

**DEBATING  
FRIDAY  
in the  
GYM**

# Salient

*An Organ of Student Opinion at Victoria College, Wellington, N.Z.*

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★

WELLINGTON, JULY 30, 1947

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**DRAMA CLUB  
THE INFERNAL  
MACHINE**

**TECH. HALL  
August 8, 9, 10**

## "INDONESIA MERDEKA" Students Demonstrate Today

During the past week the Dutch Imperial Forces in Java have been carrying out "police action" against the rebellious Indonesians. The "criminals" are the legal government of the Indonesian Republic, which has been governing its people for the past two years far better than it has ever been governed in the past. The police action which Lieutenant Governor Van Mook claims he was forced to undertake, "with tears in his eyes," is being carried out with all the paraphernalia of civilised warfare, planes, tanks and landing craft, and with all the efficiency of the blitzkrieg—bombing of open towns, strafing of civilian trains, and the use of quislings. The most important news is being suppressed by the daily papers, but it is available to anyone who possesses a shortwave radio. Radio Jogjakarta, "The Voice of Free Indonesia," can be heard every night from 10 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Broadcasts are given in English, at dictation speed. Some of the material for this article was taken from these broadcasts. The station's frequency is 11,000 kilocycles, and reception is usually good.

Dr. Sjahrir, Indonesian Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is at present in India seeking the aid of the Indian Congress, sent a following message to his people, "The scorched earth policy will be applied absolutely. We will contest every inch of territory."

By the time this paper appears, the students of this college will have staged a demonstration at the Dutch Consulate in Wellington, to protest against this colonial war, which violates every international code from the United Nations Charter downwards.

### Australian Protest

You will have read in Saturday's papers of the demonstration by the students of Sydney University for the same purpose, and of its result, when the meeting was forcibly broken by the local representatives of law and order. We hope that our own police force will be more reasonable. Australia can be proud of the part some of her citizens played in the Indonesian War of Independence two years ago, when the Dutch forces were supported by the British Army. At that time Australian watersiders successfully boycotted all ships loading war materials for the Dutch, thus considerably assisting the Indonesian people. New Zealand watersiders imposed the same boycott, and many ships were tied up, but this issue was never so sharp here as in Australia.

### U.N. Must Act

It is now obvious that in the intervening two years the Dutch have been playing for time in their farcical negotiations with the Indonesian Government. They have borrowed two million dollars from America to bolster up their decaying imperialism, and, gaining confidence from the failure of the United Nations Organisation to intervene to stop the terrorist tactics of Britain in Greece and Palestine, of America in Greece and China, and of France in Vietnam, they have attacked again.

Their plea is that the Indonesians refuse to export products to a starving world. In fact the Indonesians are willing to export in large quantities—it is to their advantage to do so—but

the Dutch still hold all the main ports of Java, and demand that all exports should pass through their hands—an intolerable burden to an independent Republic.

Of course, it is the rich resources of Indonesia that the Dutch want. They want freedom to exploit the country as they have done for three centuries, through Royal Dutch Shell, and similar

big businesses, and are in no way concerned with the freedom to prosper of the millions of Indonesians who own the country. It is the most blatant example of a colonial war seen this century.

The United Nations must act at once to stop this war, and every government and every organisation must send protests to U.N. and to the Dutch gov-



ernment. Otherwise the Charter becomes a farce and imperialists all over the world will know they may do as they please without fear of intervention.

## THE APPLE CART

Training College seldom fails to give us a good play and the "Apple Cart" is no exception. It is most difficult for a group of young, moderately experienced players to sustain the "Apple Cart": it is to all intents devoid of "action" and loaded with ideas. Whether these ideas become explicit or deviate into mere verbiage depends on the players.

To say that they succeeded is not to say that it was an unqualified success. Just as we should judge a painting, as a painting, and not as the work of an aborigine or a long-hair in Chelsea, so should we judge a play. However, realising the peculiar problems of the TC Drama Club we can offer further plaudits.

And so to the play. Shaw baffles us by bombarding us. And the bombardment makes us accept with a laugh what we might question in a less amiable mood. There is a King and Cabinet, an American Ambassador and a mistress. This is the vehicle for Shaw to say what he likes about anything he likes. He prods us into thought and he makes us laugh: The combination is almost irresistible. I feel sincerity is sometimes sacrificed for wit.

The set by Roy Cowan was excellent. After all a play is a play and only those who come purely to forget themselves can cavil at a set which suggests rather than attempts to be "realistic." The lighting was good, but the make-up was sometimes too heavy.

Noel Manhire as Magnus was suave and always at ease. He established an air of dignity consistent with the character from his first entrance and maintained it throughout. As Vanhatten, Max Garvitch, delivered the news that "the Declaration of Independence has been cancelled," with a delightful drawl and bombastic presence that was both amusing and competent. Boanerges (Klaus Neuberger) gave a good performance of the courageous ignorant but sincere Trade Union boss.

The Cabinet Ministers were a mixed lot. Proteus, the PM (John Forster), gave the impression of the cunning old political stager quite successfully, while Amanda (Baska Goodman) was an amusing and charming confederate. Ross Cotton as a secretary was a little plummy-in-the-mouthish, and Frank Mills looked the right look when he interrupted the boudoir tumble.

Orinthia (Dorothy Hardie) was most inviting, but oh, dear! where was her mirror? Jamima (Alison Drysdale) was a pleasant old frump. Pat Lowe, as the Producer, said all her lines before the play. The result was a good play well done.—L.A.P.

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VOL. X

No. 11

**Salient**  
*An Organ of Student Opinion at Victoria College, Wellington*

Wednesday,

July 30

## KEEP IT FREE

"Salient" has received a copy of a recent issue of "The Voice of Free Indonesia," a weekly magazine published in Djakarta (the Indonesian name for Batavia, Java's capital) by the Indonesian Republic. It contains many articles of interest to students, political, philosophical and economic. "Psychological Observations on the Indonesian Revolution," deals with the various invasions of Indonesia, their historical results, and their psychological effects on the people. It also points out that the Indonesians, contrary to popular belief, are not savages but have a civilization and culture that has progressed considerably in the last twelve centuries.

Indonesia has always been under the rule of various invaders. However, the Indonesian people have always revolted successfully against the invaders but one invader took the place of another and today the invader is Dutch Imperialism. Therefore it is natural for the Indonesians to revolt against their overlords as it is natural for them to regain their independence.

There are several interesting articles on student life in Indonesia. They deal with the efforts of students to try to study in spite of lack of materials and text books. The students are keen and are doing their best in spite of the confused and disrupted times. One example of the keenness of the students to help themselves is the formation of the "Federation of Indonesian Students' Organisations." This is not a political organisation. Students of all parties are members but this does not interfere with problems which are common to all students. There meetings are held in order to discuss student problems only. This does not mean that the students are not interested in the problems of their country—they are. However, they feel that they must be sure of security before they play a constructive part in the construction of their own country—a FREE INDONESIA.—D.E.D.

## Philosophy Should Integrate Sciences

Dear Sir,—Mr. Congalton proposes to deal with the necessity stressed by Mr. Sutton-Smith by making philosophy and psychology (and sociology) compulsory subjects in the first year of any University course. This does not seem to me to be a useful proposal at all. Its effect would be trivial. As a course it would lack meaning—because fundamental ideas are notoriously unmeaningful and useless when merely traversed, and not reached by working through the body of knowledge to which they are fundamental. Because of that, it would lack interest. It might titillate the intellect of those with a taste for paradox and generalisation, but it would not be important for them as people; more usually it would be just plain boring or enervating.

The whole point of requiring the specialist to consider the philosophical, psychological (and sociological) implications of his subject is that these are the three subjects which can do most to alleviate the isolated state of specialist studies. There is no particular mystery about this, although Mr. Congalton thinks there is. For example, philosophy is concerned with generalities, and generalities have a habit of bringing isolated particulars together. The idea of a large number of isolated philosophies is ridiculous, unless their subjects are already too far gone in their specialism. And, for that matter, they may very well be too far gone—Miss Watt seems to think so; also there must be something to explain the silence to date, of the scientists on this problem.

If, however, we treat it as a problem, that is, something which may be solved, it is clear now that Mr. Congalton's suggestion does not get us far. This says nothing against having a sort of central meeting-house arrangement for making the philosophical aspects more public and for following up the most general of the problems; but it would be silly to have this meeting-house without relating the philosophy to the primary concern of the people concerned.—P. S. WILSON.

## ... so must Sci. Soc.

Dear Sir,—We wish to support wholeheartedly the suggestion of P.J.A. that a Science Society should be established in the college. This would not only serve science students generally but would provide an opportunity for arts students to gain an acquaintance with any broader perspectives the scientific body as a whole might have. At present, as Whitehead says, "each science confines itself to a fragment of the evidence and weaves its theories in terms of notions suggested by that fragment." The chances are therefore that the separate sciences will have very little in common. If the suggestion of P.J.A. is carried out—and I hope he goes ahead with the idea—it will be at least a small contribution to breaking down this departmental specialisation, which must be regarded as the dominant factor in trivialising the mentality of scientists. This evil, of course, is not restricted to scientists.

If he is prepared to continue with the idea, P.J.A. may be assured there will be arts students to support him.

(Signed) P. S. WILSON,  
B. SUTTON-SMITH.



# We Set Them Up Brian Knocks Them Down

It would appear that to some extent philosophers cannot read—or at least the sample at hand. At the risk of boredom therefore I will re-state my problems:

- (1) The first concerned the defects of specialism;
- (2) The second the defects of academic isolation.

I considered these problems sufficiently important to seek enlightenment, and did this by the only method yet known to stir the Victoria intellectuals about something intellectual, i.e., by insulting some of them and playing on the prejudices of the rest. The rest, in this case the men of science and others, have shown greater forbearance—or was it "logorrhoea"—than I had imagined possible. The insulted, the philosophers, on the other hand, have been singularly disappointing in their lack of constructiveness. For my part I modestly suggested that perhaps the solution to both these problems might lie in the more adequate philosophical-psychological-sociological development of the various other specialist departments.

As I have received little further information on the matter, perhaps it is up to me to elaborate more fully my own ideas. I do so with hesitancy, for without doubt I am dealing with what is the most important twentieth century dilemma in the sphere of University education—specialism.

## The Plan of Development.

I think it must have been obvious to the discerning reader that I envisage a much more extended role for philo-psych-socio-logy than they have ever had before—despite the red-herring! It seems to me that the study of these subjects is so vital that they cannot be restricted to their separate departments alone. Development I think must take place in two directions: (1) These subjects must become the basis of an orientation course for all students; and (2) they must be developed, probably as options at the honours and research levels, by the specialist sciences, social and natural. We would have, for example, each of the separate sciences use the basic data so far gained in, let us say, sociology, and then, with this knowledge, extend themselves into the social relationships of their particular concrete study. Each science should thus consider itself in relationship to the whole social pattern.

It is my belief that the development of the three subjects under consideration must lie largely in this direction in the future. The knowledge gained would in time become a part of the introductory orientation course. The real source of orientation, however, comes as I have mentioned, further up the scale as the specialists orientate themselves to their common problems through the development of the psycho-socio-philosophic aspects of their disciplines.

## Scattering the Philosophers and Others.

In answering the "philosophers" I will attempt to elaborate these points. It is difficult to resist the desire to rend asunder what lies before me, but space would hardly allow a detailed exposure.

(1) Miss Watt gives up the ghost in her final paragraph and decides the problem of specialism cannot be solved although apparently the problem of academic isolation is to be solved by the establishment of a separate psychology department. I fail completely to see any connection between a psychology department as such and this problem of isolation, but assume that Miss Watt and other student psycholo-

gists in the university, feel supremely satisfied that once again they have been able to draw public attention to this desire of theirs, for a separate department. As with the sociology I mentioned above, the real development of psychology in the future seems to me to lie in its identification with the various concrete fields. It is a noticeable feature of the recent years that psychologists are getting more and more specialist training in the fields to which they devote themselves, whether these be medical, anthropological, economical, etc. The need is for less psychology in general and more of a specialist nature. There is a whole body of knowledge urgently awaiting development here, and, let it be emphasized, this cannot be achieved without the grounding in the specialist sphere which takes me to . . .

(2) Mr. Congalton who indulges in a fine flight of fancy when he says that "True philosophy will incorporate all the sciences." . . . Who is the speculative philosopher to do this, Mr. C? Presumably some arm-chair gentleman who has just read Hogben's "Science for the Millions" or the like. Surely the specialist nature of present-day knowledge makes such development by the non-specialist impossible? The answer lies, as I see it in the specialist developing in his own sphere as far as it is possible, philosophically, etc., and then working with others on a co-operative panel of specialists to solve those problems he finds sufficiently complex to require co-operative endeavour. The philos., etc., elements give the members of the panel sufficient common ground to focus on the more general problems that confront them.

Organised provision, of course, would have to be made for this work. No one expects any "blue-print" to emerge mysteriously into actuality as Mr. C. seems to imply. Our concern here, however, is with the nature of the necessary reform—not whether the powers that be will actually bring such reform into action and thereby, we might add, disprove the saw of William James, that no priestcraft ever originates its own reform.

The rest of Mr. C.'s letter includes a whole host of despairingly unphilosophic

"non sequiturs" and then paradoxically enough in the last paragraph Mr. C. wholeheartedly supports the ideas here advanced and thereby contradicts all the rest of his article not already in agreement with this viewpoint.

(3) Mr. Witten-Hannah in his amusing letter executes some rather interesting manoeuvres in his pursuit of "The Red Herring" but that is about all. In passing one cannot help mention that the cases of Eddington and Jeans he quotes are supreme examples, not of the philosophic development by different disciplines as Mr. W.H. imagines but, rather, of the lack of it. Had the respective sciences of which these men were representative developed their philosophic aspects systematically the amateurish anthropomorphism these men expostulate would not have been acceptable. As it is, that little pomposity, Joad, is able to spread it far and wide as the recrudescence of Idealism. Only the whole-hearted philosophic development of the sciences as has been suggested will prevent this occasional sell-out to religious sentimentalism. Such neurotic episodes are based essentially on ignorance. The combined ignorance of the specialist without philosophy (Jeans) and the philosopher without speciality (Joad). The defects of both these we should seek to overcome. I have suggested a possible way, not, Mr. Congalton, on a purely arbitrary basis, but on the recommendation of possibly the world's leading sociologist—Robert M. Lynd.

B. SUTTON-SMITH.

★

## Maths Graduate Says His Must Be Compulsory Subject

Dear Sir,—I do not care if philosophers and psychologists consider abolishing their department. I am concerned when they suggest the addition of these subjects as compulsory stage one subjects.

Psychology is an immature science. Freud's and other theories must be regarded as opinions. It would seem that much more statistical data must be collected before these theories can carry much weight. The subject has a certain success in practical psychiatry but the principles followed in allied penology are the same as 1,000 years ago.

Traditionally the English are indifferent to philosophy and no cogent reasons for altering this attitude have been advanced.

Besides, from the point of view of a serious student of philosophy it would be unsatisfactory, as inevitably a more "popular" stage one would result. Of course in every subject the selection of subjects both for mention in lectures and as examination questions is unsatisfactory. Of more interest is how each subject should be improved.

Again why make only philosophy and psychology compulsory? In secondary schools no more than the most elementary calculation is taught. Many advanced science graduates find their lack of mathematical knowledge a handicap. Too few psychologists can appreciate statistics. A mathematical training is valuable to a philosopher, for instance, Descartes, Boole and Pythagoras.—J. R. JACKSON.

## A Little Learning . . . ... or Too Much

Dear Sir,—I do not intend to enter the current controversy which is developing around the question of the place of philosophy in the university. My primary interest is in psychology, and I find Mr. Congalton's suggestion that this subject "should be made compulsory to be taken in the first year of the university course" somewhat alarming. I myself would like to see the rule laid down that no student be permitted to take lectures in psychology unless he signify his honest intention to continue his study of that subject to at least stage III. My reason for desiring such a rule is that by the time a student has completed the third stage he has learned enough to realise that he knows very little, and that it is extremely unlikely that he will ever know all there is to know about human thought and behaviour. At the present time numbers of students "do" psychology I because it is at a convenient hour, or is supposed to be easy, or because they think it must be "fascinating," and then go out into the world carelessly throwing about scientific terms, and finding in their acquaintances mental states of which they have no adequate knowledge. If by doing this they were merely displaying their own ignorance little harm would be done. Unfortunately, however, their irresponsible generalisations tend to bring psychology, which is (in spite of assertions to the contrary of some science students who have spent a few months in elementary psychological work) as much a science as an art, into general disrepute.

Psychology is one of the most valuable instruments we can use in the understanding of human problems and in the relief of human suffering (and Mr. Sutton-Smith, in stating that its study is divorced from everyday problems, merely reveals his failure to keep up with current psychological work), but it is an instrument which, like those of the surgeon, should be used only by experts. Otherwise the result can be mental turmoil and increased scepticism. No student after his first year at Med. School thinks he is a doctor, no stage I English student thinks he has a thorough knowledge of English language and literature; it is only in the psychology department that such naive self-confidence is found.

There is the possibility that frequent emphasis upon the introductory nature of the stage I course might lessen the danger of a little psychological learning proving a dangerous thing, but this would mean the wasting of time, already limited, for both lecturer and serious student, with no certainty that even the most careful precautions would be effective. The solution would seem to lie with the intelligent realisation that psychology is just as broad in its scope, and requires just as much study, as any other subject. Until there is this general realisation I think a rule such as the one suggested by me above is greatly to be desired.

BETTY M. SPINLEY.

(This correspondence is now closed.—Ed.)

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# THESE UNIVERSITY

"Salient" is primarily a reporting paper; this year it gave fortnightly reports; it may at some future time perhaps give weekly reports. And "Salient" prints poetry. It prints not only occasional verse but also the poetry of this College. There has been a segregation and part of the poetry was published in broadsheets by the Literary Society but this arrangement may be only temporary; the printing in the columns of news and without a box is evil; but for all that we find the unique phenomena of a regular report on the college's poetic life. From the verse one can easily see that this life is existent, that we have not yet become a streamlined world without any but practical problems.

The habit of "Freudian" analysis, so strong a few years ago, has even subsided and left students in a more helpless, more amiable state. A number of men and women who will later be pleasantly settled and without problems but those of the day, are found in these verses genuinely trying to grasp a poetic mystery; as in Searos' Love Song:

*And would the mountains turn from their pristine heights  
And deliver, like an incantation, the secret of their beauty?*

These symbols are not grasped as a poet grasps them; they have not become loose from their ordinary meanings and willing instruments in a poetic conception; but there is a genuine concern. A true poet's concern would have been more liberated from  
(Continued on p. 5)

# SINBAD'S LONDON DIARY

Today is midsummer day, when Puck and Robin Goodfellow and their fairy gangs are disporting among the toadstools. But unless they work by Greenwich Mean Time they will find it hard to conceal their junketings from wandering mortals. With our two hours of Double Summer Time the sun sets at half past ten, and twilight stretches on past bedtime almost to the small hours. It is a mixed blessing. For those who enjoy that sort of thing it is pleasant to wander in the park or on the common in the long evenings, or sit in the garden being eaten by mosquitoes. But it is odd to go to the theatre, which will usually start at seven, and come out at ten to find Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus in sober daylight, with none of the glamour of half-lit faces and blazing headlamps.

What a fuss about the Housewives' League. They are a bunch of middle-class women agitated by the loss of their pre-war privileges. They met in the Albert Hall, but the exhortations of their leaders were drowned by the interjections and ejections (not to mention face scratching) of some Labour and Communist supporters. The subsequent "March on Trafalgar Square," led by "The Founder," Mrs. Crisp, in her Daimler, was a deadly fiasco. But the dailies gave them a big write-up (was it wise to break up their meeting? They got some undeserved advertising), and Sir Hartley Shawcross and Sir Stafford Cripps were provoked into replying. Our political "Comic Cuts," the "Evening Standard," is now trying to prove that Mr. Dalton's very welcome tax relief on household utensils is a compensation to the housewives for the nasty things the Rt. Hons. had to say about this organisation.

The Housewives' League is, in fact, if not legally, a right wing auxiliary of the Conservatives. Its propaganda is pure reaction, even antisemitic, and there are some nasty traits which smell suspiciously like fascism in its organisation and content. They demand the relaxation of controls, and indeed, the wealthier middle class women benefit by an action which, as Europe shows, would fill the shops with goods at staggering prices. But the real problem that faces housewives (and they more directly only because they control the family budget) is the difficulty of adjusting incomes 50% above pre-war to prices that have risen 100%. Certain basic items of food are pegged, but most goods and services cost enormously more and prices are rising. The solution is not easy. Price control may drive some items under the counter. Wage increases in a free enterprise may be only another revolution of the inflationary spiral. But some means should be found of keeping down, say, vegetable prices, and of raising the standard of living of such poorly paid groups as railway and building workers.

I am pleasantly astonished by the knowledge of "classical" music shown by most people I have met. In a class strictly comparable with N.Z. University people there is a familiarity with and liking for orchestral music which is quite new to me. I have yet to meet a jazz fiend, swing fan, or jive expert. Musical topics of conversation are symphonies and conductors, concerts and operas, pianists and fiddlers. If a tune is whistled, it is likely to be either a theme from a Beethoven Concerto, or, oddly enough, one of those delicate delicious folk songs beloved of tramping club re-unions. The reasons, I think, are three-fold. There are far more opportunities for hearing good music well played. The culture is not dominated by American "canned music" as I think N.Z. is. And, perhaps, the class divisions are more pronounced, with a greater cultural cleavage between educated middle class and working class people.

SINBAD.



# POETS

a common substance, more individual, and probably also less "genuine," because the poetic felicity is not generally combined with this clinging attachment to symbols; in poetry, as in love, there is a looseness which is at the same time the truest conjunction. I am not, clearly, trying to judge the quoted verses; I am only indicating that in writing about the generality of college verse one is writing not about poetry, but about life, and in noting pre-occupations, in seeking interpretations for them, one is not engaging in literary criticism. When Searos, for instance, proceeds:

*Would the bland and flippant blueness  
of the sky  
Become profound . . . ?*

we see the distinction of lightness and profundity which dominates this generation: the movie as opposed to the lyric, glamour as opposed to true love. This is noteworthy from a "sociological" viewpoint; it illustrates our time and shows that these contraries existed in the minds of this generation in New Zealand.

It is interesting to see the development of this "Searos"—a good instance of the rather aware, sufficiently individual university poet—through the poems published: "The Old Piano" ("Salient," Vol. 9, No. 12), the first, has the advantage of a central symbol and a strongly felt execution. But in spite of the central symbol, it can never become poetry: the writer is too active, too much a man with a job. He grabs his piano, his symbol, as if it were a tool and makes it work for him. He has no passive experience of the "Thing." It never becomes a piano, but always remains a symbol. In "Love Song" ("Salient," 10, 3), although even more matter-of-fact, even less delicate, he finds himself more truly. It finds the source whence his poetry might come: a questioning of the world. He handles abstract symbols now, not "Things." And from that poem he might have developed into greater appositeness and distinctness. But instead of that, in the third poem, "To Her" ("Salient," 10, 7), we have facility, flippancy; what was the core in the earlier poem is now also diffuse.

It is from a certain point of view not exhilarating to read university verse. There are too many annals of battles lost. When everything is destroyed we find the triviality of Vogt's "Grand Old Man," where development has stopped early and only virtuosity has grown.

A few poems fortunately stand out from this generality. CAPJ in Post-War POW, has not written a successful, rounded poem, but there is a sure recalling of experience, and an unusual knowledge of the substance of words.

The most poetic phenomenon in "Salient" this year is D., in a poem beginning with the bad line "Laughing and free, you have sold your soul." He will, no doubt, learn in time what the true connations of these two adjectives are. And he also overcharges the word "willingness." But all this may perhaps be written down to that strange factor, "immaturity." He speaks about one who has made the usual choice: for the everyday world and against the life of the spirit, or the soul or beauty or what you will. "But hear the river departing," he says, and continues: *No more will eager rain fall headlong silver,  
Nor will the ocean waves creep dying  
to your feet.*

## HOME IS BETTER THAN ABROAD

*Let the wind toss the stars around the heavens.  
Let the sun crinkle the leaves  
We'll be safe enough, smug enough, seven  
Days out of seven.*

*Some must pack their bags and take a car,  
To pubs that sit the roads that lie afar.  
What do we care, we've enough to eat,  
A book, and a bed my sweet.*

*They'll ride the trains along the tracks.  
Walk haggard streets in fancy slacks,  
Indulging public hugs with private passion.  
And sip the tepid tea in common fashion.*

*The world is wide, as wide as this bed;  
With information that we've sneaked and read.  
We'll challenge the stars, rail at the wind,  
While others practise conscientious sin.*

—L.A.P.

[Spring will be a little early this year.—Ed.]

## CONVERSAZIONE

*This is the hostess;  
An obese war-widow, fruitless, barren,  
Enthroned on empty barrels in a tawdry room.  
Under the neons she blooms artificially  
And prattles of her future,  
Aping the sturdy child.  
A thousand titivations and distractions  
Concentrate consideration on her good intentions.*

*Her special guests applaud her performance  
From the plush seats,  
Avoid the whipping curtains, the rattling door.  
The rising gale spatters the windows,  
Shivers the staircase,  
Howls in the desolate spaces;  
But the widow's room is yet warm.*

*Mr. Truckworthy feels constrained to mention his ancestor  
Ravaging with bead, blanket, booze, bible;  
Serving an unwilling species;  
Indecent in the decencies;  
Bringing the incandescence to the dark places.  
"My father . . . my grandfather . . . my great-grandfather . . ."  
This is Mr. Truckworthy's contribution.  
Destiny of great splendour.*

On his right

*Mrs. Fitzconqueror tittering emptily—  
Furs, feathers, frosted glasses, air-wheels, larks' tongues,  
Blood freeheld by inheritance—evades the ultimatum.  
She exclaims in admiration of the widow's suave mimicry,  
Blind to wrinkles, fat, rheum, rent finery.*

*Sly Father O'Pietro glides stealthily around and between  
Nodding his approval. This hireling enemy of freedom  
Slips through the door secretly;  
Upon the staircase emphasises the flesh,  
Offers the golden dream—  
Eternal convolutions of spurious thought,  
And preaches authority to gild the shabby throne.*

*And in this picture of dryness he introduces the only form of liquid that is even more terrible than dryness:  
Only strange rivulets, intersecting things . . .  
Will secret come to drain your midnight pain.  
He has a moment of doubt about this: maybe the everyday world is yet the winner.  
Or are your midnights each a blossom Over-ripe with willingness.  
Then follow the best lines:  
Stand in the dark, the wind's long arm on your shoulder  
Hear! Who are you? Who are you?*

*Rattling the window panes of unawareness—  
The axis of your symmetry unloosening  
Leaves open spaces wide, where fear will descend  
Through all your afflictions to meet you.*

Here then we find the personal symbols, the private language which are the elements of a true poetic magic. Accuracy and neatness may develop later, but in certain points D. is no longer an apprentice, and cannot be said to be "immature." I will have succeeded in the purpose of this short

*Lord Braggadocio coming late to the party  
Forces his way up the staircase,  
Waving his crackling credentials.  
Major Powder keeping the door  
Welcomes him with, "Brother, Brother!"  
The widow smiles upon him.*

In the far corner

*The Donkey and the Dove consult together,  
Split hairs, accept principles, promulgate provisional decrees,  
Feel that at last they have made a real advance.  
And little Verity, an amateur among professionals,  
Pounds upon waxed ears, crying the wind, the greedy tide,  
A voice voiceless in a wilderness of voices.*

—BRUCE McLEOD.

## Extracts from: KAVI KIT GIT (THE POET'S SONG)

*In the tavern I see men weaving a net of Forgetfulness  
And trampling upon the garlands of precious hours:  
The flute player knows not himself,  
And the dancers are lost in a sea of mad delight.  
The scholar is hurrying in search of wisdom:  
Burdened with a thousand eyes, he knows not where to go.  
The world knows not, O Lord, that their hurrying footsteps  
Wings them to Thy honoured feet in time.*

*Drunk with the wine of Youth  
I wander through the myriad doors of Desire  
The drums of Illusion are loud,  
And the dancing maids of Dreams  
Are numerous as the stars.  
My life is drawing near to Emptiness  
And, Lord, I fear that I am lost.*

*In the spring of life ten thousand leaves of Worldliness  
With bright foliage cloaked my soul;  
Time swept like a monsoon-kissed stream  
And winter of old age appeared and laughed at me  
For she had taken my cloak  
And left me naked in unachievement.*

*You gave me an empty cup of Life  
And bade me fill it from the pool of Wisdom;  
But I saw the crowded world  
Dipping its chalice into the well of Desire  
Lord, I too have filled it with Desire  
And now I am drunk with shame.*

*You filled my basket with Purity.  
Men scorned at it in their market place  
And women gathered to mock me.  
They bid me sell it for it was out-grown fashion.  
I sold it to Desire of a Night  
He gave me a worthless coin of Regret  
And now I place my pittance before you.*

*My sun has set at noon:  
And now I must depart,  
Whither will this ship now steer?  
For I have planned for the night  
And her stars to guide me,  
But my sun has set at Noon.*

—OMAR HJUMAS.

essay if I have impressed this essential difference between the verse which is life and the verse which is poetry, and why in spite of this I do not have any animosity towards those genuine annals of the most important battles of our lives which are found in the generality of "university verse."

E. SCHWIMMER.

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## Amiable Philosophical Frivolity in New Club

The inaugural meeting of the VUC Philosophical Society was held on July 9. Apart from the election of officers, the adoption of a constitution, and some discussion on the functions of the club, the meeting heard a talk by Mr. Hudson, M.A., of the VUC staff. It was called "Philosophy?" and the main substance of it was rather as follows.

Two erroneous theories about philosophy were first discussed—the "social inefficiency" theory, and the "academic pastime" theory. According to the first, philosophy is a compensation by the socially inefficient for skills that they lack in the more useful spheres of social activity. This is ridiculous, for philosophy is ultimately just as useful as any other sphere of social activity, and since, secondly, the great philosophers demonstrate by the influence they have had on society that they are not socially inefficient (in any useful meaning of those two words). The second theory maintains that philosophy is an academic pastime, lacking in use and in effect. This theory is ridiculous too: witness the influence of, e.g., Plato, Hegel, Marx on social movements; of, e.g., Voltaire, Spinoza, Hume on religious activity; of, e.g., Herbart, Plato, Rousseau, Dewey on education.

### Well, What Is It?

Well then, if these two theories are wrong, what is philosophy? There is metaphysics, which is concerned with searching for a system of general terms in which the universe can be described. There is epistemology, which is concerned with the nature of the knowledge and of the knowing process by which that knowledge is gained of the universe so described. There is Value Theory, which seeks to state what the use is not only of philosophy but also of life. In doing this it has to decide just what makes a thing useful, and thus, we find aesthetics discussing why we call a thing, for example, "beautiful" and what is the function of that thing as so called. Other branches of value theory, which discuss their fields in this way, are moral, and political theory. Finally, there is logic, which deals with a technique used by all who think, and there are none, though you of course may doubt it, who don't. As part of philosophy it is concerned with the conditions of valid thinking.

These fields are obviously inter-related, but the precise manner in which their interrelation is described will depend to a great extent on the beliefs held by the describer about the topics they include. This much at least can be said without much fear of a quarrel: metaphysics is concerned with a known universe, and hence requires a theory of knowledge, that is, requires epistemology. Similarly, metaphysics is concerned with a valued universe, and hence requires a theory of value. One test of the worth of a philosophical system is whether it is self-consistent, and hence a theory of consistency is required, that is, logic, is required. Finally, and this is most important, philosophy is related to life, and the other test of the worth of a philosophical system is—to put it frankly and crudely—whether a human being can believe in it or not.

Mr. Hudson mentioned other matters—whether the notorious disagreement among philosophers is a good thing or a bad thing; whether, as some philo-

sophers hold, philosophy ought to be doing something quite different from what it is outlined above as doing; and various other of the matters arising out of a more detailed statement of the fields and interrelations than I have had space to report here. To mention any of these matters would immediately set controversy loose and this report has not that object. The remaining space is instead given to a note on those activities of the club which were fixed at the meeting.

### Study Groups, Two

There will be two groups going this year, and next year perhaps two more will be started. The first is studying Whitehead and meets next in Room C.17, Welr House, on Friday, August 1, at 8 p.m. The second studies the American philosophers and meets in the alternate week. In addition there will be general addresses to the club as a whole and anyone who likes to come along, given by competent outsiders or student members of the staff perhaps on the less accessible topics of philosophy. There will be one more of these this year, maybe two. Finally, the club as a whole will meet occasionally to discuss any current book of generally philosophical nature, which book will be announced well beforehand so that those coming will have a chance to have read it. Also, on those occasions someone will have been detailed to give a short talk round which the discussion may centre.

The upshot is that this club is enthusiastic enough, also possessed of a certain commendable determination, yet also liable to an amiable philosophical frivolity attractive enough to those willing to have eyes to see. The only disqualifications from participation in it are grave, very grave, intellectual deficiency and a sincere unwillingness to learn.

★

## Historians Will Join the Rush To Form Societies

Even those history students who like hearing about responsible government in Canada, the Augsburg, and other, fascinating subjects must occasionally have a few thoughts about some of the broader aspects of history not stipulated for study by the University of NZ prescription. To cater for the needs and interests of students in this direction, it has been decided to form a Historical Society. The intention is to hold a varied programme of activities of interest to historians, including the philosophy of history, discussions on certain books, and lectures by experts in particular fields. Of course the society will in no way be confined to history students; it is felt that there must be many outside the history department who will be eager to participate in these discussions.

SALIENT, July 30, 1947

Although it is fairly late in the year it was thought best to complete the preliminary details for such a society now, and get away to a flying start next year. Accordingly the inaugural meeting will be held on Wednesday, August 6, when the proposed constitution will be discussed, and a committee elected, before Prof. Wood speaks on the idea of History.

For further information contact Peter Morris, John Miller or Joyce Morton.

## Two Comedies and a Tragedy Provoke Laughter

On Thursday, July 17, the Drama Club had its usual tussle with the stage curtains in the Gym when it presented its One-Act Play Evening.

If the curtain hadn't decided to make full use of its nuisance and entertainment value; if the Swords Club could have violently thrown their cutlery into the corner at some other time; if one half of the cast had learnt their lines and how to speak out, the last play, "X = O" might not have been an unqualified flop. Frances Mulrennan's production lacked nothing in set and lighting, but the audience was hardly in the mood to accept this Drinkwater drama after the two comedies which preceded it.

The first of these, "How He Lied to Her Husband," by GBS, suffered from a lack of variation in tempo. The play was fast-moving, but Marget McKenzie's voice was pitched a little too high and Pix Hurrell did not look happy in his part. Dave Hempleman was adequate but occasionally unconvincing. The producer, Pat Girling-Butcher, is to be congratulated on an enthusiastic and on the whole successful comedy.

The highlight of the evening was "The Dear Departed," by Stanley Houghton, capably produced by Prue Kelha and Tui Milligan. Manika Wodslicka's capable performance kept the action going. Betty James, with a very small speaking part, maintained a perfect stage characterisation. Basil Marris was convincingly henpecked and conscience-stricken, while Elizabeth Entrican and John Thomson, as the bitchy relations, were able to sustain their parts. The climax, in its proper place for a change, introduced Colin Peppers as a very competent drinkin' irascible grandfather. It is a pity that this play was not the final one of the evening, as it was certainly the best.

*Shakespeare*

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## Men's Hockey Reps. Include VUC Men Others in Colts

Congratulations are due to Gil. Johnstone and Hec. Lawry on their inclusion in the Wellington Representative team, and to Ray Sutherland and Vern. Church who have gained selection in the Colts.

**Seniors.**—Showing first-rate stick-work and an effective combination between halves and forwards, the First XI gained their first win in club games against Petone, 5-0. A feature of the game was the efficiency with which the penalty corners were taken. Penalties were hit out and stopped like clock-work, and Ray O'Connor showed fine judgment in directing his shots into the net.

On a heavy ground, Petone were somehow unable to stand the onslaughts of our forwards who were camped in their own half for most of the game. Outstanding was Roy Orsman, who has shown steady progress throughout the season. His positional play as centre-forward could not be faulted and he showed considerable thrust and attack.

**Second Grade.**—v. Upper Hutt Warriors—win by default. v. Wellington: 4-4. After an early lead had been established the team relaxed its efforts and were overtaken. A fine game was played by Allan Homer who scored two goals and revealed a sound defence. Some incredibly easy shots at goal were missed by the inside forwards, who will need to put in plenty of practice in the circle before Winter Tournament.

**Third A.**—In their last two games they have registered a draw and a loss. Unfortunately they have been unable to keep the same combination from week to week and their form has consequently suffered. Silver, Brown, Briggs and Slinn show up prominently in the forward line, and with more effective support from their halves would be able to finish off their attacking movements.

**Third B.**—Has produced two convincing wins since the last hockey notes were written. In these games they have compiled 16 goals for and have had seven scored against them. Under Garth England's leadership the team is rapidly developing understanding in positional play. George Oaks, ably supported by Alec Burt, is in the spearhead of most of the attacks.

**Fourth Grade.**—Has suffered defeats against Wellington College and Old Boys. The more experienced players such as Sutton, Culliford, Garrick and Burton are taking their teammates in hand, and with the benefit of further coaching they will overcome this lack of tactical knowledge.

## Basketballers Feel Proud Now

We are proud to announce an even greater honour for the Club than the rep. names given in the last issue of "Salient." Julie Dean selected for the Senior rep. team has now gained a place in the Wellington Senior A Tournament Team to play at Nelson. (Almost unheard of in VUC Basketball circles.)

The games of the past two weeks have been very gratifying. On July 12 the Senior B team, playing one short, defeated Taxis, 17-6. On the same day the Intermediate defeated

Y.W.C.A. by 31-5. The following Saturday the Senior B played the top team in their grade and were defeated 17-16, a most annoying and yet gratifying score. The Intermediate again put up the remarkable score of 21-6 against Training College. Unfortunately the Junior team, in spite of sterling efforts in team play, have continued to lose because the club is very short of sufficient good goalies.

There is a rumour abroad, however, that attendance at club practice has fallen considerably! Try to be there girls, in all fairness to Mr. Budden, and keep the club going to the end of the season.

## Trampers Play Poker and Climb Over Hut Roof

A quiet little party at Tauhenu last weekend, originally intended to celebrate the fact that Rita and Jean were growing up, finally developed into a club reunion. Fifteen would-be revellers were led over on Saturday morning by Rita. While some spent the afternoon trekking up the river, others prepared the stew and chopped a huge pile of wood ready for a roaring fire. Yes, we had the new axe over there, and a heavy weapon it is too—I carried it over. Harold Dowrick arrived late in the afternoon and stayed to give the evening his presidential blessing. Ken Johnstone walked in about seven—he had to take his weekend constitutional along the Marchant to Bull Mound and back to the Chateau. The remainder of the gang staggered in at ten and the party really got going with song and tale-master Scotney, Gretton and Mitchell. The poker players down below were led up the garden path by Marshal Laird—they finished up in time to cook breakfast.

Sunday morning was bright and sunny, but we are not sure whether it was the sun or the reflection of Gordon's daffodil-yellow pyjamas. The party was further entertained later in the morning by Barney Butchers and Roger Chorlton, who gave a daring display of mountaineering technique by traversing the roof of the hut complete with rope, ice axes (1), shovels (1).

### Definitions:

cave canem . . . look out I'm going to sing!  
coup de grace . . . mow the lawn.  
suprema a situ . . . love has a thousand positions.

## TO MAKE FILMS HERE

Haven't you always wanted to be in the movies? Wouldn't you love to be an actress, a director, or a cameraman? If so, here is your opportunity. Recently there has been formed in Wellington a group which aims to pursue the study of films by making films with the object of establishing a lasting and serious amateur film production unit. The script for the first production, a silent film, is already being prepared. Many more members are still needed, however, and if you are interested in any branch of film production the secretary, Miss Joan Coutts, 56 Pipitea Street, Wellington, will give you further information. Telephone 41-822 (after 5-15 p.m.). The annual membership subscription will be ten shillings.

## SOCCKER DRAW

About the beginning of this term our Club was asked to provide six men to take tickets on the door at the "Ball." We agreed. To us it seemed quite an honour to be "Ticket Takers" at Tournament Ball and besides we were only too glad to do our bit.

But—too late to repair the evil. We discover that a horrible mistake has been made. It appears that we were not meant to officiate at the Grand Ball at all, but merely to be the doormen at a lesser function—the Winter Sports' Ball. Not that we regarded this as beneath the dignity of the Soccer Club. The difficulty was that we didn't receive any notice that the Ball was on till the Monday after it was over.

Imagine our chagrin! To be denied the privilege of shaking hands with Sir Thomas at the one function of the year when our toil-worn "blues" have the opportunity, is hard to bear. But even worse is in store. For as if to add insult to injury—the Blues' certifi-

cates were posted to our secretary a week later with sixpence short in postage.

Last Saturday's draw with the leaders of the competition, Tech. O.B., 4-4, has meanwhile provided us with compensation of a different order.

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## NOW IT'S OUR TURN

Winter is icumen in  
Lewd sing Victoria  
Bloweth foam and smoketh weed  
There's goin' to be a Tournament.  
(Middle English Air)

This year for the first time a full scale Winter Tournament is going to be held at VUC. Besides those actually competing in the various sports there are many activities such as elbow bending, gargling, durning and shaking the odd pot, which can be enjoyed and participated in by the intelligentsia.

However, on August 26, representatives of the various Colleges will be gathering here to participate in the following sports: Men's and Women's Hockey, Fencing, Soccer, Men's Basketball, Harriers, Miniature Rifle Shooting, Table Tennis, Debating, Drama and for the NZUSA Conference.

As you can see, a great number of billets will be required (about 400 in all), and members of sports clubs and others are urged to assist in billeting the representatives of the other Colleges. So get cracking! It's up to you to ensure that this part of Tournament is a success.

Tentative social functions for Tournament are: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, Dances; Sunday, Pictures; and on Monday, Tournament Ball.

## Slick Sticks Blood and Mud

After being dropped for a year or so the mixed hockey game, which in past years has been the curtain-raiser to the rugby football game for that now precious trophy, the Kirk Cup, was revived, or resurrected, depending on the point of view. And so it was that the multitudes that streamed down from Varsity on Tuesday, July 15, were privileged to witness quite some tussle between Physics, Chem., and Meds. v. Biology, Arts.

To the pleasing accompaniment of rain, wind and some sleet here and there the two teams reluctantly took the soccer ground and, dispensing with hakas and cheers, trudged to their respective positions. And the combat began with a blast from Viv. Rich's whistle. Sticks flew, mud flew, and so did the ball, when it was visible. After some dour exchanges back and forth over the field, Devon Close, the Physics-Chem. centre, finally sent a shot that left two full-backs and one goalie standing. Not content with this magnificent effort, the one-time Navy player sent another scorcher in. Score 2-0 in Physics-Chem's favour.

Then, as a pleasing change to break monotony, "Good-time" O'Connor and Ted Shilton participated in some crafty moves culminating in Shilton pushing home a goal for Biology-Arts.

Many were the sighs when Gavin Liddell's whistle blew for half-time, but these changed to groans when, in view of the weather, it was decided to play on with no break. Just before this, Killer Stairmand succeeded in claiming his second victim, viz, Glen Simmers, who had to retire from the fray with a cut eye. To the accompaniment of whistles and cheers from the fans, Heather Leed took the field to replace Glen.

The second half saw Mr. Close doing tricks with the ball despite the combined efforts of Messrs. Silver, Culliford and Misses Sleeman and Splers. Score now 3-1 to Physics-Chem. Then Ted Shilton, evading the attacks of Warren Persson and Phyllis Ashwin, collected a rakish pass from his col-

league O'Connor (Call me Good-time) and sent in an effort that brought the score to 3-2. But the inevitable Close changed the score to read 4-2. After a few more barked and bruised shins, Thora Marwick and Bice Young came near to scoring again for Physics-Chem., but could not quite finish off their movements, and it was left for Heyes to score another notch for Biology-Arts to bring the final total to 4-3 and Physics-Chem. were victors by that score.

And like the Raven, the players left the field (?) quoting "Nevermore."

## Defeat at Home Success Abroad For VUC Rugby

A moderate gloom must unfortunately darken this issue's account of recent Rugby, for there is a solitary win to record during the last fortnight.

The First XV has had two losses, the Senior B and Junior B sides two narrow defeats, the Third A one win and one loss, and the third B and C teams two losses each. The Third A's, however, made amends for their 8-0 loss to Silverstream by defeating Marist, hitherto unbeaten, by 3 points to nil, thus earning the distinction of playing the early game at Athletic Park on July 26.

### North v. South Varsityes and NZU Games.

These were played at Christchurch on July 16 and 19 respectively.

The inter-island match was convincingly won by South by 17 points to 3 (a penalty goal by Walter). The five Victoria representatives all played well, and four were selected for the NZU team, which beat Canterbury Reps. by 21 points to nil. These were A. S. Macleod, R. Jacob, R. T. Shannon and O. S. Meads, the last three all previously having gained NZU Rugby Blues. The representative standard of the Universities this year appears particularly high, and hopes of games against touring international teams should have been enhanced by last Saturday's performance.

## NO SMOKING

On two successive Saturdays recently members of the VUC Harrier Club have performed with distinction. In the Anderson Rally at Dannevirke, members of the Club filled the first two places and the Club gained second place in the teams' event. The following week, in the Dorne Cup race, one of the big fixtures of the year, Varsity were again second in the teams' race, as well as having the second man home.

On each occasion the weather was unkind, and the Dorne Cup was run during the recent bad storm. It was, however, the only sporting event to be conducted in Wellington that day—testimony to the hardiness of harriers generally. The harrier clubs' record of never having cancelled a run because of weather conditions is unique.

### The Star Performers.

A feature of the Dannevirke event (and a great surprise incidentally) was the defeat of Clem Hawke by John Eccles. It was some compensation for Hawke to be a fifth of a second behind Eccles.

Hawke was frankly disappointing in the Dorne Cup Race. Hawke knows how to run all right, but when Hutt Valley's Taylor applied the pressure there wasn't quite the snap about the Varsity man's work that might have been expected.

Taylor beat Hawke by 130 yards, but Hawke's performance was conceivably affected by the appalling conditions.

Hawke shaped incomparably better, however, in the first lap of the Wellington-Masterton Relay earlier in the season.

### Younger Blood.

John Hunt, another very good harrier—he runs between third and fifth in the club—has one serious drawback, he is inclined to go in the wind with consequent painful stitch.

Alister Hall shows particular promise as a cross-country man. One thing in his favour is that he is very solid. With more experience he may very well be moulded into a top-liner.

John Goodwin, along with Hall and Eccles, runs for Training College. Hall's ability is reflected in his nineteenth placing at Dannevirke, but he tends to be inconsistent. This inconsistency may be traced to the fact that he runs on Thursdays for Training College—so do Goodwin and Eccles—and it is debatable whether the very short break between events is conducive to a high standard of performance.

Peter Whittle is paying the penalty for overtraining. He is a first-class harrier, but too much preparation has caused some inconsistency in performance. Chalk up John Holden as the most erratic runner. He was an emergency only for the Shaw Baton event, but finally ran in place of Goodwin. Then he was fourth man home in the Dorne Cup. To cap everything he was entered in the B grade team at Dannevirke and recorded faster time than Hall and Whittle.

### These are the Facts.

It is abundantly clear, however, that a number of Varsity runners are not prepared to make a few sacrifices which would bring about a better team and better individual performance. Those who smoke cigarettes are naturally reluctant to give it up, but it is not conducive to fast harriering. Fewer late nights, more attention to training, might produce better results. The present approach of many to the sport is far from satisfactory, and it is hoped that the position will improve before Tournament.