

Salient

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

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WELLINGTON, MARCH 12, 1941

Price. THREEPENCE

MORE CLASS-CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

For Freshers Only

I always think that you can be sententious on an occasion like this and get away with it. You know—trot out the good old maxims that everyone uses for freshers and adopt that peculiarly lofty tone just oozing the Alma Mater spirit. Those not so fresh recognize the gags.

Dig your toes in.

You only get out of a place what you put into it.

Don't be only a swot . . . get all you can out of College Life.

And such like.

Plus a few warnings to Freshettes about the Bold Bad Lovers lying in wait for them.

But don't think I'm cynical about all this. I think there is a great deal of truth in most of it. In fact even more now than usual. War conditions (to use an unpleasantly popular phrase), have occasioned the departure of our Brightest and Best. It is to the younger members of our community that we must look for leadership and support. The "Gather Ye Rosebuds" theme is very apt. Do your stuff in College life before you are given to musing, in the sands of Waiouru, of opportunities lost.

To the women who face the prospect of a manless Eden, I would say, "If you have ever wondered what is Women's Place in the World, now is the time to find out." Ours is the somewhat dreary task of maintaining that continuity in student affairs which several generations before have laboured to establish. "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and what not.

Those of us who knew this College in the full flush of peace and prosperity are more fortunate. Then the Good and Great flourished and student life boomed. We sympathize with those of you entering on your academic career in the uncertain and very sticky conditions of to-day. Yours is the greater responsibility. Please recognize that which you owe to the College.

In spite of myself I've managed to turn on a very fair speech on Keeping up the Old Traditions.

●
Ringei a whuie a whuie a whuie
POTENA POTENA KETA RUI EI
AHA
KAPA KAW KAPA KAW
KETA RUI EI AHA
O WHAKANA O WAKIANA
O WHAKANA O WAKIANA
—HEI—HEI—HEI HA—HEI HA

Mr. Menzies and Moral Rearmament

The presence of Mr. Ivan Menzies in Wellington has made the question of moral rearmament and the message of the Oxford Group a topical one. Here "Salient" bring you the case for the movement in Mr. Menzies' own words.

"Quiet Time."

We were ushered into the presence of Mr. Menzies during a matinee at the Opera House. Clad in the uniform of the "Ruler of the Queen's Navee," he discoursed ex tempore in the time between his appearances on the stage, on Moral Rearmament, especially in its relation to social questions of to-day.

He began with the slogan—"Less class-consciousness—more class conscientiousness." Most students will agree with his opinion that after the Great War the old order was dead, that mankind made a costly mistake in endeavouring to resuscitate it, rather than to build a new one. Again, he said, fear and materialism dominate; the spirit of "get" is everywhere, the spirit of "give" is lacking. A world where everybody shares is not only possible but necessary.

Change the Individual.

Mr. Menzies would begin and carry out all social change in the individual. He instanced several results from personal experience. Labour agitators as much as factory owners have been morally rearmament with the result that their home life, no less than their social life, has been revolutionised.

Motive.

If the moral revolution does not come about universally a material revolution is inescapable, said Mr. Menzies. Thus the Movement may be regarded as an escape from a bloody proletarian rising.

James Joyce

If ever a storm of discussion raged round any literary figure, it rages round that mysterious creature whom most people visualise as lisping in tongues in his cradle, and spending his life in erratic polyglot conversation—James Joyce. So that when Modern Books were looking for a subject for their latest discussion evening, it was to this newly-deceased literary giant that they turned.

GENEALOGY.

Professor Gordon was by far the best speaker of the evening. In a lovely Scotch voice, he traced the development of the Joycean style from the letter-writing technique of the 18th century novelists, and pointed out that the stream of consciousness style was akin to the work of Fielding and Smollett. This led to a good deal of debate about this method in the course of the discussion. Most of the speakers agreed that it was finely effective in "Ulysses," but concurred with Professor Gordon when he suggested that in "Finnegan's Wake" it was carried to its ultimate limit, so that one was caught in a vicious spiral going downwards and inwards, till one came to pure Joyce, which of course could only be understood by the author.

"FINNEGAN'S WAKE."

The moment of "Finnegan's Wake" was mentioned, a lovely time was had by all. Nobody at the meeting had been able to read the book right through, and there was much argument as to whether it was worth writing, whether it had any meaning, and whether Joyce was breaking down mentally or not. An interesting interpretation of the plot was produced by Dr. Sutch, and various extracts read aloud and analysed. But it still didn't seem to mean much.

Professor Gordon pointed out that Joyce had an extraordinarily varied linguistic background. Born in Ireland, he spent his life wandering through Europe, and was a member of a family which habitually spoke Italian. With many modern and several dead languages to play with, he built up such combinations and allusions that it needs a man of startling erudition to follow him completely.

FOOD AND THOUGHT.

Supper interrupted the speakers from the floor, and argument was still being carried on as various small groups trailed away after all was over. . . . These evenings, which are organised by our only co-operative bookshop, can be recommended to students as well worth attending.

"Salient": "Would you say that history shows that moral change precedes material and social change?"

Mr. Menzies: "I think that history does show that. We see for example that the moral decadence of Rome led to its downfall."

"Salient": "Would you care to give any comment on Soviet Russia, the great exponent of the antithetical doctrine of material and political change?"

Mr. Menzies: "I myself have never been in Russia, but many of my friends have gone away keen and have returned sadly disappointed."

At last the Lowdown!

Mr. Menzies gave his opinion that there were places for tourists to see, but that the masses of Russia were far from happy. He instanced the case of a friend who carrying provisions with him on a journey through U.S.S.R. took pity on the hungry crowds and decided to give them a loaf of his bread. Before he had passed the bread through the railway carriage window the fighting mob had crumbled it to waste, so starving were they.

Mr. Menzies was then obliged to return on the stage, and so "Salient" left, strongly impressed by his personality and friendliness. Whether we differ or agree with his opinions we must admit that they are the opinions of an undoubtedly sincere man.

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SOME THOUGHTS

A quarter of a century ago our fathers and uncles were maimed and killed believing that thus a permanent peace would be ensured—for us. They were deluded. We are involved in another war, and it seems that we can only work towards its successful termination.

But afterwards—what? Is another Versailles to be perpetrated on our children? Shall we permit the anomalies of the present social system and an international situation like that of the past twenty-five years to be perpetuated? What can we, as students at Victoria, do now to prepare ourselves to assist at the reconstruction?

We can think, talk, discuss. We must decide our course of action fairly soon now—and many of us will decide differently; but there is nothing to be lost and much to be gained in comparing our ideas. Attend debates, join the International Relations Club and the Society for Peace, War, and Civil Liberties; be interested in the activities of the N.Z. University Students' Association and the N.Z.U. Press Bureau; attend Tournament and meet students from other colleges; come along to "Salient" room on Monday and Friday evenings and find out what students overseas and in New Zealand are thinking; write for "Salient"—if you disagree with the views expressed in an article, write another to controvert them. If your article is well thought out and clearly expressed, we'll print it.

We are educated partly at the community's expense, and for that reason and by virtue of the fact that we are an integral part of the community, we have some social responsibility, to use our training and our abilities for the benefit of society. How many of us consider this when planning our course of study? As educated men and women we have obligations towards others less fortunate. They pay for our education, and as often as not get little or no return for their money. We choose Latin because it is a degree unit gained easily and as easily forgotten, not economics or social science, because they will help us to an understanding of systems that we may thereby better them.

After the war, the youth of the world will be clamant for a settlement whereby wars will be ended, and at the same time for a revision of the social system of their several lands. They will look to the universities for their leaders—to you and me and John Jones of Tasmania and Mary Brown from Kansas. Are we prepared to lead? We are young and we are trained, i.e., we will have to live under the system, and we have the special knowledge to make it function.

However varied our ideals of the perfect society, most should agree that it is only right and proper for our professionally trained men, economists and political scientists, to be given a chance after the war. They should be set to examine and endeavour to remove the causes of wars, the reasons why one man has no food for his belly, while another hesitates between grouse and woodpigeon.

We will be the economists and political scientists.

M.S.G.

Policy

"Criticism and commentation rather than reporting."
 "Departure from the mere reporting of local university news and the adoption of a more cosmopolitan attitude."
 "Complete freedom within the laws of libel, sedition, and obscenity."

THINGS TO COME

Wed., March 12—The annual meeting of the V.U.C. FOOTBALL CLUB will be held in Room A.1 at 8 p.m. If you want to play football be sure not to miss this meeting.

Thurs., March 13—The INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB present Mr. D. Boolieris with the straight dope on "Greece." 8.15 p.m., in the Gym.

Wed., March 19—A V.U.C. SWIMMING CARNIVAL will be held in the Thorndon Baths at 8.15 p.m. Come and see the fun. Admission only 6d.

Easter—NEW ZEALAND INTER-UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT. To be held at V.U.C. Are you helping?

Tramping Club.

The Tramping Club has obtained permission for 10 of its members to visit Kapiti Island at Easter. Trampers intending to take advantage of this opportunity are asked to make sure first that they are not required for any Tournament activities. Leave a note for Miss Kate Ross.

"THE CASE AGAINST PACIFISM."

The V.U.C. Society for the Discussion of Peace, War, and Civil Liberties hopes to hold shortly a panel discussion on this subject. As the constitution of the Society requires that no meeting be held without the views of both sides being represented, two speakers are required to defend the pacifist position. Will any students who feel they would care to do this see (or leave a note in the rack for) Mr. P. A. Mitchell. Questions will follow the discussion, and everybody will have the chance to hoo in later.

TOLL FOR THE BRAVE.

A group of students have in hand the arranging of a simple ceremony at the grave in Sydney Street Cemetery of that famous anti-conscriptionist and free-speech fighter, the late Mr. Harry Holland, former leader of the New Zealand Labour Party. There will be a short address, and the help of those who would wish to assist with appropriate music is asked for. Would any students who feel they can help in this way leave a note c/o "Salient."

TUESDAY, MARCH 25.

A CONCERT will be held to inaugurate the new music room, stage, etc. Chamber music for piano, strings, and clarinet, by Mendelssohn, Loeillet, and Prokofieff. Songs by Miss Olga Burton (soprano) and Mr. Roy Hill (tenor). Part or all of the proceeds will be donated to Miss Glen Macmorran, Varsity's own Education Princess in the Victory Queen Carnival.

The rich man in his castle,
 The poor man at his gate,
 God made them, high or lowly,
 And ordered their estate.
 —Hymns Ancient and Modern
 No. 573.

Dear Hock

Just what did happen about Wolfgang's pyjamas, anyway? The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, please!

Capt. Douglas N. Burns writes from Egypt:—"Last night we had an informal V.U.C. reunion in Cairo. About a couple of dozen were present. Lieut.-Col Stout was the senior. Others were Dick Wild, Bob Bradshaw, Frank Renouf, Joll, John White, Arch Duncan, Bill Thodey, Jim Watt and Noel Palmer."

Congratulations to Bonk Scotney, past editor of "Salient," on his engagement to Miss Agnes Stewart. Bonk is very well known to all old students, and we hope that freshers will be raised in the Scotney tradition of doing everything at Varsity at one time or another. Very best luck, Bonk!

Another engagement of V.U.C. interest is that of Nancy Spiers to jiggerbug Evan de Berry. (You should have seen the 1940 Extrav, Freshers!)

"SALIENT" POINTS

The attention of all students is drawn to the following points:—

1. Visitors will be welcomed at "Salient" room on Monday and Friday evenings between 6.30 and 7.30 p.m.
2. Contributions must be in the Editor's hands by 7.30 p.m. on the Thursday prior to issue (see list of dates on main Notice Board). Sports results may be delayed until Sunday evening.
3. Letters to the Editor are limited to 300 words.
4. If possible type contributions, in double spacing on one side of of the paper only. Otherwise write legibly.
5. All contributions must bear the writer's signature. They will be published over the initials only if desired, or under a pseudonym on the literary page.

Miss Ross has stopped tramping because her skin is too thin. Mr. Johaneson

Congratulations to Senior Scholars D. M. Saker (Greek) and Peter de la Mare (Chemistry), and to Betty Fraser (Post Grad. Schol. in French), F. D. Collins (Shirlcliffe Research Scholarship), and J. D. Todd (Tinline Scholar).

We welcome back Dr. Ernest Beaglehole from America, and extend a very warm welcome to Mr. Greenwood, who succeeds Mr. Elliott as lecturer in Classics.

HOW IT WAS SAID IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

(From "The Observer," May 24, 1840.)

We have extreme gratification in announcing that there is every possibility of our Most Gracious Queen gladdening the hearts and best wishes of the nation by an addition to Her Majesty's illustrious house.

MOBILIZED

*The wind amongst the trees,
Sunsets, the dawn and flowers—
I'd like to sing of these—
But they are dead.
They lived in sight and mind
Of those who loved them;
Now men's eyes are blind
Or turned away.
Others in happier years,
In peace for which we sought,
May shed delicious tears
For lovers' fates.
But we who wait for spring,
Fighting in winter's snows.
Grimly our songs we fling
As hand-grenades.*

H.W.

No Escape!

At first glance "All This and Heaven Too" might seem interesting chiefly as showing how the really fine acting of Charles Boyer and Bette Davis can save from tediousness, the spectacle of the duc de Praslin, his governness and his insanely jealous wife being frustrated over some 13,000 feet of film.

But the theme and its handling are really profoundly significant — just how significant we can realize only when we remember that the film is the work of Warner Bros. who have in the past achieved a well-deserved reputation for the progressive and socially relevant character of their productions. For throughout this film the attitude of the two principal characters becomes increasingly one of hopelessness and surrender in the face of feudal conventions. Finally Praslin breaks under the strain and in a spasm of blind violence murders his wife. Subsequent to which the two lovers leave France—Praslin for Heaven with strychnine, the governness for the United States with a Yankee parson.

SIGNIFICANT THEME.

Now "star-crossed lovers" are no new theme in the film or any other form of art but there are certain features about "All This and Heaven Too" which lend them a peculiar significance. For in this case we have not only the escape into the past and the morbid subjectivism that were so typical of the German film in the years following the war but we are faced with a situation which we know from the beginning must end in tragedy and in which every moment of happiness is shadowed by the approach of disaster. In this, of course, it reflects the increasingly strong current of thought that can see no escape from the horror of fascism and war and can suggest nothing but to laugh and love until the S.S. men arrive. To people who have adopted this attitude the frustration and suffering of the Praslin household, with its final catastrophe, will be profoundly moving since it will be to them not a hundred year old French society scandal but a reflection of their own lives and their own philosophy.—Candide.

**Tournament
1941**

Dear Fellow Students and others,

As you probably know, the New Zealand University Tournament is to be held in Wellington at Easter this year. Victoria has to provide accommodation, entertainment and, in addition, the organisation to carry the Tournament on the even tenure of its ways. If any of you have attended previous tournaments at other centres you will know the hospitality we have received; and bounteous though the latter has been we, at Victoria, must provide a Tournament that will be even more memorable.

To accommodate and entertain some two hundred visitors we need urgently—

- (a) Billets—ring Pixie Higgin, Billeting Controller, Home 54-482, Bus 27-737.
- (b) Petrol coupons or a car—to provide transport on Good Friday—ring J. Stacey, Tel. 42-034.

PLEASE LET ME SLEEP ON YOUR DOORSTEP TO-NIGHT.

We need 150 billets for representatives of other Colleges visiting Wellington for the N.Z.U. Tournament at Easter. Please leave a note for Miss Pixie Higgin.

- (c) Assistants for the various Controllers—Publicity, Records, Information, Billeting, Ball, Ways and Means, Transport. To contact any of these see names, 'phone numbers and addresses on the notice boards.
- (d) A strong Haka party—see Dicky Daniels or John McCreary. Addresses, etc., on the Notice Boards.
- (e) If you need any information or think you can help in any other way get in touch with the Tournament Delegates.

And Freshers, all the above concerns you as well. Make 1941 your first Tournament! and we are certain that you will not want to miss another.

Ring now and say that you can billet a representative or help a Controller. We need all the assistance you can give.

Yours sincerely,
M. L. BOYD,
Tel., Home 17-424, Bus. 44-573.
R. W. BAIRD,
Tel., Bus. 43-000.
Tournament Delegates.

These Reactionary Pacifists

That the pacifists have managed to get away with so much is due chiefly to the all-in nature of the old Anti-War Movements. Fellow travellers in the Popular Front unfortunately, though not unnaturally, often hesitated to expose Pacifist pretensions to Historical and Philosophical consistency. And yet it was these who were temperamentally and intellectually fitted to do it. We have had to wait for Dr. John Lewis to do it in the only way (for pacifists) that it can be done.

With regard to the questions debated in his recent book "The Case Against Pacifism" his own conclusion is, that the more exhaustively and objectively the case for Pacifism is argued the more plain does it become that it has now become a reactionary faith.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.

And yet our University pacifists imagine they are free agents, critically thinking individuals, moralists and humanitarians rather than the natural product of a sheltered petty bourgeois of countries. Don't they ever ask themselves why workers aren't pacifists? That it is because they realise that history is indeed the story of class struggles and because they have to fight every minute of every day for even the merest shadow of the most elementary decencies of life. They are everlastingly on the defensive against an enemy whose tactics are such that a great novelist would be accused of distorting human nature if he told of them. Above all, as a famous socialist said, the Proletariat needs its guts. It is not content to be canaille and that is why it has no need of the social principles of Christianity, of meekness, of humility, of the turning of the cheek. To turn the other cheek and watch your kiddies starve? To be meek with your daughters on the street? To be humble for a hopeless future and a wretched homecoming?

EMOTION?

There are millions dead in China, there are millions dead in Spain and to be dumb, to look at one's lily white hands and still to see no blood on them!

And in face of it all to say that a fight, however just, corrupts. Did the Greeks become Oriental, the Dutch inquisitorial and our Republicans despotic? Rather do we see all along a new birth of freedom. Surely it argues some depravity of character to say that all returned soldiers are worse than other men, rather than a little more understanding, perhaps, than when they left home. After all, "tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner." Surely a man is vile who can throw stones in this way against the International Brigadiers, against the Eighth Route Army, against the millions of nameless victims of Fascism who rot in the torture chambers of reaction.

But this is emotion. We must have no emotion. Let us be calm and smile at the pretty pattern that the blood makes as it trickles off the taken barricade.

SWORD IN HAND.

It remains only to be said that Dr. Lewis abandoned his own pacifist

position on a visit to Russia in 1931, and he quotes the Red Army oath. The Red Army-man swears: 'I promise to refrain and to restrain my comrades from every act unworthy of a Soviet citizen and to direct all my actions and thoughts to the great goal of the liberation of the toilers and . . . at the first call to spring to the defence of the Nation and in the fight for the Soviet Union, the cause of Socialism and the brotherhood of all people to spare neither my strength nor my life.'

An Englishman had said this some time before. Can we quite forget?

*I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green and pleasant land.*
—JASWIN.

BLACK AND RED

Magnitogorsk . . .
Day quenched by prowling night.
With technicolour flare,
Blast furnaces rage;
Fuelled camp fires,
To cowl the blood-eyed wolves without.
—Spartacus.

WERE YOU FRESH?

What I always say about Freshers' welcome is that you make plenty of contacts. You always bump into everyone in the College. Friday night was no exception when the young stampeded happily in on us as they have for generations gone.

A good time was had by all, and a better time, by some. The floor—crowded but still a kick in it; the band—well, Terry, M.C., and his Tuneful Troubadours made things go with a swing—(Hain't what you do, it's the way that you do it—ooh-cha); supper—super and, what was better, adequate.

There seemed to be some difference of opinion as to what one should wear on an occasion like this. Those in sports shirts looked much more comfortable, though those who sweated in tin shirts probably consoled themselves by the thought that they were sartorially impeccable.

A fair sprinkling of staff and His Majesty's uniform gave tone to the outfit.

Pep talks by Vice-President Higgin and Ways and Means Stacey followed Weir House haka party, all getting in tolerable good voice for Tournament. (Tournament seems like the poor—always with us.)

We couldn't help musing over the absence of the old familiar faces. (We particularly missed friend Scotney, giving Freshettes the once over). It was an occasion when the old College song, "Absent Friends," might have been properly significant.

Of course the old lags and the odds and sods arrived later when the man on the door had relaxed. Tech-

S P O R T

Freshers !

You are members of the University. Are you merely going to swot with us and find your recreation elsewhere? Or do you want to make friends? Join a sports club. There is no formality about it. The notice boards will tell you what to do and the clubs will welcome you. Perhaps you were a champion at school. Then your 'Varsity sporting career may be crowned with a blue. But in any case, join a sports club and make friends.

J.W.-H.

Varsity Trampers in the Southern Alps

A first traverse from Mt. Murchison to Mt. Davie and high camps at Dognott Tarn, Rice and Raisin Glacier and Harman Pass, and an interlude in the Westland bush of the Taipo, were highlights of the Tramping Club Xmas trip.

We climbed from a base camp at the confluence of the White River with the Waimakariri, near the Main Divide of the Southern Alps. There were sixteen of us—eleven men and two women from Victoria and three women from Otago.

Packhorses carried our food in to the base camp. Consequently our rations were liberal to the envy of other trampers in the valley. Our blancmanges were simply Devine. Rex baked bread and scones—hence the tale of a camp oven.

CRICKET

The 1st XI has had any but a good season. The personnel has undergone frequent and most bewildering changes. However, there has been one compensation—the consistently good form of Peter Wilson throughout the season, which culminated in a splendid 156 against Wellington College Old Boys in the last game. He was our sole representative in the provincial matches, although he failed to reproduce the brilliancy of his club innings. In the first innings of the Auckland game he scored 32. A very solid 25 came at a critical time in the second innings of the Canterbury match at New Year, and did much towards allowing the later batsmen to force the pace near the end of the game.

Greig, now in military camp at Dannevirke, was developing into a very useful all-rounder, and his 51

BOXING

Boxing activity is well under way and with the annual Victoria College tournament chalked up for the near future—March 20th tentatively—our pugilists are already swinging the punch bag with a will.

The season is short and snappy; after Easter organized boxing is over for the year, so our efforts are concentrated into these few weeks, culminating in the Inter-Varsity Easter Tournament. Last year our Victoria boxers carried home the shield triumphantly from this tournament—this year we must retain it.

Each Monday and Thursday nights at 7 p.m. we are coached by the veteran professional Tim Truly in his gymnasium in Upper Willis Street. Training is keen, and the boring technique is rapidly improving under the capable tuition of Tui. We mean to hold that shield this year.

Although we would like to see everyone entering for the local tournament, it is by no means obligatory. Take advantage of these training evenings to become fit—rise from the musty text book and join us in the healthy activity of the club. This is a great chance to improve your boxing, so waste no time.

Enter for our own tournament. You may win your weight and the honour of representing Victoria in the Easter tournament.

ROWING

The War has claimed all but three of last year's members, and all but one of last year's "eight," but the Rowing Club carries on with enthusiasm. A new committee was elected in January, and every night but Friday crews splash vigorously across the harbour under the guidance of President V. E. Donnelly and Coach Spurdle.

On February 22nd at Korokoro, both of the Green and Gold crews finished third. Crews were:—

Youths.—Donnelly (str.), Casey, Maplesden and Macalister (bow).

Maidens.—Wilson (str.), Douglas, Wade and Carroll (bow).

All but one man of the three Star Boating Club crews that raced at Wanganui on March 8th were 'Varsity men. Crews were:—Youths: Donnelly, Casey, Maplesden, Macalister. Maiden: Wilson, Moore, Wade, Carroll; and Novice: Wilson, Wade, Cross and another.

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ERA HOPAI HOPAI HOPAI HOPAI
PIRIPIRI PIRIPIRI PIRIPIRI PIRIPIRI
KI NA NEI
ERA HE ERA HO ERA HA
E ringa ringa pakia kia kia
E waiwai takia kia rita
Ringa te ringa tauranga kairanga
motunu

HEI
HEI
KSS KSS KSS HAUWEI
KSS KSS KSS HAUWEI

ERA HIKA NUKA WAI
ERA HIKA NUKA WAI
HOPAI
PIRIPIRI

E KINA NEI HOKI

KATO KATO HEI
KATO KATO HEI
WEI WEI WERATU
WEI WEI WERATU
WERATU
WERATU
WERA WETAU
WERA WETAU

Kato kato whangamai miro
Whangamai miro

ITE ITO ITA

A Toheroa party was also camped at Carrington—and so the tale of a rope. A major discovery on Mt. Taobel was the epic of J. D. Pascoe and wife Dorothy in brackets. We owe a lot to the amiable squire of Carrington.

Our party was so active that it might have been accused of "peak bagging." Every one of us GOT AT a mountain. But we had our "sa-loobs" too. A party of the boys trotted out over the three passes to the Red Lion Hotel, Hokitika.

Dance at Makara for Pte. Hawkins and Hind.—Advertisement in Karori shop window.

and 6 for 109 against Karori in the first round was excellent.

Much interest has been taken in the appearance of Larkin, the ex-Taranaki representative. In his final half-century against Wellington College Old Boys in the first round he produced crisp, clean shots—cricket at its best.

Although no games have been won this season so far, sufficiently good form has been shown to make them interesting and enjoyable. The Wellington match was exciting and crammed full of interest. It marked the re-appearance of Blandford and Massey, and the 'keeper's two stumpings off the ex-New Zealand slow bowler were real gems.

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