

# Salient

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

VOL. 4, No. 2.

WELLINGTON, MARCH 26, 1941

Price: THREEPENCE

## DEBATING SOCIETY

Well, the Debating Society, after having most successfully conveyed the impression that it had gone into winter quarters for the duration, staged a snappy come-back at the Annual Meeting on Friday. The sparks flew in pre-blackout fashion.

### LEGALITY.

The trouble was constitutional though President Foley ran into trouble right from the start when certain remarks got under the skin of some of the audience. We smelled fun and trouble and did we get it? All that delightful Presidential address gone for nothing. Bert's well balanced sentences and careful gestures seemed to leave the audience unmoved. A pity, because it put him off his stride and when he became cautious, the hunt was on.

Tony Chorlton was chief trouble-maker. He had taken an unfair advantage of the Committee and had managed to locate a copy of the Constitution. While Foley et freres had ambled happily along in blissful ignorance of the book of words. Mr. Chorlton's legal mind demanded that the meeting ratify itself every now and then—which the meeting obligingly did.

### SECRET BALLOT.

More fun over the election of officers. Mr. Foley conducted a most undignified argument from the Chair with members of the audience on the subject of Patron. However it was decided that the Governor-General would look pretty on the books, so they let that pass (did it signify?). Mr. Foley then hemmed a little; he knew the Constitution didn't provide for Vice-Patrons, but it was always decorative to have several about the place. He recommended several Professors, then O. E. Burton was suggested. It was decided to adhere to the Constitution.

After arbitrarily appointing scrutineers, the Chair was called to order by the meeting which demanded that scrutineers be constitutionally elected. So three startled freshers and an old hand, Mr. Jack, proceeded to conduct everything constitutionally.

### PLUNKET MEDAL.

Another hornets' nest—the Plunket Medal. Mr. Foley wished to extend the scope of the subjects beyond a person in history. Miss Grinlinton waxed eloquent over the wishes of that biological curiosity—Lord Plunket and his four-fathers; but Mr.

Foley thought 4Ff or no 4Ff the contest had been a failure. As might have been expected Mr. Chorlton disagreed and produced to support his views a quotation about a girl in Australia who dressed as a dahlia and the petals uncurled—well it was a failure. Mr. Chorlton defined a failure as something which does not cover its object. Loud ribaldry greeted this remark—something lewd no doubt.

From then on the meeting developed into a happy little wrangle between Messrs. F. and C. with occasional interpolations from the audience. A lovely time was had by all who were present, but ask Mr. Foley if he is of sound constitution and see what happens.

## THINGS TO COME

Wed., March 26th (to-night)—SWIMMING CLUB CARNIVAL, 8.15 p.m. in the Thorndon Baths.

Wed., March 26th (to-night)—HARRIER CLUB ANNUAL MEETING. Intending members please attend.

Wed., March 26th (to-night)—CHEMICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING, 7.45 p.m. Address by I. D. Morton on "The Chemistry of Heredity." Supper free.

Sat., March 29th—INTER-FACULTY SPORTS, including a number of open events. Kelburn Park at 2 p.m.

Fri., April 4th—Presidential address to DEBATING CLUB.

Sat., April 5th—Look out for our PRINCESS . . . riding an ELEPHANT in the Procession.

## ROLL OUT THE BILLETS!

A.U.C want beds . . .  
C.U.C want beds . . .  
O.U. want beds . . .  
And V.U.C. must furnish them!

## CARNIVAL

Shells may maim us, gas may blind us;  
One by one our comrades fall.  
Now Queen Carnivals remind us  
War is funny after all.

—"Candide"

## MISS GLEN MACMORRAN



—Photographic reproduction by courtesy Public Service Journal.

## PROCESH

It was a sad day when our annual Procession was banished into outer darkness by an irate Professional Board and a scandalised City Council, but it has reappeared with a spring in its heel and twice its old importance.

This time the procession will make a double appearance, firstly on Saturday, April 5th, and then a final frenzied flare on its way to the Basin Reserve on Easter Monday. Our focal points will be, firstly, Tournament, and secondly and momentarily, the Education Princess, Miss Glen MacMorran.

In exchange for our co-operation the Princess' Committee has generously offered to construct a number of floats for us, as long as we provide the ideas, the costumes and, most important, the personnel.

Each float will satirise some topical event or organisation, without particular reference to the University, although Tournament will be splashed when and where we can make the public sit up and take notice. We intend to persuade the Town that Tournament is a live meeting by showing them that our procession is the best thing to be seen on these streets in years, and they can expect the same standard in our sporting events.

To do this we are going to want your help, whether or not you will be here at Easter. Don't let any other obligations held you back from giving one morning to putting the College back on the map.

We want 200 of you to be the Burlesk Burly Beauties, the Ice Cream Merchants' Cross Country team, the penniless importers, the foilers of the B.M.A. (consumers of an apple a day), the petrol rationists, the dinosaur's hind legs, and all the rest of the motley crew.

Freshers, this is your opportunity. Now is the time to kiss all the traffic policemen, and get off without a fine. Now is the time to bail up the cashier of the Reserve Bank—with a collecting box. This is when you can attack the Wellington heavyweight champion—with a ticket to the N.Z. University Boxing Championships. If you've got any ideas, if you play the trombone, if you've trained a pipe band, if you keep a tame giraffe, if you've a tandem bicycle, if you can decorate your car, if you want the best morning's fun you've ever had, hand in your name and 'phone address either to Moira Wicks or R. M. Daniell, and watch the notice board.

We would particularly like to contact anybody who can obtain lorries for either or both of these occasions.

R.M.D.

**God or Lenin?**

**Love Your Bosses!**

Students of philosophy who know their Marx will expect idealistic revivals from time to time, as class privileges become threatened. Working men must be diverted from working for their betterment (to their exploiters' detriment) by concentration on other-worldly things and trust in God. These students will not be surprised by the extravagant hysterics of the saved souls of the Oxford Group.

These "reformers" bear the trademark of the charlatan—the desire to reconcile social classes—an impossibility since the interests of the classes are diametrically opposed. In present society, for example, an increase in profit for one class must by sheer logical necessity entail a reduction in relative wages for the opposite class. They retain this much of the old order—and this much is the essence and the root of its rottenness.

Mr. Menzies resorts to the old dodge of blackguarding materialist philosophy. Yet we remember Plekhanov pointing out that philosophers have tended most towards romantic idealism when the morals of their people have been most sordidly debased. Macaulay's schoolboy will tell you that idealism has been the prerogative of conservative classes, and of the capitalist class once it had securely captured power. History does not show that this class is particularly noted for altruism and philanthropy. If the spirit of Give is anywhere today, it is among working people.

**BOURGEOIS MYSTICISM.**

We meet in the esoteric wilderness of Oxford-Group mysticism the traditional bourgeois distortions of reality, the customary rechauffee of exploded fallacies. We recognise the atomic conception of society, that society is a collection of individuals arbitrarily bound together, instead of a dynamic something above the mere sum of individuals; something self-moving, necessary. An individual considered apart from the rest of society is an abstraction and but part of the truth. Groups of individuals are the only reality—we must work as classes.

Moreover moral change does not precede and determine social change. Though "men provide their circumstances as much as circumstances produce the men" (Marx-Engels), the coincidence of the changing of circumstances and of human activity can only be understood as revolutionising practice. (Marx).

Thus the individual can only transcend his status as an individual by social intercourse. Hence knowledge is obviously social, i.e., discovered as the result of social practice. The forces of production change and develop continually but this fund of social theory, this ideological superstructure, tends to fall behind and crystallize. It becomes a conservative force and must finally be overthrown by a revolutionary ideology when its upholders are overthrown by a revolutionary class. Practice is primary. "By thus acting on the external world and changing it, he (man) at the same time changes his own nature." (Marx-Canital).

**U.S.S.R. AGAIN.**

That social and material change precede moral change is perfectly exemplified by the U.S.S.R. Here (in spite of the ludicrous allegations of Mr. Menzies' friend) the liberation of the country from an effete political system has entailed a moral uplift inconceivable to one who does not understand the effect of material revolution. All competent authorities—all true friends of the working-class (as opposed to loud-mouthed pseudo-radicals) concur in testifying to this amazing progress from the most backward country of Europe to the leader in cultural and moral standards. That it is a new and vitally different system of ethics is a further proof of the far-reaching results of material revolution.

Moral-rearmament, then, is merely another frantic rationalisation of the decaying bourgeoisie. Its efforts to silence militant workmen—its claims to have converted some (for whom their comrades have a name), its efforts to encourage that little extra work and contempt of such material things as wages and good working conditions—it is all too patently ob-

"Reforms are the collateral product of the revolutionary class conflict of the proletariat" (Lenin). "The emancipation of the working classes must be conquered by the working classes themselves" (Marx). "Victory over the bourgeoisie is impossible without a long, persistent, desperate life and death struggle" (Lenin).

SPARTACUS.

**GOSSIP**

2nd.-Lieut. Pasley has returned from Fiji with a crushed hand. They breed rough girls in Fiji!

News of the success of Bill Combs who left New Zealand on a Shirlcliffe Scholarship comes from Cambridge. To quote the "Observer"—"In modern and medieval languages, Tripos Pt. 2, W. J. Combs, of St. Johns, who comes from Victoria College, New Zealand, is the only student in this Tripos to be marked for special distinction."

We add the congratulations of this College to those already offered.

The old order is changing for the new so fast that we can hardly keep pace with it. Latest news includes the marriage last Friday of Star Chalk and Eddie Robertson, and the engagement of Elizabeth McLean and Norm. Morrison.

**TROOPSHIPS IN THE HARBOUR.**

*Beyond the Heads the Strait,  
And beyond the Strait the Ocean,  
And beyond the Ocean the unglad  
adventure.*

*Behind the grey ships  
The albatross will spread her benediction,  
And the Southern Cross in the friendly  
familiar sky*

*Burns with a new nostalgic brightness...  
And on the dark horizon  
The receding Islands will remember.*

—I.A.G.

**VICTORIA**

Thrill-spiked heart-throb of busted hearts and thwarted love! This colossal new feature shows that beneath the grim exterior of V.U.C. lies a fund of drama and romance, hitherto untapped (except by private enterprise).

Any resemblance seen in this stupendous serial to any living person (or persons either for that matter) remains entirely the responsibility of the reader.

**CHAPTER I.  
Gets Going.**

The vast hall of the university seemed immense—overpowering to our heroine (called Victoria) as she stood alone on her first night at that far-famed seat of learning. After having reached the dizzy heights of the sixth form at college, it was strange to feel so small and lonely now. She felt almost ready to cry. And when an old school friend, who was busily greeting all and sundry to underline the fact that this was her second year at least, came and greeted her too, she was overjoyed.

"Oh! Viki—it's ages since I've seen you. What are you taking? How do you like it here?"

"It seems rather big at first."  
"You'll soon know your way round. I'll give you a few hints, when you need them."

Viki thought a few might not go amiss right then, and said so.

"Well, if you want good clean fun, join the tramping club. If you want to know what's going on, buy

"Salient"—pay 2/6 and get it for the year. And if you wish to retain your spotless reputation, beware of Joe Handsome (and then some), the Salamanca scamp."

"Oooh, a 'varsity villain. How thrilling! But I won't fall in love. I never get past admiring from afar—like you used to worship that Mr. Stewed Scones."

**CHAPTER II.**

**Who Is That Lovely Man?**

Freshers welcome! What memories! what regrets! Viki was there (or we wouldn't be). We pass over the first hour or two, when we were too busy to watch Viki and too sober to be at our best. It was after supper that Viki saw a strikingly handsome young man and was so fascinated that she could not take her eyes off him all night. But oh! the rapture when he asked her to dance with him. Heaven! that's what it was. Heaven! All that night she could think of nothing else. Did he love her? He had seemed infatuated at times. "Do you take Political Science?" he had hoarsed. Certainly he had seemed less interested when she said she didn't. It was most perplexing—and so romantic.

**She Loved a Cad!**

So worried did Viki become that she felt she must confide in someone. That man who clicked his fingers in the hall—he looked a fatherly old chap.

**Were You There?**

"You look disgustingly sober to-night," said the Fresher.

"And since when has sobriety disgusted you, my friend," said I grinning with hard pride. The face that was valiantly trying to wear the mask of solemn erudition beneath the carefully cultivated wing of black hair that was to sweep the broad intellectual brow dissolved into the clumsy simplicity of an exposed greenhorn.

On the dance floor a milling throng of couples sway and converge in the thickening congestion, while on the outskirts a substantial nymph with biceps like a "hausfrau" and a diaphonous dress which, patterned on a good speech, is just short enough to be interesting, clutches her man and bursts into the light and a brief unobstructed liberty of glides and spins before being slowly swallowed into the sluggish vortex.

And the pathetic little knots of forgotten men by the door waiting for the escape to supper; and Comrades Daniell, Stacy and Higgin haranguing a listless crowd; and the strident jargon of jazz; and the hot kisses over the cold stone annals of human transience and decay; and the rapid river of stars; and the night.

Tenders are hereby called for the construction of a loft for stool pigeons, the loft to be placed beneath the card-table in the men's Common Room.

That was the idea, and off she skipped. The fatherly man was most sympathetic, but said that this was rather outside his normal duties. The real counterpart of the kind old ecclesiastic of the novels, who, too old or ugly to allow personal considerations to intervene, directs the love affairs of all the characters, was here (for different reasons of course). Salient staff. (Open to the public Mon. and Fri. evenings).

So off she skipped again. In Salient room she found a motherly-looking woman. She confided her woes in a tearful voice. She described her man. Something in the awe-struck countenance of her spiritual guide made her stop.

"Do you know him?" she gurgled.

"I know everything," answered the other. "I'm the Sec. of the Exec."

"Tell me all," wailed Viki. "I can bear it."

In sepulchral tones came the reply, "That is Gordime Wiley, and he is a . . ."

"Yes?"

"The man you love is a COMMUNIST."

Well, we have got our heroine into a rum mess. What can she do? What would you do if you found you were in love with a Communist? I can hardly wait for next issue—Don't you feel the same?



## Pull Down Those Ivory Towers!

Both in the University and in the world outside there is to-day an increasingly strong tendency for artists and intellectuals to dissociate themselves from all thought on social questions and to endeavour to escape into some purer realm of art or philosophy "above the battle." The reasons for this lie partly in a natural repugnance from a world which seems to them a chaos of bloodshed and horror and partly in the divided loyalties in the individual artist which mirror the conflict in society.

However it is not these reasons which it is proposed to discuss here but rather the question "can such an attitude of isolation produce great art?"

The arguments put forward by its adherents generally boil down to the assertion "You can't mix poetry and politics"—politics, it appears, being not only any discussion of the means for attaining a better social order but also any honest description of how the greater part of humanity lives and dies. This could only be justified by some unreal anti-thesis between art and life which disregards the fact that the lines and colours which the painter uses and, to a lesser extent, the combinations of sound which the musician works extend our emotions not because of their intrinsic beauty but because of their associations—because they recall and crystallize sensations which we have actually experienced. If this is partially true of the other arts it is entirely true of literature. For the writer must deal not in actual sight or sounds but in words, the symbols of ideas, which are but themselves the reflection of reality. Verbal music—the sound of the words themselves become pointless if it is not used to give home the idea. It need hardly be stressed therefore that great literature must correspond with reality in the sense that it deals with the things which people actually feel and which make their lives to-day happy or miserable. This is not to say that the artist should endeavour to give a photographic impression of reality—the very essence of art is the elimination of the extraneous—but he must focus attention on those parts of life which he considers important. The success with which he does this will be determined largely—if we ignore questions of technique—by the opinions which he has formed consciously or subconsciously regarding the decisive forces in the life of the individual and society. However impartial he may endeavour to be he should frankly realize that he cannot escape being, in a certain sense, a propagandist.

### NOT WITHOUT DUST AND HEAT.

Thus the difference between the work, say, of Landseer and Daumier is not so much one of aesthetic appreciation as that between two views of life and society. Even in music such a work as Beethoven's 9th Symphony was an eloquent proclamation of universal brotherhood as was the Declaration of the Rights of Man. I do not know of any of the great English poets whose work did not contain biting and bitterly resented polemics

on the social problems of his day. It was Milton, perhaps the greatest of them, who wrote "I prize not over-much a secluded and cloistered virtue, untested and unbreathed, that never sallied forth and sought its adversary but shrank from the race where that immortal garland is to be run for—not without dust and heat."

The artist who looks upon a whole civilisation in the pangs of death or birth, mutters "politics" in a pained voice and turns away to an ecstatic contemplation of his own erotic abnormalities is not only abandoning his responsibilities as a member of society by surrendering all hope of creating anything of artistic value.

—H.W.

## Extrav 1941

Last Thursday evening upwards of seventy students responded to a call for a Special General Meeting to discuss whether an Extravaganza should be held this year, and if so, when. The original motions before the meeting were: (a) That the Executive should take immediate steps to ensure the holding of an Extravaganza this year, and (b) That it should be held as early as possible.

The motions were moved by Mr. Witten-Hannah, to the accompaniment of a remark about "Wit-an'-Humour" which Mr. Chorlton had evidently been saving up for some time.

There was soon a delightful mix-up of motions, counter-motions and Lord knows what, and everything was beautifully vague.

### NOT ALONE.

Miss Ross made a plea for the Executive, in a slightly Garboesque manner, and the ubiquitous Mr. Hartley desisted from lewd and crude interjections long enough to put forward the remarkably, for him, cogent suggestion that an Extravaganza divorced from Capping would be a species of "Ye-e-e-s Master."

Mr. Collin cited the case of the Extrav. of 1936 when Extrav. had been produced in eleven days as against ten this year. And finally the irrepressible Mr. Winchester stated that all acts of the Executive were null and void as there was not sufficient male representation.

Constitutions were in evidence on all sides, but Mr. Winchester waved an airy hand and said that that was only a triviality and suggested the setting up of a committee to choose the scripts for Extrav.

Mr. Chorlton moved an amendment to the effect that this committee should superintend all matters pertaining to the Extravaganza, and that they should report to the Exec. within twelve days. This was accepted and a committee set up consisting of Misses Ross and Hutchison, and Messrs. Witten-Hannah, Hartley, Williamson and Winchester.

The conservative has little to fear from the man whose reason is the servant of his passions, but let him beware of him in whom reason has become the greatest and most terrible of the passions.—J. B. S. Haldane.

## NO MAN'S LAND

### SOPS TO CITIZENS.

Dear "Salient,"

This letter is written to bring to your notice a growing tendency in the University to do things, not because anyone believes in them, but in order to 'pacify' the town. When a student service is held you hear opinions expressed such as this: "Well, we had better have an executive member read the lesson in order to offset the bad feeling between the University and the city." And now the executive has just made the announcement that a tournament service is to be held, in all probability not because they have any Christian belief, but because a church service is nice and conservative, and because it will help to hold the town in check during an extravaganza, if we have it, or because we are afraid that some of our radicals may say some cutspoken things in the next year, and we want to be able to say that that is not the true spirit of 'Varsity.

This tendency is to be deplored, both inside the executive and outside among the students, for it leads to a falsity of thought, an isolation from the community. If there is a difference of opinion between the University and the town, why try to conceal it? The University is supposed to lead the city, but if the city refuses to be led, that is not our concern. The main function of a university is to disseminate the truth, and if we can only do that by pretending to be something else, then we are no longer a University, but a reflection of the beliefs of the political party in power. If we are a predominantly Christian University, then let us have a University service by all means, but do not let us give lip service to an ideal, which no one believes, to gain support for an institution which no longer has its true function. If Christianity is the truth, let such societies as the Student Christian Movement and the Evangelical Union work towards the truth in the University.

WILLIAM H. NEWELL.

[The Tournament University Service was founded 'way back in the beginning of things—by students of the four constituent colleges, Mr. Newell, because they wanted one, and at no Tournament Service since that I know of has the attendance been so poor or so perfunctory as to warrant your assumption that any Executive promotes it merely as a sop to the feelings of the town or as an insurance against future radical activity. But thanks for the advertisement—the service will be held in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Mulgrave Street, at 7 p.m. on Easter Sunday.—Ed.]

### APATHY!

Dear "Salient,"

Amazing and astounding it is to see and to realize the disgraceful and shameful lack of 'Varsity spirit existent within the doors of old Victoria. Criticism of this and that is rampant—the majority of Student Association fees are parted with most begrudgingly. "What do I get out of this?" is the general enquiry. If only these same critical students possessed a little more "esprit de Victoria," and participated in a few

student activities, interested themselves in College affairs, and in general tried to use as much of the £1/5/- as possible, it would quickly become obvious for what purpose the money is used.

The discontent in connection with student activities is deplorable, although obviously, much of it is well merited. For instance, grass tennis courts appear to be rapidly developing from the asphalt surfaces; "Salient" itself is a poor and miserable scrap of paper.

"Salient" has a reputation—such a reputation that the greatest difficulty indeed was found in finding subscribers for the 1941 issues. Instead of this passive discontent, why don't students stir themselves to an active participation in College activities. Blast hell out of "Salient"—not by sneering underhandedly in the common room, but with fiery rhetoric in its very columns.

How many attended the Students' Association meeting on Thursday night? Voice grievances at meetings specially for the purpose, and show that you are definitely anxious to better them.

Now is the time and the responsibility, the students'.

R. L. OLIVER.

### THE WOMEN.

Dear "Salient,"

What we girls really want from "Salient" is something lighter and brighter in the literature line—not quite Boy advises Girl (beware of the type that try to teach you things), not quite a Fashion Preview (who hasn't heard the despairing sigh of a male settling down to being thoroughly bored by a Fashion Short?), and definitely nothing in the Aunt Daisy vein. NO unmarried girl should know any of the things Aunt Daisy talks about, and to mention them in public is to have her intentions doubted immediately.

Perhaps something with a little personal human interest—Impressions of a Woolworthian Sweetseller—"I did some Really Hard Work," by A Fulltimer—"Haymaking by Sunshine"—Unaccustomed as I am, by Weir House Casanova.

Have none of the fulltimers who worked in the holidays in shops noticed the infinite patience of the female trying to match odds, ends, and accessories? A tramp from Kirk's to Cuba Street is nothing.

Surely, surely there is some female talent in the College? (Ask the male population, not us).

Yours anxiously,  
FUTURE MOTHER OF SIX.

[We hope that our heartburning serial will spur you on to even greater ambitions. "Future Mother of Six."—Ed.]

### TOURNAMENT.

Can YOU supply cars or petrol coupons for Good Friday morning? You can!! Then please phone O. J. Creed immediately, Bus. 44-269, Home 43-272.

**S P O R T**

Sports life at the College just now centres about the choice of teams to represent us at Tournament. Chess and Table-tennis have been laid aside in favour of Swimming and Boxing and the rest. In our next issue there will be lists of teams and news from the other colleges. Our columns in this issue would have been longer had our Sports Editor not mislaid himself in the Tararuas. Again we would urge sports club committees to appoint a regular correspondent who will make it his duty to send club news in time for each issue of "Salient."

**ATHLETICS**

Until the inter-faculty team sports on Saturday are over it is going to be very difficult to pick an athletic team for the tournament. Two certainties of course are John Sutherland, 1940 National 100 yards champion, and Ross Scrymgeour, third in the three miles National championship last year.

The half-mile event should provide an exciting race between A. Sinclair, a well-known Nelson runner, Colin Aitken, who after three years' absence from the track is running well, Peter Morris (who won the event at the last club meeting), Rowberry, one time junior provincial half-mile champion, and R. M. Daniell, who represented Victoria in this race at the tournament last year. In addition there is more than one good middle distance man at Massey and it seems as if this race will be the most exciting of the day, as on present form all are evenly matched.

**WIKITORIA!**

We need 40 men to decorate the St. Francis' Hall for Tournament Ball on Tuesday morning, April 15th; also 40 women to prepare supper in the afternoon and 20 more to serve it at night.

Leave a note for Shirley Grinlinton or I. L. Moore.

In the hurdles and field events D. Tossman is sure of a place and should make quite a good showing in the 220 yards hurdles.

There is a rumour current that E. M. Irving will so far forget married life as to appear in the 120yds. hurdles and if the stories we hear of him being in training are true he should win a place without much difficulty.

In the 440yds. hurdles John Stacey, the most determined runner in the club, will probably represent us again and there is a possibility that he will also compete in the 440yds. flat. He ran the 440 last year for the Varsity Club relay team which won the Heenan Baton.

**BOXING**

Nerves tightened and beat faster as the time for the annual Victoria College Championships approached. For weeks past, the few keen pugilistic enthusiasts smacked that punch bag, and each other, with ever-increasing speed and accuracy—each night, the skipping rope was twirled with greater energy than ever before. Then Thursday, 20th March, 8 p.m., at last arrived.

A small audience in the Wellington Boys' College gymnasium greeted the first contestants for the evening as they stepped into the ring.

Featherweight.—M. W. Wishart, 8st. 9lbs., beat P. Hillyer, 8st. 7lbs. It is indeed unfortunate that Wishart is only a fresher—he proved extremely quick and accurate, and was undoubtedly the winner.

Welterweight.—B. W. Jacobsen, 10st. 8lbs., beat R. L. Oliver, 10st. 8lbs. Those who expected their money's worth in this fight must have been disappointed. The over-eager Oliver, as he dashed in to knock his opponent out of the ring, provided an open target for the calm and experienced Jacobsen and the bout was stopped in the first round. "Fools dash in where angels fear to tread."

W. H. Wilson, 10st. 8lbs., v. E. Willets, 10st. 6lbs. This bout was in the nature of an exhibition, Wilson being a fresher and thus not eligible for the inter-varsity tournament, and Willets being an outsider from Hedberg's gym. The bout was keen, hard and fast.

Middleweight.—R. P. Harpur, 10st. 12lbs., lost to A. W. Doak, 11st. 11lbs. This was another short and snappy fight. Both provided action until an exceptionally hard one floored Harpur and the fight was stopped.

E. Willets, 10st. 6lbs. v. J. Luddon, 10st. 4lbs. These two fighters from Hedberg's gym. provided a good exhibition: hard and fast, it was something the audience appreciated.

G. Cummings, 12st. 6lbs., v. A. W. Doak, 11st. 01lbs. This was another exhibition just to provide George Cummings with some exercises—he certainly got it.

D. Brown v. Bill Paris. These two professionals provided the final exhibition for the evening and a fast, clever display kept the audience on their toes.

**TRAMPING**

The Tramping Club spent last week-end in the Tauherenikau Valley under the leadership of Alec McLeod. As the trip was nominally one to convince freshers of the joys of tramping, as little tramping as possible was done. Two small parties only set forth into the high mountains, while the remainder of the party lounged about the Chateau.

Saturday evening was spent in pleasant social manner and acrimonious argument. On Sunday a slightly subdued note in keeping with the National Day of Prayer governed the various minor activities of the party, which included eating, drinking, swimming, eating again, and the loss of a 10/- note by the leader.

For details of next trip see main notice board.

**TENNIS**

Freshers' Tournament this year was its usual social success. The weather came up to scratch with a gloriously fine afternoon, and that was all that was wanted to make a success of the affair.

Buy your Suits and Sports Clothes at . . .

**Hallenstein's**  
LAMBTON QUAY

Poetry	★ <b>MODERN BOOKS LIBRARY</b> 12 Woodward St. 2/6 Entrance Rentals 3d., 4d., 6d.
Art	
Novels	
Science	
Politics	
Philosophy	

There was some good freshers in action, and prospects should be quite bright for next year's tourney. The tournament was finally won by Miss Iris Foley, an old hand at the game, and Mr. T. Sewell, a newcomer to our midst.

**FOOTBALL**

First practice Emerson Street, April 5th, at 1.30 p.m. See notice board for further details.

**EXTRAV**

CASTING MEETING IN THE GYM TONIGHT AT 8 P.M.

**UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL COLLEGE**  
38, THE TERRACE  
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