WAKE UP, NEW ZEALAND!

On with the Show

Every year there is an extrav. at Victoria—that is, a collection of folks somehow imitate themselves on to the Opera House stage, have a bit or two at local and international celebrities in doggerel verse to catchy music, get over as much sub- version and sarcasm as they can within the law, and retire to drink and sink. It's a bit wearing, but lots of fun.

WHERE YOU CAN HELP.

This year the show goes on as usual, but a lot of the old familiar faces are missing. To make a good extrav. more is needed than people who can sing and dance. We want men to help with properties—you know, the wooden spear someone steps on in the third scene—stage management, distributing propaganda all over town, selling “Cappicades”—and helping to write them—helping behind the stage, ushering and selling tickets. Women as well decorate these last little jobs, and are also needed to make costumes.

There is more to extrav. than sitting in the gallery watching it run off. You don't know the thrill of watching the actors and wondering if their costumes will stand the strain, or whether the rope supporting one of your old friends will break, till you've worked in production.

Come and give us a hand. All you need is a willing spirit and we'll find a place for you. Get in touch with Kate Ross, extrav. organiser; John McCreary and Marie Best, producers, or anyone who looks at you with an appraising eye, and be in.

You'd be surprised the number of romances that blossom in the dressing rooms too—if you want romance.

Eddie, we've got a secret. We know who wrote about you and the rabbits!
CHAPTER VI. Romantic Gates

Meantime Viki decided to attend Tournament. She went to the welcome on Friday, met V.U.C.’s Tournament Romanov, Mazer, Bed and Board, and went home dreaming of the opening of gates of romance, Bed or Board? Thrills or security? While she hesitated, they were lost to her. In any case, she conceded herself, Bed was very long, very narrow and very wooden.

Viki came up to V.U.C. early on Saturday morning and met a bright-eyed boy who introduced himself as Warm Keeled. He asked her to go up to the Hot Gardens to see the glowworms, so her heroine spent all Saturday evening among the darkest recesses of the gardens searching for the delu- sive glowworm. As the ex-chaperone explained to her later, warm was so innocent he wouldn’t know that glowworms only shine at night.

Anyway, Viki was so exhausted that she spent all Sunday in bed, until the night came and the shadows fell, and the busy world was bushed, and Viki sallied forth to St. Paul’s to the Tournament Church Service. On the way she had a car accident, but managed to arrive in time. She sang the hymns cheerfully and went home uplifted.

CHAPTER VII. Fall from Grace

On Monday Viki did her bit for the Queen Carnival. She took part in the Varsity Procession. She not on top of one of the lorries with her long skirts flying in the wind, and meticulously maintained her balance until an unfortunate belch from within one of the cars was multiplied by the amplifying system from building to building precipitated Viki from her seat into the jaws of the Larking Party.

CHAPTER VIII. The Ball

Viki looked shably back at herself from the mirror. With wide blue eyes and silvery hair, and a white frock bowing from a slender waist, she looked enchanting. With an excited laugh she caught up her wrap and danced downstairs. “The Waterloo Hotel,” she directed the chauffeur. She was exhausted, and in a few minutes was waiting in an opulent room for her partner, Barvil Silver-on-the-Gas. She looked idly around and was surprised to see three other girls she knew slightly—May Best, Miss Chasen (who later was exposed as a Female Impersonator), and Sue. Barvil was certainly rolling in partners! However this slight matter cleared itself up fairly soon, the missing braceros were found, and Viki SO enjoyed the Ball.

As she sought her little white bed Viki told herself that she would never, NEVER miss another Tournament. They were such fun.

CULTURE AND THE COLLEGE

To all except the very earnest young men with a Theory of Art, the idea of student culture is but very vaguely for- mulated. Culture is something you sandwich in with five minutes at the periodic table between lectures or something to be examined and cultivated that far-off divine event— that peculiar process known as com- pleting—occurs. But during the three or four years spent at a University only a very few concern themselves with the exploration and development of ade- quate self-expression.

In so far as certain faculties attach little importance to the fostering of the critical abilities,—and others totally ig- nore them,—the opportunities for any comprehensive interchange of ideas on matters not dealt with in the syllabus are lamentably few.

The Problem

We believe that some intelligent effort should be made to relate the various cultural activities of students. The idea of young men sitting solemnly round reading their own efforts in silk pajamas is more than slightly nauseating to the average active student.

Probably what is most urgently needed is encouragement for students to form their own standards of judg- ment, judgment that will be invaluable in estimating the worth of contemporary literature, art and music other than Pia, Brick Bradford and “swing.” Admittedly these standards ultimately depend on one’s own reading. But a University where a number of people interested in the arts are concentrated, provides an excellent chance for enlarg- ing views and tastes by interchange of ideas.

The Solution

And, ladies and gentlemen, here is the point (if you’ve read so far as this). Next term “Salient” in its first issue is attempting to make the publica- tion a record of student cultural activity. If you write poems, prose, paragryric, lyrics, love poetry, lampoons, elegies, elegos, elegies, cartoon, cut wood, caricature, please do your stuff in “Salient.” Don’t be a rose born to blush unseen—your sweetness is no good in the desert air. Write, write, WRITE. See your brain child in print, that poem you nurture in your bosom. Lack of response to this invitation will be a crushing indictment of ability and in- terest at this college. Don’t let it be said that originality and enterprise are lacking here.

Go to it.

Make “Salient” No. 5 a success!

LITERARY ED.

No Man’s Land

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Dear “Salient,” “Jaswin” and “Spartacus” seem to have the conveniently distorted idea of Christianity which is typical of a Communist.

Now, the difference between a Communist and a Christian is this:

While the Communist is howling on platform and paper about the miseries of the working classes and the wickedness of the deceitful, bloated, tyran- nical, money-grabbing, lying, rob- bing, murdering, adulterous, and altogether superfluous bourgeoisie, the Christian is walking the streets of poverty with good bread for the starv- ing; he is leading the steps of the homeless to a bed in his own house for the night; he is tending the sores of the drunken in the gutters where they lie; on the breast of the shivering child, he puts his woolen coat, nor counts the cost.

H. C. EVISON.

No Man’s Land

LITERARY ED.

The Mounths of Babes

Mr. Solomon’s smashing indictment of Joe Stalin and his political murder, his app system and his too, too oppressive tyranny proved conclusively (last Thursday night) that the U.S.S.R. has betrayed the interests of the workers. Such wisdom at a New Speakers’ Debate!

But you haven’t heard Mr. Nathan yet. He is a friend of the workers, one bird of revolution, and even the judge placed him first as a speaker. This is what they thought of him. Starting off with the enterprising Mr. Cholesterol:—“Affair of the ideals . . . a fraud delivered by a judge of this sub- ject . . .” “Appealing, rhetorical, but the same旧桔子.”

The judge gave an excellent speech on how to speak, and placed the speakers from the floor, Mr. Nathan, Mr. Solomon, Miss Valerie Bryantson, and Mr. Cole, Miss Inna Lissienko and Mr. Oliver.
Salient

"Up and Bash 'Em!"

The tumult and the shouting have died, the captains and the shields departed. O.U. carried home the Athletics and Swimming trophies, and the Tournament Shield for the highest aggregate points in all Sports. A.U.C. won the Basketball and Boxing Shields, V.U.C. the Drinking Horn. Canterbury souvernired the Tournament and Athletics wooden spoons. Final points after the Tennis had finally been decided on Thursday were: O.U. 29 points, A.U.C. 21 points, V.U.C. 12 points, and C.U.C. 8. Victorians hope that our visitors all had as enjoyable a Tournament as we ourselves.

Rowing

The race was held on Saturday afternoon in weather which was anything but pleasant. A strong northerly was blowing the Koro-Koro course was used and the crews raced from Petone towards Wellington. There was some difficulty in getting the crews away at the start; Auckland and Otago, the closest to the beach, were first to come, and then came Canterbury and Otago, behind them. It was a good position. Auckland took the lead soon after the start, and drew away from Canterbury and Otago. The Auckland coxswain made the mistake of following the coastline, thus making their course a slightly longer one.

At about the half-mile mark the Otago crew took up the lead, closely followed by Auckland and Canterbury. The big Otago crew was rowing well, but Canterbury were sticking close to them. Victoria made a forward move and caught Auckland, but it was at this stage that the V.U.C. boat, which all the time was being blown further out to sea, struck exceptionally rough water. A considerable amount came aboard, and from then on, as the water became still stronger, V.U.C. were out of the picture.

A Good Finish

Otago was still leading, with Canterbury in second and Auckland in third place. They were all rowing well and making good time. Then, a short distance from the finishing post, Canterbury made a great effort. They had been swimming along with a good style, and now they cracked on the pace for the sprint home. Otago and Auckland both quickened their stroke, but Canterbury forged ahead by a length from Otago.

It was a good race, and provided plenty of excitement for the large crowd which followed it along the Hutt river.

Swimming

Victoria did get at least one egg this Easter, and that was presented swimming something remarkably like "Victoria-0" is claimed to have been seen in several people who knew the rendezvous, and the attempts of its participants to "keep out the cold" was little something. Otago have great cause for congratulation—and we wish to add our congratulations too—for being able to swim in the nusty cold, wet stuff which was all Wellington could provide; but it is to be hoped that they found Wellington hospitality much warmer.

B.B.R.R.

Swept by an icy breeze, upon a shore wind-swept and desolate, well wrapped in green, as but Ball could not hold his opponent, and was defeated by a T.K.O. in the third round.

Lightweight. — J. Holmes (O.U.), 10st. 3lbs. Fast and furious was his attack, and when the referee yelled himselfs hoarse. An extra round was fought for, and before Holmes was declared the winner.

Welterweight. — R. Armstrong (O.U.), 10st. 7lbs. The loss to R. N. Jacobsen (V.U.C.), 10st. 2lbs. Jacobson showed the benefit of weeks of concentrated training. Fitness and skill enabled him to keep his opponent at arm's length and carry off V.U.C.'s only title.

Middleweight. — J. J. Enwright (A.U.C.), 10st. 13lbs., lost to O. T. Ryan (O.U.), 11st. 7lbs. The fine run of even, willing bouts was continued in this fight. Both fighters were rather damaged.

Basketball

If Victoria ever had reason for concern in the ability of the Otago team to carry off the Basketball Shield it had this year. That it failed to do so cannot be attributed to lack of zeal, but to Auckland's fine combination of play. The Otago team is the same as last year's and V.U.C. present a wooden spoon to hold our Easter eggs; we might as well have something to show for our efforts.

THE SERIOUS SIDE

On Sunday evening about seventy students attended the Tournament Supper at the Oriental Hotel, with Mr. W. G. Smith, Acting-Chairman of N.Z.U.B.A. read the first Lesson and Mr. J. V. Bitt, O.V.C. Chaperone, the second.

Dean D. J. Davies delivered a thought-provoking address on Education and Easter, suggesting that scholarship was of no value if it was not used in preparation for a life beyond the shadow of existence of man.

Our thanks are due to Canon Davies for a most inspiring service. The orchestra, which consisted of six college meeting in sport and intellec- tual co-operation should also join in worship. — N.S.G.
FOOTBALL

In spite of all Brookie's forebodings we are going to have a good season this year. The first Club practice showed plenty of talent, and in the second, where a scratch Senior XV trouped a Marie side at Athletic Park, the writing was clearly on the score-board—a 23-6 win.

The opposition forwards were tough and lanky, but, ably led by O. S. Meads, our pack hustled them all the way, and Innes gave back plenty of the ball, and they certainly appreciated the service.

Skelly, ex-Otago five-eighths, was the trick player on the field. Sound on defence and brilliant on attack, he directed the back play with great skill and linked up well with his forwards on occasions. When R. G. Pilling was moved into second five-eighths, the two combined admirably. Pilling's speed enabled him to finish off the openings made by Skelly. His defence was very solid too.

Neither of the halves tried were up to standard, although G. A. Cooney's speed and his undoubted flair for finding the gaps, together with his veracity in being able to fill capsably any position in the backline, made his performance somewhat better than Wally Boyd's. Following a long tradition with 'Varsity' half-backs, Boyd has all the courtesies of the world, and his defence in first-rate. When his passing improves he will be something more than just a useful half-Back that passing, Wally!

Much was expected of Martin, a big fast three-quarter from O.U., and his early injury was a great disappointment, but Mummy played with great dash, and his tackling is strong. Much is expected of him this year.

Kerr and Horne and F. Cooney are two youngsters who will improve with further experience. Both showed distinct promise.

In the pack Meads and Shannon were outstanding. They will form a solid nucleus for the front row.

That forward effort, Roly Webb, proved beyond all doubt that he has been wasted far too long in the Second. His place should be certain this year.

Cuming was the best of the youngsters. When tough, he is right up to senior standard. McElenan and Sinclair showed plenty of dash, the latter's coverage on defence being particularly good.

HARRIERS

"Know all ye that acting by and with the consent of the executive committee of the Harrier Club I hereby proclaim the season open," declared Mr. G. F. Dixon on Saturday.

The opening meeting was held at Wel House at the invitation of Warden, Mr. Barker. A count showed that twenty-four runners and, as Mr. Rowberry remarked, a few absent faces had turned out. They were sorted into two packs, the speed boys and the others.

The packs duly departed under the official chauffage of Mr. Barker. The slow pack were under the care and supervision of Frank O'Flynn and the fast of Ross Sneydgear. We were pleased to see Durman, of the Tramping Club lead the fast pack. Next Saturday the combined Harrier Clubs will meet at Island Bay. The Harrier Club will hold the official opening of the season, but will run separately.

1940-41 "ROSTM"R

The report of the Press Bureau pertaining to the Easter conference showed a fairly satisfactory state of affairs. Despite difficulties the second issue of "Rostrum," the annual magazine to which students from all six colleges are asked to contribute, came out in July last, and showed a profit of just over £1. As "Rostrum" is put out by N.Z.U.A., that is a third issue of "Rostrum" appear this year.

The conference discussed the various N.Z.U. Students' publications of the past year, approving the principle of carrying them on so far as was practicable. Some workers were a scheme for the publication of these which has been submitted to the University Senate; possible work on a scheme for the psychological examination of all New Zealand students returning from the war; and general matters.

TWELVE GUYS AND A DOLL.

We are battling along by lorry towards Paraparamo Bush today on the morning. The weather is not too promising, and it is more or less windy too. Considering the beach and gaza apprehensively over a rough-looking sea and feel sure that we will be sick. Furthermore, the launch rocks alarmingly. Actually it is quite calm, as we find later.

We reach Kapiti safely and proceed to a camping spot which Stan pronounces "mighty restful." That afternoon we do not much—stay in tent as the rain begins to round. On Saturday it is more than somewhat fine, and we do a bit of hill-climbing, to the top of Mt. Kapiti, and Stan says that it is a "mighty restful" day.

On Sunday it is a day of rest for most of us, but two guys, comrades Laird and Pownall, walk round the island. The rest of us play pool or read aloud from Damon Runyan's "MORE THAN SOMEWHAT." It has been raining when we wake on Monday, and some of us have not slept too well, especially after a waterproof tent where the rain could not get in. It is raining hard. Furthermore, it is more than somewhat cold, and Hubert wanders round meaning "Oh, the pain, the pain!" Then Tony comes over and says if he is us, he will move to the woodshed, and is cold and it is cold and more than somewhat draughty, and Hubert.

It is still pouring rain on Tuesday, yes the launch comes, and together with the eighty odd other guys and dolls on the island, we get off in four loads. The sea is more than somewhat rough, and the trip is adventurous. But we reach the mainland, and with horses, boats, and things, get home eventually.

We expect to find plenty of news of Friday morning, and the results of the meet are all about "Trampers Marooned on Kapiti Island."

TENNIS

Tourment this year has shown that Tennis and Sports are Victoria's forte. We are able to field quite a strong team, which was practically the same as last year's.

At the end of the first day's play in a high wind at Miramar, Victoria was leading with 9 games in its favour, and Otago next with 7 games. For the next few days the weather was a dream of delight—very wet. Owing to bad weather in Town, the finals had to be played at Papakariki on hard courts. By the afternoon Victoria had four finalists out of five. Playing brilliant tennis in the Men's Singles, John Cope defeated Brian Kelly, of Otago, in straight sets.

In the Men's Doubles, Copeland and Baird, of Victoria, decisively beat Childs and Caughy, of Otago. Roy Larsen and Ngaire Marshall, of Victoria, combined badly, and were no match for the experienced Tom Childs and Rae Brown, of Otago, in the Combined Doubles. Ngaire Marshall and Glen Maccormick played uninspiring tennis, and provided little opposition to Joan Howie and Beryl Warren, of Auckland, in the Ladies' Doubles.

The Ladies' Singles final will be played at Auckland on a later date between Joan Howie and Beryl Warren, those two great players from A.C.T.

Well done, Victoria; that Tennis Cup will look well in Big Hall.

B.D.

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NO CONFIDENCE?

At a Special General Meeting of the Students' Association next Monday evening, a vote of "No Confidence" in the present Executive is to be proposed. Why?

Come to find out and vote!