

Salient

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

VOL. 4, No. 3.

WELLINGTON, APRIL 9, 1941

Price: THREEPENCE

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 forbend I tell my deeds . . .
But such a goodly show of fellowship,
Such turn for speed, such thews, such sleight of hand,
Such honeyed tongues for golden oratory,
I trust I may bear witness to again.

—S. S. Mackenzie.

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

MR. JOHN
VIRTUE
ILOTT



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 . . . er . . . Official Chaperone, apparently it is considered that I should have had plenty of experience in ferretting out traps and snares 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 Tourney 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 left school, I was lured on to the Primrose Path by Evil Companions and soon initiated into the wiles and snares 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 ale—neat. Still worse, I actually enjoyed it. Since then I have never looked back.

So, as a partial expiation 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 training for these social jobs about six months ahead as the strain of getting one's charges to bed in good time is something terrific.

Gastronomic.

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 fayre city. According to Napoleon an army marches on its stomach. If anyone staying in outlying

suburbs 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 Farish Street, ORIENT in Victoria Street, and the PIE CART in Wakefield 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 Terrace. 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 Varsity. 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 five 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 in organising the Tournament this year as you all are no doubt aware. At one time there was distinct doubt as to whether we at Victoria could really stage it. Practically all the older males with Tourney 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 to 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 "University-minded" as are those, say, of Dunedin. They do not look with favour on the frolics 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 lickings and batterings 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 billeted in men's hostels or hostels (from preference). 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.

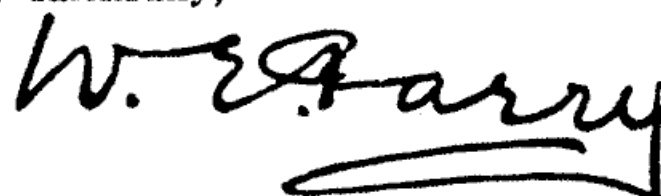
Wellington,
26th March, 1941.

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,



Minister of Internal Affairs.

PROSPECTS

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 dash than our victorious teams of 1938, and we sent them away in happy anticipation of victory. They returned—carrying their spoon behind them. Our boxers fought hard, and they alone returned victorious with their shield. 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 Vosailagi 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 Auckland, 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 putt and pole vault. He has put up the best New Zealander's performance in the pole vault but he has not concentrated on it of late. His shot putt 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. P. Boot first made his name. They both have put up New Zealand Junior records.

Victorian Form

Scrymgeour, 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.

Hocquard's long 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 Blewett their relay team will be well nigh unbeatable, but lack of a quarter miler may cost them the event.

Summing it up it seems as if about two-thirds the field events will go to Otago and that the Auckland team may scoop 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 have been here but for Hitler are Graeme Kofoed 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 their crew should be formidable.

Victoria has only Moore left from last year's eight, but he has improved.

Cross 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.

DRINKING HORN

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

No mere swallowing competition, this show, although ONE swallow does make the summer of the super 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 bumper reunion in an appropriate environment. Tournament songs, legends and libels are revived and embellished and new stories stretched to the giant-like proportions of the sagas of the past. Anyhow we can't think of a better preparation for Tournament Ball.

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.

Glen Macmorran, 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. Higgin 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 on form.

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

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

TAVERNACLE.

This

*is not modern verse
bad or otherwise.*

*It is just a little note to soaks
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 near the Station.
The beer is good at these
hostelries
and their landlords 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 and Jacobsen, 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 won the N.Z.U. bantam 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 butts in quaint attire, and sublimated their atavistic homicidal 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.

V.U.C.'s Defence Rifle Club has gone into retirement "for the duration," but rumours from other colleges indicate that all their crack shots have not been sucked into the Army or the Fannies; and that they, personer grater with their local authorities than we with ours, are managing to find ranges and odd shells.

Next year perhaps A.U.C. will be able to arrange for the Haslam Trophy to be competed for again. Good luck, O.U., A.U.C., and C.U.C.—if the V.U.C.D.R.C. is still not with us, it will be your last and only chance to hold the trophy. Wait until we resurrect 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 nights has been satisfactory. Our chosen representatives are Marion Malcolm, Betty Walton and the unsuppressible Jo Pound, R. T. Shannon, B. B. Hands, S. Scoones, 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 and Backstroke. Scoones, former New Zealand Junior Surf Champion and Senior Champion at Wellington, will go "all out" in the 440 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.

Another star is Martha Steven, 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 Span-ton, and their Captain, Val Wyatt, 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 till after September (if the College recommends that they be passed), or, failing this recommendation, till after the examinations.

To obtain this privilege students must appeal. Obtain an attendance certificate from the Registrar and apply to the Director-General of National Service.

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 Higgin. Moira Wicks works well with Ngaire Marshall at centre, and Margaret Harvey of Training College is outstanding in a good defence.

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

C.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 in their team. 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 15th.

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

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

THINGS TO COME

Wed., April 9th—SUPPER DANCE in Phyllis Bates' Studio. Proceeds to the Public Services Queen. Dress is informal, and admission is 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 Basin Reserve at 9.30 a.m. At the Town Hall BOXING will commence at 9.30 a.m., and again at 8 p.m.

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

Tuesday—The TOURNAMENT BALL is the one function no student dare miss. From 9.30 to 3 o'clock in the morning 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 contests of Tournament are discussed and much is prophesied concerning them. Our Ex-Chaperone 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 Dr. Keys, held at V.U.C. on Friday, March 25th, a profit of £13/2/3 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, V.U.C. Mr. R. N. Collin will be in charge and will supervise the distribution and sale of tickets for the various functions, including Rowing and Athletic Dinners, Ball, Picture Party and Sunday 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. But this doesn't mean you must become a hermit or retire to a cell (the local cops will do this for you later). It's far more soothing 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 resources. Tournament brings new friends with new outlooks and new views. Very often these views may clash radically with your own. People from Christchurch may have an entirely different outlook from those in Auckland on certain subjects.

Speaking from a purely selfish view-point it is only by adapting oneself where necessary to the view-point of other people that one can hope to make either a monetary or a personal success of life later on. The man who is tolerant, a good mixer (not necessarily of cocktails) will usually earn far bigger money and have a far happier time later in life than one who is merely a brilliant technician. And Tourney is a very important opportunity to learn (a la 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 coppers again and chewing the rag with them. Friendship has very aptly been called the Gift of the Gods but it only comes as a result of one's own efforts. Purely 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 Tourney acquaintance who appears only too happy to reminisce about old times once again.

Go To It!

So remember—Victoria will give you what hospitality it can, we'll do our level 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 every one of the past Tourneys I've attended, you'll have a remarkably joyous time. And what's more—you'll make certain of attending next year's show.

19th February, 1905.

George Meredith has been appealing for funds to help the revolution in Russia, and I have subscribed £10: and yesterday came news that the Grand Duke Serge had been blown up with a bomb, so I am subscribing again.

W. S. Blunt.

VICTORIA

CHAPTER III. Mood Indigo.

After the vileness of her lover had been so incontestably exposed, the next few days were dark indeed for Viki. Life was empty—while other students hung breathlessly on the professor's every word, immortalising in writing even the aphoristic preamble "Good evening," Viki could not be thrilled even by the English meta-physical poets, or the cerebral lesions of the superior corpus quadrigenum.

The tall, handsome boy who, she had thought, looked divine, now seemed insipid; even the dashing personality of Miss Gay Dross (hitherto thought by experts to be irresistible) left her cold. Life had lost its savour.

A remark made by a very green fresher, who thought that his Stud. Ass. fees entitled him to membership of the Communist Party, revived her anguish so violently that she decided that this life must end. Accordingly, she set out to sing the "Red Flag" in the library. But suddenly truth dawned upon her. The Sec. of the Exec. wanted Gordime for herself. So she went to see the most mighty personage in the vicinity—the president of the Exec.

CHAPTER IV. A True Briton.

The president heard Viki's story and looked profoundly wise. At last with aspect Sybilline, 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 labourers) 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 tinged with this blight. (Five hundred students CAN be wrong.) It is men like this that have made our democracy what it is to-day.

"By the way, can you billet 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, arranging 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 Tournament," he said, and beetled off to the Gym. Sick at heart she followed at some distance. Drawn upstairs by a noise of savage debauchery, she found Gordime among about forty others, leaping and howling, 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. "Kss kss kss hauwei!" he shrieked, gesticulating fiercely.

Viki staggered down the steps. It was bitter. 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 realise when she added an apologetic signature to a list on the notice-board, the adventures that were to ensue from this decision.

BULL

Whether the attendance at last Friday's debate on the motion that "The Evils of Fascism Will be Reproduced Under a Communist System of Government" was due to an increased interest in debating and social questions or was more closely connected with the dance held afterwards, it was nevertheless gratifyingly large. Mr. O'Kane, who moved the motion and was placed first by the judge, described the principal evils of Fascism—the breaking down of the family, censorship, the secret police, etc., and endeavoured to prove that these were to be found in the Soviet Union as well as in the Fascist states. This moved Mr. Winchester, who opposed the motion, to such wrath that he used a word which has never, never, been heard from the platform of the Debating Society in the 41 years of its existence. However he and his seconder, Mr. Castle, brought forward a formidable array of facts (not to mention extracts from the Soviet Constitution) the general tenor of which was that there did exist certain differences between U.S.S.R. and Nazi Germany. Mr.

*It is
a great pity
a very great pity indeed
that an harassed and overworked
editor
should have to descend
to writing this sort of tripe
to solicit literary contributions
for "Salient,"
a great pity,
a very great pity indeed.*

Boyd (not Maurie), who seconded Mr. O'Kane, was full of sound and fury, but not of knowledge.

The speakers from the floor were highly entertaining but did not lend themselves to detailed description. Suffice to mention Mr. Hillyer's and Mr. Turner's incursions into dialectics, Mr. Collin's Trotskyism, and Mr. Stacey's simple proclamation of Fascist principles.

Who was it who so admired Mr. Cope's bea-u-tifully creased pants at a downtown milk-bar last week?

CRICKET

The Social team was by far the most successful of our sides this year. Capably led by "Perk" Richards, whose work as batsman, '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 Hutt Valley League "C" Grade this year.

Missing after Xmas were Vic Palmer, forceful bat and brilliant field, and Jim Halpin and George Parrish. These 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 slows, always well flighted 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 Frazer's hard hitting and the keenness and enthusiasm of Norm Dix were outstanding features of an interesting season. A good time 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 Hutt Valley League. O.J.C.

Democrat Joan—has tea in College caf.

Why wouldn't Rex let Stuart have a book?

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL COLLEGE

38, THE TERRACE

Individual Tuition in
Degree Subjects.

Buy your Suits and
Sports Clothes at . . .

Hallenstein's
LAMBTON QUAY

Modern Books Library

SAROYAN RUNYON BATES
AUDEN ISHERWOOD
STEINBECK LAWRENCE JOAD
HUXLEY HALDANE MARX

MODERN BOOKS
12 Woodward Street

New Zealand University Tournament Service

ST. PAUL'S
PRO-CATHEDRAL
Mulgrave Street
(Near Railway Station)

Sunday, April 13th, at 7 p.m.

Preacher: Canon D. J. Davies

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.