of the desert war has created in the city, and regret the passing of freedom's golden days in uniform. In short he is far too human to be dismissed as a sadist. His emotions are touched only by the grossly sentimental, or by the immediate; otherwise he is hard, selfish and pitiless—what a Communist could call with justice a product of a capitalist society, and what a Christian could call the product of a secular society, and therefore one whose kind is of not infrequent occurrence outside Germany, and even in New Zealand.

Bruckner makes the film. Mertens, the dissipated pessimist, won back to life by the

simple goodness of Susanna Wallner, is not so well-portrayed a character, possibly because, being more subtly compounded, he cannot be analyzed as well as he would be in a novel. Froulein Wallner's straightforward, energetic goodness and love are well done, though she is not to me as credible as the other characters, though I can think of no reason why 'good' characters should be less credible than 'bad'. Mondschein, the old man who works and waits, and Timmi, the astrologer preying on the mental devastation of war, are equally pathetic characters.

The final scene is, typically enough, not our two turtle doves, Mertens and Susanna, billing and cooing, not even Bruckner, a dwarf behind bars, shouting 'I am innocent', but an array of grisly figures from the past six years. Surely the lesson of the film (or if you like, the lesson of the fact which the film merely reflects, of the war) is that Bruckner, with all his energy, courage and simple sentimentality, has had its day, and that it is time for those who can see his faults to intervene, and that a new society must be built up on a basis other than that of his kind.

Two remarkable features of the film are the lack of crude propaganda and the obvious sincerity of the attempt to get to the fundamental form of war-guilt. There is more meat to chew over in this picture than in any other that I have seen.

As I have mentioned before the technique is very good—I should say as good as the Americans or the British could do. There are many parts which are very subtly done, and on the other hand a few that are pretty flat. The use of background music is at times extremely suggestive. The chief criticism that could be made, technically, is that at times it drags, and that it may seem to some that the essential action and characters are too much overlaid.

In a country like Germany, defeated and devastated, the artist must be thrown back on essential issues. If German films continue, like this one, to be made by artists, they will be well worth seeing.

HARRY BORRER KIRK

E. A. de la MARE

'Let us now praise famous men,
Men of little showing,
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing.'

—Rudyard Kipling.

When Professor Kirk ended his long and faithful service to Victoria University College in 1945 a tribute to the man and his work was printed in *Spike*. Today he has passed into the land of memory. There is a space left in the lives of his old students and his old friends, a void for one missing—one not to be forgotten.

Professor Kirk died at the Waikato Hospital at 10 p.m. on Thursday, the 15th July 1948, in his 90th year. He had been transferred from Tauranga to Hamilton with a leg fracture on the somewhat desperate hope of saving his life by operation: an operation which, in the event, could not be attempted. He had expressed the wish that his body should be cremated, that the only ceremony should consist of a few words spoken by an old friend—and he had named Sir Thomas Hunter. Unhappily Sir Thomas was prevented from fulfilling that wish and the honour fell upon my shoulders. So it happened that old friends wrote to tell me of their sorrow and their relief, relief that the suffering had ended quickly, sorrow at 'the hole it makes in a man's life'. It seems fitting that some of these tributes should be set down because they come, as he would have wished, from the very heart. 'He was one of the rocks of this College,' wrote a colleague. 'In all the fighting for principle one never needed to think where Kirk would be—a perfect Knight.'

Again: 'When you told me of Kirk's death, two verses jumped to my mind—one from Edwin Markham:

'Here in the paths of every day,
Here in the common human way
Is all the stuff the Gods would take
To build a heaven, to mould and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build eternity in time.'

Not for many men but, yes, for Harry Borrer Kirk.

The other was from Edward Tregear:

'A coffin verse for me? But I defy
The powers of earth to bury me!
Bury my carrion deep, but I shall be
The lark's song flooding from the vault on high,

The scent of violets when spring is nigh,
The fire-cloud flaming in the sunset sky,
The thunders of the breakers of the sea.'

We are all the poorer and the old gang that hoped to march, however falteringly, to Victoria University College next May, has lost a standard bearer.'

'He had to build the Faculty of Biology from very small beginnings,' said another, 'and he was able to inspire his students not only with the love of knowledge, but with his own gentleness and loving kindness. Wisdom, so much more to be desired than gold, was to him more than knowledge. His integrity of spirit was his legacy to his Department and to the College. No one has given more than he to Victoria University College, and no one has been more richly rewarded in understanding and affection.'

In 1945 we were warned against a judgment based purely upon his sense of fun and his delight in story-telling. 'Nor have I,' the paragraph ends, 'a more lasting impression of him than that of grave and punctilious courtesy, a courtesy which enriched the young and delighted the old.' This note was echoed again as his body was committed to the elements.

'I speak today for many thousands of those throughout New Zealand who loved him, for his old students, for all who, especially at the beginning of his work at Victoria University College, came under the spell of a great teacher and a great and generous spirit. His greatness and simplicity were reflected in that noble courtesy which belonged to the pioneers:

"But most their desert Camelot
They filled with Knightly rays
Of gentleness and courtesy
Which fill for us our days."

There is little space to say more. Possibly

he would like his old friends most to remember the days in the military camps when he proved so conclusively that science can and should be enlisted for the purposes of our common life and the Professor could and should be a man of action. This innocent Professor was able to defy and outwit even rooted custom and military routine. Those, with the first days of struggle and of achievement, were the great days, the days of expedients and makeshifts and of derring-do.

No one will be surprised to know that to the end he exhibited all those qualities of

endurance, of generosity, of self-effacement and even of humour which had been so lovably characteristic throughout his long life. He gave to others everything he had, asking only that he should be no burden to his friends.

He had been a 'burgher of a great city'. He had 'obeyed the Laws of the Corporation' and he left 'the stage as fairly' as a player does 'who has his discharge from the master of the Revels'.

Our land of memory has been enriched and ennobled.

POETRY

THERE is no judgment of poems this year. This is not because this country contains no inexhaustible supply of judges, yes, a supply far exceeding that of readers of verse. It is not, I am told, because the editors think that these many judges, or at least a certain, not negligible, number of them, cannot penetrate into these verses with commendable sensitivity and acumen.

It is rather, that they have doubts about the beauty and appropriateness of this very convention of judging. What benefit is it to the judge, that acute and sensitive man whose life is spent, presumably, in the admiration and creation of poetry, selecting his reading according to the needs of the moment and fairly indifferent to that which does not serve his present purpose. His sympathies are wide perhaps, but not unlimited. His impulses in the direction of criticism are satisfied by what he says of work of his own choice, and what he says of work imposed upon him will probably inspire him to inferior writing. Indeed, the national culture is better served if these men are not asked to divert their sensibilities in this somewhat frustrating fashion.

And what about the judged? The little workmanlike hints which are a feature of the judgments could be made more subtly and more helpfully in private contact. Anyway, they are not of crucial importance. It is of crucial importance that at least some readers experience the poems in the right way. And it is not with this purpose in view that one sends one's produce to the competition. Indeed, the sportsmanlike poet who on the receipt of his magazine at once consults the Judge's page is not obsessed, if he be prudent, by the question 'did this man understand my soul?' but rather by the more tickling one: 'did I obtain a first, or a guinea?'

Such thrills are excluded from this volume. The contributing poets do not hope to find in them the sympathy they require, and consider the spirit of sport, delightful otherwise, an undesirable intrusion upon the spirit of poetry. In this they are not impelled by an exaggerated appreciation of their own verse, but a proper regard for the spirit itself of poetry; for verse may be good or bad, and its influence on other men's souls may be enormous or negligible, but in as far as poetry is not serious it is not a matter for competition; rather, it is a joke. When a poem is very bad, one laughs; when

it is extremely good, one also has the reaction of delirious laughter. Most verse exists between these two extremes. One claim that may at least be made for the poems which follow is that they are all a product of some sublimation and not constructed by any act of will. Their authors lived for a while in that blessed world that is bounded on one side by the ridiculous joke and on the other by the sublime one.

P. Wilson is of them all the least concerned about the game of living. His poems are descriptions of little experiences, told in a soft tone, mostly without any climax. Some of the great laws that govern being somehow seem to concern him, but he never philosophizes. His attitude to his abstract observations is rather sensual. In 'Little Verses' he pictures the spontaneous growth of what is beautiful from its insignificant beginning to greatness; his consciousness of the beautiful is never shown by more than 'the quick and sudden glances you would not see. The salvation army-like chorus singing its homage for God in 'A Christmas Carol' does not hope for more reward than that its listeners may raise their heads.

Lorna Clendon has more sense of the hardness of life. In contrast to P. Wilson, her world is 'bound to the human world', this boundness being its only security from an original state of utter helplessness. In accordance with this, the tone is resigned and placid.

The peculiar characteristic of W. Oliver's verse is the solidity of its thinking. The contrast between what lives by seasons and what lives independently from them is his primary belief; and both the power of eternity and the power of temporal things and their various interactions are developed in his work, with constant repetition of the same symbols. His private language having been developed he speaks in it with varying degrees of seriousness: in 'The Mediator' the woman, essentially a personification but assuming some half-defined humanity, is at one moment connected with eternity and at another, and more crucial one, exercises the influence which 'makes us one with earth and life'. At present however he is mostly more concerned with the sensual elaboration than the resolution of his duality.

In Elizabeth Entrican on the other hand the sensual approach is all and no spiritual resolutions are looked for. She seems, from the poems, a close approximation to a woodland nymph: she touches all the flowers.

In contrast to all the rest, the verse of 'a' seems in quite another sphere, at once more personal and more worldly. We feel that it is from his personal, specialized, attitudes that his inspiration comes; yet it functions among things once well-known, and so makes its communication—almost well-known, almost not known at all.

Alistair Campbell's work is by far the most striking. The poems here presented are only a selection from a complete volume to be published one day if the Gods are favourable. Their unusualness lies in their simplicity, the absence of anything but song and homage. The symbols are almost symbols of fable, but hard modern images easily slip into his universe on occasion without causing much upset. The reason is that the fabulous elements are to the poet entirely modern; they do not belong to a romantic world but rather are manifested, each in isolation, in the New Zealand environment. Homage is done to such objects of beauty as have always commanded the particular attention of poets, who have given to them very beautiful epithets not to be improved. Alistair Campbell quite happily revives these epithets, considering that many things can cause ugliness, but not the quality of having been very long admired. When expressing matters of some complexity he deeps far from the analytical and prefers the felicity of a conceit: 'more than sea to all my drownings'. But here intentionally only the easy poems have been selected, perhaps because the reader should at all costs be prevented from using the admirable, but over-intrusive exegetical apparatus with which this institution of learning is equipping him.

Alistair Campbell

LOVE POEMS

II

At the great water's edge
 Golden Narcissus lies;
 Hand propped under his chin;
 Bees at his thighs;
 His eyes fixed on nothing
 Where his image lies.

O Echo, Echo.

Like the neck of a swan,
 In the indifferent stream
 The other hand trails;
 Sleek as cream
 Are his dimpled cheeks;
 His plump mouth dreams.

O Echo, Echo.

The bruised flower of his mouth,
 The honey-bee stings;
 Rain in his small delicious ears,
 Like a dragonfly sings
 At noon; between his toes
 The grasshopper springs.

O Echo, Echo.

Closes a blue-veined lid
 On velvet eyes;
 Falls the sleek hand; falls
 The hand from the thighs;
 From the brimming mirror dim,
 The image flies.

O Echo, Echo.

In his great golden helmet
 The small wren builds;
 To the bee his rotten rich mouth
 Sweet honey yields;
 This proud young man like a stage
 Once trod these fields.

O Echo, Echo.

For this is great Narcissus
 Who moulders here;
 Watercress grows from his eyes
 And grass from his ears;
 From his thigh a honey-sleek flower
 At its image stares.

O Echo, Echo.

XIV

(a)

Girls in bright frocks
Will never be done
With laughing; the rocks
Hum like a gramophone

To the electric pulse
Of the sea; the tired
Crafts slowly waltz
On the distending tide.

A dog barks at the waves;
Brilliant naked thighs
Flash as a yielding grave
Closes on her; surprise

Upon her; field of veil-white
Flowers drifting seaward,
Drifting seaward. Bird alights
On sand, cruel eyes seaward.

(b)

Face downward on the flood,

My true love lies;
Like a swan with not a word to say,
My true love lies.

Fish leap at her crumbling mouth
Where my kisses lay;
The waves roll her body over and over
Forever and a day.

Eyes look your last, hand touch,
Mouth you may seek;
Heart, break into a thousand pieces:
She sleeps, she sleeps.

(c)

O great black dog on the sand
Trembling exquisite with fear;
Bark, bark at the down-crumbling waves:
She may hear, she may hear.

But your tail is between your legs,
Your whining fills me with fear;
And my words lie bruised on the waves,
And the seawind blinds me with tears.

XV

(for Sonia)

Warm heart, warm mouth,
Lie still; lie beautiful.

You have no need to stir
 Anymore, today;
 You have no other function to fulfil.

Was it like this you
 Lay, cool in your frock,
 When your lover came
 And kissed you
 In the grass, and you lay still as a rock?

Is this white hand
 A dove, that the small
 Wind seems to lift it from
 The grass, lady
 In the frock that half from the shoulder falls?

Are your eyes flowers?
 Do they call you Rose,
 May or Elizabeth? And are
 Your limbs always
 So white they show like snowflakes on the grass?

Warm heart, warm mouth,
 Lie still; lie beautiful.
 You have no need to stir
 Anymore, today;
 You have no other function to fulfil.

XXI

I should have met you at the outskirts
 Of your populous childhood, emerging
 With your blonde face exquisite with wonder
 Out of the golden shadows that used
 To romp and whisper like silk about you,
 And invite you into their marvellous
 Intrigues. O love, I should have seen you then,
 Sleek head golden with wonder, stepping
 Like Venus out of the rustling folds
 Of your childhood. Not now. Not now.

Now you are constantly
 Foolish; constantly smiling in drink.
 The freshness has worn (someone has taken
 The sun!) The mask slips away from the face
 At a ridiculous angle when you least
 Expect it to; and the face underneath
 Is waxen with blown-out bulbs for eyes.

W. H. Oliver

THE MEDIATOR

(Heaven on her shoulders,
Earth beneath her feet.)

I met this great girl in the premature
Idyll of a summer evening. There she stood
Her hands folded like portents, dress like embers
That the fire has left, hair as brown as grass.

And, as the day dropped, she became
The pause that preludes night, the grey caress
That smoothes all shapes and shades into one wide
Anonymous appeal for clammy sleep.

Though she had taken all the city's grief
She had no voice to tell the pain she bore;
She felt the dead rank air run through her limbs
Without a hand to help their fever pass;

So she contained men's sadness in her eyes,
Became the world of sense though made impure
By days and nights of loving when they tore
Her soul apart for momentary joy;

Only as gods love could she breed and bless.
Slowly she sent to heaven like a prayer
Hot tentacles of wind to name her need
That sung like shafts of light bent from no sun

The earth knows. Savage to save
The cool white bars of heaven stretched to her,
And struck her, statuesque in heat, to melt
Her grief through the air as the rain falls.

I lost this great girl as the rain came down,
And soon the air was full of tenderness.
The twilight's ghost had fled, and cool night came
To make her lovely in the eyes of men;

Then she was beauty's self, with long black hair,
And cool and firm her body like a cloud
That bursts in falls of love and makes us one
With earth and life and all above our sense.

AN ECCENTRIC AUTUMN

I

Leaves are a largess granted each year
By the god of seasons, hid and perpetual
Over the rain-clouds and under the warm earth,
Puissant in frost and fire, slayer and saviour.



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Leaves are also a veil dropped at this time
 By a kindly god over the fretful
 Face of old age, making the mourner seem
 Beautiful and bountiful, young out of season.

So now are given in due time, lavishly,
 Yellow for a gentle grief, and red for pain,
 To mask the solitude of death in clothes
 As some would dress a body, sad and splendid.

So with the season we mourn. But we
 Are also the body thus committed in beauty
 To the dark earth where winter cannot touch
 Our peace, and where our death is kind.

II

Sometimes in autumn I have watched the leaves
 Settle in street and gateway, make each door and path
 A place where feet can walk in majesty and say,
 In passing by we've walked the way of grief
 And found all beauty mingled in the season.

And as the leaves have drifted slowly down
 I've seen them swell into a rolling cloud
 And drown the city under me in colour;
 Render all passion forfeit in that place
 And smother up the breath of urgency.

And then autumnal city, clad in grace
 Before this fugitive in places where
 A dull grey litter was no cloak of peace
 And dressed not joy nor grief, for neither life
 Nor death was here triumphant: city.

Then would you not know oneness and devotion
 Though it were your final state, and even
 While death filled your corners, could you not sav,
 Peace and salvation are the gifts sent from
 The throne of grace uplifted in my midst.

E. W. Entrican

AUTUMN

I walked in the garden in Autumn, and the trees
 Were infinitely sad and tender, and strangely at ease,
 And old with knowledge of the seasons, buried under their
 bark

Deep in the deep dead yellow of a wood heart.
 Wind woke in the night, and blew the rain under my door
 And kneeling at my prayers to morning, I felt on the damp
 floor

The tears of the trees at the year's mourning, their pain—
And the spirit of Autumn touched *my* heart with the touch
of rain.

SPRING — NGA TAWA

Spring stood singing at my window, and lighting
My eyes with the fire that burns on the green altar—
The lawns touched with sun, after the shower's magic
Sweeping briefly the sky on the first morning.

I laughed, spring careless, tramping the straight road,
treading

Is rain-black gloss and the pools of the sky, cloud broken,
And finding at last white flowers on the wild plum trees
Leaning, now with green lips, over the fences
In a tangle of pussy willows; and, dearest, flaunting
Its gold above bare boughs of the waking apples,
My wattle of spring, on a bed of blue periwinkle.

Wanton, I plucked those blossoms of spring, standing
Heedless my shone shoes in the rain wet grass,
Breathing only the wattle scent, and the white perfumes of
the clouds—

And the blossoms I flung with youth's hand into the vase
of my heart.

' a '

" AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING . . . "

When bombers blossomed overhead
we dived for fox-holes out of bed
and seconds staggered into hours.

But now the very years are days
and time alone is what one pays,
and *were* those aircraft flowers?

Like alien flowers against the stars
the symbols of mind's bitter wars
thoughts fall like bombs.
Upon the airstrips, jungle, unreal palms
explosions menaced major harms
to bodies that were tombs.

Happier then, in ignorance,
we heard no music for life's dance
and only longed to live.
But now that we are faced with life
how preferable that former strife
when war had peace to give.

TO BE AFRAID

To know each day that this may be the last,
 that from *this* flight your friend may not return;
 to fly with him though you are far apart
 and feel for him each shock and blast,
 to be beside him in the flames that burn—
 this is to know the lonely heart.

Although for you the lovely sky
 is cruel a mistress as to him
 because together her you serve,
 yet you forget that you may die—
 you know cold fear when eyes grow dim
 because *his* plane may be that flaming curve. . . .

Lorna Clendon

Take the child and bind it carefully.
 Bind it to the human world,
 Take the child and clothe it rightly,
 It must learn the human way.

This separate spark is blown among us,
 Blown into the world of time;
 Flickering in the shapes of space,
 This new mind will pass its day.

Bound by form and bound by senses,
 Bound into the world of space,
 This new consciousness is come
 Imprisoned in a human self.

Take the child and bind it carefully,
 Bind it to the human world,
 Take the child and clothe it rightly,
 It must learn the human way.

P. S. Wilson

THE CITY SHEPHERD

If I was waiting for a tram
 By Judge's Corner or at the Bay
 And you came by,
 We'd go together down the street
 And watch the hours fly.

In a myriad travellers' features,
 Various as my mind's sight,
 The hours would pass,
 And each small second have meaning
 Or a joy for us.

And my coin would then be honoured
 By the quick and sudden glances
 You would not see,
 Though through me you'd know truly
 We had come safely through.

THE UNHURRIED THOUGHT

When the painter takes his brush,
 When the heart its colours knows
 And then the sounds begin to weave
 The harmonies of their intent,
 When the pallid mother-clay
 Is fastened on the potter's wheel
 And the poet of the world
 Finds his golden, motiveless phrase,—
 These signs of craft and worldly skill,—
 The tiny pursing of the lips,
 The small, created pause in choice,—
 Make all things at home again,
 At home, and in final safety
 And in earned joy.

LITTLE VERSES

If it began by candlelight
 Then it will end when the great sun
 Glows down the east side of the river
 And the birds begin and small waves rise.
 As music it was soft in the dark,
 Stretched, like the sparse, bright rays
 Of candlelight, through the perceiving mind.
 Then darkness turns to the waves' ripples
 And the birds' song is the bright ending,
 Just like my love shall always be.
 A raising of the spirit in love
 Is a bare, bright, joyful light;
 If it began by candlelight
 Then it will live by the sun at the end.

A LITTLE PATTERN

A twilight by the beach
When the tide is low
And a seaside radio
Sentimentalizes each
Impulse of gratitude,
The far-off water,
The great, bare beach,
Make their quiet vicissitude.
Hearing may falter
While they come down to our reach.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

With faith unto our Lord
We sing this chilly eve,
For on this night we celebrate
What we at least believe.

And you in your warm houses
Built in a modern time,
Lining streets in a modern way,
May note our verses rhyme,

Our tune is bold and clear,
Our scansion carefully made,
And our voices true and high
And all our words well said.

And will you find our faith is good?
You cannot know or care:
The wind comes down this chilly street
And frost is in the air

And our words rise in clouds to the sky,
And when you raise your head
And hand us benediction
You think that's all we get;

But there you are wrong, my lords,
Wrong as a telling tongue;
For even as you raise your head
You grace the song we've sung.

A NOTE ON NEWMAN

By C. W. T.

NO DISCUSSION of nineteenth century literature can omit the name of John Henry Cardinal Newman, no social history of the period can fail to consider the Oxford Movement of which Newman was the spearhead, no study of religious developments can neglect the peculiar genius that was his. Far from Newman being neglected, however, the occasion of the anniversary of the beginning of the Oxford Movement saw about ten thousand books and articles to celebrate the event, and the centenary of his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church brought about another deluge.

Newman is one of the eminent Victorians, and it is surprising how many of them were rebels, not in the Bloomsbury sense, but rebels against the Victorian spirit. The Oxford Movement of which Newman was the sharp spear blade, was in part, a reaction against the Victorian spirit of compromise, utilitarianism, and 'liberalism' as an attitude of mind. Newman waged war for nearly half a century against 'liberalism', that growing rationalism and naturalism which, in religion, leads to the anti-dogmatic spirit and a sort of secularized social gospel. To those who, like Carlyle, declared that the essence of religion was 'wonder', Newman tersely pointed out that 'Wonder is not religion, or else we should be worshipping our railroads'. He perceived a great movement towards unbelief and proposed to meet it on its own ground by reasoned argument. He recognized that the enemies of the church were men of learning and of 'cultivated argumentative powers' and in opposing them he employed the historical method which became pre-eminent in the nineteenth century.

Although Newman looked to the past he was no mere reactionary. There are several factors that must be considered in any attempt to assess a man whom even many of his contemporaries found difficult to understand. The first point is his intellectual honesty, which would not allow him to agree with extreme positions. He rejected the excessive ultramontanism of people like Talbot and that Inglese italianato, Manning, as Dean Inge

calls him; he did not hide his dislike for hierarchical beauracracy which he feared would follow from the militant move towards centralization that was inaugurated in the nineteenth century. He believed it would be inimical to intellectual freedom. A Roman Catholic university should allow the freedom of debate with which the mediaeval schools met the intellectual problems of the day. 'You cannot make men believe by force and repression', he wrote in one of his letters. 'Truth is wrung out by many minds working together freely.' Newman held firmly to the inviolability of conscience, in fact he laid far more stress on the argument from conscience proof for Theism than on the traditional proofs. Standard always for moderation, Newman's intellectual honesty made him long a suspect at the papal court. It took the succession of a moderate pope for the clouds under which he lay until he was an old man, to be lifted.

There is something enigmatic about Newman; he had a subtle and complex mind. Much has been made of the 'mystery' of Newman. L'abbé Brémond in 1906 wrote a book which has been translated under the English title, 'The mystery of Newman'. Brémond's study, although one-sided, is valuable in drawing attention to what he calls the 'autocentrism' of Newman. He writes, 'Although the words "I" and "me" are relatively rare in Newman's writings, whether as preacher, novelist, controversialist, philosopher, or poet, he always reveals and always describes himself'. This is the point. Even though Cardinal Newman is the most personal of writers, he is not therefore the most easy to understand.

That he was a highly sensitive man with the temperament of an artist is often stressed—he was also a very good violinist. Some of his books might not have been written at all had he not been provoked or insulted. Chesterton truly says of him that 'He is a naked man, who carries a naked sword'. We might not now have the 'Apologia Pro Vita Sua' had not Charles Kingsley so bullheadedly attacked him. While Newman's attacking

defence also was unsparing, it was, as Dean Inge remarks, 'demanding too much of human nature to expect a master of fence, when wantonly attacked with a bludgeon, to abstain from the pleasure of pricking his adversary scientifically in the tender parts of his body'. Kingsley had chosen an opponent who was a master of irony and a practised controversialist.

The life of Cardinal Newman falls rather neatly into two periods of almost equal length. Born in 1801, he was formally admitted into the Roman Catholic Church in 1845, and he died in 1890. The Anglican period was characterized by his quest for certainty and a justification for that certainty. These he was to find eventually in Rome, having made a religious pilgrimage which he started in his youth when his first definite religious opinions were decidedly 'Calvinistic in character'. The influence of that Puritanism is seen in the early development of a marked ascetic tendency. It is in the Anglican period too that his longest period of happiness lay. He was very fond of Oxford: but Newman was not only of Oxford. There was a time when he virtually was Oxford, such was his tremendous influence, and to have been an undergraduate of an Oxford college was among his most pleasant memories. His election, in 1877, to an Honorary Fellowship at his old College, Trinity College, touched him deeply. He wrote to his Bishop, '... and to see once more, before I am taken away, what I never thought I should see again, the place where I began the battle of life, with my good angel by my side, is a prospect almost too much for me to bear.'

Most of his deep and enduring friendships were formed too when he was an Anglican priest, so that the sacrifices Newman made in October 1845 were far from being negligible. He entered the Roman Catholic Church as 'into port after a rough sea', and said, in reference to his 'Apologia...' that he now had 'no further history of his religious opinions to narrate', yet many profound disappointments lay ahead. He severed forever his connections with the beloved world of his youth, his leadership in the Anglican revival, the pleasant conversations in the common-room of his college, his Oriel Fellowship, the

violin playing in trios and quartets at musical parties. All this and more he gave up to become an obscure Roman priest, who for years was to be misunderstood, disliked, often deliberately frustrated in his endeavours, and never given the opportunities that suited his particular genius.

It is difficult to assess Cardinal Newman's main contribution. It may be unwise to attempt it for 'a main contribution' is often the result of a partial appreciation. To some he is the originator of the theory of development in dogma, to others he is above all things a religious philosopher in his detailed psychological analysis of the way in which the mind makes an assent, or arrives at a belief. Dollinger considered him to be the theologian who was almost unequalled in his knowledge of the history of the first three centuries of the Church. Again, there are those who see in him little more than a great master of English prose, while many remembered him chiefly 'as the greatest exponent of the views' of the minority at the Vatican Council'. Newman has been compared with the Fathers of the Church, and branded as a heretic. While to the onlooker he may be regarded as a successful failure, there is one essential characteristic which illumines all his writings, his profound sense of the Divine and of 'the mysteries of nature and of grace'. Even as a youth he had something of the mystic's sense of the Unseen: he tells us in the 'Apologia...' that at the age of sixteen he came to the conviction that there were but 'two and two only absolutely and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator'.

Limitations he said, but it was his profound religious endowment that distinguishes Newman, his insight into perennial problems of faith, his tranquil yet uncompromising belief in the concrete reality of the invisible world, that led to his enriching the common religious experience of Christendom. Brilioth rightly says that 'it is a presumption if any single communion claims him entirely for its own' for few reach so fully as he that elevated ground where those differing expressions of the shifting reflections of revelation through denominational mediums fade away and disappear.

SOME FOOTNOTES TO A PREVIOUS ARTICLE

By B. SUTTON-SMITH

ALL SYSTEMS of knowledge suffer from the difficulty that an article of faith is necessary to render them valid. This applies as much to science as it does to philosophy and religion, although in the case of science it is less apparent because the faiths on which science rests are largely the faiths on which our civilization is based, which means they are particularly widespread and largely unconscious in our minds. With most of us the scientific faith is implicit in our actions as a feature of adaptation to the contemporary world, rather than explicit as is the case with religious creeds.

The fact that in the first place this article of faith is always necessary means that it is strictly impossible to prove to anyone that such and such a system of belief *must* be so, unless in the first place they can agree to the assumptions upon which that system of beliefs is based. The fact that people can agree indicates only that they have common assumptions. Where something appears to have been proven that is only so because of prior agreement (usually implicit) on basic articles of faith. All of which means that the so-called objectivity of science depends ultimately just as much on human agreement as do the 39 Articles of the Anglican Church. It is necessary to point this out in order to see in correct perspective that particular contemporary 'viewpoint' which states that science is the only knowledge worth the name and all else is myth. The basis of scientific knowledge as well as of any other knowledge is human agreement, not something mysteriously different in its nature. Of course it must be granted that the subject-matter and methods of science are such that agreement on its basic articles are widespread. In the final analysis this is where its objectivity resides. One sceptic invalidates the scheme.

Those who have the faith of some American philosophers that objectivity can be extended to all spheres of thought have in effect

an unlimited optimism about the possibilities of human agreement, whereas those who believe with Bertrand Russell that apart from science all knowledge is 'mere' opinion have also an unlimited optimism but restrict its application. They realize that truth is ultimately a matter of agreement—enforced or voluntary—but make an exception to this rule in the case of science. Their perspective in the latter case is blinded by the achievements of a particular era. A fitting contrast is the objectivity of religious knowledge in the Middle Ages.

Now all this is by way of preface to some comments on an article, the 'Cult of Uncertainty', in the last issue of *Spike*. It was offered in the same sense that a new species of wine is offered to the connoisseur. Those who have their tastes conditioned by tea or beer will find no satisfaction in it, whereas those who like the snap of the Italian vermouth but abhor the French muscatel may find here their medicine. In other words it all depends on your assumptions. If they are anti-pathetical you will be unable to stomach the articles of faith. If on the other hand you like the wind blowing through your open mind and not stagnating in the manner of friend Chesterton's you may find something there.

This far I have used the words 'assumption' and 'faith' almost alternatively. I now wish to distinguish by defining faith as the explicit and conscious acceptance of some article of knowledge as being truly correspondent to the nature of things, and assumption as an implicit readiness due to particular emotional needs to accept certain articles of faith. Clearly they go together. There is no faith without the emotional need for it. Just as clearly the same type of emotional need in one person may lead to different articles of faith at different times due to the fact that a new one may be found more emotionally comprehensive than the old and hence more



GRADUATES 1948

Crown Studios

satisfying. If this was not so, no one would ever change their mind. Clearly some do.

The article then was offered to those emotionally inclined to that sort of thing as a satisfying alternative to what ever faiths they held at that stage. In effect it said. ... 'Why not this aesthetic or philosophy instead of that?' ... The motive behind the offer was simply the belief that the more satisfactory the adjustment the less dogmatically the faith in that particular adjustment is held, and the less dogmatically a view is held the less likelihood there is of conflict. But perhaps you don't agree?

The final difficulty is that any statement of faith is a step into the unreal, simply because it is a selection or an abstraction from the totality of things. Any such statement of faith must lift something from its context and divorce it to same extent from reality.

But, there is no alternative.

Perhaps then we need a faith which directs

us back to the experience as the basis of our reality and certainty. It is such a faith that was indicated in the articles of the 'Cult of Uncertainty.' That it was not fully formulated must be admitted. Such a formulation is hardly a matter of a few pages. Let it suffice that it claims that any system of knowledge which says that in that system itself rests the whole or final trust, must of its own nature, as an abstraction, be false. The best we can assert as a faith is that—here—in this experience and—there—in that experience you will find some reality and some certainty, and that altogether in all these experiences you may find more complete satisfaction. In other words it must be a faith leading back to the reality of things as directly experienced, not one substituting itself for them.

And we end with the paradox that without faith there is nothing, but that with faith alone there is only distortion.

PROBLEMS FOR THE PHYSICIST

By E. O. HALL

IN THE FIFTY YEARS from the discovery of the electron in 1897 to the culmination of that magnificent project which produced the atomic bomb, civilization has seen what must be an unparalleled expansion of human knowledge. But, at the same time, has come a host of new problems for the scientist and for the layman, problems which may broadly be resolved into two groups, one involving the freedom of the scientist in the community, and the other involving the attitude of the layman, the educated non-scientist, to scientific progress in general.

The war gave the physicist an unequalled opportunity to show his place in society. Whereas before the war, physicists worked in a world apart, and were thought of as engin-

eers, metallurgists, or a queer species of chemist, as the case demanded, they now became known as the designing force in atomic bombs, radar sets, and proximity fuses. A quickening interest in their work is shown by public interest in popular scientific lectures on these subjects, and the physicist has endeavoured to meet it by producing a larger number of elementary textbooks explaining in simple language these highly technical problems. In the education of the layman, the scientist is doing all he can.

The war also enabled the larger, privately owned companies to persuade their shareholders to pay over a larger proportion of their income on research—even on research

which did not appear to have the slightest connection with the work in hand. In this way, many leading scientists have been attracted into positions which formerly did not exist, and the mere fact that research in industry is still expanding is evidence of its continued support by the boards of directors. While this, unfortunately, can only be applied to the larger Continental and American firms, it may be said that New Zealand industry will benefit greatly from the work of these men, and New Zealand University men, 'exporting' themselves overseas, will find more opportunity in choosing employment than before the war.

In New Zealand, however, the primary interest of physicists will be centred on the attitude of the Government, which, during the war, with the competent Dr Marsden to advise them, expanded its Scientific and Industrial Research Department many-fold. Before 1939, a young physicist was lucky if he could obtain an interesting job in a branch of D.S.I.R., but he will now find the Dominion Physical Laboratory (incorporating the wartime Radio Development Laboratory), or the Industrial Laboratories at Auckland and Christchurch, eager to add him to their large and busy staffs. And New Zealand firms are making a greater and greater use of the resources of these laboratories, a sure sign of their success. The Universities, too, have benefited in the past few years in increased grants, enabling more lecturers to be appointed and bringing nearer the day when the Universities will fulfil their true function as a research unit doing important original work.

While all this means greater security for the scientist, the war has left behind its legacy of problems which endanger the actual freedom of research, the freedom of movement and particularly the freedom of expression, always jealously guarded. The war saw scientists marshalled to research projects, and

in the big, highly secret plans such as atomic bomb construction, kept rigorously isolated from the outside world in some cheerful place like the Mojave Desert. Only now, three years after the end of the war, are the reports of their work on pure research, of no military value whatsoever, coming to hand. Research on atomic piles in America is continuing under the control of the Army, or, more recently, the Atomic Energy Commission, and scientists are finding the controls by bureaucrats, who know nothing of the problems involved, so irksome that many are drifting away from this vital study to less spectacular but equally interesting lines of research in the big Universities. In Britain, too, secrecy entirely surrounds the work at Harwell, and difficulty is being found in recruiting scientists for work there. The problem is no doubt enhanced by the fact that, only in particular cases are younger scientists permitted to submit reports of their works to Universities for higher degrees, and recognition means a great deal to a keen research man.

Part of the problem really lies in the fact that science lacks any ethical basis. A scientist who aids in atomic bomb manufacture can no more be branded as a criminal than a man who makes shell fuses, but one could imagine that there might be ethical limits beyond which no scientist could go in applying his knowledge to the ends of human destruction. A scientist, one supposes, has no more right than the layman to protest at his regimentation in a national emergency, but it must be realized that a trained physicist has in his hands a power of destruction and a responsibility which he did not possess ten years ago. It is for scientists to organize, through such movements as The Association of Scientific Workers, to outlaw the destructive uses of Atomic Energy, to consolidate their freedom, and to demand to be able to apply their discoveries to the satisfaction of the needs of mankind.

JAZZ - OUR MEAT OR OUR POISON

A. C. MOORE

JAZZ IS A LANGUAGE—a musical language. I make no apology for using the metaphor, because it is a good one and, within the limits of analogy, teaches us some wholesome truths which would otherwise strike us as platitudes. The jazz language emerged as a distinctive tongue about fifty years ago in New Orleans, from which localized origins it has spread, often in the form of corrupt dialects, even to such unlikely parts of the world as New Zealand. It follows that the understanding of such a language requires more than the casual hearing of a few phrases, which will inevitably sound strange, absurd or meaningless. As with other musical languages, it also follows that jazz can be judged fairly only by listening to the best work of some of its experienced exponents, by trying to 'get inside' the music and arrive at the core of its meaning; a person who does this may pronounce favourably or unfavourably, but he will at least have come to grips with jazz in a genuine form.

Alas, there are few arts where the desire for such fairmindedness is apparent, whether it concerns Colin McCahon's paintings or the design for the Wellington Cathedral. In 'high places' there is a remarkable willingness to express opinions on jazz in highly-coloured terms; a member of Parliament pronounced against the evils of 'boochie-woochie', while a musical gentleman whom I once heard speaking on folk-music thought that jazz found its highest and fullest expression in Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue' and that it could be happily equated with 'atavistic tom-toms' (a juicy term which aroused all the perceptive approval of the audience). Anyone familiar with the actual article in question can safely ignore these uninformed opinions; but for those who are not, the underlying confusions need to be illuminated by some explanation of the content and method of jazz.

A prevalent source of confusion, for in-

stance, is the distinction (or lack of distinction) between 'commercial' jazz, of spurious musical worth, and 'hat jazz', which is upheld by its advocates as the genuinely creative and sincere form of jazz. No doubt the latter as well as the former can be commercially successful—artists in every walk of life hope that their work will sell; but the basic issue here is one of motive, that of artistic expression or of more selling power. Unfortunately confusions is often encouraged in jazz by the use jazzmen make of commercial 'popular' tunes of the day as a framework for their jazz musicianship; thus Benny Goodman makes an instrumental version of the 'Jersey Bounce', while Louis Armstrong transforms an equally inane lyric, 'Confession', into a brief but high-powered outburst of jazz. In such cases it is necessary to distinguish the original material from the jazz interpretation of it, and consequently to avoid the philosophical error of assuming that what grows from mud must itself be mud.

This contrast is brought out most clearly in the imported abominations of song-plugging and the hit-parade (a wonderful device for telling us what popular songs we like best in the order of preference). Yet I doubt whether such perennial jazz favourites as 'Honeysuckle Rose' or 'Bugle Call Rag' have even approached the hit-parade. A modern counterpart of these tunes, equally fertile for improvised 'jam-sessions', is a pleasant lyric 'How High the Moon' which first appeared in 1939; after a brief period of enforced popularity it faded from view until jazzmen started to realise its possibilities for development and produced a variety of worth-while interpretations, several of them recorded from concerts, in 1946 and 1947. Commercial popularity does not necessarily damn a work (indeed a long-term success would indicate some stable musical worth), but the hit-parade sort of popularity seems

to bear no relation to musical content. It is far more profitable to turn to the jazzmen themselves and observe those types of popular song which have maintained a long standing in jazz.

The first main type is the 'silly' popular song, the main appeal of which lies in a bouncy rhythm and a rather crazy exuberance. Gershwin's evergreens are good samples of this type—'Lady be Good', 'I got Rhythm' and 'Somebody loves me—I wonder who?'. Equally old and equally evergreen are 'Darktown Strutter's Ball' and 'Dinah'. Some words of the latter are worth quoting:

Dinah — is there anyone finer
In the State of Carolina?
If there is, and you know her,
Then show her to me!

Like the others mentioned, 'Dinah' has provided meat for many jazzmen; the results vary from Muggsy Spanier's gentle foolery to Fat Waller's violent version and the exciting solos by a Lionel Hampton group.

In contrast to this boisterous type of song we come secondly to the romantic ballad, which lends itself to a more lyrical or rhapsodic treatment. This is more risky ground for jazz, with the ever present danger of becoming mushy 'sweet jazz'. An evergreen which adequately combines words to suit the melody, is Cole Porter's 'Night and Day':

... Night and day, under the hide of me
There's an oh such a hungry yearning
burning inside of me,
In the roaring traffic's boom,
In the silence of my lonely room,
I dream of you — night and day...

Many other tunes of this sort have provided good material for jazz interpretation, despite frequent poverty of ideas in the matter of words. Examples are to be found in Gershwin's 'Someone to watch over me', played by Artie Shaw, or some of the tenor saxophonists' versions of 'Sweet and Lovely' (Flip Phillips) and 'Out of Nowhere' or 'Body and Soul' (Coleman Hawkins).

The third type of jazz song is most fundamental and therefore the hardest for our ears to become accustomed to. This is the savagely emotional type known as the 'Blues'. Since it contains the deepest

reflection of the Negro way of life it is not easily assimilable to a European or a New Zealander whose only contact is via the medium of records — by no means a completely adequate one. In the greatest recordings of Blues singers and jazz-players the integration of words and music reaches a high level. This is the case in most of the following Blues from which I quote. In 'Backwater Blues' Bessie Smith eloquently painted the despair of Negroes rendered homeless by Southern floods:

'When it rains for five nights and the winds
begin to blow
... There ain't nowhere for a poor old gal
to go.'

Joe Turner expresses his affections in naively moving terms:

'I've been loving you, baby, before I learned
to call your name.
Now that you've been loving someone else,
I know that you're gonna drive me
insane.' — (Wee Baby Blues).

Lionel Hampton indulges in ludicrous imagery in the Goodman Quartet's 'Blues in My Flat':

'If my gal cried whisky instead of crying
salt-water tears,
I would never be sober, babe, no not for
another twenty-five years.'

Rosetta Crawford expounds the typically defiant attitude of Blues-singers in 'Double-crossing Papa':

'If you drink whisky, I'll drink gin;
If you cheat with other women, I'll cheat
with other men.

You said you was fishin' when you stayed up
late—

Any fish will bite if you've got good bait.
So I'm goin' fishin' tonight, you see—
You dirty mistreater, you can't double-cross
me.'

Billie Holiday sings of Negro lynchings with a grim picturesqueness in 'Strange Fruit':

'Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root.'

While the expressiveness of the Blues is deeply bound up with the feeling of the words, there are many powerful Blues instrumentals which are independent of words—indeed it is the instruments which speak. Such are Mezz Mezzrow's 'Really the Blues', Sidney Bechet's 'Blues in Thirds', Ellington's 'Creole Love Call' Teddy Wilson's

Blue Mood' and Louis Armstrong's 'Potato Head Blues', 'West End Blues' and 'Savoy Blues'. Most of these are from ten to twenty years old, yet their appeal is scarcely lessened at all by this fact. Even so, it is a far cry from the attitudes embodied in such jazz to the feelings common to the average New Zealander. It may legitimately be asked whether jazz, even if significant to the Negro, can be transplanted and appreciated in another setting. It is noteworthy that all the creative jazz-men, from the New Orleans pioneers of the 'nineties, to the Armstrong of the 'twenties, Ellington of the 'thirties and Dizzy Gillespie or Charlie Parker of the 'forties, have been Negroes who developed some new line which was later exploited (often very ably, especially on the technical side) by white band-leaders. For New Zealanders at any rate, the question becomes: Is jazz, by origin a Negro art, one that can be borrowed by our country, and furthermore would it be healthy to do so?

This question can be answered satisfactorily only by studying both the method of jazz music and the cultural situation of New Zealand. The former aspect, at least, can be given a brief outline which may help to clear things up.

The playing of jazz has always been closely linked with the art of improvisation—an art which is not confined to jazzmen but was exhibited by virtuoso cadenza-players in 'orthodox' music, by Beethoven in his younger days, by many organists, as well as by most folk-musicians who have no written musical score to follow. In jazz, the writing down of perfected improvised solos (as with Ellington's compositions) has resulted in full written arrangements, until with recent arrangers such as Eddie Sauter, George Handy and Billy Strayhorn, modern American jazz starts merging into a species of orthodox music.

It is not so much in the method of improvisation as in the spirit conveyed by it that jazz is distinguished. Collective improvisation was the keynote of the earliest (New Orleans) jazz, although the later desire to break away from its necessarily limited repertoire of 'stomps' and 'rags' led to a more sophisticated emphasis on solo improvisation. Both the virtues and evils accompanying this best are seen in the playing of Coleman Hawkins, who, as his fame has increased, has tended more and more to overwhelm the jazz-

groups which he leads. His gluttony for long tenor-sax solos produced some remarkable results but also some very tedious rhapsodizing (as for instance in his 1947 version of 'Indian Summer'); all this is in marked contrast to his confrere, Benny Carter, who rarely exceeds the bounds of good taste with his lyrical alto-sax. The moral to be drawn is that jazz must preserve both the feeling of spontaneity and a group enthusiasm expressing itself in a nice balance between ensemble playing and individual solos suitably shared out. In large modern bands, Ellington's orchestra usually does this, while several of Woody Herman's 1945 recordings—'Caldonia' and 'Blowin' up a Storm' for instance—achieve that corporate swing which is essential to all jazz (whether large or small-group).

I need hardly stress the factor of emotion in jazz—the quality without which the cleverest jazz cannot achieve greatness. It is emotion which invests so many Blues with genuine worth and which will keep alive for a long time the work of Armstrong, Bunny Berigan and, in some cases, of Artie Shaw: it is the lack of emotion which reduces much of Goodman's clarinetting to the category of 'pleasant' rather than 'great'. Yet apart from these references to musicians, it is difficult to explain more fully in words the nature of this emotion, which is a personal dynamic and an integrating force in the original expression of the jazzman.

Finally (indicating their importance as regards the method of jazz) we come to the technical factors in jazz. These are means to an end—the end of expression of the musical conceptions and feelings of the players—and are by no means invariable. The traditional jazz instruments (trumpet, trombone, clarinet plus rhythm) have been detained because of their value in 'speaking' the feelings of the players; nevertheless they have been steadily supplemented by the addition of saxophones, double-bass, vibraphone and even violins. Neither spectacular technique nor richer orchestration, of course, necessarily make for 'better' jazz (in the sense of achieving the end of creative expression by the performer).

Again, the rhythmic basis of jazz is only a means, and not necessarily a limited one. Thus boogie-woogie, supposedly dependent for its attractions on an unwavering 'thump-thump' (eight-to-the-bar etc.), is in reality made much more complex by cross rhythms

and superimposed poly-rhythms, of which the veteran Jimmy Yancey is a prime exponent. I can even conceive of the essential jazz method being applied within the framework of waltz-time. However, it remains true that jazz requires some regular rhythm as a basis. On the one hand it is a branch of folk-music derived from and dependent on the dance; if the popular form of dancing changes, the change will affect jazz. On the other hand the present-day popularity of the syncopated fox-trot rhythm has its value in providing a stimulating basis for improvisation and for rhythmic variation (to a greater extent than, say, the waltz or tango).

The remaining technical factor—harmony—is one that has led to steady changes in jazz, culminating in the extremes of the recent 'be-hop' form of jazz which utilizes the more 'advanced' harmonies of Debussy and Ravel and rejoices in the benevolent interest of Stravinsky. The result is a warfare between the 'be-boppers' and the orthodox 'Dixie-land diehards' who prefer the New Orleans tradition in jazz—a contrast which is paralleled in 'orthodox' music by the schools of the Classical composers on the one hand and the Modernist composers on the other! if you wish to carry the analogy further, lovers of 'sweet swing' would occupy a middle position, preferring (in their orthodox moments) the music of the nineteenth century Romantics. But perhaps this factional spirit is a necessary phase in any growing art and may subside sooner or later.

The interplay of the jazz method, here described, with the various types of American popular-song has produced a folk-music which is worthy of something more than the juke-box and which is meaningful to a considerable section of Americans. New Zealanders, by contrast, are barely conscious that they lack any integrated native culture at all.

True, there is a growing awareness among poets, painters, writer and musical composers of the possibilities of this country; but when we turn to popular music the outlook is dismal. The radio purveys the products of overseas recording companies, while New Zealanders who write popular songs (and there are some good ones, even in Extravanzas) fail to get an adequate hearing. The majority of dance-bands are uninspired copyists, since they lack the essential stimuli possessed by their American prototypes—the appreciation and criticism of an interested audience who do care what sort of music is played. To those who reject jazz, the only alternative is a nostalgic return to the English folk-songs and dances of a past age. In other words, New Zealand lacks any genuine folk-music which is relevant to the life of the people.

If such a folk-music could develop gradually out of our own community-life, two musical developments might follow. Composers might use it as material in the way that Vaughan Williams and Bela Bartok have done with English and Hungarian folk-music respectively. In the dance-hall it would be perfectly legitimate to use the method of jazz (which carries on several ancient traditions in music-making) in developing genuine popular-songs by means of improvisation, a carrying-on of the creative role of the performer. This could be a healthy folk-art. No doubt it is futile to strive after something distinctively local in an immature country which naturally depends on overseas culture. Certainly folk-art cannot be manufactured overnight by a vain striving for music which somehow represents an 'N.Z. way of life'; if we have no distinctive way of life it cannot produce forms of expression. If that is the case, we had better tune in again to our English folk-songs and American jazz.

CLUB NOTES

POLITICAL SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Political Science Society's first year was marked by success in all activities undertaken. In addition to Messrs McHenry, Theiler, Davies, and McCombs, whose speeches were reported in last year's *Spike*, the Society sponsored Mr Witten-Hannah—'The Position of the Maori People'; and Mr R. M. Algie, M.P.—'The National Party'.

The average attendance at the 1947 meetings was 50. We feel that such interest proves the necessity of our existence, and we look to the future confident that the Society has already achieved a high place in College life.

Our thanks are due to Mr T. Smith for facilitating the successful publication of the C.P.I. notes on France, and to Mrs Castles for typing the stencils for these.

Last year we stated that we desired the establishment of Departmental Committees in the College; the encouragement of similar Departmental Societies; the publication of a journal; and an Honours stage in the Department.

Though we have not achieved the first of these, we are grateful to the Staff of the Department for their valuable co-operation in our activities. We wish every success to other Departmental Societies formed last year. If a few more 2000-5000 word articles come to hand in the near future, the journal will be published this year. We also hope that, with the appointment of Professor Parker, an Honours stage will soon be established.

In 1948 we hope to expand our activities on the basis formed last year. We feel that, in providing facilities for the scientific discussion of political problems, we are rendering a service to the community by educating the future citizen to exercise his political power in a wise manner.

OFFICERS

Patrons: Mr E. Theiler (Consul for Switzerland), Professor Parker, Mr K. J. Scott. President: Mr B. C. Lumsden. Vice-President: Mr B. M. O'Connor. Secretary-Treasurer: Mr M. J. O'Brien. Committee: Miss Aileen Casey, Mr A. T. Howarth, Mr T. Qualter.

LITERARY SOCIETY

Seventeen years ago, when talking to the then newly formed Literary Society, Professor von Zedlitz in looking at the severe and joyless walls surrounding him, mentioned the value of snuff-boxes, armchairs and coal fires as an important element in any literary society. The snuff-boxes we may have outgrown, but the chilling effect of any lecture-room explains why, in our second year, we have had but one public meeting. Instead, members have met in informal study groups, discussing (in comfort) 'William Blake' and 'New Zealand Literature', and have been able to read widely amongst the bizarre collection of literary magazines we have assembled as a library.

With the production of 'First Placard of the Armadillo Absolutists' (a much more interesting

looking volume than last year's rather scrappy broadsheets) the Society has emerged from its seclusion, and by stating an individual view in literature, and expressing its theory in an individual manner, has caused much speculation on 'the name and nature of poetry'. Although it seems unlikely that the magazine will be more frequent than bi-monthly, it is hoped to widen its first necessarily restricted contents, and if not provide a battleground for our numerous detractors, to open its pages to all contemporary writing, and whatever critical jousts may interest and enliven the Society.

OFFICERS

Patron: Prof. I. A. Gordon. Vice-Patrons: Dr J. C. Beaglehole, Prof. P. S. Ardern, E. Badian. President: A. Murray-Oliver. Vice-President: E. Schwimmer. Secretary: J. M. Thomson. Treasurer: A. O. McLeod. Committee: D. Horsley, Elizabeth Millward, P. S. Wilson.

SOCIALIST CLUB

As in the two previous years of its existence, the Socialist Club has started off 1948 with a burst of activity. In January a most successful week-end school was held at Lower Hutt, where four most profitable discussions were led by Messrs M. Mitchell, J. Winchester, D. Cohen and R. Nunes. Business was, however, combined with pleasure; and the social side of the week-end was enjoyed by all. It is planned to put on a similar function over King's Birthday week-end.

The Annual General Meeting brought Ron Smith's report on the Australasian Student Labour Federation Conference at which he led our delegation, in January. As a result a New Zealand Student Labour Federation has been instituted—including our own club, the Auckland University College Labour Club, the Canterbury University College Socialist Club, and the Otago University Radical Club. We are providing the Executive for the current year.

This has been probably the biggest step in our club's history. It will mean a greatly facilitated co-ordination in New Zealand socialist student action; and believe us, many more issues will arise like the East Indian War, which, like it, will demand action.

An active interest has been taken, too, in Trade Union affairs. Since the beginning of the year the Carpenters' Dispute, the Mangakino Strike, and the internal struggle within the Federation of Labour have occupied our interest. We passed a resolution supporting the Carpenters, which, though sent to the Press, was 'iron-curtained' by all but one paper—and that a weekly.

The success of a pamphlet published by us last year has prompted us to repeat the effort: this time a joint work of past and present club members on the 'Readers' Digest' as a public enemy; this magnum opus is as yet but embryonic, but it is hoped that it will be out before the end of the second term.

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Patron: F. L. Combs. Vice-Presidents: A. H. Scottney, J. F. Platts-Mills, James Bertram, Tobias Hill.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS GUILD

The past year has seen the Guild attain considerable success. Plain (and therefore profitable) speaking came from the fortnightly discussions, which were better attended than before, while a high standard of debating was maintained. The dance and other social doings were well attended, and the support given the I.S.S. was a pleasing feature which should be upheld. Further afield, Guild members derived benefit from the University Catholic Federation of N.Z. and its activities, notably from the Summer Congress, held at Auckland; for 1948 Victoria was the national headquarters, so that we also contributed something to the growing good fortune of this body. As Victoria's Jubilee year approaches the Guild is mindful that it is indeed youthful, but hopes that its part in College life has, in this and other years, possessed some significance.

OFFICERS

Patron: Rev. Fr. M. F. Bourke, S.M., B.A. Chaplain: Rev. Fr. F. Durning, S.M., M.A. President: H. E. Connor, B.Sc. Vice-President: Miss Annette d'Ath. Secretary-Treasurer: G. K. W. Johnston. Committee: Misses Aileen Casey, Patricia Burns and Pauline Hoskins; Messrs M. J. O'Brien, B. J. O'Meara and K. F. O'Connor. Social Committee: Miss Margaret Twiss, Messrs A. J. Reeves and W. B. Healy, M.Sc.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Society's activities during 1947 were so successful that we intend to model this year's programme along the same lines. Many of the society's activities have proved so popular that they will probably become recognized annual events.

The Annual Dissecting Competition for Stage I students was held in the third term. This test of practical skill is always very popular and two good prizes are awarded.

During 1947 we inaugurated a Herbarium Competition. This was intended to fill the same place for Stage I Botany students as the Dissecting Competition does for Stage I Zoology students. It was hoped that the competition would encourage field work; this naturally involves more work than the Dissecting Competition and for that reason was less popular. Nevertheless we hope it will become an annual feature of the Society's programme.

At the request of the Social Committee the Society organized one of the fortnightly dances. The attendance was good and we feel that a repetition of this less academic venture will be justified.

More serious but none the less successful was the first appearance of 'Tuatara' in its new form. This

periodical promises to be of high scientific value if we can maintain the standard set by the first issue. The second issue will be published soon.

A trip to Kapiti Island was held after the 1947 Finals. Twelve students enjoyed a five-day break in this beautiful sanctuary and took advantage of the chance to observe native wild-life seldom seen on the mainland.

This year has seen two very successful addresses; Mr Charles Fleming spoke on the Snare Islands, and a few weeks later Dr D. S. Milne of the Evolution Protest Movement spoke to a meeting of more than fifty members of the Society.

The Biological Society was represented in the 1948 Capping Procession by hitherto unknown forms of life—a segmented dragon. We are under the fond impression that our monster stole the show.

The programme for the winter term will commence with a Brains Trust. We also hope to run an ecological project on bottom fauna in the Wellington Harbour.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the 1947 Committee for so ably carrying on the Society's activities and only hope that we can do as well in 1948.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

V.U.C.S.M. has had a very encouraging year. The programme has covered the normal range of activities and in addition has given the members of the Movement an opportunity to make some impact on the outside community. Many members have played a full part in the exercise of their student citizenship in the College. The studies and addresses during the last eight months have centred round the Bible and Doctrine and have dealt with the important subject of the relevance of Christianity to our needs and problems. Apart from Study Circles and devotions, we have organized a monthly Church Service for students on traditional University Service lines and we have held three camps, one in May, one in July, and one at the end of the final exams.

Twenty students from V.U.C. and T.C. last November visited Wanganui on a goodwill mission to the city and churches. A report of the visit was published giving a full account of the visit. The mission was indeed a stimulating and valuable experience for those students who were able to take part.

We have been fortunate this year in having a visit from Dr John Coleman. Dr Coleman is secretary of the University Commission set up by the World Student Christian Federation, being on the secretariat of W.S.C.F. He has visited fifty-two Universities in eleven different countries and brought us first hand knowledge of their conditions and problems. Dr Coleman has enlarged for us our conception of W.S.C.F. and showed by his example the relationship of Christianity to life.

An important feature of this year's work is a series of lectures on the Bible as Literature sponsored in conjunction with the Literary Society. The lectures are being given by members of the staff and others.

We are planning to visit Hastings at the end of this year, on the lines of our visit to Wanganui, though the team will be larger and the programme more ambitious. Forty members recently spent a whole day in the new housing area at Naenae working with two churches in that area and seeing

keep an eye on
the
d.
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C

there's always
something happening



something of the problem of this new community.

We should like to express our thanks to the Rev. Martin Sullivan for his leadership and help in our work and activities.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY

The aim of the Chemical Society is to provide its members with a greater familiarity with the part played by chemists and chemical industry in the life of the community. That this aim was realized at least in part, is evidenced by the vigorous discussions that were a notable feature of meetings, especially those of a more general or controversial nature. On the whole, meetings were not well attended but students whose interest in scientific knowledge extends beyond their examination syllabus were present regularly. Meetings during the year were:

Film: 'The Life of Louis Pasteur'.

Talks: B. E. Swedlund, 'Scientific Methods'. Messrs Harris, Beck, Cryer, and Saxton, 'Aspects of Industrial Chemistry'. Dr Parton, 'Technical Barbarians'. Dr Dixon, 'Soil Chemistry'. Messrs Clare and McIntosh, 'Aspects of Agricultural Chemistry'.

Visits were made to the Dominion Laboratory and to the Soil Bureau where research workers explained their problems, the methods used to solve them, and the progress of their work. During the August vacation a party of six members went on a tour of other research stations in the North Island, at Palmerston North and Ruakura, Hamilton. This was a most interesting and profitable experience for the tourists, and it is hoped that similar visits can be arranged in future years.

OFFICERS

President: Prof. P. W. Robertson. Chairman: Mr A. R. Caverhill. Hon. Secretary-Treasurer: Mr K. A. Handcock. Committee: Messrs J. B. Butchers, P. G. Harris, A. N. Wilson.

HOCKEY CLUB

As these notes are being written at the beginning of the season, an accurate assessment of the strength of the Hockey Club in the 1948 season can scarcely be given. However, the fact that in two Saturdays of play the club has lost only one out of ten games seems to be a favourable augury for the present season. With five teams instead of six entered in the competitions it should be possible to field reasonably constant combinations week by week, and there should be no necessity to 'scratch' a team because of a shortage of players.

Eight of last year's stalwarts—still smarting at the memory of the debacle of Winter Tournament 1947—will form the nucleus of the senior team. Newcomers who will undoubtedly strengthen the team include Ivor Ting, former Club Captain, Jim Beard of A.U.C. fame, and Reg Burney, Hec Lawry and Gil Johnston will again be on hand to mould the team into an effective combination. It is to be hoped that last year's tendency to substitute talks on hockey theory for practice in stick work and physical education will not occur this season.

The initial success of the club in most games

should provide a filip sufficient to ensure that every team, junior or senior, gives of its best in spite of the handicapping change in personnel, inadequate coaching, and the usual lack of goalkeepers. The progress made by junior teams last year was encouraging. The 3rd Grade A team fully deserved the award of the Dixon Trophy, and this season they have won both their games in convincing style. The other 3rd and 4th Grade teams are untried as yet and will find it difficult to combine well unless they make efforts to obtain coaching or—even better—arrange regular team talks. The 2nd Eleven has been relegated to the 2nd Division of their grade and fields a side that is stronger than that of previous years. The team will enjoy an advantage in that it is no longer necessary to use it as a stepping stone for the senior eleven, as the team selections have been finalized earlier than usual.

LAW FACULTY CLUB

The object of the Law Faculty Club is the promotion, within the academic and social fields, of the welfare of the members of the Law Faculty. For the academic welfare of the club during 1947 two moots were held in the small Courtroom of the Supreme Court but they failed to receive the support that was expected from the club. More moots were planned, but unfortunately did not take place due to the apathy of members of the club. From a social point of view the past year was a success in that it saw the revival of the Annual Ball—this was held at the Majestic Cabaret on the 5th December last and was well attended by the legal confraternity.

For the current year 1948 the club's executive is planning an active season. It is intended to hold the Annual Ball in the early part of June so that full-time students will have an opportunity of attending this function which was denied them last year on account of the late fixtures. Shortly after finals there will be the traditional dinner which in the past has patronised the Grand and which can now be almost regarded as binding and no longer a persuasive choice. For the academic welfare of Law students it is hoped to arrange talks by leading practitioners which would prove of the utmost interest and it is hoped they will be well patronised to ensure their continuance throughout the academic year. It is hoped to introduce a new system with the conduct of the moots to be held during the course of the year, the first of which was, in fact, held on the 3rd of May and was most interesting and instructive and also well attended, which is both encouraging and heartening.

ROWING CLUB.

A limited group of members have been taking part in regattas consistently during the season, and among these, successes were achieved by Graham Honore, Don McLeod (at Picton, Wellington and Port Chalmers) and Stan Gillen (at Christchurch).

The training of novice oarsmen was undertaken with seriousness, and several were included in the team taking part in the Tournament. The position of the crews there was disappointing, due above all to the lack of capable oarsmen, and it is evident that to achieve better success in this event in future,



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BOXING CLUB

We have had a very successful season this year and the members, though very few in number, were very keen.

We are indeed proud of the fact that we were the only successful team participating in Easter Tournament from V.U.C. The team was as follows: E. C. Adams (Light Heavyweight); C. A. MacLeod (Middleweight); J. F. Goldfinch (Welterweight); M. W. Wisheart (Lightweight); C. M. Wong (Bantamweight); A. M. Young (Featherweight).

The team had three wins out of four who reached the finals. M. W. Wisheart and C. M. Wong have been awarded N.Z.U. Blues. The other winner, E. C. Adams, was very unfortunate in not being recommended for a N.Z.U. Blue. T. Adams, our trainer, must be thanked for his untiring efforts to help us along. He even took time off work to accompany the team to Dunedin.

TRAMPING CLUB

Non-trampers have from time to time queried tramping as a sport, and it is understandable that climbing a mountain or crossing a pass might mean to them a dull and fatiguing toil, or merely an opportunity to exercise muscles and breathe invigorating air. Such academic sentiments obscuring the broad view find little or no place in the trampler's conception of the sport, which encompasses not only a wide variety of activities from both administrative and practical aspects, but social atmosphere of community life as exists in Extrav. and Tournament, and a congenial opportunity for leisurely discussions as rarely happens in the uncouth haste of everyday life.

During the past nine months the number and enthusiasm of members has again increased giving birth in another of the ever-popular ski trips last August to Mount Egmont where we were fortunate in seeing many New Zealand title-holders in action at the N.Z. Ski Championships. Following the usual lull during the third term exam trips were once more organized, largely with a bias towards Christmas plans, and several picnic and rock-climbing instruction days at the 'Slab', Titahi Bay.

The South Island again attracted our attention for the major Christmas expedition, and a party of nearly forty made a base at Spencer Ranges. While many successful climbs were made, others enjoyed the scenery from the grassy slopes of the Travers Valley. Finally about half the party moved off on a pass-hopping trip through the headwaters of the Sabine, Clarence, and Waiau, Ada, and Marauia rivers, eventually emerging on the Lewis Pass road. We had some anxious moments when a deluge on Boxing Day caused the Travers river to rise rapidly and threaten our store tents containing half a ton of food. Fortunately the flood waters subsided in time and from then on our miniature radio gave favourable weather reports, which all turned out to be true.

Meanwhile local activities have centred round the

building of a hut—a new venture in the history of the Club. Members have heartily supported this plan and considerable energy has expended in clearing an excellent site in the Tauherenikau Valley, swagging in building material and erecting the framework. However there is still much to be done and we are looking forward to the day when we have a hut of our own and can repay the generous hospitality of other clubs.

OFFICERS

President: Prof. E. J. Boyd-Wilson; Vice-Presidents: Mary B. Boyd, A. H. (Bonk) Scotny, Arthur Oliver. Chairman: C. A. (Ted) Bradstock. Vice-Chairman: Gordon McDonald. Secretary: J. B. (Barney) Butchers. Chief Guide: Harry Evison. Committee: Marshall Laird, Bruce Milburn, Mike Murray. Ski-Captain: Jack McDonald.

CRICKET CLUB

Though a very keen eleven was entered in the Senior Championships consisting of experienced players and improved colts the eleven did not achieve the success of the previous two years.

It is to be said of the eleven that they were unbeaten in the knockout competition, and but for rain robbing them of an outright win they might have easily won it.

The team was under the capable leadership of Tom Larkin, a discerning and keen captain who played some useful knocks with his precise and neat shots.

The most improved batsman was Bob Vance whose keenness should be an inspiration to all cricketers. He kept wicket very well, as many batsmen found to their cost, and, with John Oakley, represented Wellington in the Colts' tour and against the Fijians.

John Oakley is another batsman of no mean ability who played some enterprising cricket, especially in the second half of the season. He represented Victoria at the Easter Tournament, and played for the N.Z.U. team.

Don Eryan, Mel Matheson and Roy Woolley were trundlers who kept the opposing batsmen quiet and took their toll of wickets.

With the eleven were the evergreen Peter Wilson and Gilbert Stringer, who can always be relied on for their fair share of the rungetting.

Slow right hand spinners from Hamish Henderson caused many a senior cricketer to lose his wicket, and in his first two innings Thompson took thirteen wickets for 108 runs. Left hand slow spinners from Peter Sim also had their marked effect. Opening batsman Lou Cornish continued to give the impression that he is developing into a really first class batsman.

Promoted to the eleven were Harold Lewis, a promising right hand bat, and Ray O'Connor, who bowls a useful ball but has also developed into a really useful bat, as shown by his knock of 68 against Old Boys in the knockout competition.

Capably led by Cathel MacLeod, our second eleven finished third in their competition, being only three points behind the winners. John Murray took over fifty wickets, ably supported by Paddy Mullins, who was selected for the second grade reps. on Anniversary Day. Our second grade batsmen included K.

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T H E D . I . C . L T D . .

Gajadhar, R. Wilde, J. Orson, and R. Berry, with T. Mullinder keeping wickets early in the season, and later Vivian. Led by Guy Smith the third grade team had some meritorious victories.

The fourth grade team, led by Bill Treadwell, and later Don Moore, improved with the weeks and had some promising players. Treadwell was selected for the fourth grade reps. on Anniversary Day.

Under Pix Hurrell's leadership the fifth grade team finished on the right foot by winning their last game.

Victoria played in the final of the Easter Tournament cricket, having beaten A.U.C. in the first round, but were themselves beaten by Otago in the last round. Our Christmas tour was a great success, as we won every game we played.

OFFICERS

Club Captain: J. Carrad. Secretary: W. J. Treadwell. Teams Officer: K. Gajadhar.

SOCCER CLUB

During the 1947 season the Club entered three teams in the local competition—one in each of the senior B, second, and third grades. The standard of play in the senior and third grades was good, both teams finishing the season more than half way up their respective grades.

Last year also we acted as hosts at the third Winter Tournament, and with true hospitality shared the Soccer Shield with two of our guests—Auckland and Otago. This is the third occasion on which our Tournament team has tied for this trophy, which we firmly intend to bring back this year from Christchurch with the name V.U.C. engraved upon it.

The Club extends congratulations to K. R. Johnstone who was awarded an N.Z.U. Blue, and to E. J. Simmonds and J. Y. Walls who gained representative honours.

This season the club once again has entered teams in the same three grades. While the third grade standard has dropped somewhat the second grade and senior teams are much stronger than in previous years. The senior team in particular has developed a well-balanced combination based upon the strong half line comprising F. C. Richardson, K. R. Johnstone and M. J. Spiera, who have played in that position for the past three seasons. Most promising is the fact that from goal to forward line there are no weaknesses.

The club had much pleasure in welcoming back two of its originals, Keith McLeod and Dave Bateup.

A bright 1948 season portends if a meritorious win in the first round of the Chatham Cup is any indication.

OFFICERS

Club Captain: G. Robinson. Club Vice-Captain: B. K. Reddy. Secretary: J. Y. Walls. Treasurer: F. C. Richardson.

RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

The early date of going to press for the 1948 *Spike* makes it difficult to offer any real comment

on the Club's activities for the present year. So far all that can be said about this season's Rugby is that the first two playing days of the competitions have seen a very good start made by Club teams in every grade, and that for the first time for many years eight teams have been entered in the Union's contests. Shortage of coaches may be a handicap in the later part of the year.

The First XV group at present consists of: F. Buckley, J. D. Dillon, R. W. Berry, I. V. Dalgleish, R. G. Wilde, D. Dickson, M. F. Radich, H. Jaeger, R. Jacob, R. E. Barraclough, O. S. Meads, A. W. Grayburn, P. Grayburn, J. Corkill, R. T. Shannon, C. Shannon, B. Philpott, R. P. Hansen, R. Jermyn, J. R. Battersby.

Since these notes are written so early in the season, it may be as well to comment on one or two features of last year's work which did not appear in *Spike* 1947.

In late 1946 the Club bought from the War Assets Realization Board five floodlights, which were finally erected last year and used when the supply of electricity allowed it. They have been a great help towards adequate practice facilities, but a good Rugby gymnasium is still needed. Last season also the Club bought a set of jerseys for hire to the First XV, but the quality of this gear was most disappointing, and the tags are now useless for their original purpose.

The following were awarded College Blues for 1947: A. S. Macleod, R. W. Berry, J. D. Dillon, M. F. Radich, R. Jacob, R. T. Shannon, C. B. Burden, O. S. Meads, J. A. L. Bennett, R. B. Burke, S. S. Kurtovich.

OFFICERS

Patron: Sir Thomas Hunter. President: Prof. H. B. Kirk. Club Captain: Mr H. E. Moore. Deputy Club Captain: Mr R. T. Shannon. Teams' Officer: Mr W. J. Treadwell. Assistant Teams' Officer: Mr V. H. Peters. Hon. Treasurer: Mr R. G. Wilde. Hon. Secretary: Mr J. B. Trapp. Committee: Rev M. Sullivan, Messrs R. Jacob, C. A. Macleod, M. F. Radich.

TENNIS CLUB

With a membership of about 70 members, the Tennis Club has come to the end of another successful season. Although we did not repeat last year's achievement of winning the Tournament Tennis Shield, we did come runners-up equal with Canterbury with 11 points. Otago were the winners with 13 points. This result may have been somewhat different if our two top players, Lorna Ngata and Ben O'Connor, had been available for play. Lack of combination in the doubles was the main fault, and although good resolutions were made to choose the team early in the New Year and so give them the opportunity to practise together, these were not acted upon, and many members of the team were quite unfamiliar with each other's play. It was bad luck, also, that Joan Robbins was not able to play at the last moment.

Hugh Davidson and Jack Walls, however, lived up to all expectations by winning the Men's Doubles from Canterbury's top pair. Hugh and Avis Reed also reached the final of the Combined Doubles and were unlucky to lose to Jean MacGibbon and White of Canterbury in the third set. Jack Walls also

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reached the final of the Men's Singles; our two Women's Doubles pairs, Elwyn Coull and Loris Webley, and Suzanne Illott and Gillian Foden, and the second Combined pair, Loris Webley and Bill Pritchard, all reached the semi-finals. Bill and Jim McIvor were beaten in the first round of the Men's Doubles, and Roy McKenzie in the first round of Men's Singles, where he was unfortunate in meeting Green, of Otago, who eventually won the event.

Our Inter-club teams commenced and finished the season well but, as usual, the standard over the long vacation was low and most of the teams playing over this period were scratched together at the last minute and we had to default several times. Teams were entered for Men's and Women's Senior A, which now are separate, Second Grade and Third Grade, with four men and four women in each.

Throughout the season there have not been more than two wet weekends, and large attendances at the Club both on Saturdays and Sundays have been the rule.

OFFICERS

Chairman: George Napier. Club Captain: Ben O'Connor. Secretary: Loris Webley. Treasurer: Brian Igglesden. Women's Committee: Jane Florence, Gillian Foden, Sylvia Frazer, Barbara Hall. Men's Committee: Ken Bliss, John Campbell, Alan Mathews, Jack Walls.

ATHLETIC CLUB

The 1947-48 athletic season in Wellington saw a slight improvement in the standard of the sport, but at the same time that standard was well below those of other centres. Fortunately, Victoria has also made advances over the past year and is now one of the strongest clubs in Wellington. There is still a long way to go before the college will be able to challenge the other colleges for athletic supremacy at Easter Tournament.

Club meetings at Kelburn Park commenced on Monday, 17th November, and regularly attracted twenty to thirty athletes for competition for the Old Members' Cup in the latter part of the season. Once again the club was fortunate in that many of its members received valuable coaching from Dr L. R. Richardson, Messrs S. G. Eade, D. Tossman, J. Colvin and C. Dickie.

The Inter-Faculty Sports were held at Kelburn Park on Saturday, 13th March, before a good attendance. Large fields were the order of the day, and in six events the winner's performance which exceeded the standard set in 1946 were passed as records. It was noticeable that in many events students who competed for outside clubs during the season took a prominent role at this meeting. Let it be hoped that these students will link up with the college club next season!

As was expected, Victoria retained the athletic wooden spoon at Easter Tournament. Many fine performances were registered by our athletes but our only place-getters were Fred Marshall who was awarded a N.Z.U. Blue for his wins in the hammer throw and discus throw, Brian Pohlen who won the mile walk, Clem Hawke who was second in both the mile and three miles, and the women's relay team which gained second place.

In competition with other Wellington clubs, Vic-

toria was able to field strong teams and gained several places at the Provincial Championships and other meetings. Winners of provincial titles were Fred Duckworth (120 yards hurdles), Fred Marshall (discus, shot putt and hammer throw), and Neville Sherring (one mile junior). Club members also had successes when they made their annual visit to Hastings.

OFFICERS

Club Captain: T. H. Benjamin. Secretary-Treasurer: G. I. Fox (from 26/1/48), T. Levy (resigned 26/1/48). Committee: A. J. Catt, A. Marshall, J. F. Goldfinch, J. C. Hawke, B. J. Pohlen, Barbara Fougere.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

'My own infirmities . . . and the public news coming together have put my utmost philosophy to the trial.' Possibly the realization of the transparent applicability of this aged saying to the condition of man in the world today was a motivating factor in the formation of the Philosophical Society last year.

However that may be the Society has now emerged from its embryonic state and is cutting its teeth on a multitude of fundamental, and other, problems.

The Society operates by way of weekly discussion groups, and its chief work so far this year has centred round the title, 'Approach to Philosophy'. It is intended during the second term to have a competent speaker to lead a study group discussion on St Thomas Aquinas and another on 'The Philosophy of Marxism'.

By way of public addresses, the Rev J. M. Bates is to talk to the College on 'Philosophy and Religion' and it is hoped that a member of the Philosophy Department staff will speak on some topic of general interest.

The Society also has in mind the inauguration (possibly not this year) of a series of talks on the leading theological philosophers, K——, Maritain, Buber and others. In view of the influence of this school of thought such a study would be of considerable significance.

It is too early to attempt any evaluation of the work of the Society this year. In any event whatever is achieved is somewhat intangible and can only reflect in the individuals who have benefited. It is sufficient justification for the Society's existence that interest is consistently maintained by its members.

SWORDS CLUB

In this, the fourth year of its existence, the V.U.C. swords Club is a vigorous and precocious child of the Students' Association, having won the Fencing Championships at the Winter Tournaments of 1946 and 1947, when only two and three years of age.

Last year one of the club members captained the N.Z.U. team which defeated the Wellington Swords Club by 15 bouts to 1; and for the first time a women's team fought at Tournament.

This year our coach—one of the best in the country—is achieving very encouraging results with the twenty to thirty enthusiasts who attend regularly on every club evening. Until Extrav. took over our

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Fencing Academy', i.e. the Gym, we held only one meeting a week, but now that Tournament looms ahead, the club meets twice weekly. Though most of the time is necessarily used in training in foil-play, the men do fight a number of bouts in sabre and epee. Actually, it is possible to commence by teaching epee or sabre, but a knowledge of foil leads logically and easily to a knowledge of the heavier blades, so that it is usually taught first. The beginner is at first utterly bewildered by the intricacies—and apparent absurdities—of fencing; but he soon learns that with a certain amount of practice and perseverance, he can become a competent foilist within a year.

This year the club will again enter two teams for Winter Tournament—a men's team of four members and a women's team of two. During the season bouts with local clubs will be arranged, partly to provide comparative interest and partly to give members experience in fighting opponents whose tactics they do not already know.

Most of the members of last year's Tournament team are not available this year, so prospective representatives will need a good deal of training and enthusiasm.

OFFICERS

Coach: N. St. C. Dickson. Captain: P. Hampton
Vice-Captain: N. Rumsey. Secretary: Nannette Broom. Committee: Alison Keys, Pauline Michael, W. Stevens, R. Curtis.

DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB

Although it did not retain the Haslam Shield, the Rifle Club has had a highly successful and enjoyable season. The team for Tournament consisted of D. V. Henderson (captain), A. T. Howarth, I. M. Henderson, J. V. T. Baker, J. K. Cullinane, G. L. Catley (Massey), R. Hardwicke-Smith.

Athol Howarth gained top score and Vance Henderson two points below, both receiving N.Z.U. Blues.

The club took part in other activities, the National Rifle Championship at Trentham where Vance Henderson came eighth in New Zealand in the musketry shoot. In the match between all Wellington champions and runners up Athol Howarth was third and Vance Henderson fourth equal. The club Sansum musketry trophy was won by Athol Howarth. Ian Henderson has put up some very good scores this season and Hardwicke-Smith and Kjestrup have shown the makings of very fine riflemen. The club has a membership of about twenty, the average attendance being less than half that number except just before Tournament. There is room for many more to take an active interest in this very fine sport.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The popularity of the Debating Society has continued this year. Audiences are large and the number of speakers has shown a marked increase. Three debates were held during the first term, the subjects being the Czechoslovakian situation, Marshall Aid to Europe, and Private Schools. Debates are held fortnightly during the first and second terms. The Plunket Medal Oratory Contest is to

take place in July. The Bledisloe Medal Oratory Contest, which was won last year by Victoria College, and the Joynst Scroll Debating Contest will be held at C.U.C. at the same time as Winter Tournament.

OFFICERS

President: K. O'Brien. Secretary: Jean Melling.
Treasurer: Nell Casey.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

The 1947 season finished well, with Varsity holding positions about half-way up the grades in the Inter-Club Competitions in all sections except Senior B, who maintained their position in the top group of the grade.

The A team played some good inter-college games—they defeated Massey College at Palmerston in their annual match, and at Tournament (held last year at Wellington) finished second equal.

Plans are already afoot for the Massey visit early in July. This, and tournament, are the Senior A's main fixtures, but the Senior B's also have their annual match (we hope) with Canterbury. This year it is Victoria's turn to visit Christchurch.

King's Birthday saw two teams fielded in the seven-a-side. The second team did not leave its mark on the world of sport (thank you, Mr Ingram), but the seniors came second in their grade.

The Ralph trophy for the 1947 season was won by Pat Young, who gained representative honours in her first year of hockey. Congratulations, Pat.

Our congratulations also to Jean Melling and Quona Christie who took time off from hockey to get married.

This year the Club fielded four teams, but in 1949 the Club hopes to be able to field five. So if you are inspired by the noble game of hockey the Club will welcome you with open sticks.

Thanks are due to our coaches, Miss Charles, Pat Ralph and Mr Jacobson. They have been a great help during the year.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

1948 promises to be an interesting year for the Photographic Club. With a much increased membership, it has a programme which should be of great interest and benefit to all its members. And by the end of the year the Club will be in possession of a darkroom of its own in the Weir House basement which will be well equipped for developing, printing and enlarging.

Indicative of the new enthusiasm in the Club were the large number of entries received for the Spike 1948 Photographic Competition, their wide variety, and their improved technical quality. Further competitions will be held during 1948, including the selection of photographs for the Jubilee issue of Spike which will appear towards the end of the year. The winning entries of all the competitions will be awarded prizes.

Other Club functions this year will include demonstrations on technique, visits to places of interest to all photographers, and lectures by local authorities on various aspects of the art.

The committee hopes that still more amateur



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OFFICIALS

President: Prof. Ian A. Gordon. Chairman: D. C. Ball. Secretary-Treasurer: P. C. Alve. Committee: Miss C. W. Harvie, W. E. H. Docherty, T. Grant-Taylor, D. R. McQueen.

LIST OF GRADUATES

HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LITERATURE—Ngata, Apirana Turupa (from Canterbury University College).

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS—Bennett, Beryl Anita Patti, Second Class in Philosophy (from University of Otago); Bennett, Dorothy May, Second Class in English; Benstead, Florence Jocelyn, First Class in French; Broadhead, Jean Scott, Third Class in History; Burchfield, Robert William, First Class in English; Campion, Mary Eleanor, Second Class in Education; Coleman, Francis Edward, Second Class in History; Corkill, Barbara Helen, Second Class in English; Culliford Stanley George, First Class in English; Goss, Diana Mary, Second Class in English; Hanron, Nancy, Third Class in History; Higgin, Gurth Wedderburn, Second Class in Education; Larsen, Colin Rutherford, Third Class in Philosophy; Larsen, Roy Felix, Second Class in History; Miles, Alan, First Class in English; McDowell, Gwenifer, Second Class in Education (1948); Rich, Vivienne Mary, Third Class in History; Spinley, Betty Martha, First Class in Philosophy; Sutton-Smith, Brian, Second Class in Education; Te Punga, Roi Carl, Second Class in Philosophy; Wilson, Phillip John, First Class in English.

In absentia—Bate, Thomas Walter, Third in History; Mabbett, William Haslett, First Class in German; Matthews, Barbara Jacqueline, Third Class in French; Mitchell, Peter Alexander, Third Class in History; Simpson, Frank Alexander, Third Class in Philosophy; Stout, John David, Second Class in Zoology; Turnbull, Michael Robert McGregor, Second Class in History.

MASTERS OF ARTS—Congalton, Athol Alexander, in Philosophy; Dearnley, Garnet George, in Education; Perkins, Roland McLean, in Education; Garty, Marcella Helena Josephine (nee Whelan), in History; Gretton, Harold William, in English; Grey, Alexander, in Philosophy; Lewis, Gordon Hall, in History; Macaskill, Isaac, in Philosophy; Winchester, James Webber, in History.

In absentia—Beard, Donald Derek, in Education; Downes, Harold Edward Parkhurst, in Philosophy; Dukes, Cuthbert Melrose, in Greek; Forbes, Aleck Hunter, in Education; Hutcheson, Keith Rae, in English and French; Lisington, Patricia Mary, in History; Tritt, Frederick Norman, in Mathematics; Witten-Hannah, James, in Philosophy; Youren, Harold Wilfred, in Philosophy.

BACHELORS OF ARTS—Alexander, Nancy Alison (from University of Otago); Barton, George Paterson; Benton, William Richard; Borrie, Charles Stuart; Bramley, Donald; Brown, Denzil James; Bruce, Kenneth Henry; Cleo, Carmen Sylvia; Clendon, Lorna Christine; Combs, Frank Spence; Dyer, Frank; Earle, Patrick Richard; Edwards, Noeline Violet; Fischer, Margaret June; Fougere, Marion Edna; Gajadhar, Harry Singh; Gillion, Kenneth Lowell Oliver; Good, Owen Dudley; Grigg, Doreen Lilian; Gully, John Sidney; Gully, Margaret Constance; Hanley, Garry (from University of Otago); Harrington, Sheila Ada; Hartstonge, James Louis Oscar; Hassett, Gloria Mary; Hofen, Patricia Nancy; Horrobin, Beryl Constance Barbara; Howarth, Athol Thomas Samuel; *Hott, Suzanne Hazel; Kennedy, Lesia Mary; Laurenson, Ian Walker; Levita, Phyllis; MacKenzie, Nancy Joyce (nee Gigg); Melling, James Osborne; Michael, Pauline Josephine; Moore, Selwyn James; Murphy, Stanley Oldfield John; McCreary, John Rushforth; McGill, Andrew Keith; McHale, Denis Murray; McIlwaine, Merle Vance; *McKee, Arnold Francis; McKenzie, Margaret Isobel; Ngata, Henare Kohere; *Nicol, Alison Frances; *Northey, Gretchen Jean; Orsman, Harold William; Pascoe, Leone Helen; Prankerd, Kenneth John; Ratcliffe, Richard Guy; Ruth, Noel Tyler; Schwimmer, Erik Gabriel; Scott, Dorothy Carren; Shaw, Charles Edgar; Simmonds, Edward John; Sinclair, Keith Val; Smiler, Winifred Kaihote; Sorrell, Geoffrey Henry; Stout, Dorothy Alethea; Taylor, Koi Helen; Vautier, Clyde Percival William; Vercoe, Valerie Brayshaw; Watson, Alan Keith; Whyte, David Graeme; Wilkes, Edith Laura; Wilson, Godfrey Edward Armstrong; Wilson, Victor John.

* Degree already conferred.

In absentia—Anderson, William Duncan; Barr, William Watson McLean; Bowron, Jean Rutherford; Brailey, Leonard John; Campbell, Alexander Foster; Campion, Richard Meckiff; Carroll, Edward James; Coleman, Peter Jarrett; Denniston, David John; Evans, Robert James; Evison, Harry Charles; Ferguson, Gavin James; Cracroft, Forster, John Richard; Galloway, Ian Thomas; Gunn, Arthur Graham; Hall, John Hamilton; Hogen, Frederick Brian; Howlett, Charles Raymond; Johnstone, Kenneth Robert; Long, Daniel Patrick Francis; Mannix, John Aloysius; Marshall, Marie Agnes Edith; Mitchell, Michael Tennent; McLeod, Alec Osborne; Park, Austin John Robertson; Porter, John Baylis; Schulze, Robert Blair; Short, Frank Richard; Somervell, John Keith; Thompson, Kenneth Alfred;

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MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS—Borthwick, Robert Andrew, Second Class in Physics; Caradus, John Nelson, Third Class in Chemistry; Chorlton, Margaret Macaulay (nee Ross), Third Class in Zoology; Goodwin, Wvndham Geoffrey Mallaby, Third Class in Chemistry; Grigg, Russell Mowbray, Third Class in Chemistry; Hall, Eric Ogilvie, First Class in Physics; *Harris, William Francis, First Class in Botany; Hawke, John Clement, Second Class in Chemistry; Healy, William Bernard, Second Class in Chemistry; Jackson, John Richard, Second Class in Mathematics; Lowe, Vivienne Myra, Third Class in Chemistry; Manchester, Frank Derek, Second Class in Physics; Martin, William Reginald Bulmer, Second Class in Chemistry; Peebles, Marie Jeanette, Second Class in Botany; Simmers, Mary Glen, Second Class in Chemistry.

* Degree already conferred.

In absentia—Barker, Peter Hall, Second Class in Physics; Clelland, James, Third Class in Physics; Hayhoe, John Harry, Third Class in Physics; Jones, Ross Dickens, Third Class in Chemistry; McConnon, Peter Alan, Third Class in Chemistry.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE—Allan, James Eric, in Chemistry, Cardale, Ewen, in Zoology; Penhale, Hugh Russell, in Chemistry.

In absentia—Bary, Brian McKenzie, in Zoology; Quinell, Gertrude Hazel Dorothy, in Zoology.

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE—Adams, Dennis Beaumont; Ball, Richard Thomas; Beck, John Richard; Bennett, Ian Barnes; Benseman, Roy Fergus; Boyes, Betty Winifred; Bradstock, Cedric Alec; Bull, Peter Creswick (from Auckland University College); Childs, William Edward; Christian, Halsey Lincoln; Cowie, John Desmond; Cryer, Graham Philip; Evans, David Arthur (from Canterbury University College); Fraser, Graham Hume; Fraser, Sylvia Rosamond Louise; Froome, Peter Frederick; Giles, Patrick Francis Hunter; Hall, Sydney Harold; Harrison, Suzanne Catherine; Hart, Leigh Ingram; Henderson, Jean Marion; Huggill, Archie James; Humphrey, Ronald William; Hurley, Desmond Eugene; Hutt, Edward Alexander; Jaeger, Henry Arthur; Johnston, Henry Warren; Jones, Errol Walter; Josephson, Peter Andrew; Kennerley, Rowland Alfred; Lee, Kenneth Ernest; Lee, William Clayton; Leed, Heather Marjorie; Leighton, Frederick Bruce; MacDiarmid, Alan Graham; Moar, Neville Taylor; Murphy, Colleen Margaret; McDonald, Ian Robert Clark; McWilliams, Joseph Anthony; Neale, Alexander Anthony; O'Brien, Bernard John; Oliver, William Haldane; Osten, William Victor; *Oulaghan, Kenneth Albert; Owen, John Beresford (from Canterbury University College); Rendle, Rex Malifa; Richmond, Kenneth Stuart; Roscoe, Audrey Jocelyn; Scaife, John Flett; Slinn, Thomas Walter; Spencer, Evelyn Christine (1946); Thompson, Geoffrey Ernest Kenworthy; Torrie, Arthur William; Vella, Paul Phillip; Webster, Audrey (1946); Wenham, Hugh Trevor (from Canterbury University College); White, Audrey Joan; Whittle, Peter; Williams, Knyvett Rhys; Wilton, Hilary Joan; Wood, Brian Stanley; Yates, Joan Alma.

In absentia—Barclay, Peter Campbell; Connor,

Henry Eamonn; Eiby, George Allison; Evans, William Victor; Forster, Raymond Robert; Hebden, William Herbert; Lang, Kenneth Hickman; Loeb, Henry; Marryatt, Gilpin; Orman, Harold Roy; Perham, Donald Alan; Reed, John Mervyn; Thompson, Bruce Newton; Weston, Graham Chalmers.

MASTERS OF LAW WITH HONOURS—Turnbull, Christopher Stuart, Second Class in Constitutional Law, etc., Contract and Torts, Trusts.

MASTER OF LAWS—Poole, Marcus John Quentin, in Constitutional Law, etc., Contract and Torts, Trusts.

In absentia—Hewat, Robert Philip Humphries, in Constitutional Law, etc., Contract and Torts, Trusts; Smyth, Peter Kenneth Hugh, in Constitutional Law, etc., Contract and Torts, Company Law.

BACHELORS OF LAWS—Barton, George Paterson; Castle, Lester John; Collins, Richard Gray; Devine, Bernard Stuart St. Aubyn; Dix, Norman James; Drummond, Bruce Telford; Hocquard, William Laurence; Hunter, Walter Dale; McLeod, Derrick Davison; Reece, Roderick Guy; Robinson, Erle Burdett; Sim, Peter Bernard Alexander; Smith, Lawrence Milne; Steele, Roger Campbell; Thompson, Maurice Isaac; Woodward, John Bethell.

In absentia—Hutchens, Richard Lewis; Logan, Ian McGregor; O'Flynn, Francis Duncan; Rosevear, Walter John William; Stephens, Maurice Osborne; Thomson, Hugh Douglas.

MASTERS OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS—Baker, John Victor Tuwhakawewa, Second Class in Economics and Economic History; O'Brien, Kevin Benjamin, First Class in Economics and Economic History.

In absentia—Rowley, Ross Gordon, First Class in Economics and Economic History.

MASTERS OF COMMERCE—Durbin, Louis Gilbert, in Economics and Economic History.

In absentia—Wood, Douglas Reginald, in Economics and Law of Bankruptcy.

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE—Aldous, Philip Edward; Allan, Ian Eastwood; Aston, James Purdy; Baron, Trevor Prescott; Barraclough, Robert Edward; Boyd, Robert Macdonald; Caradus, Neil Thomas; Coad, Alan Oliver; Fairhall, Valentine; Fletcher, Daphne May; Free, William Ronald; Gillies, Keith; Hartstonge, John Esmond; Hill, Denis Coenzod; Ivory, George Herbert; Jowett, Alan; Kilpatrick, Jim; King, Charles Elliott Jack; *Knowles, Bernard Keith; Krebs, Robert August; Lee, William Henry; Magee, John Bernard; Mathews, Raymond George; *Merrilees, Thompson; Morrison, Alexander Wyndham; Muir, David Arthur; McArlay, Graham; McDonnell, Leo Daniel; O'Neill, Thomas Brian; Oram, Clifton Albert; Philpott, Bryan Passmore; Polkinghorne, Jack; Rait, Terence Wemyss; Richardson, Robert Murray; Sinclair, Ellis Duff; Spackman, Lloyd; Sparkes, Arthur Fawcett; Steel, James Bryant; Stewart, Ian Lachlan Gordon; Summers, William; Trotter, Ronald Ramsay; Twomey, Maurice Kemble; Walker, William James; Wallace, Donald McKinley; Wilson, Stephen

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In absentia—Beadle, Alfred Gaynor; Brockway, Arthur William; Davey, Ernest George; Duncan, Gordon James; Durham, Raymond Geoffrey Charles; Gorringer, Alfred Henry; Higgins, Ernest Compton; Ivory, Bill; Lee, Gordon Rufus; MacDonald, Malcolm Charles; McLeod, John Alexander McDonald; McNaught, Roderick Samuel; Norman, John Edward; Odlin, Brian Charles; Rae, Bruce Robert; Row, George Caird; Sullivan, Thomas Henry.

MASTERS OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE WITH HONOURS—Sewell, Thomas Gurney, Third Class in Field Husbandry (from Canterbury Agricultural College); Yen, Douglas Ernest, Second Class in Field Husbandry (from Massey Agricultural College).

BACHELORS OF ENGINEERING—Ball, Ian de Linsay (Civil) (from Canterbury University College); MacLeod, Donald Keith (Mech.) (from Canterbury University College).

BACHELORS OF MEDICINE AND BACHELORS OF SURGERY—Church, James Escott (from University of Otago); Downey, Philip Gladstone (from University of Otago); Tennent, Robert Browne (from University of Otago).

DIPLOMAS TO BE PRESENTED

DIPLOMA IN EDUCATION—Caird, D'Arcy Patrick; Dearnley, Garnet George; Grey, Alexander; Pearson, Lloyd George Alexander; Parsons, Mira Sarah (from Auckland University College); Reid, Eleanor Mary Stuart Wemyss (from Auckland University College).

DIPLOMA IN MUSIC—Brown, Gwyneth.

DIPLOMA IN ARCHITECTURE—Inkster, Edwin Neill (from Auckland University College); Williams,

son, Roderick Andrew (from Auckland University College).

DEGREES BEING CONFERRED AT OTHER COLLEGE CEREMONIES

MASTER OF ARTS WITH HONOURS—Chilwell, John Knowles, Second Class Honours in History.

MASTER OF ARTS—Hely, Arnold Stanley McMath, in Economics.

In absentia—Burt, Thomas Hylton, in Philosophy.

BACHELORS OF ARTS—Colhoun, Barbara Anne; Kirkby, Donald Alan; Kirkby, Robin Walter; Moncur, Margaret Charmian; O'Connor, Brian Gerard; Roberts, Henry Stanley.

MASTER OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS—Laird, Nancy Jean, Second Class in Mathematics.

MASTER OF SCIENCE—Nelson, Donald Frederick, in Chemistry.

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE—Ashraf, Mohammed Munif; Haldane, Kenneth Newman; Nicolson, Malcolm John; Svensen, Trevor Charles.

BACHELOR OF LAWS—Gillian, Hector Young.

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE—Catt, Allan John Lewis; Copley, Thomas; Horsburgh, Robert Bruce; Simpson, George Melville.

DIPLOMAS ISSUED SINCE GRADUATION CEREMONY 1947

DIPLOMA IN EDUCATION—Bishop, Lois Jean; Blackstock, Eric John; Caldwell, Charles Frederick Sutton; Evans, Robert James; Garsi, Ingeburg; Johnston, Gilbert Carswell; Salter, Robert Donald.

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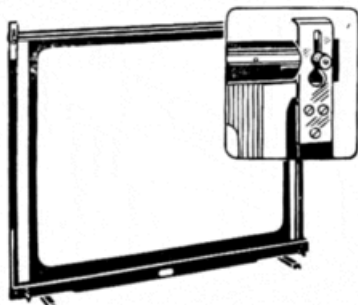
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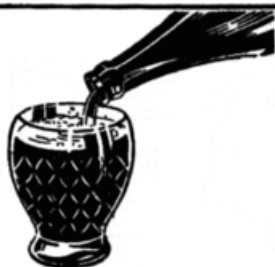
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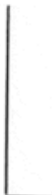
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