TOURNAMENT 1941

The same old trail, and the same old tale,
But the fun as fresh as before.

My Lord, I did attend the Olympic games...
Maid Modesty forbids I tell my deeds...
But such a goodly show of fellowship,
Such turn for speed, such shrewd, such sly hand,
Such honeyed tongues for golden oratory,
I trust you may bear witness to again.

—S. S. Mackenize.

"Salient" presents some "Advice to Young Players" by Mr. John Iloot, B.Com., Tournament rep. in 1935 and V.U.C. Official Chaperone, 1936-40.

Le Bon Vieux Temps

Being a shy and retiring violet, I have been forcibly dragged by the Editor from my collection of dried flowers and told to write this article P.D.Q., or else...

As the...

"Official Chaperone, apparently it is considered that I should have had plenty of experience in ferreting out traps and mares for young Tournament players. Secondly, in the capacity of the Oldest Inhabitant of the Village, it is also considered that by now I should have absorbed enough in my ceaseless thirst for knowledge to give some guidance as to the correct behaviour for novices. Those who have attended one Tournament or more will need no further advice and are hereby absolved from reading the rest of the article.

Ah, me! How well I remember my first nervousness as to correct behaviour and procedure at my first Tournament in Dunedin in 1935, and how badly I fell from the Accepted Standards for want of a guide and counsellor. Being but a callow youth, not long out of school, I was lured on to the Primrose Path by Evil Companions and soon initiated into the wiles and snare of which beset headstrong youths and maidens. Five months' training broke down in a great and glorious binge and I'm sorry to say that I was actually induced to quaff a glass of—Still worse, I actually enjoyed it. Since then I have never looked back.

So, as a partial expiration of my sins, I have accepted the difficult and onerous job of Official Chaperone at every succeeding Tournament. This involved a great deal of work in endeavouring to get impetuous youth (especially the female of the species) to stick to the ways of law and order. Nevertheless, I have done my duty as I saw it—so far as I was capable.

The last five years of Tourney have been far more arduous than the first one, inasmuch as I've been engaged on good works full-time—one really needs to go into trailing for these social jobs about six months ahead in the strain of getting one's chums to bed in good time is something terrible.

Gastronomically:

Now to stop reminiscing and get on with the job. There is little point in adorning this gem of English prose with much geographical information—the Information Bureau will carry this out. Nevertheless one or two tips may be useful for visitors to our fairy city. According to Napoleon an army marches on its stomach. If anyone staying in outlying suburbia wants a feed there are always plenty of restaurants in the main city streets open on week-days and Sundays. For those who like eating steak and eggs at 3 a.m. there are also various resorts open. TONY'S, in Lower Taranaki Street, HOT DOG, in Parish Street, ORIENT in Victoria Street, and the PIE CART in Wellsfield Street near the Town Hall—venue of boxing contests—are but a few.

"Straight Down the Crooked Lane."

Geography of Wellington appears very complicated but is really fairly simple. The main streets run under the first range of hills and about quarter of a mile in from the waterfront. Trams run through the centre of the city on practically all routes. These main streets are known as Lambton Quay, Lower Willis Street, Manners Street and Courtenay Place, and one can reach all destinations from them. The G.P.O., South Ferry and Railway Station are all about a minute away from these thoroughfares.

The University itself is situated about half-way between the City and the suburb of Kelburn. The two quickest ways of reaching it from the City are as follows: Firstly by cable car from Lambton Quay (opp. Grey Street), getting out at the third stop Kelburn Park. Then about five minutes across the Park. Secondly from the Hotel St. George Corner (corner of Manners Street and Lower Willis Street), up Boulcott Street about 20 yards to Boulcott Avenue (narrow street), thence up the 200 steps of Allenby Terrace to the Terraces. At the top turn left about 20 yards. You strike Salamanca Road. Continue for another 20 yards and then take left hand path up steep hill to Variety. Sounds complicated but isn't. Total time about 10-15 minutes by each route. Time depending on hair of the dog and earnestness of purpose.

For those fond of that sort of thing there are numerous hostels scattered over the city. The nearest six are about 10-15 minutes away from the University (or 10 minutes if one's desire to lash the acid is not so pronounced).

Organisation:

There has been a great deal of trouble over the Tournament this year as you all are no doubt aware. At one time it was distinctly doubtful as to whether we at Victoria could really stage it. Practically all the older men with Tournament experience are overseas or in camp training. Nearly all the younger men with any experience have been doing their Territorial training from January to March. As a result a great deal of unusual and heavy organising work has fallen on the shoulders of the so-called weaker sex, and they've risen to the occasion admirably. In addition petrol coupons have proved more difficult to obtain than gold or precious stones so that car transport has had to be cut to a very bare minimum. Yet another disadvantage is that Wellington citizens are not "Unrestricted" as are those, say, of Dunedin. They do not look with favour on the frivolities and pranks of "high-spirited" university students; sometimes with good cause. In fact in the past there has often been real hostility between town and gown.

After this gloomy picture, all but the dumbest of visitors will perceive that Wellington hospitality may not be so hot, and perhaps they'd better pack up and go home now! (Tourney delegates: "Oh, no. Your tickets aren't valid till Wednesday."). But anyone makes a great mistake who gets worried on this score of hospitality.

Not in Our Stars

Tournament isn't the hospitality you receive. Tournament isn't the various honours you win at your various sports. Tournament isn't the feelings and bunglerings most of you will get from your various opponents. Tournament is exactly what you make it yourself. Personally I've been to six Tourneys and have nearly always been biliated in men's hostels or hostesses (from previous Tourney). Therefore I've had to make my own fun. I can assure everyone that it isn't very difficult to do this whether it's your first Tourney or your last. (Please turn to page 3, column 4.)
A MESSAGE
FROM HON. W. E. PARRY, Minister of Internal Affairs.
Wellington, 26th March, 1941.

To the three hundred representatives gathered from all the universities of New Zealand in Wellington this Easter I am happy to give my warmest commendation for their courage in keeping the Easter University Tournament tradition unbroken despite these difficult times.

The Universities have borne their share of the national sacrifice entailed in the present war, not only in men, but in money, and I know that they will play their part no less vigorously on the sporting field during these next few days. Many of the representatives will, I understand, already have been serving in territorial units, and the fact that the New Zealand Universities can still take this Tournament in their stride is a glowing tribute to the morale of our students.

I hope that the Tournament will be no less successful than the unbroken sequence of splendid tournaments in the past.

Yours faithfully,

[Signature]
Minister of Internal Affairs.

SPEED THE PARTING SPOON

The tale of the Spoon is a sad one. Once upon a time in the fulness of her pride and glory Victoria presented a wooden spoon to be the booby prize at Tournament. The Spoon, alas! has been a boomerang, it returns with depressing regularity. Last year our teams seemed to have more than ours. This year they will not be alone. Ornately carved, the Spoon may be a thing of beauty, but it shall not be OUR joy for ever.

THE ATHLETES

Past years suggest that the field events will decide the winners of the Athletic Shield. Otago appears to be the strongest team in these events. They have lost Vosaulagi but they have Opie, Smeeton and Phelan to counterbalance any weakness in their track team. Auckland are not as strong as last year.

Watch These Men

Man Mountain Mick White, the eighteen stone Aucklander, who holds the present New Zealand record as hammer thrower.

Jack Opie of Otago who is one of the finest field athletes New Zealand has produced and is holder of the New Zealand shot put and pole vault. He has put up the best New Zealand's performance in the pole vault but he has not concentrated on it for long. His shot put and discus have been consistently good this season.

J. Sutherland, the Victorian sprinter who will be outstanding if he recovers from his present indisposition. He is the present dual title holder and national hundred yards champion.

Shaw and Harris of Canterbury. In the 880 yards and the mile they are the most brilliant youngsters since V. F. Boot first made his name. They both have put up New Zealand Junior records.

Victorian Form

Scrymgour, N.Z.U. 3-mile record holder, was convincingly beaten by Rowberry in the three miles and by Rowberry and Dunlop (Massey College) in the mile at Inter-Faculty. These men will probably be well placed against Ellis of Canterbury and Turbett and Jones of Auckland. Hoqueard's low jump at Inter-Faculty would have set up a New Zealand record if he had been entered in Junior competition. He will meet strong competition against Norm. Thom of A.U.C., who has been consistently jumping about 22 feet this season, and W. V. Hadfield of Lincoln.

If Canterbury can find a strong quarter-miler to replace Rattier, their relay team will be well nigh unbeatable, but lack of a quarter miler may mean the event.

Summing it up seems as if about two-thirds the field events will go to Otago and that the Auckland team may sweep the broad jump, two of the hurdle races and the hammer. Victoria should win the sprints and perhaps the distance events and Canterbury should be strong over the middle distances, the mile walk and the relay.

Amongst the well-known University athletes who would be entered here but for Hitler are Graeme Korff, and Don Gillespie of Auckland, L. G. Brown and N. B. Hansen of Canterbury and Hugh Ramsay of Otago, and J. S. Adams of Victoria.

ROWING

This year's race will be in fours over a mile course, in the Northern or Western end of the harbour according to the weather. If there is a slight chop on the water Victoria's light crew should fare better than the heavier crews.

The C.U.C. Rowing Club has been having a thin time but they will have back Allan Johns who has been successful in past tournaments.

Otago have had a good year and they should be formidable. Victoria has only Moore left from last year's eight, but he has improved.

Cress is a lightweight, but he is combining well with the rest of the team.

Wilson is the heaviest man in the crew and he puts plenty of weight into his work.

Carroll is a good experienced oar.

So don't roll along to the old Occidental at 2.30 p.m. on Easter Tuesday. Just come along, but roll up in your hundreds to the St. Francis Hall afterwards—O.J.C.

WINDY TENNIS

Strong northerly winds have made tennis difficult this year, but even so we hope to hold our end up at Tournament by winning back the Shield we lost last year. At least we are used to the wind.

Our Prospects

Gladys Rainbow who plays an easy hitting, heady single and who proved by her Tournament play last year that she is equal to the test.

Glenn Macmoran, a newcomer to the team, plays steadily on the back line and is good at net.

Ngaire Marshall, also a last year's Rep., whose hard hitting shots should go a long way.

Beryl Marsh, another last year's Rep., is playing her usual attractive game from the net.

P. Monkman is a hard hitter and nifty round the court.

P. Higgins plays a good double and is death at the net.

Marie Walker is a handy person to have about the court.

J. Brown is playing good grass court tennis and we're hoping great things from him.

R. Baird, a last year's Rep., is playing his usual steady back line play and sparkling overhead.

R. Larsen, a newcomer to Tournament, places his shots well and should be an asset to our team.

J. Cope, Manawatu rep., is playing in form.

F. Baker and A. McLeod are also newcomers with good hard hitting styles.

It's a new team but we're hoping it's good!

DRINKING HORN

Take twenty-four husky Varsity men, surround 'em with two hundred showering, singing, happy supporters, place 'em under the eagle eye of mine host of the Occidental, Jim Mudditt, put thirty-six handles of the best—well, where would you put thirty-six handles—and the answer is THE DRINKING HORN!

No mere swallowing competition, this show, although ONE swallow does make the summer of the drinker stylist—but a definite test of skill and endurance. In fact dashing down your bowl of Samian wine (ours is a Waitemata, thank you) in anything like decent time—about three seconds on the average—is no mean feat. YOU try it and see!

But the Horn Trophy is something more than its name implies. Its real value lies in its providing an excellent rendezvous for a sherry lover in an appropriate environment. Tournament songs, legends and libels are revived and embellished and the stories stretched to the giant-like proportions of the sagas of the past. Any other event can't match a better preparation for Tournament Ball.

TAVERNACLE.

This is not modern verse bad or otherwise. It is just a little note to rooks and those who are seriously training for the Horn. These are your pubs for Tournament...

The Empire, Grand, and Occidental, St. George, Britannia and the Gresham, the Carlton and the Midland, and finally the Waterloo, the green one since the old Station. The beer is good at these hosteries and their landladies have been very kind to us.

Enough.
BOXING

Three wins usually means the Boxing Shield and last year we had five wins. Doak and Muir both stand good chances of winning. Cumming or Greig are all quite capable of springing a surprise.

Our Men

Heavyweight—Greig, fit and fighting in his proper weight, is a good boy to meet the heavy competition from Auckland and Otago.

Light-Heavy Weight—Cumming. A newcomer with a good punch, although he is still inexperienced.

Middle Weight—Doak. The boy with the lovely left hand. His right has improved 100 per cent. and he stands a good chance of winning. His tryout performance was excellent and he beat Mullinder in tryout last year.

Welter Weight—Jacobsen. A keen boy with a good left and plenty of courage. His tryout performance was promising.

Light Weight—Cohen. You might call him an old warhorse—he knows the tricks. His form this year has still to be revealed.

Feather Weight—Muir. A ready, clever fighter who got the N.Z.U. feather weight title last year. He is fit and stands a good chance.

Bantam Weight—Perry. A newcomer who needs more fights. But quite a solid boy.

ECLIPSE

For years past certain Tournament reps. have gone down to the pits in quiet faith, and sublimated their attainable botanical instincts in competition for the Haslam Shield. This year, because of the impossibility of obtaining a range at Wellington, the contest has had to be cancelled.

The V.U.C.'s Defence Rifle Club has gone into retirement “for the duration,” but rumours from the training college indicate that all their crack shots have not been sucked into the Army, the Police, and that they, the personer grated with their local authorities as we with ours, are managing the odd odd shell.

Next year perhaps A.U.C. will be able to arrange for the Haslam Trophy to be competed for again. Good luck, Q.U., A.U.C. and C.U.—if the V.U.C.D.R.C. is still out with us, it will be your last and only chance to hold the trophy. Wait until we reestablish ourselves!

COLD WATER

Wellington water is cold and we have no tepid baths. Consequently all the year round training is rather rare. But attendance at Club night has been satisfactory. Our chosen representatives are Marion Malcom, Betty Walton and the unsuppressible Jo Pound, R. T. Shannon, R. H. Hands, S. Seccombe, J. Gillies and N. Turnbull. Turnbull has been training hard in the last month and should give a good account of himself in the 100 Yards Freestyle this year. Shannon has also trained hard, is a New Zealand Junior Surf Champion and Seccombe has won two Cups and gone “all out” in the 400 Yards Freestyle. Shannon is better known as a swimmer than a diver.

The Club owes its thanks to its trainer, Mr. Hurdle.

CANTERBURY

They have been training in the tepid baths down there, but their star, R. McKay, has been training at Trentham. He won last year’s 440 Yards Freestyle.

CUMMING. Dorothy Martin, the winner of the Women’s 50 Yards Freestyle last year. She is in good form.

BASKETBALL

A.U.C. field are no longer an unknown quantity. They were victorious last year and the team has changed little. It is, if anything, stronger. They have three Provincial reps.—Meg Everton, Win Skipper, and their Captain, Val Wyat, who captained the successful Auckland Provincial team.

Military Service

The authorities have agreed that students drawn for territorial service will not be required to enter Camp for short intensive courses.

This concession DOES NOT APPLY to those drawn for OVERSEAS SERVICE or to Territorials called upon to enter Camp for short intensive courses.

Victoria are combining very well under Captain Pixie Higgins. Moira Wicks works well with Ngaire Marshall at centre, and Margaret Harvey of Training College is outstanding in a good defence.

Pixie Higgins is perhaps the best goal we have had, and she and Moira Wicks played in the Provincial trials. It seems that Victoria may provide us with a surprise in basketball.

G.U.C. may feel uncertain of their chances of carrying off the Shield, but they can be depended upon to put up a good struggle. They have five or six girls with previous Tournament experience. They have been unlucky with their training as it has been interrupted by bad weather and their gymnasium has been monopolised by the Army.

SHUFFLING

The finalists in the Grand Shuffling Champs will face the starter at 9.30 p.m. in the St. Francis Hall on the Evening of April 19th.

Will you be a starter? Have you a partner? If not apply to Mr. R. N. Collin, the Information Bureau. Get a partner at the beginning of Tournament and drag her from relays.

Entrance will be by ticket only. Present your invitation at the Executive Room or the D.I.C.

THINGS TO COME

Wednesday, April 9th—SUPPER DANCE in Dynal Bates’ Studio. Proceeds to the Public Services Queen. Dress is informal, and admission in 2/6, so roll along for a good night’s dancing and enjoy yourself while helping our Queen.

To-night in A.3—Annual General Meeting of the V.U.C. CHESS CLUB. Election of officers and general business.

Easter—Keep the days over Easter free for Tournament fixtures, and so help the organisers make Tournament the success it should be.

Easter Saturday—ATHLETICS at the City Stadium. At the Town Hall BOXING will commence at 9.30 a.m., and again at 2 p.m.

Easter Monday—ATHLETICS at the Basin Reserve at 2.30 p.m.

Tournament Ball—The TOURNAMENT BALL is the one function no student dare miss. From 9.30 to 3 o’clock in the afternoon the ball will be in full swing, so be there to help bring Tournament to a fitting close. St. Francis’ Hall is the place, and subscription is 10/- double for Students.

CONFERENCES

Elsewhere in this issue the musical contents of Tournament are discussed and much is prophesied concerning them. Our mentions at length the glorious fraternising among representatives of the various Colleges.

The Annual N.Z.U. Tournament is also made the occasion for two important Student Conferences, those of the University Students’ Association and of the N.Z.U. Press Bureau, a by-product of the Association.

We wish these bodies success in their deliberations concerning student activities and welfare.

OUR PRINCESS

At the Concert organised by Mr. Kennedy at V.U.C., Friday, March 25th, a profit of £12 2/3 was made.

A Picture Evening will be held on Tuesday, April 29th. Watch notice boards.

A series of five weekly lectures on “The Pacific and Its Problems” will be given at V.U.C. in the Second Term. Tickets 5/- and 3/- (Students’ concession).

INFORMATION BUREAU

The Tournament Information Bureau will be situated in the Executive Room and V.U.C. Mrs. R. N. Collin will be in charge and will supervise the distribution and sale of the various publications, including Rowing and Athletic Dinners, and various Funds and today afternoon at Mr. Sutherland’s Stamps, soft drinks and cigarettes will be on sale.

TOURNAMENT 1941 (Continued)

Obviously one keeps reasonably fit until one’s special sport or event takes place then one must become a hermit or retire to a cell (the local cops will do this for you). It’s far more important to high-strung nerves to mix with people and lead a reasonably normal life than to sit introspectively brooding before your event. But I don’t anticipate many will need this advice.

Going to Tournament is similar in principle to making a trip abroad. You’ll receive certain hospitality, but how you enjoy the trip really depends on your own attitude and mental reactions—whether you have friends with new outlooks and new views. Very often these views may clash radically with your own.

People from Christchurch may have an opinion different from those in Auckland on certain subjects.

Speaking from a purely selfish viewpoint it is only by adapting oneself where necessary to the view-point of other people that one can hope to make either a fraternity or a personal success of life later on. The man who has a monetary interest (not necessarily of cocktails) will usually earn far bigger money and have a better all round life than one who is merely a brilliant technician. And Tournament is a very important opportunity to learn (as a Dale Carnegie) how to win friends and influence people.

Social Contacts.

Still more important—Tournament brings you friendships. To old hands a lot of the fun of the Tournament lies in meeting your old cronies again and renewing the rag with them. Friendship has very aptly been called the Gift of the Gods and it only comes as a result of one’s own efforts.

Partly as a result of Tournament friendships which the writer has made he can (or could before the war) go to practically any sizeable town in New Zealand and there meet at least one old Tournament acquaintance with whom he has too few opportunities to reminisce about old times once again.

GO TO IT!

So remember—Victoria will give you what hospitality it can. We do our best to entertain you under rather difficult circumstances. But the real success of the Tournament depends on you yourself and what effort you put into the show. Likewise your own enjoyment depends almost entirely on your own efforts. In conclusion—if you manage to extract some of the enjoyment that I have from different outside the past Tournaments I’ve attended, you’ll have a remarkably joyous time.

W. S. Blunt.


George Meredith has been appealing for the British in Russia, and I have subscribed £10; and yesterday came news that the British Relief Fund has been blown up with a bomb, so I am subscribing again.
CHAPTER III.

Mood Indigo.

After the virility of her lover had been so inscrutably exposed, the next few days were darkness indeed for Viki. Life was empty—while other students hung breathlessly on the professor’s every word, immaterialising in writing even the sphoric preambule “Good evening,” Viki could not be thrilled even by the English metaphysical poets, or the cerebrale illusion of the superior corpus quadrupedrum.

The tall, handsome boy who, she had thought, looked divine, now seemed insipid, even the dangling personality of Miss Guy Dross (hitherto thought beautiful) to be inscrutable—left her cold. Life had lost its savour.

A remark made by a very green friend who, as then in the Fascist states, she spoke, “Ass, felt entitled him to membership of the National Socialist Party, revived her anguish so violently that she decided that this life must end. Accordingly, she wrote a message to the man in the Library. But suddenly truth dawned upon her. The Sec. of the Exe, wanted Gordime for herself. So she went to the most mighty peronage in the vicinity—the president of the Exe.

CHAPTER IV.

A True Briton.

The president heard Viki’s story and looked profoundly wise. At last with aspect Sybiline, she spoke, “There are wheels within wheels,” she husked. “This man apparently working for the disruption of all we hold so dear, and have bought so dearly (e.g., our Rhodesian copper-mines, our reserve labour supply, and freedom of the employer to enjoy the fruits of his own labours) is in reality (for a small remuneration—watching the workers’ movement from inside and keeping the Police informed of their actions. He must watch the 50% of our students who are tingered with this view. (Five hundred students CAN BE wrong.) Is it men like this that have made our democracy what it is to-day.

“By the way, can you bellot someone...?”

CHAPTER V.

Meet Me To-night.

The next thing to do was to tell Gordime of her passion. Accordingly she wrote a touching little letter, ar-ranging to be by the notice-board at 7.15 p.m. on Wednesday, wearing a green cardigan and a tan frock.

At length the longed-for time arrived. But Gordime seemed to be in a hurry. “Must see a man about Easter Tour—ronament,” he said, and bolted off to the Gym. Sick at heart she followed at some distance. Drawn to the noticeboard by a snare of baubecary, she found Gordime among the very great others, leaping and bowing, his face screwed up into a frightening mask. She stopped at the door in horror, fascinated yet repelled by the awful sight. Should she go or should she stay? Gordime settled the question. “Kaa hai kaa hauwau!” he shrieked, gesticulating fiercely.

Viki staggered down the steps. It was her lot. To be left for this Esther Turnerman was bad enough, but that he should shout “Away”!... She decided to join the Foreign Legion or the Tramping Club.

Viki’s friends encouraged this drastic resolve. They thought it would broaden her.

Little did Viki realzie when she added a apologetic signature to a list on the notice-board, the adventures that were to ensue from this decision.

CRICKET

The Social team was by far the most successful of our sides this year, capably led by "Perk" Richards, whose work as batsman, wicket-keeper, master tactician, and general peace-maker was almost inspirational; this eleven had five eight point wins, and a win and a draw against Eastbourne, winners of the Hut Valley League “C” Grade this year.

Missing after Xmas were Vic Palmer, forceful bat and brilliant field, and Jim Holpin and George Parrish. Those last two were the stock bowlers, Parrish taking 17 wickets in the three games that he played. The stylist of the side, H. D. Bray, gained well-merited promotion to the 2nd XI.

Most people know Henry Moore as an ex-champion middle-distance man and highly successful coach of the Football Club’s “Colts” team for many seasons past. What lots of them don’t know is that Henry is a pretty competent cricketer. His scores, always well flitted and full of guile, gave him 50 odd wickets at the small cost of about ten runs apiece. He was fairly consistent with the bat too, an excellent 99 and a 61 being particularly good efforts. Bert Fraser’s hard hitting and the keenness and enthusiasm of Norm Dix were outstanding features of an interesting season. A good team really was had by all. Well done, Socialists!

Congratulations.

To A.U.C. on winning the Senior Championship in Auckland this season.

To our old friends and rivals, Eastbourne, on being runners-up in the “A” Grade and winning the “C” Grade in the Hut Valley League.

...:...

Democrat Joan—has tea in College caf.

...:...

Why wouldn’t Rex let Stuart have a book?

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TEMPTING LINGERIE

on show at

TOURNAMENT BALL

ST. FRANCIS HALL

Tuesday, April 15th, 9.30 p.m.—3 a.m.

Tickets must be obtained at Exec. Room, V.U.C.