

# Salient

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## EXTRAV

### "SALIENT" REVUES

The Prologue was very like all other prologues; in fact, it was strongly reminiscent of one called "Censored" written by Mr. Meek four years ago.

It was adequately produced. The leading student was very good; though several of the censors, having apparently been told to sing to the gallery, kept their eyes pinned there, and looked as if they were praying; and the book on Freud was obviously a child's picture book . . . but listening for the murmur of amusement that didn't come from the audience, one felt that perhaps prologues are unnecessary.

The Horse That Wooden had its faults. It was, particularly on the first night, an unfinished production, with uneven tempo, and horrible gaps in which the voice of the prompter was audible. These faults, however, were due to under-rehearsal, and the whole thing improved from night to night. It was a good extravaganza, well-written, with a plot that was almost intelligible, witty dialogue and characters which were clearly drawn and neatly pointed.

### "NICE LITTLE CAST."

The best thing was Bruce Mason's Coward, which was as fine as any caricature of a caricature can be; but all the principals were good, particularly Jo Pound, who sang with allure and was only handicapped by having to perform an emotional volte face at the end, Doreen Burton, really excellent, John Norman, and Joan Wollerman.

This was the sort of show the audience liked, and they showed it. The Egyptian Mummies were the most eye-filling spectacle in the whole evening.

Yes, even better than Carrad's girls, who, however, did pretty well. Carrad and Paul Taylor between them could hold any audience. Clark's ears shone pale, the ballets were a credit to Moira Wicks and the costumes to Doris Johansson, except that Scarlett's bosom had a tendency to slip. Tony Langley's ballet was apparently sheer agony to Tony and sheer joy for the audience, who found the tortoise-like way he crept round the stage as funny as the great leaps of any past Carrad ballerina.

And so to the big show; but first we must pass a complimentary word about the Duchess of T.D.F. and suite. In the past, the long pauses between scene-shifts have been filled by ragged "We see you's"; and the beautiful fooling organised by Jim Winchester was a welcome change.

The Duchess was particularly well chosen, and her proud and haughty face was admired from three levels of the Opera House.

Excellent, too, was Dicky Daniell's soothing voice.

The Sky's the Limit invited contrast with Meek's shows, and stood up to the test pretty well, despite obvious faults. Lacking the subtlety and intellectual standard of his shows, it was perhaps more easily understood by the audience for this very reason.

### "YMN OF EIGHT."

Again, this show was uneven, with its good patches and its bad. The good were principally the puns, which were poor but well put over, Denis Hartley, Jo Pound again, the Confucius set (the best we've seen in any extrav.), and one or two subtle patches which were not appreciated (e.g., Controllia Banksia).

But unfortunately we must criticise. The scenes were of differing merit, and one wished they could all have been of the quality of the Monastery episode; but the last acts dragged. The message of the show, if any, didn't go over, despite the pretentious solemnity of the final chorus—though this may have been due to the chorus themselves, whose words were completely inaudible despite a familiar tune. Choruses seem to find it hard to open their mouths; and one man like Paul Taylor can make as much noise as ten in any ordinary chorus. The Departmental Heads, with a splendid song to sing, lacked vigour and enthusiasm.

The last act was poor, and Hess and Alfred Becomelittle provided a relief that, though great, should have been unnecessary. Hess, by the way, had a decided tendency to slip from German into Scotch, probably a hang-over from last year; McCreary's accent went off the rails too.

The setting of this act grew rather monotonous; one longed for something to break the steady half-circle.

### CONSOLATIONS.

However, in spite of these remarks, John McCreary deserves congratulations of a sincere order for the way in which he dealt with a large and inexperienced cast, with only a few stand-bys from past years to help him, and for the manner in which he threw a big show together in very limited time.

Congratulations are also due to Doris Stephenson, a more than capable wardrobe mistress, who made nearly all the costumes herself, and to George Eiby, whose properties were not only adequate, but in many cases beautiful. The Confucius set sticks in our memory . . . but there was also the Wooden Horse.

—Joan Taylor.

## THE COLLEGE AND CULTURE

### Is There Any At V.U.C.?

What is culture and have we any around Victoria? These questions are the broad basis of this issue of "Salient."

Culture is something rather vague and indefinable. We all think we know what it means but would find it difficult to say just what. We would probably wander off into some sort of a diatribe about manners and the art of Epstein by way of explanation, but is this really culture? It looks as if I'm getting myself into the inevitable verbal morass such attempts usually lead to, however it's fun, so I'll struggle on.

### Q.E.D.

My idea of culture is something more than just a disposition towards art and gentle manners. It is a state of cultivation of the mind according to that integration of qualities and reactions which society holds as most desirable. It is an empirical ideal rather than a standard or a norm. We observe society and note which qualities are considered best and the possession of which will get us round in society with least friction and most satisfaction to ourselves. These are fused together to make the ideal of the cultured human, and culture is the abstracted sum of these qualities.

### BUT WHAT ARE THEY?

This gives us some idea of the outline we're going to hang our details on.

The first essential of a cultured mind is that it should be thoughtful. It may be possessed of strong ideas but it must hold them on reasoned grounds and defend them by rational argument when attacked. Such a mind is free from emotional warpings.

This type of mentality naturally leads to an attitude of tolerance and friendliness but not of patronage. It also desires expression in art. It has a more than cursory knowledge of all the main fields of art. Such a man can speak intelligently and interestingly on topics connected with music, painting and literature and at no time is he stuck for lack of acquaintance with a topic of conversation. However he also knows when to retain his peace, the art of conversation being, after all, silence. He is familiar with the main lines of the development of human thought and the principle features of contemporary thought and knowledge.

Such a man as this, one who has developed a knowledge and felt the spirit of all aspects of mankind's intellectual background, who lives a satisfied and varied life is the cultural ideal. He does not exist of course. There is no man who has the correct harmonious balance of intellectual, artistic, and physical activity in his life, the desire to cultivate which we have inherited from the Greeks. However there are many who strive for it.

### CULTURE AT VICTORIA.

We have such people in Victoria, those who set out to get the most out of living and at the same time develop themselves as nearly perfectly as possible. They are those who keep the music and other cultural interests centring in the Phoenix Club alive. Unfortunately Victoria has a night school air about it which is hardly conducive to such development. We come up for lectures then scuttle away again for several years until we get a degree to help us professionally and that is the extent of our contact with the College. In spite of this a small group of interested people struggle on. The music committee sponsors regular recitals and additional ones as requested. The Phoenix Club is this year trying to rise once more from the ashes. So far its efforts have been mainly preparatory and hampered by student apathy, but if all those with any interest in its activities were to support it a deal of good work could be done. We can't hope to become perfectly cultured beings, we haven't the time, we are too keen on sport or even not keen enough. However, there are facilities here if they are made use of to make many of us more civilised and useful to both ourselves and society.

E.F.G.

PHOTOGRAPHS  
VERSE  
LINO-CUTS  
PROSE

Write for

"ROSTRUM"

## EDITORIAL

While Easter was being made hectic with sports meetings and wild night life, a group of student delegates from the university colleges of New Zealand were meeting round a conference table to discuss the affairs of the whole student body of New Zealand. Although this was a meeting devoid of all the noisy frills of other Tournament events, it is perhaps the one fixture that has any lasting effect on student life. It is the annual conference of the New Zealand University Students' Association (N.Z.U.S.A.). This takes place every year simultaneously with Tournament, and affairs of interest to New Zealand students as a whole are discussed and the colleges chew over the points raised, and so concerted action on many important topics is made possible.

## WHAT WE DO

N.Z.U.S.A. is a very formal and executive body; it does very little original work towards making the student population of this country more alive as a useful and intelligent section of the community. This year, for instance, some very valuable work was done in getting better conditions for students in the universities themselves. The conference reviewed enquiries being made in connection with obtaining examination results earlier, a co-ordinating centre for finding employment for graduates, and a sound investigation of curricula anomalies in New Zealand universities. All this is work that can only be done by a central body working with the authority of all the colleges, and is valuable to them all, but it is only a very elementary and trifling job compared with the work that could be done and is being done in England, for instance. Even the bigger enterprises undertaken by N.Z.U.S.A. over the last few years, such as debating tours by American and Australian students, as well as a New Zealand tour to Australia, and athletic tours, even these more enterprising undertakings are only a minor executive part of what N.Z.U.S.A. could do.

## WHAT COULD BE DONE

"Salient's" readers are invited to inspect our overseas exchange files, and see what other national student bodies are doing overseas. In England, in spite of the war, the annual conferences of the National Union of Students are being held with as much enthusiastic support as ever. There the national body looks upon the universities as institutions in society that should not only safeguard the past and extend the present field of man's learning and culture, but also as sources of sound and intelligent leadership for all phases of the community's activities. At their conferences the student delegates discuss the problems of what the universities could do as against what they are doing.

"Why do we go to the University, to the Training College? Is there a special job for university-trained men and women to do to-day? How do we fit ourselves for our subsequent role? Do we learn all that we want or need to learn, and in the best possible way? What changes are necessary in the higher education of this country? What role have we as

students to play in the world to-day?"

These are the questions considered by English students at their national student body conferences. Why can't we in New Zealand do something along these lines? There are doubtless many loopholes for irrelevant and factional wranglers in such problems as these. But if our delegates could meet with well thought out contributions to make on these same problems as they offset us as students in the New Zealand community, much very good work could be done in giving some real point to our university training.

This may sound a little Utopian, but it is working very well in England, where the student population is alive to the fact that not only does the university give them a chance to fit into a better material groove in society, but can and should fit them to become the moving force behind the supporters of learning and social progress. We might do much for a start, but it's time we got going along these lines so that N.Z.U.S.A. may become a real leader, not only in university life in New Zealand, but in the general communal life of this country. In England all the colleges consider these problems separately, and some even have conferences of their own to thrash them out before their delegates attend the national conference.

It would be an excellent extension if it could be brought about here. It needs the full support of all the students throughout New Zealand. N.Z.U.S.A. can't be said to have this just now, but it is a young body, and will doubtless gain momentum as it goes. These are suggestions worth bearing in mind—what do you think, other colleges?

•  
 Gurth W. Higgin.

## The Hemlock

So far as the facts are concerned there are few to be reported of the D. Saker case which are not already known. That they are not known clearly, is definite.

At the end of last term a meeting of students was called in order to discuss the question as to whether the V.U.C. Executive was incompetent because it allowed a member of the staff of "Salient" to write an offensive article. It had further permitted the writer of the same article to later officiate as editor of the College annual magazine, which is "Spike." In this capacity as editor D. Saker again was the writer of a brief paragraph which did not conform with the wishes of the Executive. This writing, after the magazine had been received preparatory to publishing, was, without reference to the editor, entirely blacked-out and did not appear.

The first fact is that, had the executive been competent to handle the issue which confronted every executive, this meeting would not have had to be called. Functioning competently, it should have been able to deal with the problem of D. Saker long before things became complicated. The

meeting was a confession of weakness. D. Saker should not have been, after his first offence, entrusted with the editorship of "Spike." As he was, he should then have been notified formally by the executive that all proofs were subject to censorship before final publication. The executive as an active body neglected its duty. In this case it is impossible to see either season or justice in D. Saker's being convicted by a formal body of students when he had gone against no formal declaration.

The person who gave the speech in which his personal feelings were most highly involved, was Gurth Higgin, and the person who gave a speech in which he was able to deliver himself and see the issue relating to the dynamic personality of the accused, was John McCreary. But the judges were so unacquainted with methods such as he employed that they remained as blind and adamant as ever.

D. Saker defended himself and took the non-attached, Socratic stand, but his childish wilfulness in ignoring advice imparted him from time to time and place to place, and kindly threats of censorship, during his

editing of "Spike," had so incensed his judges, that he was, finally, forced to take the hemlock, which he did however without much outward perturbation, vowing himself, like Socrates, to be a very old man—at least he said he'd nearly done his dash up here. Let it be pointed out again that if the executive had functioned competently the dope would never have had to be handed to Dorian, and he would still be amongst us, a wiser child. . . .

After all, the net on the Grafton Bridge is there to save suicides from themselves. Society takes that on itself. The executive of V.U.C. serves somewhat the same purpose, only this time someone has fallen through. A new net is required.

•  
 CELIA.

## WE ANSWER

Fiat Justitia (Next Time).

Your childish and disgusting slander has been torn into little pieces. As you would be by now had you had the guts to sign your name.

Helen L. Simon.

Thank you. Reserved for a later issue.

## VICTORIA

## CHAPTER IX.

## Confidences.

Poor Viki was feeling rather depressed. It was exactly a week since Tournament but she had not heard from Warm Kneed, though under the circumstances she felt she should have done. Little did she suspect that he was in hospital being treated for D.T.'s. She felt flat and enervated. She needed Dr. Williams Pink Pills. At this moment her girl friend Margaret Georgetaker rushed up exuding oomph. "Take a swig of this, it'll pep you up no end," she urged, and offered Viki her flask of Clement's Tonic. Immediately Viki's vision, which had become blurred from emotion at the thought of Warm Kneed's inexplicable neglect, cleared and she realised she was in the Cafeteria eating a pie, an error which in her sober moments she would never have been guilty of (or of which she would never have been guilty). Her attention was immediately arrested by a person wolfing soup at the next table. With the rugged grandeur of his weathered features (storms had beaten on them and not in vain) and his shock of unkempt hair he looked like a subspecies of Cro-Magnon man. You felt he spent some of his time drawing buffaloes on walls. "That's John McCreary," said Margaret. "He's producing Extrav."

"Is that why he looks so tired?" asked Viki, forgetting her own sorrow in the contemplation of another's.

"Partly," said Margaret, "partly because for a year now he's had a weight on his mind."

"What weight?" asked Viki. (Yes, you're quite right, she is dumb.)

"Ask John. I'd say 7 stone plus."

"Is that why they sing that Johnny song?" asked Viki, and burst into tears at the thought of the many

names that could be substituted from her point of view, but alas they were all G.W.T.W. She must sublimate her emotions. She would act in Extrav.!

## CHAPTER X.

## What is Extrav.?

"Tell me all about it," she urged Margaret.

"Oh, it's simply wonderful. You have a party every night and you eat saveloys at rehearsals. You meet lots of dashing people. It's even more gate-of-romance-opening than Tournament. Do you like to see a lot of people? If so, there's Girth Big-un and Father Divine. He's Rather Divine, but he'll probably be Gaga or Blotto. And if you're anxious to learn you might try Menace Partley."

"Partley what?" asked Viki.

Margaret blushed (believe it or not). Memories of the previous year crowded thick upon her. She heard once more that insidious honeyed crooning (You're beautiful but dumb) which with its cloying sweetness had had power to make her oblivious to the voice of her anxious husband. She saw this gay comparatively untouched young flower panting on the threshold of life. She was her best friend. Should she tell her the Awful Truth?

[Will Margaret come across with the dope? Will Partley (we still don't know what) be sufficiently interested in Viki to lead her Uphergarden Path? What will happen to our heroine when she finds herself alone in the Gym surrounded by 200 Weir House Wardens dressed as Wooden Horses? (Sam Goldwyn's got nothing on us). Read next month's instalment of our thrilling serial. Make sure of your copy by getting a sub. from the Distribution Manager TO-DAY!!!!]

**NO MAN'S LAND**

Dear "Salient,"

Mr. Evison has condemned my concept of a Christian as distorted. Of course I was really referring to one sect only—the Oxford Group—but nevertheless I am willing to vindicate these remarks as applying to all Christians, and, indeed, most Pacifists.

When I refer to Christianity, I mean the results of the doctrine and the actions of those who profess the faith in all places at all times.

Thus it is an obvious objective fact that this Christian does not at the present day administer to the poor and tend to the drunk. The slum rents collected by the Church are proverbial. Nor is this real objective Christian a pacifist. He preaches militaristic sermons or teaches youths at the Y.M.C.A. how best to gouge out an enemy's eyes.

But of course "they shouldn't." Each sect of Christians will explain away the others as deviators. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Evison that whereas Christianity, based on the mass of contradiction which is the Bible, is torn with dissensions while Communists agree on every theoretical point, or cease to be Communists? That whereas Christianity, as all its adherents have been forced to admit, has led to more error than truth (or why are they not all Pacifists or Catholics or Jehovah's Witnesses—whichever is right)—Marx can be interpreted in only one way?

Could Mr. Evison have been serious when he hinted that Communism is the result of selfishness and conceit? I have too high an opinion of Christian fairness to believe that he knew what he was saying. These men (and women) who devote life and energy to the emancipation of the human race from an effete order—who stand firm whether their careers or lives are threatened—who alone have consistently opposed Fascism with its degrading results to humanity—who fought valiantly against overwhelming odds in Spain to stave off the monster which threatens to overrun the world to-day—dare you slander these people, Mr. Evison, dare you?

SPARTACUS.

**The Unchristian Life**

Dear "Salient,"

Surely Mr. Evison knows of the sweatshops run by one religious organisation which prides itself of its social work, and of the vicars and parsons with their cars and good connections? The poor haven't got them.

He also says 'the Christian is a Pacifist because . . .' Well, I haven't seen much of that, either. Didn't I hear somewhere that this war was being fought for Christianity? Present-day Christians aren't Christians at all: if they were, they'd all be pacifists, instead of the small band of us who realise that Christ meant it when He said 'Love your enemies.'

The keynote to the whole letter is in the closing words: 'As long as there are unselfish and humble people, there will be Christianity.'

Just what our rulers need to keep us subject! Where is the early Christian idea of the dignity of man and of his labour? What a splendid catchcry for the bosses: be humble and your reward will come later.

We want no pie in the sky: we should have our heaven here on earth, and we can have it, but only in a world where the people are not fooled by a boss-made religion.

D. HARTLEY.

[Note.—Both of these have been reduced considerably.—Ed.]

**The Beethoven Myth**

The music of Beethoven is probably the greatest single contribution to the history of music and undoubtedly Beethoven stands out among the great masters for his genius and colossal ability. However as an interpreter of the finer feelings of man, he does not stand out in the same way. Beethoven was not a great composer; he was a great musician and probably did more for music than any other man.

He wrote at a time when the culture of the West which was his background, like the contemporary social and economic systems, was undergoing a great change. The old feudal and early commercial society was giving place to the more mundane capitalist society. It was the interim between the formal more intellectual music that the exclusive and dignified upper classes of the past demanded and the purely emotional romantic music that appealed to the new less intellectual upper classes of capitalism. The nicely completed formalism of Bach was too distant and thoughtful for these more virile and mentally superficial followers of music. They demanded something more readily appreciated, something that appealed to their cruder emotional make-up. So music became more superficially emotional and exciting as in Frank and Debussy. Those who could afford the luxury of music were now more numerous and more worldly. They could not appreciate "Of Mice and Men," they demanded "Gone with the Wind," technicolour, deathbeds and all.

And Beethoven?

**NEW WINE**

Beethoven was neither the old nor the new. He put his wares up in the old bottles of classicism but filled them with the new wine of romanticism. He was at the same time both classical and romantic in his music, and as such being the genius he was, he did music its greatest service by preparing the way for the new spirit in music, romanticism unfettered by the old traditions. Consequently Beethoven has a double appeal. He pleases those who like the classical formalism but to whom the classical themes were too distant and unexciting and at the same time those romantics who like some form in their romanticism.

Beethoven as a great composer then is a myth, he expresses only an impure form of man's musical desire. He is the expression of neither the purely emotional nor the intellectual aspects of man's concept of the beautiful. He is the link between the two and as such is very important, but as a distiller of sheer beauty he is not one of the great.

—W.

**The Power And The Glory**

*Can you not see*

*Here motion is intricate  
within a mesh of qualified advances  
interlinked and mutual; involved  
in patterned arcs of love and hate*

*Can you not see*

*here instant-flashing words reflect  
a myriad rays whose slightest gleams  
evoke a hundred flares.*

*Till you sense the indifferent desire  
of the silent snow for your fairness  
the richness of a cursing voice  
in heavy solitudes.*

*Spare your spirit for a stronger test.*

*Could you but feel*

*the moment of the body's fear  
(freed, meets sun, wind, rain, nor fails  
ever, stung and alive)*

*only the instant of the body's fear,  
held back from granite slope by rotted branch  
or loosened rock, will tender proof*

*of that impartial mood beneath whose smart  
your spirit's pride is numb: in this moment only  
the flares gutter to darkness, and thought quivers to life—  
rising triumphant, breaks new ground.*

—K.J.H.

**"GONE WITH THE WIND"**

**Phoenix Club Film Review**

Gripping melodrama, harrowing emotion, spectacular settings, glorious colour and a heart-rending love theme—that's what G.W.T.W.'s got, and flavoured with some excellent acting it makes the most spectacular movie farce we've seen for some time.

Firstly the melodrama. It was certainly drama but it was hardly mellow, it was in fact quite unrestrained in the best Victorian tradition. Cuts of a frightened horse, a cartload of heroines—complete with new-born babe, and flames licking round cases of explosives, all with a backdrop of enormous structures of burning cardboard were most breath-taking. Then of course there was the war and the gore and all its corollaries—human drama with the gloves off, and the heroine attacked by the conventional bad man on a lonely bridge to be rescued just as the carriage was almost falling into the stream by the opportune arrival of the faithful retainer. Great entertainment and very thrilling.

Next attraction was the harrowing emotion and boy, was it harrowing! The best snivel we've had in years and 21,000 feet of it too, with a deathbed at least every thousand feet, to say nothing of an occasional lapse into mania. Old man O'Hara was probably so disgusted by the time the first eleven thousand odd feet had run that madness was the only escape open to him.

The colour was its most striking feature. It fair hit you in the eye, the only trouble being it hit so hard and so long your eye was plumb wore out. All the interior sets and dressing stressed colour, so much so that the colour was just about all we were

conscious of. Even the boring bit at the beginning—the man with the funny name who held the director's cigar and all that, besides being three times as long, was against flamboyant backgrounds, varying from the anemic pink of cherry blossoms to the green of overripe melons and in case you can't recognise the shade you see the blossoms and the melons behind the names disappearing rapidly into the proscenium. Then of course the exteriors, skies with clouds, sunsets with silhouettes and trees and fields and things. We didn't realise there was such a riot of colour in nature—the movies is sure education!

Last but not least is love. The beauty of the eternal love of a woman for a man dropping slowly from the infinite source of all true affection in great splodges. The heroine goes through countless beaux and three husbands, but the splodges of love still ooze towards that one man honour kept away from her. We felt heart-broken, we wanted to cry but the woman next to us started first, so not to be outdone we moaned.

In spite of all these special features the film is not a good one. The story is too much and is badly held together and the production is too extravagant. To make it worse there is some very fine acting, particularly by Vivian Leigh and her negro mammy which only shows up the poverty of the size and spectacle even more. Altogether it was too much, the film was too full, the story was poor and the effects overdone leaving one feeling enervated rather than entertained.

—W.

## SPORT

Varsity sports teams are suffering from a general inexperience and youthfulness in their numbers. But if this loses a few games, it is not a bad complaint, for it will be largely overcome by the solid training that club coaches are insisting on. The Men's Hockey Team found it hard to settle down in the Auckland Tournament, but they haven't been doing badly in the local games. The Women's Team is potentially a good one. No doubt the holiday break is largely responsible for the defeat of the Basketball Team on Saturday at the hands of Wellington College Old Girls in the Senior A and Y.W.C.A. in the Senior B.

The Rugby teams promise to have a good year, and the Seniors have not been defeated in three games. Soccer players unfortunately have gone into retirement, but the Trampers and Harriers definitely have not, and the Table Tennis Club has already begun its activities in the gym.—J.W.H.

## FOOTBALL

Although deprived of the services of a number of players through military manoeuvres, injuries and the vacation, the 1st XV. seems to have settled down at last and from now on should prove one of the toughest sides in the competition. Three of the four games lost might well have been won had the team shown a little more determination in its defence and put a shade more sting into its attack. A wee bit of luck might also have helped.

Against Ponoke, however, the forwards got right down to business and gave their heavier opponents a lesson in rucking and scrummaging. The backs improved their defence, and thanks to Mummy's brilliant interception and spectacular try, 'Varsity notched its first win.

Last Saturday's game against Marist was a great battle. The forwards, heavily outweighed, worked like heroes and fought back strongly towards the end of the second spell to save the game. Ably led by Meads, who seems to play better football every season, the pack is good. Masters, now playing up to his true form, went great guns against Ponoke, and Guy Smith won his way into the Repls. in the Athletic match. Although not very tall, Innes gives nothing away, and the team has had more than its share of the ball from the scrums. He tackles tigerishly, and is a real battler. Solidity has been the keynote in the work of both Webb and Green. They are always in the thick stuff, Webb being outstanding in the Marist game.

## LOSS TO TEAM.

The return of Burke to the side, even for one game, makes one realize, now he is no longer available, what a grand forward and wonderful hooker he really is. His almost uncanny covering up on defence; the sting and devil he puts into the attack, combined with his shrewd grasp of tactics, was the deciding factor in last week's win. Best of luck in the Army, Dick!

In the backs, Reilly is the first half we've had in years who can throw a decent pass, and his defence is right up to standard. Skelley has been very good, at times brilliant, and has played himself into the Repls. The experiment in playing MacLeod, normally a forward, at second five-eighths was highly successful, and he scored a grand try on Saturday,

catching the Marist backline on the wrong foot to end up under the posts.

For an object lesson in defensive work watch Gordon Stuckey some time. He plays right on top of his man, and dives hard and low with everything he's got. And does he bowl 'em over? Ask Cy. Parsloe!

Kicking powerfully and with tremendous length, Greig at full-back is much more confident this year. He broke the Ponoke forwards' hearts, and was right on the job against Marist too. His taking of a rolling ball has greatly improved.

## LOWER GRADES.

Both the Juniors and the two Third Grade teams are performing well. Murphy, of the Juniors, has been going great guns. Fred Macken's smile is good to see when the "Red Terror" is near the ball. He has been well supported by Pottinger and Phil Taylor, while Wilson has given his backs plenty of ball.

Fowler, Kempthorne and MacCool make a solid backline, and Coutts, on the wing, is his usual unorthodox self. The team has yet to find a suitable half, but now the full-timers are back the side should do well.

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LAMBTON QUAY

A good pack and a fair set of backs make the Third A a hard crowd to beat. Olds is the star man. He is keen, very fit, and puts plenty of dash into all his work, being not unlike Roy Hansen in his style of play. Keep it up, Jim!

Vance Henderson's Third B's have had two wins and a draw so far, but are not as fit as they should be. Remember, 'Varsity men have only two hobbies in winter (officially, at any rate!), swot and football, so get right down to it, chaps, and be fit.

Congratulations: To W. G. Smith and Dick Skelley on being chosen to play for Wellington; to Sam Meads on his election as captain of the 1st XV; to Bill Joll, coach of Third B XV, who up till last Saturday "hadn't had his line crossed."

Practice Night: Will be held in the College Gym. on Thursday, June 5th, at 8 p.m.

O.J.C.

## HARRIERS

Though holidays and Extrav. reduced the numbers turning out to runs, the Harrier Club has had several reasonably good musters. The fast pack had a real work-out at Johnsonville on May 3rd, running over into the Ohariu Valley and back round the Makara road, D. Scrymgeour and G. Rowberry being prominent over the last three miles. On May 17th the Club was entertained at Hataitai by the Brooklyn Club, and the eight-mile trail round the hills to Lyall Bay and back over part of the Vosseler Shield course proved tough, F. O'Flynn and P. Anderson showing up well for 'Varsity.

In the Novice Cup on May 24th, the leaders set a slow pace up the hill and along Seatoun Heights, but G. Rowberry cracked on the pace along the flat to win in 15m. 7s. from P. B. de la Mare and R. Fenton. The Veterans were determined to show how it should be done, and both R. M. Daniell (14.50) and F. D. O'Flynn (15.4) beat the time for the Novice Race.

In general the fast pack shows good promise, G. Rowberry being unbeatable along the flat, while F. O'Flynn, T. Dorman and P. Anderson are all running consistently well. Little outstanding form has been shown in the slow pack, though R. Daniell and R. Fenton ran well over the Novice course. E. Marchant was not outclassed in the fast pack in the run from Thorndon on May 31st.

A change has been made in the Club's syllabus. Next week, on May 7th, the Sherwood Cup will be run at Paekakariki. Runners will meet at the Wellington Station at 1 p.m. This is a sealed handicap and an invitation run—Sherry's hospitality is renowned. The following week a team will be sent to Dannevirke to compete in the Anderson Rally. The racing season is now starting. The earnest, and runners with ambition should get down to some solid training.

## Biological Society

At the annual general meeting of the Biological Society, held on April 29th, the following officers were elected:—

President: Mr. W. Dawbin.

Secretary: Mr. R. L. Oliver.

Committee: Miss Edith Mackenzie, Mr. R. A. Cumber, Mr. M. Te Punga.

Proposed activities for the coming year included a visit to the Wallaceville Veterinary Laboratories, field days and discussion evenings. Closer co-operation with the Chemical Society was to be embarked upon. Four films and supper were served.

## Biological Society

EXCURSION TO KIDD'S HUT,  
IN THE TARARUA'S,  
JUNE 7th and 8th.

## MEN'S HOCKEY

## AUCKLAND TOURNEY.

Someone was moaning on the way to Auckland about the way "those grounds up there become so slippery and cut up—the only saving grace is the even surface."

Well, we did see one even ground—in fact, we had the privilege of playing on it once, but I doubt if any of us appreciated it, that day (the first afternoon). And as to the soft ground—I seem to remember chaps' feet with great pieces of tape plastered over monstrous blisters.

In some ways the tournament tale is a sad tale to tell. We met Auckland on the first afternoon—we make no excuses—they were a fine team, and well deserved to win, ultimately, the tournament trophy (Seddon Stick). Against them we were down 2—0 at half-time, but after that the lack of sleep and general weariness against a fast, fresh combination told, and we went down 8—0.

Against Auckland "B" next morning we rallied somewhat and came in to win 2—0. Actually this team was no mean combination, as they had accounted for Massey on the previous afternoon.

In the afternoon (Thursday), Otago's forward line, though good, had a lot of luck, and the final score of 6—0 (Otago's favour) was a little flattering to them. On Friday Wellington redeemed their self-esteem and reputation by drawing with Massey 4—4, and with Canterbury 2—2. In both games the team played their best hockey, and against Massey in the morning we were robbed of actual victory only by a temporary lapse in the second half, in which Massey rang on three quick goals. Wellington can feel a little satisfaction in drawing against Canterbury, as that team played good hockey throughout the tournament.

Most of Victoria's men were playing in a 'Varsity tournament for the first time, and indeed some had not played in the Senior team before. These facts undoubtedly made it hard for them to settle down.

The New Zealand team did not contain any Victoria names—though K. Kiddle and Harry Scott were emergencies. Kiddle was lucky and played in part of the second half. Auckland beat the N.Z. team 5—3.

"I have never yet met a healthy person who worried very much about his health, or a really good person who worried much about his own soul."—J. B. S. Haldane.

## "SALIENT"

## Publication Dates

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20  
July 2  
16  
THIRD TERM—Wed., Sept. 17

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO BE IN HANDS OF THE EDITOR BY 7.30 P.M. ON THE THURSDAY PRECEDING PUBLICATION.